

MAPPIN'S CUTLERY AND ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE MESSRS MAPPIN BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO THE QUEEN,

ARE the only Sheffield makers who supply the consumer direct in London. Their London Show-rooms, 4 and 48 King William Street, London Bridge, opposite to the Royal Mint of Cutlery and Electro-Silver Plate in the world, which is transmitted direct from their Manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

ELECTRO-PLATED SPOONS and FORKS, Full Size.

	Full Size	Double Size	King's Size	100 Pieces
12 Table Forks, best quality,	£1 18 0	£2 14 0	£3 0 0	£3 12 0
12 Table Spoons, do.	1 18 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Dessert Forks, do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Dessert Spoons, do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Tea Spoons, do.	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 18 0
8 Sauce Ladles, do.	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
1 Gravy Spoon, do.	0 7 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
4 Salt Spoons (gilt bowls),	0 6 0	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 14 0
1 Minced Spoon, do.	0 1 8 0	2 6 0	0 2 0	0 3 6
1 Pair Sugar Tongs, do.	0 3 8 0	0 3 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers, do.	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 14 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife, do.	0 3 0	0 3 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle, do.	0 12 0	0 16 0	0 17 6	1 0 0
6 Egg Spoons (gilt), do.	0 10 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	1 1 0

Complete Service, £10 13 10 15 16 6 17 12 6 21 4 6

Any Article can be had separately at the same Price.

One Set of 4 Corner Dish (forming 8 Dishes), £3. 6s.; one Set of 4 Dish Covers, each one 20 inch, one 18 inch, and two 14 inch—£10. 10s.; Crust Frame, 4 Glass, 2s.; Full-size Tea and Coffee Service, £2. 10s. A Good Book of Engravings, with prices attached, sent per post on receipt of 12 Stamps.

MAPPIN'S SUPERIOR TABLE-KNIVES.

	Ordinary Quality	Medium Quality	Best Quality
12 Dozen Full-size Table-knives, Ivory Handles,	£3. 4 0	£3. 6 0	£4. 12 0
12 Dozen Full-size Cheese ditto,	1 4 0	1 14 6	2 11 0
1 Pair Regular Meat Carvers,	0 7 8	0 11 0	0 15 6
1 Pair Extra-sized ditto,	0 8 6	0 12 0	0 18 6
1 Pair Poultry Carvers,	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
1 Steel for Sharpening,	0 3 0	0 4 0	0 6 0
12 Dozen Pocket-knives,	£2. 18 0	6 18 6	9 18 6

Porcelain Sets, 12 Table-knives still maintain their unrivalled superiority; all their blades, being their own Sheffield manufacture, and with square Ivory Handles, which do not come loose in hot water; and the difference in price is occasioned solely by the superior quality and whiteness of the Ivory Handles.

MAPPIN BROTHERS,

QUEEN'S CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

And 67 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON.

YDON, where the Stock is sent direct from the Manufactory.

GEO. NEWMAN & SONS'

Persons, in neat Coloured Borders, and Coloured.

Coloured Borders, with Glass.

from Five to Ten Guineas.

Prevents Candles from spoiling

Carpets and Dresses by

Dropping of Grease.

Best Block Tin, 3s. 6d.

Bronze or Ormolu, 7s. 6d.

Chamber-candles,

1s. 2d. per Box.

Catalogues, with Illustrations, sent Free by Post.

BELMONTINE OIL AND LAMPS.

The cheapest Artificial source of Pure White Light, price 4s. 6d. per Gallon. Table-lamps, from 10s. 6d. each. May be seen burning, and Prospectus obtained, at Geo. Neumann and Sons, 149 Regent Street, and 137 High Holborn, London.

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For the Protection of Articles injured by exposure,

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AND EVERY KIND OF PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, AT

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Lists of Prices sent Free on Application.

RE-ISSUE.

THE ILLUSTRATED BYRON.

THE ILLUSTRATED BYRON, Re-issue in Monthly Parts. Price 6d. The Engravings from Original Drawings by KENNY MEADOWS, BIRKET FOSTER, HARLOT K. BROWN, &c., carefully printed on Superior Paper. More than Two Thousand Pounds have been expended to make this worthy of any Library. It contains the Complete and first Canto of *Lara*, with numerous Illustrations, price 6d., is now ready; and the second Part for 1st of February. Also may be had, handsomely bound in cloth, full gilt, price 10s. 6d.

London: HENRY LEE, 23 Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

Monthly Advertising Sheet

MAPPIN'S CUTLERY AND ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE. MESSRS MAPPIN BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO THE QUEEN.

ARE the only Sheffield makers who supply the consumer direct in London. Their London Show-rooms, 67 and 68 King William Street, London Bridge, contain by far the largest stock of Cutlery and Electro-Silver Plate in the world, which is transmitted direct from their Manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

ELECTRO-PLATED SPOONS and FORKS, Full Size.

	Fiddle Pattern.	Double Thread.	King's Pattern.	Lilly Pattern.
12 Table Forks, best quality,	£1 16 0	£2 14 0	£3 0 0	£3 12 0
12 Table Spoons, do.	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Dessert Forks, do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Dessert Spoons, do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Tea Spoons, do.	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 16 0
2 Sauce Ladles, do.	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
1 Gravy Spoon, do.	0 7 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
4 Salt Spoons (gilt bowls),	0 6 8	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 14 0
1 Mustard Spoon, do.	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 6
1 Pair Sugar Tongs, do.	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers, do.	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 14 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife, do.	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle, do.	0 12 0	0 16 0	0 17 6	1 0 0
6 Egg Spoons (gilt), do.	0 10 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	1 1 0

Complete Service, £10 18 10 15 16 6 17 18 6 21 4 6

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MAPPIN'S SUPERIOR TABLE-KNIVES.

	Ordinary Quality.	Medium Quality.	Best Quality.
2 Dozen Full-size Table-knives,	£3 4 0	£3 6 0	£4 12 0
Ivory Handles,	1 4 0	1 14 6	2 11 0
1 Dozen Full-size Cheese ditto,	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
1 Pair Regular Meat Carvers,	0 8 6	0 12 0	0 16 6
1 Pair Extra-sized ditto,	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
1 Pair Poultry Carvers,	0 8 0	0 4 0	0 6 0
1 Steel for Sharpening,	£1 16 0	6 18 6	9 16 6

Gilt, Table-knives still maintain their unrivalled superiority; all their blades, being their own Sheffield manufacture, are made of Patent Steel, with secure Ivory Handles, which do not come loose in hot water; and the difference in price is occasioned solely by the superior quality and toughness of the Ivory Handles.

MAPPIN BROTHERS.

QUEEN'S.

ERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD,

And 67 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON.

where the Stock is sent direct from the Manufactory.



MAPPIN'S
SOLID LEATHER
DRESSING-CASE,
Fitted complete,
£2, 2s.

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Pocket Knives, Pruning Knives, Scissors, &c., in every variety, warranted good by the Makers.

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Prevents Candles from spoiling
Carpets and Dresses by
Dropping of Grease.

Best Block Tin, 3s. 6d.

Bronze or Ormolu, 7s. 6d.

Disputant Chamber-candles,

1s. 2d. per Box.

Catalogues, with Illustrations, sent Free by Post.

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BY ROYAL COMMAND.

JOSEPH GILLOTT

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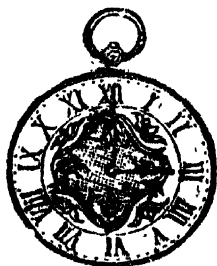
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Ditto, best London make,.....	10	10 0
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Ditto, very superior London make,.....	4	10 0

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Superior do., do., . . . £3, 15s, £4, 10s., 6 10 0
Schoon Microscopes, rack adjustment, 7 powers, . . . 0 10 0
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SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
as inferior kinds are often substituted.**

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White China, Gold Edge, . . . from £0 17 0
Neat Painted Band and Flowers, . . . " 1 8 0
Elegant Pattern, handsomely Painted and Gilt, . . . " 2 2 0
Splendid Services, of the most Elaborate Workmanship and Design, rich Painted and Gilt, . . . £8, 8s. to 14 14 0

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Particularly neat cut Wine Glasses, . . . £0 5 6 per dozen.
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Best Glass Salts (modern shape), . . . 9d. to 0 2 9 "

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HONEY PASTE is the most agreeable and effectual remedy of the day for Chapped or Rough Skin, very quickly proving its efficacy by the comfort and improvement of appearance it imparts.—Sold in pots at 1s. and 1s. 6d. each, by **VIZER**, Chemist, 63 Lupus Street, Pimlico, and all respectable Chemists.

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THE return of Youth to their respective Boarding-schools, induces a solicitude from Parents and Guardians for their personal comfort and Attraction, and

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for the Growth and for Improving and Beautifying the Hair,

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR,

for the Skin and Complexion, and removing Cutaneous defects,

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* * * None is genuine unless signed 'TAYLOR BROTHERS.'

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Wine in cask forwarded free to any Railway Station in England. EXCELSIOR BRANDY, Pale or Brown, 15s. per gallon, or 30s. per dozen.

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Cross Cheques—Bank of London.

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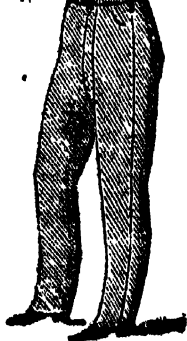
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Nothing is so brilliant or so popular as lavish expenditure; nothing is so mean or so unpopular as the collection of income. The eminent dust-contractor, the repulsive bone-boiler, the extensive rag-merchant, are very different people in the eyes of the world when spending the income which they make, than when making the income which they spend. As is the individual, so is the nation; and the Right Honourable the Chancellor of the Exchequer is no exception to the rule.

Figures and financial records are dull things—that has been settled long ago. All aldermen are fat, all misers are lean, all authors are bad men of business, and all statisticians are heavy—heavy as lead. The national balance-sheet is periodically presented to the averted gaze of a liberal tax-paying public, and consigned to the limbo of unmitigated bores. There is nothing amusing about it; it has not even the merit of full information, it is so wonderfully concentrated and condensed; figured, but not figurative, and dry as the remainder-biscuit after a voyage—the voyage of Vasco de Gama. It is a great bore to the Treasury to have to make it up, and they are determined that the House of Commons shall suffer for its impertinent curiosity. Why cannot money be voted and spent without any record? What is book-keeping?—a thing only known in vulgar trade. What is double entry?—double trouble. Look at Lord Vellum—there is a real gentleman, if you like. Happy the man who has the good-fortune to be his steward. ‘Spwend what you like,’ says his lordship; but, for Gawd’s sake, don’t bother me with these norwid bills!’ Noble, aristocratic creature, why cannot the whole country follow his illustrious example? Short reckonings make long friends? Pshaw! A nation of soap-boilers!

There is instinct, if not talent, in these Treasury opinions and policy. Make figures acceptable and popular, make the details of public finance—especially the details of the national income—familiar to every peasant and liberal tax-payer in the land, and money-questions in politics would no longer be the easy butt of ridicule which they are at present. Will this financial millennium ever come? Our national expenditure has increased by an annual twenty millions, compared with the expenditure of twenty years ago. Our great and noble country spends more in government every year than the United States with a greater extent of country, and unequal population; and it is considered a defunct absurdity to inquire why. Let a literary fool rush

in where Treasury angels fear to tread, and discourse, like a dull dog, as he is, upon the facts and beauties of the public balance-sheet.

Income and expenditure, then, in round numbers, for the year ending March the thirty-first, Eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, discarding the balances in hand, were each about seventy millions. First, I will take the expenditure, or what the nation spent; as our national, like our individual expenses, are often incurred in advance of our income. I will go to the heroic—the brilliant side of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, before I turn to his mean and repulsive side. I will look at the noble prodigal scattering his money broadcast among a gaping, admiring crowd, before I trace that money to the rifled till of a chandler’s shop. We are a great nation, for we govern, or attempt to govern, one-half of the world; we are a wonderful nation, for we tax the child’s humming-top for the sinews of our greatness.

Seventy millions being spent, it is required to know how. First comes the interest and management of the National Debt, which reaches nearly twenty-nine millions; then the army and navy charge, amounting to twenty-three millions and a half. This is divided into land-forces, works and stores, and embodied militia—thirteen millions; leaving the difference of ten millions and a half for one year’s navy. Thirdly, there is a little group of nearly five millions, which may be labelled as being miscellaneous. The compensation to the King of Denmark for the Sound dues, over one million; the whole produce of the paper-duty swept away at a blow. There is the Persian expedition, which absorbs nearly a million; the expenses of the late war with China, reaching £591,000; redeemed Exchequer bonds, exactly two millions; and the sinking-fund of the war-loan, one quarter of a million sterling. Fourthly, comes a large group, which ranges itself under the head of Civil Expenditure, swallowing the very considerable sum of thirteen millions and a half. Then we come to another group, headed Law and Justice, which costs the country upwards of three millions. This sum is divided among England, Scotland, and Ireland; the first taking just upon two millions, the second nearly a quarter of a million, and Ireland just over £900,000.

The next item of expenditure we arrive at is that of Education, Science, and Art, which absorb rather over one million. Then we reach the group of Diplomatic, Colonial, and Consular Services, rather over half a million, one-third, consisting of diplomatic salaries and pensions in most parts of the world, being paid out of the Consolidated Fund. Then we

come to Superannuations and Charities, which reach nearly a quarter of a million.

The next group we reach is headed Special and Temporary Objects; they cover a very wide field, and absorb L.600,000. Then we are presented with the Civil List, a sum of nearly L.400,000, appropriated out of the Consolidated Fund, for the consumption of majesty and majesty's household. Next to this item comes the group of Annuities and Pensions, extending to L.300,000 only, but consisting of details somewhat more interesting and unexpected than usual—of annuities to the royal family, pensions for naval and military services, civil services and judicial services, hereditary pensions to the Duke of Marlborough, heirs of the Duke of Schomberg, and moiety of Earl of Bath's pension, servants of George III., and Queens Charlotte and Caroline, pensions formerly on Civil List, trustees of Knipe and Hamilton, and their children; in Ireland, loss of emoluments by the Union, officers of the late Irish Treasury, retired officers of justice, and pensions formerly on Civil List.

The next group of items is headed Interest on Loans, Secret Service, &c., and its total expenditure is nearly L.200,000. There are Interest and Sinking Fund on Greek Loan, the same on Russian-Dutch Loan, commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, Secret Service, formerly charged on Civil List; Receiver-general Duchy of Lancaster, in lieu of prisage and butlerage of wines; Receiver-general Duchy of Cornwall, compensation for loss of duties on the coinage of tin, and compensation for loss of offices in connection with the same. Then comes the Miscellaneous Expenditure, consisting of civil contingencies and the marriage of the Princess Royal, amounting together to nearly L.150,000. The list is concluded with the Expenditure from Crown-lands, which consumes in salaries, allowances, pensions, payments, and office-fees, nearly the same amount as the civil contingencies.

So much for the brilliant, heroic expenditure side of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and now let me turn to the other side—the side which produces the fund that pays for all this diplomacy, liberality, pensioning, and government. There is as much difference between the two as there is between the great dust-contractor riding in state in Rotten Row, and the same dust-contractor sitting in his mean, black, dirty counting-house. Great dukes, lords, and marquises who sit in palaces or mansions, condescending to receive pensions, and nourishing a contempt for the vulgar followers of trade, forget that what they take so hungrily from the national financial caldron has, first of all, been thrown in by tallow, eggs, or cheese. That noble army of young gentlemen, old gentlemen, and gentlemen's gentlemen, who sit all day in government castles of indolence, forget that they are feeding upon those vices of their countrymen—the wholesale consumption of tobacco, brandy, and rum. With a stagnation of trade and an increase of sobriety, away goes the fund which pays a host of salaries that are pensions, and another host of pensions that are not salaries, and never have been.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, leaving the dazzling halls of expenditure, and entering the money-grubbing precincts of the national income-shop, presents the productive public with nine divisions of taxation, from which he collects the necessary sum of nearly seventy millions.

I will first take the Stamps, which produce seven millions and a half. There are the Admiralty stamps, bank notes, bills of exchange, cards and dice, Chamberlain's fund, civil bill fund, composition for duties and notes, deeds and other instruments, and matrimonial causes stamps, gold and

silver plate, insurance, fire and marine, judgments, registry fund, law-fund, legacies and successions, licences and certificates, medicines, newspapers and supplements, penalties and costs recovered, Probate Court stamps, probates of wills and letters of administration, receipts and drafts, and miscellaneous. Next comes the land-tax, which produces nearly two millions upon inhabited houses, and lands and tenements. Then follow the assessed taxes, which produce about one million and a quarter. They are divided into armorial bearings, carriages, dogs, game-duty, hair-powder, horse-dealers, horses, servants, additional 10 per centum, and penalties and cost recovered. The next on my list is the Post-office, which produces three millions. There are postage collected, postage-stamps, commission on money-orders, and miscellaneous receipts. Then come the Crown-lands, which, from rents, sales of old material and timber, and fees, produce about L.400,000. Then there is a group of receipts headed Miscellaneous, producing upwards of one million and a half, and consisting of contribution from East India Company, ditto on offices and pensions, ditto towards merchant seamen's pensions, conscience-money, fees of public officers, income of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Gazettes, king of the Belgian's trustees, savings on grants of parliament and over-issues repaid, superannuation abatements, premium and interest on Exchequer bills sold, small branches of hereditary revenue, unclaimed dividends, various casual receipts, and produce from sales of old naval, military, and civil stores. Then we go to the Property and Income Tax, the backbone of direct taxation, which always produces a million for every penny in the pound imposed. This reaches, in this case, nearly eleven millions and a half. Then we pass to the great group of Excise duties, which produce nearly eighteen millions, by all kinds of annoying, oppressive, and injurious interference with trade. There are hackney-carriages' duty, ditto stage-carriages, game certificates, hops, licences, malt, paper, race-horses, railways, spirits, law-costs recovered, fines and forfeitures, sums received from contributions to late Scotch Excise Corporation Fund, and miscellaneous. Finally, we come to the greatest group of all—the Customs' duties, which produce upwards of twenty-three and a quarter millions, or one-third of the national income. Here it is, in the tariff, that the mean and protective side of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is most clearly seen. The eleven millions of income-tax is produced at a cost of about 2 per centum; the twenty-three millions of customs' duties is subject to a drawback of five times that amount. 'Every tax,' says Adam Smith, 'ought to be so contrived as both to take out and keep out of the pockets of the people as little as possible above what it brings into the public treasury of the state.' 'No,' says the Right Honourable the Chancellor of the Exchequer; 'I will rather take my stand upon our great dramatist: "He that is robbed, not knowing what is stolen, let him not know it, and he is not robbed at all."' The income-tax is a bold, open-daylight highwayman, who risks his life fairly for his gain. The customs' duties are midnight, petty thieves, who make up their income, bit by bit, in holes and corners, without risk.

The articles, large and small, which produce income in the British tariff, are four hundred and sixty in number. Twenty-one articles out of these four hundred and sixty produce nearly twenty-two millions and three-quarters sterling of revenue, leaving the small balance of over half a million to be made up by four hundred and thirty-nine articles. I will enumerate this little productive army of twenty-one. Butter brings one hundred thousand pounds; coffee, nearly half a million; corn, meal, and flour the same; currants, nearly a quarter of a million;

pepper, nearly one hundred thousand pounds; raisins, the same; silk-manufactures, nearly a quarter of a million; spirits (rum and brandy), upwards of two millions and a quarter; sugar (unrefined, refined, and molasses), upwards of five millions and a half; tallow, about seventy-six thousand pounds; tea, nearly five millions and a half; tobacco and snuff, over five millions and a quarter; wine, nearly one million and three-quarters; and wood and timber, nearly six hundred thousand pounds. Having disposed of the chief productive articles in the British tariff, many of them—as butter, cheese, corn, meal, flour, silk-manufactures, and timber—suffering under a strictly protective duty; and some—as spirits, wine, tobacco, and snuff—producing revenue based, to some extent, upon national vices—may glance leisurely over some of the inferior producing articles, and also some of the exemptions.

Almonds, both Jordan and the paste of, are taxed; bitter almonds and aloes are free. Arrow-root, tapioca, and all that family of products, pay four-pence-halfpenny the hundredweight; but arsenic and sanguis draconis are free. The appetite of the infant is fruitful to the public revenue; the Cockney Borgia may work under the licence of free-trade. Figs are a nice and fruitful source of revenue; jalap and castor-oil are nasty, but free. Biscuit and bread are saddled with a duty; caviare and senna are perfectly unfettered. Dates and wine are heavily taxed, but salted cucumbers and logwood extract are totally unburdened. Apples, pears, cherries, plums, boys' marbles, and toys of all kinds, sail in under a duty; but rose-water, tobacco-pipes, and sausages are free. Crises of 'Shame!' from the combined youth of the country against the Chancellor, of the Exchequer. Why don't he hit one of his own size?

Malt is absolutely prohibited to be imported—a great boon to the farmers—but juniper-berries, angelica root, and gin materials generally come in without any financial or legal restriction. Manure is perfectly free; soap, plain or scented, and wash-balls, are certainly not. Pickles preserved in vinegar are a source of revenue; vegetables preserved in salt are free. Two anomalies present themselves, alluded to before, in passing: port wine is taxed, but the raw material, according to popular report—logwood extract—is free. Bread is taxed; but the raw material—also according to popular report, potatoes, alum, and plaster-of-Paris—is free. Our French protective blockade is very strong. It taxes lace, silk, wine, clocks, china, with many other articles, even to musical-boxes. In these latter amusing toys, the assessment is very minute and exact. Threepence a tune, played upon a cylinder of four inches in length; but if upwards of four inches, the country wants eightpence. Accompaniments are extra, even to the extent of half-a-crown. Burgundy wine is taxed, Burgundy pitch is free. Out of a list of nearly fifty seeds, only one is taxed, and that is the unfortunate caraway. Turtle is free, but rice is taxed.

The British possessions, in most cases, are allowed to import goods into the mother-country at a considerable reduction of duty, often reaching 50 per centum, if the productions imported are of native growth. Diamonds, lobsters, bullion, and fresh fish of British taking may be landed without report or entry—a privilege accorded to no other goods. Whatever duties there may be amongst the 460 customs' taxed articles, that annoy the young, the old, the feeble, and the strong, it must be a comfort to all to know that one article is gloriously and notoriously free. This is not corn, for that staple necessity of life still pays a juggling duty of one shilling the quarter, equal on the present price to 2½ per cent.—another protective boon still granted to the farmers

—it is *divi divi*.* Like the old woman who, when snatched from a fearful fire, was found hugging something she had saved from the general wreck, which turned out to be a worthless hearth-broom, the British tax-payer, and professed free-trader, amidst the mass of useless, unproductive—when compared with the cost of collection—protective, restrictive, and immoral duties, may congratulate himself that *divi divi* is free.

The analysis of the British tariff stands thus: It produces one-third of the national income. This third is nearly all collected, from twenty-one articles of general consumption; 439 articles—which, with the twenty-one, make up the 460, the whole number taxed—produce about six hundred thousand pounds, which affords an average of fourteen hundred and thirty pounds each. To pursue the analysis a little further, there are sixty articles that bring less than two hundred pounds each; fifty-three not more than one hundred pounds each; thirty-six not more than twenty pounds each; and thirteen, only five pounds each and under. The persons employed in the collection of excise and customs' duties, on the 1st of January 1857, numbered 5449.

With these facts and figures before him, the intelligent reader may go away a duller, but a wiser man. He will see on one side of the national balance-sheet—the right-hand, or credit side—glory, heroism, and brilliant expenditure; on the other side—the left-hand, or debit side—mean, money-grubbing, and, in some cases, oppressive collection of income. He will find, upon glancing through the British tariff, that notwithstanding our press and platform songs of triumph, we know little more of pure, practical free-trade than Archimedes did of the steam-engine.

POUDRE ROSÉ.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

I.

A DARK wintry day, in the year of grace 1839, was closing upon the final scene of one of those tragedies of real life which would be affecting, were they not, in France at least, of such everyday occurrence. Eugène Beaudésart, the direct representative of a long line of courtiers, warriors, diplomatists, commencing with the Merovingian kings, and now for some time schoolmaster in Lyon, was dying in a mean apartment *au troisième* of a house in an obscure street of that wealthy and splendid city; not, however, of want, of physical destitution, as the wine, cordials, and various tempting delicacies by his bedside, the heaped-up blazing fagots on the hearth, the presence of an unexceptionable nurse, and, above all, of M. Vermont, a physician of eminence, whose minutes were Napoleons, fully testified. Nor, still judging by its surroundings, ought unsatisfied soul-cravings, hunger of the spirit, to have been felt at that death-bed, since two ministers to spiritual needs, one officious, the other official, were in attendance there. The first, a stout, somewhat rustic-looking man, past middle age, at the entrance of the Abbé Morlaix, the famous preacher at the Church of the Assumption, had hastily returned his balm for hurt minds, Plato's *Divine Dialogue*, to his pocket, and shrunk back to a corner of the room where the fire-blaze revealed him with but fitful intermittences. I, however, from knowing Jules Despech so well, can easily identify, through the flashing of that large head, fairly developed intellectually, and that face every way ordinary save for a pair of glittering gray eyes; which, from under cover of the pent-house brows, pierce to a very long way off—further, deeper, indeed, than it is desirable to

* The pod of the *Cassia toriaria*, used in tanning and dyeing.

follow; even, in imagination. The countenance withal has not what is usually termed a malignant expression. The most timid person, a girl, would hardly be scared at confronting it upon a lonely road in the evening of such another dark day as this; for plainly, vividly, as that unblest, bastard wisdom called cunning, caution, timidity, are written thereon for dullest eyes to read; there is also a certain air of *bonhomie*, assumed it may be—but, if so, habitually assumed—which does much to neutralise the vulpine craftiness of aspect which familiar observers were wont to say faithfully mirrored Jules Delpech's vulpine, crafty soul. A rash judgment, let us hope, in submission to the divine injunction of charity—the charity that thinketh no evil, believeth no evil, with which M. Morlaix, a few minutes since, just before the arrival of the physician, rebuked the moribund's glare of rage, called forth by a somewhat eulogistic allusion to Madame la Baronne de Vautpré; the personage albeit to whom Eugène Beaudésert is indebted for the lay and clerical ministrations which console, or embitter—for there is no interpreting the changeful lights and shadows which flit across that constrainedly calm white face—these last supreme moments of parting life.

There was no warning of how few those moments were in the suave tones of Dr Vermont as he felt the pulse and looked steadily into the eyes of his patient. He merely observed, addressing the nurse, that M. Beaudésert must be kept as quiet as possible; and then turned away with a slight gesture to the abbé, who followed him to the door, where a few whispered words passed between them. The look and manner of the abbé, as he again turned towards the sick man, revealed, clearly as speech, the significance of those whispered words; and Jules Delpech starting up, hurriedly embraced, and bade his friend adieu, as if for a brief time only, pressed one of the cold hands of a girl sitting by the head of the bed, in both his own, softly suggested hope and courage, and glided from the apartment. The nurse, at a sign from the abbé, did the same, and then the reverend gentleman requested the girl to permit him to speak for a few minutes with her father alone. The answer was an outburst of convulsive grief—passionate exclamations of refusal, which the abbé could only partially calm by consenting that she should remain whilst he administered the last rites of his church to the now avowedly dying sufferer; whose thoughts, whilst fully comprehending, as he seemed to do, the abbé's meaning and purpose, were nevertheless—if one might judge by the feeble demonstrations permitted by his fast-failing strength—with his child, with the earthly future of that young life; and but slightly impressed by the imminence of his own death, and the judgment to follow, announced by the symbolic ceremonial, and the solemn words of the priest.

And now, whilst the abbé is fulfilling his appointed function, I may briefly pass in review the previous and determining incidents of the life-career thus prematurely closing; closing prematurely, there can be no question, as far as life is reckoned by length of days, for it was no longer ago than the autumn of 1803, that the birth of Eugène Beaudésert, the first-born of a distinguished general of that name, and Estelle, his wife, née Bresson, a rich heiress of Paris, was celebrated in that city with much pomp and *éclat*. Clouds quickly overgrew and darkened the brilliant future that seemed to await the child. General Beaudésert was killed at Marengo; and his widow, to whom, by the provisions of the ante-nuptial contract, her whole fortune reverted, soon married again, became the mother of a numerous family, and gradually so estranged from her first-born, that after his birthday, she never again beheld him, without expressing a wish to do so. It is

probable that this unnatural feeling was excited and confirmed by the civilly contemptuous treatment which the plebeian wife of General Beaudésert had met with from her husband's family; one of that section of the Quartier St Germain, which, always with an *arrière-pensée*, capitulated with the Consulate and the Empire for the profitable honours, illegitimate as they might be, and, of course, were, with which it was the weakness of the Man of Destiny to always eagerly reward such condescendence. Madame la Baronne de Vautpré, General Beaudésert's widowed and childless sister, had especially never been at pains to conceal her disdain of her brother's ignoble alliance; and no sooner was it ascertained that *ci-devant* Madame Beaudésert, née Bresson, evinced a decided dislike of her son Eugène, than Madame la Baronne became his active partisan and patroness; and an arrangement was finally come to by which the guardianship of the last male scion of the ancient house of Beaudésert was legally transferred from the *roturier* mother to the aristocratic aunt. Madame de Vautpré discharged her new self-imposed duties, everybody agreed, in the most liberal, exemplary manner. Eugène Beaudésert's education was conducted by the first masters; his purse was supplied without stint or grudge; and he had but just completed his eighteenth year, when Madame la Baronne obtained the high favour and honour of a commission in the *Garde Royale* for her fortunate nephew. But, as most of us know, or have heard, blood is stronger than water, especially that which wells up from the mighty arteries which nourish and sustain the common life of a people; and Eugène's precociously manifested tastes, antipathies, predilections—all clearly traceable to his maternal origin—proved to be diametrically opposed to the tastes, antipathies, predilections of the long line of Beaudésert celebrities dating from the Merovingian kings; not one of whom, that unfilial descendant of a noble race sneeringly remarked, could be justly accused of having stained his scutcheon by doing anything useful or helpful to mankind. As examples of the young man's shocking heterodoxy in matters ancestral and armorial, I may instance his proclaimed opinion, that there were in the world men as capable of governing France as Louis le Désiré—an extravagance which cost him his *Garde Royale* epaulets; that Napoleon was at least equal as a general to the great Condé; and that to have created 'a connoisseur in dry bones'—otherwise Cuvier the comparative anatomist—a baron, was not a detestable desecration by Bonaparte of that order of nobility! That atrocities like these should so frequently sully the lips of her nephew and heir, was naturally a source of disquiet to Madame de Vautpré; but, to do that lady simple justice, she was far too right-minded and sensible a person to take *au sérieux* the froth-follies which flow so copiously from the lips of vain and volatile youth; and she more than once took occasion to observe in his hearing, that so long as her nephew *did* nothing in derogation of his high lineage, whatever he might think or say, would not affect his present or future position as far as she had control over it. Eugène Beaudésert was in his twentieth year, when Madame la Baronne felt or fancied that it might be expedient to at once clearly define what it was that to do, or to leave undone, would fatally compromise the young man's future. She did so in the mild impassive manner natural to her, after placing in his hand a draft on Lafitte for the large sum he had just intimated an immediate and pressing occasion for.

'You were conversing for some time, I noticed, at the ball the other evening, with the Count and Mademoiselle de Cevennes; what, frankly now, is your impression, Eugène, of the young lady?'

'My impression of Mademoiselle de Cevennes!'

Frankly, then, no impression at all—except, *ma foi*, the vague one of a perfectly well-dressed common-place young person, nowise distinguishable from the crowd of perfectly well-dressed common-place young persons we met there.

‘I have reason to believe,’ continued Madame de Vautpré, ‘that the proposal of an alliance by marriage of the Beaudésert and Cevennes families would be favourably entertained by Monsieur le Comte de Cevennes.’

‘*Plait-il, madame!*’ exclaimed the startled nephew, flushing scarlet.

‘In other, though scarcely plainer words,’ resumed Madame de Vautpré, ‘that were Eugène Beaudésert to become a suitor for the hand of Louise de Cevennes, he would not be exposed to the mortification of a refusal.’

‘You must be jesting, madame,’ rejoined the nephew with some temper. ‘What have I done, that it should be proposed to wed me with such an incarnation of ugliness, ill-temper, and Satanic pride, as Mademoiselle de Cevennes?’

‘That is your *vague* impression of the lady, is it? It is not a flattering one, at all events; and do not fear, Eugène, that I shall ever urge you to blaspheme the holy sacrament of marriage—I should here state that it had been for some time whispered in certain circles that Madame la Baronne de Vautpré was growing terribly devout—‘by uniting yourself indissolubly with a woman you could not love or esteem; however’—

‘*Ma chère tante,*’ interrupted Eugène, seizing Madame de Vautpré’s hand, and kissing it with fervour—‘you are so good.’

‘It is well, at the same time, to remind you, Eugène,’ continued Madame la Baronne, with her usual calm smile and quiet evenness of voice, ‘that I expect from you a similar abnegation of selfish feeling in the affair of marriage—which is to say that you will never think of uniting yourself with a person whom I could not love or esteem! Above and before all, Eugène—and here the speaker’s earnestness lent almost tragic force and depth to Madame de Vautpré’s mild, steadfast look, and tranquil measured tones—‘do not fail to bear constantly in mind that to follow your father’s unhappy example, by contracting a *mésalliance*, would be simply and definitively to pronounce irrevocable sentence upon yourself—not merely of immediate separation between you and me, but of the forfeiture of your else assured inheritance of the large possessions, which are, as you are aware, at my absolute disposal.’

‘My dear madam,’ Eugène managed to enunciate without much stammering, and with an affectation of unconcern with which his changing colour and altogether discomfited aspect did not harmonise, ‘you do not imagine, you do not suppose, that I—that you—that’—

‘I suppose nothing, imagine nothing, Eugène,’ interrupted the stately baronne, locking her *écritoire*, and rising to terminate the interview; ‘I merely state as a fact to be carefully borne in mind, that were you so insane as to contract a discreditable marriage—and by discreditable marriage I mean one that I could not sanction—you from that moment would be my nephew in name only, assuredly in nothing more. Do you return to dine? No; well, I shall be sure to meet you at Madame Morry’s. Adieu.’

An indifferent passer-by would have been struck by the extreme disquietude evinced by Eugène Beaudésert as he left his aunt’s splendid mansion; but in life’s careless April-time the clouds pass swiftly; and one little hour had scarcely elapsed since Madame de Vautpré’s words had fallen so ominously upon his ear, when they were remembered only as the casual expression of a hasty resolve, which could

never be carried out; for was not he, Eugène Beaudésert, the only living being through whom the name, the glory, and the greatness of the Beaudéserts could be preserved, and continued for the admiration and reverence of unborn ages! That great irreversible fact would necessarily outweigh all minor considerations, when poised in so very ancestral a mind as that of Madame de Vautpré, who had, besides, displayed such Christian kindness in relation to that abominable Mademoiselle de Cevennes—the young lady that had graciously, it seemed, intimated—the amiable Gorgon!—that she would not refuse him the blessing of her hand, should he venture to solicit the precious gift. Ugh!

The repulsive idea thus suggested quickly gave place to another and very different one—that of *cette jeune et charmante Adrienne*, whom it would be impossible not to love, were her father, instead of being a *capitaine de dragons en retraite*, a Paris shopkeeper. At that moment, the church-clocks chimed half-past two, reminding the young dreamer that by the time he had reached the jeweller’s, and received in exchange for his munificent aunt’s draft the superb necklace upon which Adrienne Champfort had set her heart, it would be as much as he could do to reach Clichy by the hour he had appointed to be there. This was decisive; and by three o’clock, Eugène Beaudésert, with the necklace—a trifle, which cost him five thousand francs, no more—safe in his pocket, was rattling gaily along the road leading to the modest dwelling of his beautiful *fiancée*, and then onwards, downwards, to marriage, remorse, ruin, despair—finally, to the dark room *au troisième* in the Rue du Bac, Lyon, where the Abbé Morlaix is even now administering the *vaticum* to the heir of all the Beaudéserts! An old, sad story, of which I need only further give the headings of the chapters intervening between the bridal and the burial.

Madame la Baronne de Vautpré was informed of the marriage of Eugène Beaudésert with Adrienne Champfort by a long and eloquent letter from the bridegroom; to which an immediate answer was returned, enclosing a draft for ten thousand francs, and briefly stating that Madame de Vautpré wished Monsieur and Madame Beaudésert happiness, in the state of life they had chosen for themselves; but, as Monsieur Beaudésert had been timely and emphatically warned would be the case, Madame de Vautpré no longer looked upon that gentleman as her nephew, or as one possessing the slightest further claim upon her.

It was all in vain, as the ten thousand francs, and at last the costly ornaments which he had lavished upon Adrienne, melted away, that the alarmed and anxious husband and father—two daughters, Adrienne and Clarisse, were born to him during the first three years of wedded life—put in practice every expedient, every art he was master of, to change his aunt’s inexorable decision; Madame de Vautpré was impassible as marble, and as smooth and polished also; her words and manner, in the personal interviews which her nephew contrived to force upon her, whilst clearly expressive of unswerving resolve, never betraying the slightest irritation or anger.

Thus, step by step, poverty came upon the rash couple; the poverty, armed with serpent stings, that treads upon the heels of reckless self-gratification, and which, but for Captain Champfort’s pension—a rather considerable one for his position, he being an inferior member of the Legion of Honour—would soon have been destitution; for Eugène Beaudésert, with all his worldly disdain of birth-privileges, persisted in keeping himself fiercely aloof from the contamination of *useful* employments, and none other were obtainable. And did the blind god that had lured them to such a pass, remain to gild the ruin

he had made, to light up with his glowing torch the else drear dwelling where sat Indigence with his black feet upon the cheerless hearth; and Want, ever at the threshold, and waiting but for the death of that white-headed, feeble old man to enter in, deepened the thick gloom with his gaunt forecast shadow? Alas! how could it be so? Was it possible that the enchanting smile with which Adrienne Champfort received the necklace we know of from her delighted lover, should cast its radiance upon the pawn-ticket of that same costly bauble, which her husband, then of some seven sad years' standing, placed in her hand with a sour, fretful caution to put it safely away? The truth was, neither had espoused the intended person. Eugène Beaudésert, Mademoiselle Champfort's idolising admired, was the nephew of Madame de Vautpré, heir to the splendid mansion in the Faubourg St Germain, and the magnificent Château d'Em, near Lyon, of which she had heard so much—a young gentleman, moreover, having free warren of all the jewellers' shops and *modiste* establishments in Paris, the *entrées* of Tuileries balls, and possessed of a thousand other transferable and charming gifts and privileges—surely a very different person from the pale, care-worn, listless man, whose stockings she darned with delicate fingers, at the faintest pressure whereof, in the old fast-fading time, those now downcast unregardful eyes had flashed with rapture! And though still retaining much of her brilliant form and feature-beauty, was Madame Beaudésert, wan wife and mother, eternally busied with household cares, necessarily negligent of the elegances of attire, impatient of the present, regretting the past, the fairy being pictured in the youthful imagination of Eugène Beaudésert as the honoured and admired mistress of his inherited splendours, the grace and genius of the courtly circles to which it would be his chiefest pride to have raised her? Clearly not. Do not suppose that biting, bitter words—hasty and quickly repented of, it may be—such as escaped Adrienne's lips, when, as she was walking with her husband and children in the hot, dusty Champs Elysées, Charles Baudin, the rich grocer's son, whose hand she had refused for that of Madame de Vautpré's nephew, dashed past in his new cabriolet with Madame Baudin, his richly apparelled, very pretty wife by his side—words which ever after rankle in the memory, did not frequently pass between Monsieur and Madame Beaudésert. And yet she was not, as the world goes, an unaffectionate wife and mother, nor he a bad unloving husband and father. Both possessed amiable qualities—amiable qualities, I mean, of an ordinary degree—and we know that none but those supremely angelic unflawed natures, whose only ascertainable dwelling-place, in my experience, is the brains of boys, girls, and authors, can illumine the bleak wastes of life with perennial radiance, make constant sunshine in the shadiest places, sing ceaseless songs of gladness upon empty stomachs, and delightedly disport themselves in the lowest social quagmires, from whatever height thereto hurled down!

To that bright band, Monsieur and Madame Beaudésert assuredly did not belong. They, however, rubbed along disconsolately, till the death, in 1838, of Captain Champfort; when Eugène, roused to spasmodic exertion, left his wife and youngest child Clarisse, at Clichy with the widow, and set out on foot with his daughter, dreamy Adrienne, for the Château d'Em, where Madame de Vautpré had for some years constantly resided, determined upon one more effort—if not to regain her good-will, at least to wrest from her the opportunity the means of modest existence. His refusal to see him, and returned his letters unanswered; wearied out at length, as well as seriously warned by the authorities, that to persist in

his annoyance of Madame la Baronne de Vautpré, would bring unpleasant consequences upon himself, he—by the advice of his new friend, Jules Delpech, at whose house, distant about a league from the château, he had taken up his temporary abode—hired an apartment in the Rue du Bac, Lyon; and chiefly in the hope of touching his aunt's heart through her pride, advertised in the local papers that Eugène Beaudésert, ex-captain of the Garde Royale, gave lessons in reading, writing, arithmetic, and elementary mathematics. This notable expedient failed as completely as all previous ones. Madame de Vautpré was immovable by such feeble devices; but a more potent agent than the disinherited descendant of the Beaudéserts was at hand, bringing fullest relief to the sufferer, and rebuke, remorse to his obdurate, pitiless relative. Eugène Beaudésert fell suddenly ill; the long fever of despair had at length consumed the golden oil of life, and the *sœur de charité*, whose mission of mercy took her to that poor abode, saw that yet a few hours and the divine lamp would expire on earth, to be relumed only in His presence whose breath first touched it with celestial fire. Having clearly possessed herself of the melancholy story, sister Agnes lost no time in endeavouring to secure the good offices of the Abbé Morlaix, who, she knew, was the confessor of Madame de Vautpré, reputedly one of the most devout ladies of France. This was not a difficult task; and the abbé, first visiting the moribund, hastened at once to the great lady's presence. Never was the abbé's sonorous eloquence more vigorously exerted; and as he, with the authority of a church of which Madame de Vautpré was a fanatical adherent, entreated, menaced, commanded, her obduracy and pride of heart, insensible to the pleadings of humanity, yielded to religious terrors; before the interview terminated, it was settled that all money could do to avert or delay the stroke of the destroyer was to be essayed; and, that should her nephew not recover, his eldest daughter, Adrienne, was to be received at the Château d'Em, avowedly as Madame de Vautpré's heiress. One condition, however, was peremptorily insisted upon, which was, that Adrienne should be separated from her family, who would be permitted to see her once only in each year; the mother and sister to be paid a yearly pension of four thousand francs during Madame de Vautpré's pleasure, which meant so long as they and Adrienne rigorously complied with the condition of separation from each other. This arrangement Eugène Beaudésert readily though ungraciously acquiesced in—I mean that he neither felt nor affected gratitude for the tardy and fear-extorted concession—and he commanded his reluctant daughter to comply therewith when he was gone, as she valued his blessing and her mother and sister's welfare.

Of that young girl—of Adrienne Beaudésert, whom we just now saw passionately refuse to abandon for a moment the post assigned to her by filial love and duty—I have not as yet spoken, though it is around her the interest of this narrative will mainly gather. It will, however, be only necessary in this place to premise that Adrienne Beaudésert will be thirteen on her next birthday, that she is well formed and tall of her age, and that her now death-pale complexion, eyes swollen and red with weeping, loose-untended hair, obscure a beauty as exquisite as that of her mother at the same age; whilst even through that clouding veil of tears and terror, the infantine candour, the faith—how shall I express myself?—the simple trustfulness, verging upon credulity, that marks her character, is strikingly apparent. There are lines, however faint, nascent as yet, indicative of firmness about her sweet, rose-lipped mouth, which cannot be too soon developed and confirmed. That simple, credulous predisposition has unhappily

been fostered, exaggerated by the education, if it can be called one, she has received, chiefly from her grandmother; an honest, simple-minded native of Provence, who has peopled the child's mind with the thousand-and-one legends of fairies, demons, witch-charms, potent alike for good and evil, received as gospel-truth in that part of France; and in which her grand-daughter believes as firmly as in the ogre-like instincts of the dreaded relative to whose abhorred companionship or custody her father's last commands have doomed her. Childhood's common dreams, it may be said. Yes, but will they, as such illusions usually do, exhale and pass away in the expanding light of reason, or remain hidden, latent in the mind of Adrienne Beaudésert, till, under stimulating conditions, they start into fatal life and activity? This is the yet unsolved enigma of the story of the Poudre Rosé.

AN EVIL SEEMINGLY WITHOUT A REMEDY.

THERE is one evil under the sun without a remedy, and that is the power of what is called Fashion over women. In some mysterious way, it comes to be understood that the correct thing for ladies this winter is to carry an amount of inflated dress round the lower part of their persons, which will make them from ten to twelve feet in circumference. Implicitly they submit to have themselves so dressed, as if it were some supernal decree which it was futile to try to resist, let the consequences be never so inconvenient to themselves and the society of which they form a part. The resulting contour of the figure is, in the first place, ridiculous; in the second place, immoral, because false. It involves waste, to the distress of those who have to pay the milliners' bills, and to the offence of God, who tells us that not merely our superfluities, but much of our ordinary means, should be bestowed upon those who want. Finally, it creates danger, for a dress sweeping wide of the person is apt to catch fire, and often does so, with the most tragical effects. Not a month before we write, two daughters of a noble house, had their dresses thus ignited, and, as the arrangement is favourable to combustion, they were so severely burned that they only survived a few days. Yet the inconvenience, the ridiculousness, the immoral falsity, the sinful waste, and the frightful danger, while on all hands acknowledged, are wholly unavailing to abate one inch of the evil. The mysterious decree has gone forth—'we,' say the ladies, 'cannot be singular'—the evil, consequently, great as it is, must be endured.

It is important to observe regarding the suberviency to these mysterious decrees, that there is no progressive improvement. One year, it is one absurdity; another year, another. Balloon-sleeves now—mud-trailing skirts then. Here, invisible bonnets, exposing the head to colds, and the complexion to injury; there, wasp-waists, destroying the play of the organs of circulation and digestion. Always some enormity, and no one better than another, or more partially exemplified. Reasoning on the part of the other sex, is wholly in vain to effect any correction—of what use, indeed, is reason, with people who admit the absurdity of their conduct, but say they cannot help it?

Side by side with all this folly, we hear cries from various quarters for the acknowledgment of female equality, and consequent female rights. What an amusing set of enthusiasts! A part is claimed in great and serious affairs for a portion of the community who cannot avoid wearing any ridiculous attire which is proclaimed to be the fashion. A perfect equality

with the reasoners is expected for those who confess themselves below the power of reason.

We lately thought of writing a powerful paper on the custom of typifying everything silly and foolish under the phrase 'an old woman.' It seemed to us unfair, on the part of our sex, to pay such court to women while they were young, pleased to listen for hours perhaps to their prattle, professing compliance with the faintest wishes; idolising, deifying them; yet, after all, turning away from them in their maturer years, when, if anything, they had become wiser and more solid. But a little reflection upon the conduct of women in respect to dress has obliged us to give up our intended article. Our design was, we believe, amiable and gallant—for, be it known, we are extremely kind to women, and great favourites with them—but we now see the position was indefensible. Young women, judged by their conduct in this important part of the economy of life, are evidently no better than old women—not a bit more able to resist weak impulses. They may be described as only old women with the gloss of youth in their favour, the latter peculiarity being alone that which brings them the deference which is denied to their seniors. Now, of course, this gloss of youth being a mere external accident, and no proper ground of esteem, whatever it may be of passionate admiration, we must needs admit that the claims of women to respect are equal at all times of their life; and there is no injustice whatever in arraigning them in age for qualities which ought equally to be condemned in them at every period.

No—the proverb must still hold its sway—men of weak tastes and apprehensions must still submit to be called old women, and old women must submit to have such men likened to them—but surely not for ever. There is a progress in most things in this fair world; and we may therefore hope that a moiety of the human race—a most interesting one, and invested with great influence, for good or evil, over the other moiety—is not to be left from age to age to doll-dressing, gossip, and the chronicling of small-beer. The brain of woman, though not so powerful as that of man, is composed of the same elements, and equally capable of an indefinite improvement. The occasion which women have for rational accomplishments and skill in serious affairs is, if not so great as that of men, very great nevertheless; why should they not know something of business, and so save themselves from becoming the victims of Western Banks and other traps? Why should they not take an intelligent concern in the making of laws by which they are to be affected as wives and mothers? Why should they not be somewhat informed in physiology and the laws of health, and so save themselves and their offspring from much of what is now suffered in disease, sickly uselessness, and premature death? They have these things in their power, and by such, and the general cultivation of their minds—above all, of their reasoning powers—they might make their young and old days alike respectable, thus extinguishing the ignominy conferred upon them in this proverbial reference to 'old women,' or rather, as we think we have shewn, to women generally. In no other way that we can think of is there to be an end to this imputation on the sex.

It often is impressed on us that the ordinary women of the world lose an immense portion of the happiness placed by Providence in their power, from want of a right apprehension of their capacities, as well as duties. When a lady of the middle rank has an independent provision, or a father or husband to provide for her, she is generally a very idle person. She reads a little in a literature that gives her no intellectual advance; works at some utterly useless texture—a laborious idleness; or plays indifferently

on some instrument. All very miserable work indeed. Say she even conducts a household, it is but a poor sole occupation for a human being—one day the same as another—no advance—nothing to look forward to, but the same routine of trivial orderings till the end. When we consider what a wonderful power a healthy brain even in woman really is, and what a potential destiny is connected with it, we might well wonder that such multitudes go on thus for ever, unconscious of what they are failing to do, and what they are failing to enjoy. There is not one of the great class in question but might become something unspeakably superior to what she is as a moral and intellectual being, immensely more useful to herself, her family, and society, and, by consequence, immensely more happy.

The fatality of the case is in the low standard set up for women, by themselves and others. It is understood that they are only fit for trifles and drudgeries, and on the plane of trifles and drudgeries they contentedly remain. The dress-follies are but a part of the system which they are thus made to constitute, and consequently we may expect to see these reign, one after another, until some general change shall take place of the nature indicated.

ELLIS'S VISITS TO MADAGASCAR.*

THE Rev. William Ellis, who, a few years ago, became favourably known as the author of *Poly-nesian Researches*, has just given to the world a work on the island of Madagascar, abounding in matter of extraordinary interest, and which, as a book of travel in an unknown land, must be considered second only in importance to that of Livingstone. Like this last-named personage, Ellis happily unites in himself the missionary, the man of science, and the accurate observer of social phenomena—quite the person, we should think, for spreading with a knowledge of the Gospel the ordinary arrangements of European civilisation. With the view of drawing attention to a volume which might possibly be thought uninteresting to general readers, we shall endeavour to present a sketch of its nature and contents.

The common notion entertained about Madagascar is, that it is a large island in the Indian Ocean inhabited by tribes of ferocious savages, who repel all attempts that may be made to civilise them. The belief that the island is large, and also productive, is of course correct, for it is equal in dimensions to Great Britain and Ireland, and its inhabitants number about three millions. That the people, however, are naturally savage and unimprovable, seems to be the reverse of the truth. In 1817, the country was under the government of a king called Radama, with whom a treaty of alliance was entered into by Sir Robert Farquhar, governor of the Mauritius, on the part of the English government; and forthwith the London Missionary Society despatched not only a body of missionaries, who were well received by the king, but a number of artisans, to impart instruction in the useful arts. Their success was most striking. Having learned the language of the Malagasy, the missionaries arranged a grammar, and prepared elementary books, as well as a translation of the Bible. 'In the space of ten years, after the settlement of the teachers at the capital,' says Mr Ellis, 'not fewer than 10,000 or 15,000 of the natives had learned to read, many of them also to write, and a few had made some slight progress in English; at the same time that a number professed themselves Christians.' Within the same period, amongst the

1000 or 1500 youths who had been placed as apprentices under the missionary artisans, some had been taught to work in iron, which abounds in the country; others had been trained to be carpenters, builders, tanners, curriers, shoemakers, &c. These were some of the most satisfactory results of the king's alliance with the English, and the settlement of English missionaries in his country; and although the advantage of a sudden and large increase of firearms amongst a people very partially civilised, may have been questionable, the substitution of legitimate and honourable commerce for the degrading traffic in slaves, the opening of a way for frequent and friendly intercourse with foreigners, the teaching of useful arts, the introduction of letters, with the knowledge of Christianity by which this was followed, will ever cause the treaty between Sir Robert Farquhar and the King Radama to be regarded as one of the most important events in the modern history of Madagascar. Everything was going on prosperously, when in 1828 the good King Radama died; his nephew, Rakatobe, who succeeded him, was assassinated; and the present queen attained the much-coveted supreme authority. Immediately, the old system of idol-worship was re-established; the profession of Christianity was prohibited; the missionaries ordered off; books were confiscated; and, in short, things put back, as far as possible, to their original condition. But it was beyond the power of the queen to extirpate Christianity utterly, although many unhappy proselytes were put to death; nor could her government make the people unlearn those arts of civilised life which had been so beneficially introduced. There ensued, as may be supposed, a curious condition of society, in which various European usages were blended with the manners and habits of an untutored and superstitious race. We should judge, from Mr Ellis's account of affairs, that long ere this, intercourse with enlightened foreigners would have been resumed but for an unfortunate armed collision in 1845. Some French and English traders who had been suffered to reside at Tamatave, the port which had dealings with the Mauritius, complained to their respective governments that they suffered from the application of certain native laws; two French and one English vessel of war were sent to redress these alleged grievances. Failing to effect an amicable adjustment, they bombarded and burnt the town, and killed a number of the inhabitants. The outrage proved worse than useless. The forces had to retire to their ships, leaving thirteen persons, who were made prisoners and put to death. Since this ill-conceived and ill-conducted affair, the island has been officially shut against foreign residents, although a few, chiefly French creoles, are tolerated at Tamatave.

Besides the elements of social improvement introduced through the missionaries, and which, as has been said, nothing could extirpate, there were other grounds of hope left to those who took an interest in the Malagasy. The natives who remained secretly Christians, and who could write, contrived to keep up a correspondence with their fellow-sufferers who had taken refuge in the Mauritius; and, what was of still greater consequence, the Prince Ramonja, son of the queen's sister, and heir-presumptive to the throne, took to the study of the Bible, gave his adhesion to Christianity, and did what lay in his power to assuage the bitterness of religious persecution. It should be further stated, that the idolatrous and superstitious queen did not proscribe the elegances of life, and she continued to have about her natives of rank, who were able to hold communication in English or French. Understanding that through these several agencies certain political changes were in progress, the London Missionary Society judged

* *Three Visits to Madagascar*. By the Rev. W. Ellis. 1 vol. 8vo, with numerous illustrations. Murray, London. 1858.

It expedient to seek for correct information on the subject, and, early in 1853, Mr Ellis was invited to proceed to Madagascar, to make all suitable inquiries, in company with Mr Cameron, then residing at the Cape of Good Hope.

Having arrived at the Mauritius on their journey of discovery, the two travellers embarked in a small vessel, the *Gregorio*, for Madagascar, but with faint hopes of being allowed to enter the country. Up to this period, all trade with the Mauritius was suspended, greatly to mutual disadvantage. The Mauritius depends for cattle on Madagascar, which, on the other hand, relies on imports for various articles of commerce. After a boisterous and uncomfortable passage from the 11th to the 17th of July, the voyagers arrived at Tamatave, and had some difficulty in being allowed to land. At length the harbour-master, who could speak a little English, took them to his house, 'a well-constructed native dwelling, about forty feet long, and between twenty and thirty feet high, with a door in the centre, and a window on each side, the whole front shaded with a veranda, and the house thatched with the leaves of the traveller's tree.' The house, backed by tall palm-trees, formed, with its inhabitants, a good subject for photography, in which Mr Ellis was such a proficient, that his volume is enriched with a large number of likenesses of public characters, picturesque scenes, and the more remarkable kinds of plants; his accomplishment in this respect making for him friends among all classes. During his brief sojourn at Tamatave, he was gratified with the acquisition of a beautiful aquatic plant, the *Ouviranda fenestralis*, 'one of the most curious of nature's vegetable productions,' as it is designated by Sir W. J. Hooker. This plant, sometimes called the water-yam or lace-leaf, grows below the surface of the water, and only projects its flower-stalks into the air. The large leaves which float beneath consist of long fibrous veins, between which are rows of open work resembling the finest lace or needle-work. Mr Ellis had the satisfaction of bringing away specimens of this singularly beautiful plant, one of which, we believe, may be seen in the Crystal Palace, and another in the Royal Gardens at Kew.

The application to visit the capital being refused, Mr Ellis and his colleague were obliged to return to the Mauritius, and there make known the fact, that, unless the sum of 15,000 dollars was sent as an indemnity for injuries, the queen of Madagascar would not grant permission for the renewal of trade. The amount being immediately subscribed, Mr Cameron and one of the mercantile class were sent with it, and we learn that a few months later, trade with Madagascar was satisfactorily resumed. This event led to a second attempt on the part of Mr Ellis to reach the ruler of the Malagasy. Again the intrepid missionary, June 1854, embarks with a competent supply of photographic chemicals and medicines packed in his luggage, and gets once more safely to Tamatave. He has hardly time to take up his quarters, when he is called to attend a chief who needs medical assistance, which, by long practice, assisted by common sense, Mr Ellis is able to render with some effect—a conspicuous instance of the value of giving missionaries a certain amount of medical knowledge. The house of the sick chief was a dismal hut, with a fire of wood burning on a raised hearth, edged round with stones, and lighted by a lamp of melted fat stuck on the end of a rod which was fixed in the sand. Other appearances, with appropriate comments, may best be given in our author's own words:

'I found the chief lying on a number of mats spread by the side of the fireplace. His wife was sitting near the doorway, working at a fine kind of

mat. One slave was in the outer room, driving away the poultry and pigs as they approached, and another little slave-girl squatting on the ground attended to the fire. The chief said he had removed to this low close hut for the sake of the warmth; the thermometer at that time was generally between 60 degrees and 70 degrees indoors. He was an officer of the government; and while I was talking with him, one of his assistants or aides-de-camp entered with a couple of letters, which, at the chief's request, he read, and which the chief told him he must answer. The young man then went to a box at the side of the room, brought paper, pen, and ink, and seating himself cross-legged on the ground near the lamp, laid a quire of paper on his knee, and having folded a sheet, the chief raised himself upon his mat and dictated, while his secretary wrote a reply. When the letter was finished, the secretary read it aloud, and the chief having approved, the writer brushed the sand adhering to his naked foot with the feathery end of his long pen upon the freshly written sheet, to prevent its blotting, then folded his letter, and departed to despatch it to its destination. There was something singularly novel and suggestive as to the processes by which the civilisation of nations is promoted in the spectacle I had witnessed. Little more than thirty years before, the language of Madagascar was an unwritten language; a native who had been educated at Mauritius was the only writer in the country, and he wrote in a foreign tongue; but now, without any of the appliances which are usually connected with a secretary's desk or office, a quiet, unpretending young man, seated on a mat on the floor in a low dark cottage three hundred miles from the capital of the country, and with his paper on his knee, receives and writes with accuracy and ease the orders or instructions of his superior; and while the latter reclines in his sickness on his mats spread on the floor in his leaf-thatched hut, as his fathers had done for generations before, he has only to utter his wishes or his orders, and these are conveyed to those whom they concern with as much authenticity and correctness as the most formal dispatch from an office of the most civilised nation. And when I reflected that to such an extent had the native government availed itself of the advantages of writing as that in the year 1836, when the late missionaries left the capital, there were four thousand officers employed, who transacted the business of their respective departments by writing; and that such is the benefit or pleasure which the people find in thus communicating with each other, that scarcely a traveller ever journeys from one place to another without being a letter-carrier, I was strongly impressed with the fact that, besides the benefits of their directly religious teaching, missionaries were rendering most important aid towards the enlightenment and civilisation of mankind.'

Permitted to make excursions in the neighbourhood, Mr Ellis prosecuted his inquiries, and was able to improve himself in the language of the country; but he was denied permission to visit the capital, and finally returned to England. At length, the much-desired permission to have an interview with the queen of Madagascar was given. Availing himself of it, Mr Ellis arrived at the island in July 1856, and the account of his more protracted and important visit on this occasion occupies the principal part of the work. The details of his journey to Antananarivo, the capital, which is situated in the interior, and which can be reached only by climbing hills, penetrating trackless forests of gigantic tropical vegetation, fording rivers swarming with alligators, and encountering many other varieties of difficulty and danger—the greater part of the way being performed *à la palanquin*, in a kind of blanket borne by native bearers—form altogether a deeply interesting

narrative. We are told that slavery prevails as a legal institution, but the bondage seems to be of a mild type, and the government disallows any export of slaves. Though allied to the Malay race, the people appear to be addicted to peaceful pursuits, and easily assume the habits and manners of Europeans. The mixture of the barbarisms of past times with the practices of modern civilisation, is peculiarly odd; and we can fancy that the general aspect of affairs is pretty much what might have been seen in Britain shortly after the natives had been tintured with the notions and manners of their Roman invaders. According to the account before us, we should commit a serious mistake in looking on Madagascar as a territory to be taken possession of at the will of any European power. The country is in a state of transition; and nothing can be more obvious than that by the measures of improvement likely to be carried out by the amiable and intelligent prince who succeeds to the supreme authority, Madagascar will at no distant day make a rapid advance, and take a respectable place among Christian nations.

Reaching the capital, and there being lodged in handsome style, Mr Ellis is immediately visited by Prince Ramonja, a young man of colour, but of European cast of features, who speaks English, and is prepossessing in appearance. He wore a black dress-coat and pantaloons, gold-embroidered velvet waistcoat, and white cravat. Without formality or reserve, the prince evinced no want of self-respect. He very cordially welcomed me to the country, and in a short time we all seemed to be perfectly at ease. He asked after my home and family; and was much pleased with a picture of my house, and with portraits of some members of my family, which he said the princess his wife would like to see. I told him I had a small present which my wife herself had worked, and which I had thought of offering to the queen or some member of her family. He said the princess his wife would, he was sure, be much pleased with it. He spoke freely of the accounts he had heard of England, and of his esteem for the English; of his high estimate of the conduct of the English on several occasions which had been reported to him; of the character of their laws, especially in relation to human life, which he said they appeared to regard as a most sacred thing, not to be carelessly nor recklessly destroyed. He spoke of the English having often interfered to protect the weak and the injured, and to prevent wrong. The prince made inquiries respecting the royal family of England, mentioned his earnest wishes to remain on friendly terms with all European powers, and spoke hopefully of the improvement of Madagascar. He stated that an attempt had been made to convert him to Roman Catholicism, but without avail. On subsequent visits, the prince discussed a number of subjects with earnestness and animation; and it need scarcely be added that he and his wife—a lady in the costume of a London drawing-room—were vastly pleased by being photographed in different attitudes.

Passing over the account of numerous ceremonial interviews with chiefs and officers of the court, we arrive at the grand presentation to the queen, who is described as a portly woman of sixty-eight years of age, with an agreeable expression of countenance. She was decked out in a queenly style; and wore a crown made of plates of gold, with an ornament and charm, something like a crocodile's tooth in gold, in the front plate. The interview took place in an open court, in front of the palace, a tall barn-like building with a thatched roof and a veranda on two stories. The queen sat in state in the upper veranda, surrounded by her courtiers, while in the court below, which was surrounded by

soldiers, stood the parties to be received with their interpreters. The ceremony passes off agreeably, and Mr Ellis has the further honour of being invited to dinner, the particulars of which we leave him to describe. After ascending by a somewhat steep path to the crest of the hill on which the house stands, we reached the front court, where the queen's band, in scarlet uniform (apparently English) was stationed beneath the veranda. On entering, I was received by a number of servants dressed in a sort of livery, consisting of blue jackets bordered with red. I was politely received by the owner of the house, a number of officers, and other company, amongst whom were M. Laborde, and the Catholic priest with whom I had breakfasted. When dinner was announced, we were shewn to our respective places, which were designated by papers bearing our names placed on the table. Mine was on the left hand of the chief officer, and M. Laborde's was immediately opposite.

The room was large and lofty, furnished with looking-glasses and other articles of European or Asiatic manufacture, having a large sideboard at one end. The table was splendidly furnished with porcelain vases, filled with artificial flowers, and silver vases the size of wine-coolers along the centre. The covered dishes, spoons, and forks, were all silver; the dishes as well as the vases being of native manufacture, after English patterns, and remarkably well executed. On all these articles, as well as on the handles of the knives, a crown, and a bird, the crest of the Hovas (the royal tribe), were engraved.

As soon as all were seated, my friend the secretary, who sat next me, intimated in English, that as I was a stranger, and the queen's guest, I should now propose her majesty's health; and on a sign from one of the attendants, the band in the veranda played the Malagasy "God save the Queen."

The dinner commenced with soup, after which an almost endless variety of viands were served. There must have been upwards of thirty different dishes handed round in succession; beef in every form, poultry, game, made dishes in great variety, with pastry, all exceedingly well cooked, especially the rice and the rolls of bread. There was not much wine on the table, the drinking was very moderate, and there were but few toasts. The utmost propriety characterised the deportment of all present; although there were many of the younger members of the aristocracy at the table, the entertainment was more lively, and much less formal, than some at which I had been present in the country. After the dessert, tea was served in small coffee-cups, perhaps instead of coffee, from the supposed preference of the English for tea.

After the dinner, the chief officer rose, and delivered a speech expressive of the good feeling and hospitality of the Queen of Madagascar towards the subjects of other governments, strangers from across the sea, visiting her country. This was said in allusion to my presence amongst them; and then, stating that it had been the wish of the queen and the Malagasy government to preserve friendship with all foreign nations, he asked why it was that they were so frequently disturbed by reports that the French were coming to take their country. He said that reports to that effect had been recently brought, and were now in circulation amongst the people; and then appealing to me as recently from Europe, he asked if I knew whether these reports were true, and if so, why was it that the Malagasy were to be attacked.

Appealed to so directly, I could not decline offering a few words on the subject; and after thanking the queen for the kind attention and hospitality I had experienced, and observing that the cultivation

of peaceable and friendly feelings among nations, and the increase of commercial and other intercourse between the people of different countries, was far more conducive to the prosperity of all, than any other course; and that the feelings of good-will towards Madagascar cherished in England had been so fully reciprocated by the consideration and kindness I had received since my arrival, I trusted that corresponding sentiments were cherished by the French.'

The assurances of amity on this and other occasions gave inexpressible satisfaction to the authorities, who seemed very nervous on the subject of invasion. During his residence at the centre of political affairs, Mr Ellis appears to have picked up from conversations with the prince and others, much of the kind of information which was specially the object of his embassy. The leading fact we gather from his statements is, that if Prince Ramonja should ever occupy the throne, the island will be again opened to the missionaries, and go rapidly forward in civilised usages. The prince, unfortunately, has no surviving family, and hence a new element of doubt as to the future. What in the present critical state of matters seems desirable is, that nothing from without should be done to compromise this well-intentioned prince, or bring fresh severities on such natives as privately adhere to Christianity. It need only be added, that Mr Ellis parted with regret from his hospitable entertainers, and having safely reached the coast, sailed for England, where he arrived in March 1857. His volume can be recommended, not less for its valuable information respecting Madagascar, than for various amusing details descriptive of the scenery and social aspects of the Mauritius.

THE SONG OF THE STUDIO.

In a *feu de joie*, all scarlet and purple, the sun smiled a splendid adieu, disbursing gracious veils of gold gleams among the attendant cloudlets as he journeyed away from them to another land. Nature's mantle was decked with her choicest hues, blended and sweetened, as painters say, after her own peculiar manner, the crimson dimming through violet into gray, the orange melting through green into blue.

These firmamental glories could we guess at only, not perceive fully, as we sat in Tim Doolan's studio, which rejoiced in the orthodox north-east aspect; yet by the reciprocal rose-pink blushes of the east, much of the glow and passion of the west could be surmised. Tim Doolan was at his easel, painting with an energy that bordered on the ferocious.

'I never value the light half so much,' he said, 'as when there is not any.' The day was certainly waning, and Tim stood close to his work, as though he were about to dig his head through the canvas.

'It's provoking, it is—growing dark, just as I'm fetching out and finishing.' He was ever a profligate of the day's early hours, and a miser of its last few moments. I may mention that he was called Tim for no other reason than I could ever ascertain than that it was not his name. His godfather and godmother at his baptism had called him 'William,' but the world had chosen despotically to ignore that appellation as inappropriate and absurd, and had somehow substituted the laconic title by which he now went, and to which he answered more readily than to his legitimate prefix. He was Irish, of course. Very spare and very tall, as though nature had had a sort of second thought about his height, and had suddenly added a foot to his stature, without making any corresponding addition to his other proportions. The result was rather a lineal and angular character of figure. He was prone to colour in his dress—affected flame-hued shirts, and grass-green

cravats. Add long, tumbled, fawn-coloured hair, ragged amber moustache and eyebrows, pale complexion, Irish nose, and light, wild, blue eyes, and you have a faint sketch of Tim Doolan's general aspect. When painting, he wore a Turkish fez with a long purple tassel, and a puce-coloured shooting-jacket, torn about the pockets, and a good deal slashed under the arms.

There was no affectation of finery about the studio. The walls were of a simple whitewash, not recent in execution. Fugitive sketches in black or red chalk, or in charcoal, were the sole decorations. Interspersed were divers names, initials, and memoranda, addresses of models, recipes for colours and vehicles; also caricatures of Tim in various fanciful situations—painful and otherwise. There was no display of fragments of armour, weapons of war, velvet draperies, and other properties occasionally found in the rooms of painters, more especially those of theoretical rather than practical idiosyncrasy. Tim Doolan did not pretend to be an art Cræsus; or, if he did, the appearance of his studio certainly contradicted him.

I was sitting looking at Tim as he worked. In a dark corner there could just be traced the filmy outline of a pair of boots emerging from a cloud of tobacco-smoke, the only evidence of the presence of another man in the room. He did not speak nor move, this other man; and his feet were at a considerable elevation above the level of his head. The attitude might have been convenient; it was, at least, unconventional.

'Be asy, Miss Bellairs. How am I to put the high-lights into your eyes, if you keep rolling them about like marbles? And, please, don't wag your head like the mandarin in the *toy-shop*! And if you could keep your double set of pearls invisible, it would be convenient, as it isn't the Bull and Mouth I'm painting.'

I have omitted to state, that that distinguished model, Miss Bellairs, was sitting to Tim, and it was to her the above playful admonition was addressed.

'You shouldn't be always eating, Miss Bellairs; sea-goddesses never took dessert; leastways, they didn't crack walnuts with their teeth.' The lady accepted the reproach with a laugh and a toss of her long, undulating hair—a glossy shot-silk of gold and orange-brown.

'Where's my flake-white—was it that I threw at ye for not sitting still? Oh, here you are! Och, how the light's going! It's not safe painting at this time. There—I'll stop. Miss Bellairs, you're a good one to look at, but a bad one to sit still. Can you come to-morrow? Have you change for a sovereign? You'll leave it till the morning? Ten o'clock? All right: good-bye!'

And the light had gone; Miss Bellairs, too, had vanished. There was gloom in the studio—shortly there was growling.

'It's hard times,' says Tim, drawing himself up in a rectangular stretch; 'one paints and paints, and one don't sell, and the money goes out and it don't come in again.'

No one spoke. The boots slightly moved in their circumambient smoke—that was all.

'And what to call this?' and Tim stood fronting his easel. 'Come and help, you fellows. Will it do for Venus, risen from the sea? Euphrosyne is a good name; or Galatea. Wasn't Galatea a sea-nymph? Or shall I stick a chain round her ankle, and call her Andromeda? But then there ought to be a monster; and Jason—wasn't it Jason? or was it David? Who's up in Lempriere? Andromeda has been painted before.'

'I should rather say she had;' the voice came from behind the boots, which wagged derisively.

'A quotation from Kingsley would impart an air of freshness.'

'Pshaw! New wine into old bottles,' from behind the boots.

'What sea-nymph hasn't been painted? Here, Croppie, come out of that—earn your tobacco like a man; give us a name for this?'

Thus addressed, the boots slowly descended to earth, and a head, and ultimately a body, emerged from the smoke. These belonged to the individual addressed as Croppie.

'What do you want?'

And Croppie moved over to the easel. He was not an artist: he was something more formidable—a critic. He wrote on art; not so much essays as manifestoes—bulls, not Hibernian, but pontifical. He was our friend, therefore he did not spare us, for he rated more than he valued our productions.

It was said of a certain recent French king, that a pear-shape chalked on the wall was understood by everybody to represent his caricature, and of Croppie may safely be asserted, in like manner, that the drawing of a pair of moustaches merely, would have clearly identified him in the minds of his numerous friends and acquaintances. He was all moustache; his moustache was the first idea you conceived of him, and it was also the last. It was of voluminous character, and to obtain its luxuriance he appeared to have mortgaged deeply, if not sacrificed altogether, his other capillary properties; he was closely shorn, save in regard to the dense line cutting across his face, like an obese equator dividing a pale globe. His hair was kept so short, his head seemed to have been under the mowing-machine, as it was not to be conceived that the hand of tonsorial art could work so evenly; but the moustache was wonderful, a thing to see, and having seen, to swear by afterwards; and then the means of expression to which he converted it—when in wrath how he tugged at its ends, as though they were tavern bell-ropes and the waiter deaf; how he sucked it in, and then puffed it furiously forth again; how he pointed up the ends, and looked the incarnation of remorseless defiance; how he turned them down, and donned an aspect of religious resignation. He was snorting through them, angry at being disturbed, when he came to the easel.

'This is only an old study cooked up,' he said contemptuously.

'It's been kicking about here a long time,' said Tim apologetically. 'I thought I'd finish it, and see what I could do with it. It must have a name—just think of one.'

'This is the way with you fellows,' he turned to Tim and myself, but we could feel that he was addressing not us merely, but a large artist-world without. 'You paint first, and then you think, or ask some one else to think for you; you make the thunder, and then run all over the world to find a flash of lightning to fit it;' and he gnawed at his moustache in a rage.

'The baby generally comes before its name is settled,' I suggested humbly.

'I deny that,' cried Croppie, blowing out his moustache; 'in well-regulated families, the names are provided for a long list of probable children, with a liberal allowance for occasional twins; but art is provident in everything. For this study—what matters what you call it? Shining white flesh is all very pretty, but I don't know any one that wants to hang up Miss Bellairs, *au naturel*, in his drawing-room.'

'Don't be hard, Croppie; these are bad times. I paint what I think will sell; I am obliged to shake hands with Mammon, for he holds money in his fist after all. I got on pretty well a little while ago. There was a run upon rustics then, and I couldn't paint

rural scenes quick enough; now, they're a drug, and I've got smockfrocks and ankle-jacks I'll sell cheap. Pious Sunday-evening pictures were safe things once—venerable parents singing hymns, patting grandchildren's heads, with sunset and church-spire in the distance; but they've been done to death. Chorister boys, with texts underneath, didn't do badly; chain-mail had its admirers. Horses drinking, I've made money by; and sleeping infants, with gauze angels hovering over them, or orphan-kids in crape weeping over parents' graves; but now, hearts are hardening, pockets are drying up, or something horrid's going on—nobody wants pictures. What does it mane? Is it photography? Is it the war with Chayna? No buyers—no buyers—that's the song of the studio now!'

Croppie screwed the ends of his moustache into prolonged points. He gazed at us, calmly severe as a schoolmaster, who, eyeing his intended victim, says to him: 'It's much more pain to me to punish than it is to you to suffer. Hold out your hand.'

'There are men in this world,' he said, with the cool keenness of a dissecting-knife—'There are men in this world who call themselves artists when they are simply tradesmen—dealers in colours and canvas. Painters, who should be also plumbers and glaziers. What is pictorial art? Thought in paint, if you like, but not paint merely.'

Tim sat down, and meekly crushed himself into an acute angle.

'Is the artist mind but a parrot intelligence?' went on Croppie didactically. 'No! Why, then, do so many of you paint looking over the shoulders of other men? Why do you elect to study their easels in preference to the eternal picture-gallery of Idea, of Nature, of Life, around you? One man among you lights on the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and you all hasten to smother that minister with paint; one reads *Gil Blas*, and you all read it; one finds the body of Harold, and then you all find it.'

Tim, aghast, fell back, by way of variety, into an obtuse angle.

'Examine the walls of an exhibition; take stock of the thoughts there—you'll not find many. If you can't think, you might observe; but we don't even get honest observation of nature. We get only shams—cosmeticised with prettiness, stuccoed with bad sentiment, to make them, as you think, saleable; or we have the rags and tatters of other men's notions, worn greasy and threadbare, pounded up into pictorial shoddy.'

He thrust his moustache so far into his mouth, I thought he would have choked himself.

Tim was smitten dumb, but not motionless. He whirled up his arms, and converted himself into an accurate representation of a railway semaphore giving the signal 'Danger.' A few moments, and he subsided into 'Proceed with caution.'

'You might make decent house or coach painters some of you; and there's more art in graining a door or picking out the white lines in a gig-wheel than in many of your works; but you're too vain, too idle, to be honest. You adopt the profession of art as an excuse for vagabondism—to be chartered Bohemians, to live unaccountable lives, wear beards, queer-shaped hats, and be abnormal beings altogether.'

'One must live,' jerked out Tim hoarsely.

'Always the rogue's apology; and putting bad pictures into circulation is a good deal like forging bank-notes.'

Tim bowed his head, straddled out his legs, folded his arms, and became as much like the figure of the fifth proposition in *Euclid* as a diagram could resemble humanity. Croppie was silent. Frowning fiercely in the ambuscade of his moustache, he stood in the attitude of Cromwell dissolving the Long

Parliament—the part of Sir Harry Vane being filled on this occasion by Tim Doolan. The cannonading had ceased. Tim fired a pop-gun.

'You're an art-critic, Croppie; your bitter-beer has got into your mind. Look here'—he produced a small bit of card—'don't I make sacrifices for the cause of art? This is all left to me of the elegant gold repayer-watch given me at my christening by the O'Donovan—my godfather. That precious piece of furniture is popped, in plain words, for two pounds ten. Respect the unfortunate!'

Croppie was visibly softened. He knew, we both knew, that the elegant gold repayer was a pinchbeck warming-pan that wouldn't go on any terms; but it is in the nature of grief to exaggerate its bereavements—so Tim received our unhalting sympathy.

'I've had all the hitting to myself,' said Croppie, in a mollified tone. 'Take up the gloves—have a turn at me, one of you. I'm a nice one to talk: look here.' He took sundry bundles of papers from his pockets, and flung them on the floor. 'These are rejected contributions—and these—and these; refused by the *Weekly Crocodile* for not being sufficiently spicy. *Spicy* is the word, as if art-criticism could stoop to the spicy. And here—here is a letter from Burst and Backett: they won't publish my new book, *Art-graphs*, at any price; and—and I think they're about right!'

He stood in a magic circle of crumpled manuscripts—his moustache seemed to hover above them like a sea-gull over a wreck. It was sublime; it even went further: we warmed, we shimmered up into a smile, and at last boiled over into a laugh.

'We're in the same boat, Tim.'

'And Bad-luck's the name of her.'

'And yet, I think,' said Croppie, 'if we work honestly, manfully, truthfully; not dallying at the oar, not making-believe to pull, we shall stem the tide against us, reach the shore in safety; and if we don't get rich, Tim, we must balance the pleasures of our professions against their profits. We shall do yet.'

'We'll get out of other men's ruts, and be shunted off into a line of our own.'

'We'll stand by each other.'

'Truth and Hard-work for ever,' shouts Tim; 'and now to light the gas. Let's have a talk, and here's the Kinahan; and do you take sugar? and fill your pipe. Hot or cold wather? And I'll sing *Paddy Looney* or *Mick Mulligan's Wake*; and here's better luck, and many on 'em.'

'The Song of the Studio shall change its tune—there'll be more buyers than pictures yet,' said Croppie prophetically.

'I hope there may,' cries Tim.

I hoped so too.

A NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

THERE is among a small section of the community an objection to making Christmas Eve a time of rejoicing. That a vast majority of the civilised world are accustomed to do so, is doubtless with the rest a principal reason against it; but there may be also other reasons; for, as genial folks are never in want of an excuse for enjoying themselves, so persons of an opposite character have, upon their parts, blankets ready wetted for every emergency of the breaking-out of a social spark. That man, however, must be strait-laced to suffocation—must have been accustomed to the 'eating of vinegar with a steel fork,' with the worst possible results to his internal system—who has anything to say against the merry doings of New-year's Eve.

If, when the labour of the Day is done, there is

always permitted some relaxation to the whole human family—the forty winks after dinner to *Paterfamilias*, with his feet on the fender and a handkerchief cast over his venerable features; and the half-hour's play with the children to dear mamma, 'between the lights,' when the braiding of Charley's tunic, the embroidery of Lucy's tucker, are put aside for at least one whole-some, loving romp—surely, much more, then, should we all take some ease at the conclusion of the labours of the Year. Then, if ever, in my (maudlin-sentimental?) judgment, should workhouse fires burn cheerily, and workhouse supper-tables groan with meat and beer, and workhouse doors be opened to let miserable street-wanderers in for a glimpse of warmth and comfort, at the end of (it may well be) a whole year's bitter pilgrimage. What a sense of satisfaction would be added to our own enjoyments at such a time, could we feel that every fellow-countryman (and woman) should be certain of at least one good meal that eve—if they could eat it. But even if this could happen, there would be still, as now, a number of persons, of necessity, debarred from anything like social enjoyment. Lighthouse-keepers, railway-guards, doctors in large practice, sorters of the night-mail, and many other exceptional cases, must needs be sacrificed, if the joy of the great majority is to be complete—nay, if their comfort is to be secured. This is an evil which has always been under the sun (and moon), and there is no way, believe me, my Sabbatarian friends, of remedying it. Only let us pity from our hearts, and do what compensating good we can, to persons so unfortunately situated. I would not like, for instance, to be the housekeeper of a lonely mansion, at whatever wages, upon a merry New-year's Eve. That is the point upon which I have kept my eye, my unsophisticated reader, from the very beginning of this paper. It was to introduce that old housekeeper—she was seventy-two, if she was a day—to your notice, that I have been toiling dexterously for these last five-and-twenty minutes. She was not pulled in indecently, and head-first into this narration, you will bear me witness, but led forward delicately by the hand, at the very moment when the audience were about to wonder why, in the name of goodness (or the reverse), the principal person did not make her appearance upon the stage. And this is how I first made the dear old gentlewoman's acquaintance.

In the middle of last summer I arrived at a certain village in the north, much celebrated for its beauty, with the intention of taking lodgings there for my wife and family, who—since the place was generally crowded—were to follow me. It was quite full on this occasion, and likely to be so for a month to come. The hotels were so crammed that many of their private rooms had to be made public; and the lodging-houses in such demand that many of their inmates sat with their heads out of window all day long, on account of there not being any room for them inside; or, it might be, only to obtain a better view of the surrounding scenery, which, in truth, was exquisitely beautiful. Vast hills, made sombre by the pines, which, sentinel-like, stood up on the summits against the clear blue sky, surrounded all the scene except to southward; where a fertile plain went broadening down with 'crowded farms and lessening towers, to mingle with the bounding main.' A swift but shallow river ran through the village, with a bridge of stone, on which, if it was idleness to linger, hour after hour, and catch the changing face of that fair landscape, there were a good many idle people in the place beside myself. Still, as neither of its two dry arches were to be thought of as lodgings for my wife and family, it was necessary that I should quit

that position, and look for accommodation somewhere else. The long white street which made up the little hamlet, it was useless to investigate. The shortest and sparest bachelor employed in a search after a vacant apartment, would not have had the ghost of a chance of finding it; while a domestic person of my girth and length of leg, upon such an errand, would have absolutely exposed himself to public ridicule. In this strait there was nothing for it but to apply to the postmistress, who was likewise the chemist, the librarian, the purveyor of bear's grease to the royal family, and the wine and beer merchant, and who, of course, must needs know everything.

'The house-agent informs me,' said I, 'that there isn't a room to be got to swing a cat in anywhere; now, my dear good woman, do tell me that this isn't true.'

'Do you want to swing a cat, sir?' responded the little lady demurely, whom I at once perceived to be that monstrosity, a female humorist, in addition to her various other professions. I laughed my very best at her, for she was my last hope, and my politeness was fittingly rewarded. Yes; there was a house, three-quarters of a mile down the river, then to let; and there was a white mark on the low wall opposite the place, so that I might know exactly where to look for it.

'But is it so very small, then, that one might pass it without seeing it?' inquired I, a good deal disconcerted.

'It is quite big enough to swing a'—

'Woman,' cried I, interrupting her in her egotistical chuckle, 'be silent; it is one of the miserable habits of your sex to repeat again and again any remark which you have the misfortune to consider good.'

The little postmistress, who was the autocrat of the village, and unaccustomed to reproof, slammed her little gate behind me, so that the shop-bell which hung to it rang quite a peal of indignation; and I flatter myself that I sent her to her medical department for a glass of ether—or sal-volatile at the very least.

If it had not been for the white mark upon the low wall opposite, I should have missed the house I was in search of to a certainty. It was so enveloped and shut in upon all sides by trees, that there was no getting a glimpse at it from the highway at all; there was no road leading to it, but only a steep flight of steps and a winding path; then a pretty little lawn, which, however, the sun's rays could not reach, except at the precise point where a cracked stone-dial stood, and then another steep flight of steps to the front-door. The house would have been a handsome one but for the air of desolation rather than decay which clung to it. There was a veranda over the two front sitting-rooms, wherefrom the miserable creepers were hanging like determined suicides, and darkening the low-roofed chambers with their weird shadows. All within was clean and orderly, and the ancient furniture well kept and well looking, though it had evidently been long disused. The bedrooms were few but capacious, with enormous cupboards in them, and the most curious and inconvenient angles, wherein nothing could be stowed away but walking-sticks and umbrellas. This old-fashioned appearance within, and the air of melancholy without, were the only objections to the house. It was 'lonesome,' explained the old housekeeper, as the reason of its not being let, and I quite agreed with her. I would much rather have agreed with than differed from her, upon that or any other subject. I never saw such determination, such grave purpose, such undeniable resolve, before, in any mortal female. I should have liked to have shut her up alone with that humorous postmistress for twenty-four hours, and have had my

choice for a good big bet as to which would have eaten the other at the end of them. I took the house at once for the shortest term at which she would let me have it, which, I am thankful to say, was only some six weeks longer than I had intended our visit to be. I think if she had insisted upon my buying it, I should then and there have paid her the money down, such an air she had of not being trifled with upon any pretence. When matters were arranged, she led me out into the shrubbery, which surrounded the dwelling in a mysterious and labyrinthine manner, and into the long-grassed desolate orchard which lay at its back. The pine-crested hills could be indistinctly seen through its wilderness of trees, and the noise of the rapid waters dimly heard. It was a very beautiful spot for all its 'lonesomeness,' and as cheap as romantic.

'I wonder,' mused I, half to myself, 'that any difficulty should have been found in letting it.'

'I always let it, over and over again,' answered the old housekeeper, startling me with her melancholy tone, 'but the folks never come after all.'

'Ah, they don't like to refuse you, my good lady,' said I comfortingly; and, indeed, I could not blame them for their want of firmness.

I, however, returned, for my part, with my wife and family, and spent some very pleasant months in the house with that dear old soul. You will have misjudged her, reader, cruelly, as I did, if you think her anything else but an honest, brave-hearted, grand old woman. During all her lonely residence in that desolate spot—and she lived quite alone in it—she had never been frightened; and only once felt at all 'uncomfortable like;' that once was last New-year's Eve.

She had gone into the village to make merry on that evening with some relatives of hers; and on her return to the desolate dark walks and lawn, the scene, contrasting itself with that festive one which she had just left, did seem to her unusually comfortless and eerie. The strong iron shutters with which the house was plentifully provided were, however, firmly fastened, for she tried them all outside; and the key of the door she had in her pocket. Once inside, therefore, it was clear she had nothing to fear except from her imagination. She got inside, and fastened the door behind her; but even then could not shake off that uneasy sensation, which she was so unaccustomed to and ashamed of. The long rope of the alarm-bell hung down as usual, through the two stories to the hall-floor itself, quite ready to her hand, and, she confesses, she had at least half a mind to ring it.

But she passed up the two flights of stairs and into her bedroom, with as firm a step, or nearly so, as on other occasions. Once there, however, she did a very unusual thing indeed. Having locked and bolted her door, she placed in front of the keyhole, and about her candlestick, a heap of shawls and cloaks, so that no light should be visible either through window, shutter, or door. And thus she waited for the approach of the thief, whose feet she had seen under the curtains of the great hall-window as she came in. She watched from half-past ten till nearly twelve (and we question whether that New-year's Eve was being spent by any elsewhere under such exciting circumstances); till at last 'my gentleman'—she always called him so in her narration—came up, as she had expected, and tried her door. Finding that fastened, he stooped down and looked through the keyhole, and listened with great attention. He heard the old lady breathing very stertorously, after the manner of an old lady who had supped heavily, and was suffering for it in her sleep; and he saw no light. Next he struck a match; and she, observing to herself that one light would do for both of them, then extinguished her

candle. Cautiously letting herself out, she followed the robber down the stairs to the front-door. He opened it, stood on the topmost of the steep stone steps with his flaring light, and whistled once, twice, thrice. At the third whistle, the old housekeeper crept up to him, and, to use her own expression, 'tipped my gentleman down them steps like a sack;' after which, not trusting to the lock which had already proved so faithless, she very swiftly bolted and barred the door. She did not think it was worth while to ring the alarm-bell, as the foes were now all outside, and she had the greatest confidence in the strength of the house-fastenings; but she sat up in the hall for the rest of the night. The old housekeeper owns to this much only of alarm, that it was rather a 'growsome' way of seeing an old year out and a new year in; and I, as usual, quite agree with her.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

RAILWAY IMPROVEMENTS.

THERE appears to be a growing notion that railway directors are far from shewing an alacrity in adopting improvements in the mechanism of transit; as, for example, the forms of the carriages, and arrangements connected with them, remain as they were at the outset of the railway system. The complaint is, that directors do not look abroad to see what is done elsewhere—that they persistingly go on in the old way, seemingly unconscious that they are in a world of general advancement. As far as we can judge, the cause of this alleged torpor is the financial difficulties into which nearly all railway companies have got, as well as the constant expenditure of time in projects of rival extension. The development of traffic, by holding out particular inducements to travel, is about the last thing thought of; just as if a shopkeeper were to occupy himself incessantly about his accounts and finances, instead of planning how he could, by keeping a proper stock of wares, tempt people to come and buy from him.

Public convenience is felt not to be consulted in various ways. Not to speak of occasionally harsh regulations respecting return-tickets, there appears to be a defect in confining the sale of all kinds of tickets to the space of a few minutes at an overcrowded and small wicket. Why not allow the public to buy parcels of tickets, to be used according to convenience? The extent to which the price of fares might be reduced on groups of tickets, we leave to be determined by circumstances; at the same time, we feel assured that, if some inducement of this kind was held out, many more tickets might be sold. At present, certain persons buy season-tickets, which enable them to travel to and fro daily; but numerous individuals do not want to travel daily; they wish only to travel twice in the week; yet, except in very special cases, tickets are not sold for this latter purpose. In the case of families in the country who wish to invite friends, parcels of transferable tickets would be particularly convenient; nor do we see why railway tickets might not be given as prizes, and distributed in many other ways advantageous to all parties concerned.

Besides complaints as to the want of smoking-carriages, such as are common in Germany, there is much dissatisfaction on the ground of there being no accommodation for sleeping. In Canada, and also in the state of New York, provision has been made for

sleeping in a lying posture in the railway carriages, and the system works satisfactorily. In the Canadian Great Western line, the cars, which are more open than ours, are divided longitudinally, by a partition, so as to leave a passage along each side. Sleeping-berths, like those in a ship, are arranged tier above tier in each of these compartments; one side being for ladies, the other for gentlemen—the partition forming a proper line of separation. From the following account of a correspondent in a New York newspaper, dated Buffalo, November 8, 1858, it will be seen that the same ingenious plan of sleeping-berths for night-travel has been realised:

'I do not know that I can give you a clearer notion of the estimation in which the new feature just introduced into the appointments of the New York Central, in the form of a "sleeping-car," is held by travellers, than to mention two or three facts that came under my observation in passing over the road from Albany to this place, night before last. There is usually a light train, Saturday night, particularly in the 11.45 run, for the reason that passengers bound west are constrained to lie over at Buffalo or the Falls until Monday, no trains running on either side of the lake on Sunday; and they contrive to start at such a time as to reach their point of destination by the end of the week; and the six o'clock train takes nearly all the way travel. So, as I said, the New York express train, which leaves Albany at 11.45, usually carries comparatively few passengers. I came up on that train Saturday night. It consisted of four passenger-cars—the sleeping-car and three of the company's ordinary coaches. The number of passengers, exclusive of employes of the road, when we left Albany, was sixty-eight, of which thirty-seven had berths in the sleeping-car, and thirty-one were distributed through the company's cars. Three or four of the sleepers got off at different points, and their places in the car were supplied by accessions at other points; so that we came into Rochester with about our original number—exceeding; all the way through, the aggregate of passengers in the other cars. The passengers spoke in terms of warm approbation of the conveniences and comforts afforded by the newly invented car, and the opinion was freely expressed that night-travel on rail, instead of a thing to be dreaded, was really more agreeable than travel by day. We arrived at Rochester about seven in the morning, where we stopped to breakfast. On our return to the sleeping-car, we found that the attentive conductor had transformed our couches into the most commodious and luxurious seats I ever saw on a railway. You will not care for a detailed description of the sleeping-car. It is enough to say that it is very strongly constructed, and tastefully fitted up with every convenience for a night's ride, each passenger being furnished with a comfortable berth, a pillow, and a blanket; that everything is neat and tidy, and must be kept so if the enterprise is to succeed.'

AN ADDITIONAL WORD ON THE SEEMINGLY REMEDILESS EVIL.

Really, Paterfamilias must see to it. Every day, the newspapers bring us suggestions against the dangers which the young ladies are incurring through their inflated dresses. One speaks of guards on all fires; another recommends a previous dipping of the expanded dresses in a weak solution of zinc, by way of rendering them less inflammable. A clergyman warns his female hearers that the seats in his chapel are calculated each for a certain number of moderately dressed people, and if the full number come, they must be accommodated, howsoever particular ladies may be squeezed for it. But worse than

all this, the 'Unconfined'—that direly dangerous sort of people—have caught up the case, and 'gone off' upon it.

We must infer that such is the fact from the results of a trial lately concluded at Liverpool. Two ladies of that city, who, though both under fourteen, have already got themselves invested in steel-hooped dresses, walked out on the Princes' Road, with their governess, Miss Marsh, on the 1st of November last, between one and two o'clock, when a man assailed one with a knife, with which he attempted to cut her dress, exclaiming: 'These ropes, these ropes, these ropes—I must cut them!' He was beaten off; and the ladies, three days after, were led to the belief that their assailant was a young man of most respectable position and character, named Mr John Huntingdon, whom they accordingly caused to be taken up, consigned to a jail, and in due time tried for the alleged offence. Owing to the general interest in the case, it was necessary to conduct it in St George's Hall, one of the largest, and perhaps the most beautiful in Europe. There, before the gaze of four thousand people, was exhibited the mutilated dress, 'reduced to something like the shape and dimensions of a stick of celery'—so great a deception it was. The attempt to identify this respectable young man as the culprit completely and disgracefully broke down; and such was the public sense of the hardship to which he had been subjected, that the crowd drew his carriage along the streets in triumph. This memorable trial has of course an interest of its own, both in respect of accusers and accused, as well as for their townsfolk in general; but it is nothing to us beyond what it leads us to infer as to the actual, though unknown offender. We can entertain not the least doubt that he must be a member of the class just designated—that great class of people who have morbid tendencies, but are not insane enough to require being locked up. There is a constant quantity of such everywhere, and we always see that their predisposed minds fasten upon anything which is much spoken of, or adverted to frequently in the newspapers. When we consider the emotions of disgust and contempt which these shameful dresses are calculated to excite even in sober and sound minds, we need not wonder much that an excitable one should be impelled to fall upon an example with a knife, and madly try to redress outraged propriety. This, of course, is a kind of action which cannot be unattended with danger, not to speak of the unpleasant consequences which may follow from the very notoriety incurred by the victim. We would therefore have Paterfamilias to look to it. It is a matter trivial in itself; but if we are right in our deduction, he will see that it may not be trivial in its results.

GOOD WATER COME—BAD WATER GO.

The town of Ely, although in an unfavourably low situation, has benefited in a remarkable manner from going under the Public Health Act in 1851. The chief improvements effected were an introduction of good water, and the establishment of drains to carry off refuse. The average annual mortality during seven years before these changes, was 26 in 1000 inhabitants. In seven subsequent years it was 19 per 1000 (in the last two years, only 17). It is also stated that there has been a special improvement of health to the young—a matter of immense consequence to the future welfare of the community. It is not alone, by the rate of mortality of ordinary times, that we must measure the benefits of sanitary measures. The place in which, as in Ely, putrid miasms are banished, becomes the less liable to pestilence. This has been shewn by a report of Dr Acland, of Exeter, on a typhoid fever which occurred last year at the village of Great Horwood, containing a population of 704. One hundred persons were attacked,

and 18 died; and the cause was clearly traceable to overcrowded dwellings, cesspools, and want of ventilation. These, the *Times* remarks, 'constitute a laboratory of pestilence which the beauties of nature, woods and pastures, brooks and flowers, can adorn, but not counteract.'

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The drums are all muffled; the bugles are still;
There's a pause in the valley—a halt on the hill;
And the bearers of standards swerve back with a thrill
Where sheaves of the dead bar the way;
For a great field is reaped, heaven's garnerers to fill,
And stern Death holds his harvest to-day.

There's a voice on the winds like a spirit's low cry—
'Tis the muster-roll sounding—and who shall reply?
Not those whose wan faces glare white to the sky,
With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly,
As they wait that last trump which they may not defy,
Whose hands clutch the sword-hilt so grimly.

The brave heads, late lifted, are solemnly bowed,
And the riderless chargers stand quivering and cowed,
As the burial requiem is chanted aloud,
The groans of the death-stricken drowning;
While Victory looks on, like a queen, pale and proud,
Who awaits till the morrow her crowning.

There is no mocking blazon, as clay sinks to clay;
The vain pomps of the peace-time are all swept away
In the terrible face of the dread battle-day:
Nor coffins nor shroudings are here;
Only relics that lay where the thickest the fray—
A rent casque and a headless spear.

Far away, tramp on tramp, peals the march of the foe
Like a storm-wave's retreating—spent, fitful, and slow,
With sounds like their spirits that faint as they go
By yon red-flowing river, whose waters
Shall darken with sorrow the land where they flow
To the eyes of her desolate daughters.

They are fled—they are gone; but oh, not as they came,
In the pride of those numbers they staked on the game.
Never more shall they stand in the vanguard of Fame,
Never lift the stained sword which they drew;
Never more shall they boast of a glorious name,
Never march with the leal and the true.

Where the wreck of our legions lay stranded and lorn,
They stole on our ranks in the mists of the morn.
Like the giant's of Gaza, their strength it was shorn
Ere those mists had rolled up to the sky:
From the flash of our steel a new daybreak seemed born
As we sprang up—to conquer or die.

The tumult is silenced; the death-lots are cast;
And the heroes of battle are slumbering their last.
Do ye dream of yon Pale Form that rode on the blast?
Would ye face it once more, O ye brave?
Yes! the broad road to Honour is red where ye passed,
And of Glory ye asked but—a grave!

E. L. H.

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FLORA'S KALEIDOSCOPE.

HOWEVER excellent and edifying the pursuit of botany may be as a science, I have always been inclined to regard it with a modification of that mental shrinking which induces me to decline the study of anatomy. For great botanists, I entertain a profound respect; I bow to the dim shade of Theophrastus; I kiss the feet of Tournefort and Jussieu; I propitiate the learned ghost of Linnaeus; Ray and Zobel have my blessing; but amateur flower-killers are my aversion, and I pass a petty experimentalist and his tin box with an instinctive and inevitable shudder, mildly suggestive of Burke and the Inquisition. I do not profess to know the Latin name of a single flower; I cannot tell the difference between an exogen and an endogen; I regard a lily with feelings which I cannot concede to a bamboo-cane or a bunch of asparagus; I gather my snow-drops and hepaticas without counting their stamens; I feed my canary with plantain and chick-weed without thinking of 'cylindrical spikes' and pentandria; spores and pumicles, and peduncles and bracts, are to me an unknown tongue; I admire my lichens and mosses without remembering that they are only *Cryptogamia*; I will not be told that my daisies are *Syngenesia*, nor have my butter-cups defined as *Thalamifloral exogens*; I cannot for the life of me tear a rose or a strawberry blossom to pieces, in order to resolve it into its first principles, or to enlighten myself as to its primeval atoms. All this painful and beneficent vegetable surgery I thankfully leave to the botanical demonstrator, taking his erudite dexterity for granted, but keeping my kaleidoscope out of his way, to shew me Chaucer lying among the daisies, or Cowper and Beau hunting for water-lilies, or Shakspeare standing in the March wind looking at the daffodils, and dreaming of the swallows. 'It is my faith that every flower enjoys the air it breathes;' and in the annual miracle of flowers, I see set forth in most vivid allegory a dream of hope to man. It pleases me to walk in 'God Almighty's garden,' and to yield myself to the sweet irresistible mournfulness with which they bind themselves to the living, dying heart, that can claim at least the brotherhood of origin with these lovely children of the dust. I like to puzzle out their legends, to read their voiceless symbols, to talk with the flowers that are sown by the winds or the angels, watered by the showers, fed by the sunbeams, and cradled by the lulling night. Never, to the most attentive and beseeching eye, do they present or reproduce a reiteration of themselves, or of one another, however perfect the old model, however faultless the desired

grouping. Flora's light-pictures are never repeated; her kaleidoscope is always turning. To lay aside that technical 'language of flowers' which has only been brought to a climax in the fragrant east, is not the whole earth, under their countenance, still 'of one language and one speech?' To the child, they are the elves of 'life's fairy-time;' he looks for fays under the lady-fern, sees their rubies in the golden cowslip-cups, holds sacred the strawberry flower, listens for the peal of the swinging harebells; he gathers them, crushes them as playthings in his rude hands, loves them, wearies of them, throws them away. Flowers are the universal moralists; not one but has its lesson, its sermon, or its song. Roses and lilies, in wise hands and at sacred feet, have formed the texts for holiest themes, for deepest parable and tenderest morality. Faith and duty, and love and hope, and peace and gladness, smile on their dewy faces; fading in quiet hands, they speak of death; creeping over low green graves, they whisper of immortality. They are the emblems alike of feasting and mourning, of speech and silence, of sorrow and hope, of grief and love. They have mingled largely in the pious superstitions of all nations; and, indeed, without a figure, they might be called the divinities of natural religion. Sacrifices were dressed in flowers, temples adorned with them, the dead fondly strewed with their sympathetic blossoms; the gods of springs and running waters were propitiated with their fragrant incense; and of these *Fontinalia*, a curious relic may still be found in Derbyshire and some of the midland English counties, where the pretty custom of 'well-dressing' is retained by the flower-loving peasantry. Nor is divination by means of flowers altogether extinct in the southern villages, where they are even yet invited to employ their harmless witchery in disclosing intricate and important love-secrets. With death, a universal instinct appears to associate them. The ancient Jews were buried in gardens. Poor Shelley passionately desired to lie among the flowers—as passionately as the milk-maid who wished to die in spring, that she might have a store of them stuck on her winding-sheet. Sir William Temple, a florist of a very different order, though his bones were laid elsewhere, had his heart buried among his Dutch flowers. The symbolism which made the beautiful rose an emblem of silence, consecrated it in a peculiar manner to the sad hush of death; and thus, while in one chamber, it was twined with myrtle at a festive entertainment, in the next it might be shedding its dying sweetness on the withered lips of a corpse.

Flower-worship, if we except the sublime and almost

spiritual religion of the Magians, embodies the least questionable, or, at all events, the most innocuous system of idolatry. Who can wonder, for instance, that the imaginative Egyptian bowed to the imperial lotus, as she slept and waked upon his floating rice-fields, heaving and sinking with the rising and setting sun, as if she were indeed the *hlæfdie*, the bread-giver? Her white bud, close folded, dreaming on the dreaming water, men fancied the wave-rocked egg of the fabled halcyon. Even the stagnant Celestials opened their dull eyes to worship her azure beauty, and the dull Japanese throned their stupid idols on her dense massy leaves of waxen green. In the dark ages of the Christian Church, the monks found a practical problem for their ingenuity, in the economy which yielded to their skilful hands, at will, harmless medicaments and deadly poisons. They invented a clock of flowers, and discovered or imagined the most wonderful devices emblazoned on their tiny hatchments. Not satisfied with these minor undertakings, they at length achieved a complete floral directory, which assigned to each flower a particular day in the year to blossom, and a special saint for a tutelary genius. Of the three hundred and sixty-five worthies thus selected for honour, some, of course, are very whimsical, and some extremely dubious; yet the thing is in itself a curiosity, and some of the adaptations are not without poetry, significance, and humour. Thus, to the Virgin they dedicated the drooping snow-drop and the immaculate lily; to St Barnabas, the sunflower; and to the first martyr of Christianity, the deep purple heath; the hyacinth and wild harebell were assigned to St George, as the champion of merry England and 'blue-haired Ocean;' Leo the Great had to put up with the dandelion; while St Dunstan presided over the helmet-like cowl of the deadly monkhood; to St Augustine was intrusted the flushing rhododendron; while the sweet-scented stock blossomed under the eyes of his gentle mother; sweet-william, of course, has its own godfather; the sensitive plant is for St Vitus; blue bells for St Dominic; and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Nor are historical associations wanting. In ancient times, the river Arno was emblematically represented by the figure of an aged man, guarded by a lion that grasped a red lily in its dexter paw. If this is the species known in this country as Turk's cap, Leigh Hunt, an authority in such matters, assigns to it a yet more ancient and more honourable niche in the classic temple, as the veritable hyacinth, due to that unlucky game at quoits in which Apollo terminated for ever his Spartan pupil's gymnastic exploits; for it carries still its crimson ensign, and on its blood-sprinkled lips may still be traced the old Greek dirge-like 'Ai, ai!' This fancy recalls a whimsical middle-age miracle, registered in that repertory of monkish fable, *The Golden Legend*. A knight more noble than witty, and more valiant than wise, betook himself, about the meridian of life, to a holy abbey, where he might repent of his sins and learn his alphabet. But in spite of the most strenuous efforts of his saintly pedagogues, no result of any kind could be achieved upon this dull-brained antique, except the stereotyped vocables, Ave Maria, which lesson he dinned, in motonous perfection, into the ears of the whole monastery, until he died. No sooner was he laid in under the sod, than a majestic *fleur de lis*

sprang from his grave; and upon every petal thereof gleamed and glittered in letters of gold the everlasting 'Ave Maria.' Stirred by a praiseworthy curiosity, the monks determined to dig to the root of this mystery, which they found, *literally*, in the mouth of the knightly dunce, who was thus empowered to rebuke the secret exultation with which the holy clerks had sung *Requiescat in pace*.

The etymology of Syria is traced by some to a rose of peculiar fragrance called *suri*. The emblem rose of England gave its name to her longest and bloodiest civil feud. White roses climbing up old walls in Scotland speak faintly of Katherine Gordon. The brakes of broom in March glitter with the name of Plantagenet. The French lilies, once quartered with our lions, recall sundry passages, grave and glad, in our national story. And in their own land, while they droop among the Bourbon banners, sweet violets creep to the feet of dead Napoleon. Strangest pseudonym for that captive eagle, soaring from Elba with his broken chain—*Père la Violette*. And France has other floral memories. The golden violet, prize of the troubadours, brings to mind the old May-games of Toulouse, and their reputed foundress, Clemence Isaure. Her image stood over an old gateway there for centuries, perhaps it still remains; but the marble flowers are broken from the marble hands, and the inscriptive legend can no longer be deciphered upon the brazen tablet over which time has breathed so rudely. Something of melancholy, as usual, hides in the shadow of the old romance which faintly keeps her name. Her triplet of emblem-flowers, the violet, eglantine, and marigold, blossomed in gold and silver on the breasts of successive minnesingers for five hundred years or so, till the crimson tide of the Revolution washed that too into the land of fable.

Before passing into the immediate presence of the Juno of floral mythology, Leigh Hunt must turn the kaleidoscope. It is not easy to resist the joyous chorus which he puts into the lips of the flowers:

The dear lumpish baby, humming with the May-bee,
Hails us with his bright stare, stumbling through the
grass;
The honey-dropping moon, on a night in June,
Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt the bride-
groom pass.
Age, the withered clinger, on us mutely gazes,
And wraps the thought of his last bed in his child-
hood's daisies.

See—and scorn all duller taste—how heaven loves
colour;
How great Nature clearly joys in red and green;
What sweet thoughts she thinks of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues, made solely to be seen;
See her whitest lilies chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth is her rose, the woman of the
flowers.

To the classic symbolism of the rose, we have already alluded. Cupid, say the fables, conveyed this tempting bribe to Harpocrates, on the part of his mother Venus, and thus secured the reticence of the silent god, while he provided an allusive emblem which is still perpetuated among ourselves—though our white and crimson roses, as certain of our old poets assure us, sprang from the blood of Adonis and the tears of the mother of love. The Jews, casting their eyes over the sweet rose-valleys of Palestine, accept a less pagan legend. The rose, they say, had slumbered in the lost Paradise—till a young maiden, wrongfully accused of some heinous crime, was condemned to a death of fire. But the fatal torch, as it touched the pile, burst out into blossoming roses; and

The holy child was borne home in triumph, with this verdict of acquittal round her innocent head. This universal queen extends her sceptre from Iceland to the wall of China; from the sunny cradle of the Pivrian sisters to the chilly Lapland homes, where, for a few brief days of sudden summer, the streams are 'fringed with roses.' But it is in Persia that she achieves her greatest triumph; there, in a perfect wilderness of sweets, the fire-worshippers hold their feast of roses, to the music of the faithful nightingales, who pour their floods of song from real rose-trees, crimsoned with dowy blossoms, to twice the height of a man. The Hakims of Arabia well knew the value of this crimson rose; while Egyptian pharmacy distilled from its snowy twin, that fragrant water, and the yet more precious ottar which is the quintessence of its sweetness. Stealing westward, is the wild yellow rose of the Levant; its more hardy sister of Italy and France; and the beautiful Austrian, folding its golden petals round a scarlet heart. Many of these strangers have been naturalised with us, in addition to our own endless varieties. While the parent Eve, mother of thousands, the sweet wilding of our summer hedges, climbs with swift feet and rosy fingers beside our beaten ways, sheds honey for the bee, rocks the gray nest of the chaffinch, opens her heart to the butterfly, feeds the little rose-beetle on her sunny lips, and gives to that tiny upholsterer, the carpenter-bee, the deftly fashioned curtains of his curious home. Nor does she lack her poets. Spenser kneels to this Faery Queen; Beaumont and Fletcher wave their hands to her; Shakspeare chides and caresses her at will; Fanshawe moralises to her; Herrick brings his epigram, and Raleigh his legend; Milton sees her thornless in her native Eden, and calls her to strew the hearse of his Lycidas. And without passing over the debatable ground of more modern poesy, old Gawin Douglas shall tell us, in his quaint, fresh vernacular, how Scotch roses budded in the fifteenth century:

The rose-knobbis tetand forþ their head,
Gan chip, and kyth [shew] their vernal lippis red,
Crisp scarlet leaves sheddand, baith at anes,
Cast fragrant smell amid from golden grains.

Not less idolised, perhaps even worshipped in a more human way, is that little English amaranth, the daisy. It is impossible to quote at large, but equally impossible to refrain from looking at Chaucer on his knees in the dewy grass, breathing orisons to the 'eye of daie':

And doune on knees anon right I me sette,
And as I could, this fresh floure I grette,
Kneeling alway, till it unclosed was,
Upon the smale, softe, swete grass;
And leaning on my elbow and my side,
The longe day I shope me to abide,
For nothing else, and I shall not lie,
But for to looke upon the daisie,
That well by reason men it calle may
The daisie, or else the eye of the daie—
Whan that the sunne out of the south gan west,
And that this floure gan close and gan to rest,
For darkness of the night, the which she dred,
Home to mine house full swiftly I me sped,
To gone to rest, and earely for to rise,
To seene this floure to sprede, as I devise.

The dear old man! let us hope that he had his 'daisies white and red' to 'sleep and wake upon his senseless grave.' Margaret of Hungary is said to have given this little pearl its French name, and another Margaret, queen of Navarre, and grandmother of the Great Henry, chose it for her emblem, and under its auspices, called her own selection of pious and contemplative poesy by a title which was

capable of rather a multiplied significance, '*Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses*.' Among the older poets, Gawin Douglas was not so taken up with his primroses and violets, his silver-headed lilies, and his 'green-bloomed strawberry leaves,' but what he gave the first place to the 'daisie, unbraiding her crownal small.' Shakspeare's eyes were never made to pass them on the April grass. Ben Jonson, so literal in his floral nomenclature, that he talks of the 'lips of cows,' is sure to have a corner for the 'bright day's eyes.' Herrick, a very Quixote, must chide them for their early hours; but the rosy lashes of the child-like sleepers close at sundown, in spite of Julia. Among the moderns, there is much of love and worship; but only Wordsworth can take his master's place as high-priest of the daisy:

Thee, Winter, in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few gray hairs;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee;
Whole summer fields are thine by right,
And autumn, melancholy wight,
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

Sitting upon the 'dappled turf,' he wearies art and nature for similes for his darling; she is a lark, a star, a nun, an apostle; a queen with a ruby crown, a little one-eyed Cyclops, 'a silver shield with boss of gold,' to cover a fairy in fight. Walking in the grassy lanes, the daisies meet him like troops of morris-dancers; dreaming over his favourite brother's grave, they seem to him 'a starry multitude.' And what can be prettier or more suggestive than this poet-lesson to a child?

The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

Dr Good and James Montgomery might both be cited here; and who forgets the gowans of *Auld Lang Syne*, or the little martyr of Mossgiel? Shelley, always dreaming of flowers, has set his daisies in a carcanet too fragile and too lovely to be broken:

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint ox-lips; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

The innocent daisies might have had their rivals, if Chaucer had ever seen the snow-drops clustered white and glistening on the cold February grass—the only creatures pure enough to lay their heads on the new-fallen snow, where their soft petals of frosted alabaster droop over an inner circlet of faint, sweet green. The poetical superstition of the Romish Church went not so far astray when it set them, like the doves of the purification, in the hands of the worshipping Virgin.

'*Majnycklw!*' cry the cold Swedes, when the first primrose (key of May) unlocks the jewel-house of spring, and holds up its soft lips, wet with the melting snow, that is chased by the swift flowers over the face of the stubborn rocks. And we, in our more gradual year, know that there is but a step between the primrose and the violet, that is even now opening its purple eyes under the dead brown leaves. Some old divine talks of the 'primrose-way to the everlasting bonfire;' but we would rather listen to Herrick's music, who must be forgiven his absurd nonsense about the violets for the sake of his tender, childlike primroses, and the yet more sweetly serious pathos of his 'faire daffodills.' But no one must steal the violets from Shakspeare. 'Violets dim,' says Perdita, 'far sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.' (And if it

is true that Venus purpled their stainless leaves with the ichor of her celestial foot, no wonder). The exquisite opening of *Twelfth Night* seems but a whispered note of preparation for the approaching heroine, the faint, sweet, stealing shadow of Viola herself. When poor Io, say the fables, was wandering disconsolate in the disguise of a heifer, Jupiter, thinking no existent vegetable sufficiently fragrant or delicate for her food, created violets for her delectation. This perhaps was the reason why Venus, according to Herrick, 'beat them black and blue.' No such legend, however, can attach to the stainless lilies of the valley,

Shading, like detected light,
Their little green-tipped lamps of white,

as they pass, like the wise virgins, round the entire circle of the earth, wreathing the very poles in their fearless and saintly beauty.

The ground is hardly broken; we cannot crush the flower-stars into this 'glass of ours.' The ethereal Shelley must hold it for one moment before we lay it down. Look here!

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.
Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;
And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;
And the hyacinth purple, and white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew,
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense.
Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-birds glimmered by;
And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells,
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowerets which drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

My kaleidoscope is broken; the spirit of the frost struck its crystal too roughly with his wing of adamant, and shivered away its jewelled atoms. 'O golden, golden summer, what is it thou hast done?' The pure sad snow-drops, like the angels of children, have gone back to heaven: the fragile mosaic of the primroses is trampled under foot; the hawthorn, thick with snowy blossom, no longer trails its boughs in the sunlight; the fern droops sere and shrivelled, mourning for the foxglove's purple bells; the blue eyes of the speedwell are closed in death; the bees hum no more in the creamy tufts of meadow-sweet; the forget-me-nots have dropped their golden lamps into the stream; the fairy-fires are quenched; the water-lilies dream under the dark-waved lake; the red flags of the poppies are trodden into the dust, where the crocus sleeps in mail of gold; the blue gentianella lies under the cold iceberg; the narcissus has wept itself to death; the glossy periwinkle has hidden her blue and silver stars, and the slender fingers of the jessamine cling flowerless to the chilly wall; the pansies, floating after poor Ophelia, have withered on Milton's grave; the delicate convolvulus has closed her fragile cup, and the winds have caught away the anemone, their pale devotee. The aureola of the marigold has faded; scarlet lychnis has blown out his 'burning shining light'; the daffodils have

prayed, and departed; the passion-flower has laid down her cross; the lilies have gone into the marriage. The flowers are dead and buried; the wind has chanted them to sleep, and is shaking over them, with viewless hands, his funeral sod of leaves. Yet I found a primrose, looking out with pale eyes from the dank moss at the foot of a beech-tree, this morning, and through its chilly tears it seemed to smile, and sing up to the wild wind its low 'Resurgam.'

A STORY OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

SOME months ago—to follow in a condensed form the narrative lately given in an American newspaper—there was living, no matter where, a negro woman, some fifty years of age, named Katy. She had been married according to the religious code of the south, by a ceremony which pledged the twain to each other during their lives, unless otherwise unavoidably separated. Katy was an active, well-principled woman, and lived happily with her husband, until his death. This took place from a severe flogging which he received in consequence of having resented some gross indignities shewn towards his wife. Beaten till he was insensible, and pitched into his hut, he died in a few hours—literally whipped to death. Though this was years ago, yet Katy even now weeps like a child when repeating the details of the outrage.

This murder, as it must be called, though taken no notice of as such, left Katy a widow with two children, both girls, of ten and twelve years old. It also raised up in her a determined resolution to break away and be free, and hereupon the latent energy of her nature came into powerful action. She knew that money was indispensable, so she worked, and toiled between tasks that her virtuous resistance caused her master to increase in severity, and by trafficking with the negroes around, accumulated a small sum. But it took twenty years to do so! During this long night of darkness she had no human sympathy but her own unshaken determination to be free. Meanwhile, her two girls, grown large enough to be profitable as breeders, had been married to fellow-slaves on the same plantation. Each had now three children. Katy saw with grief these new impediments to liberty springing up around her, but without the power to prevent it. She felt that she could easily provide for her own safety in flight, but was resolved to leave neither child nor grandchild in bondage. She saw, too, that these incumbrances were increasing in number, that her master was becoming embarrassed in his finances, and that some of them must be sold to relieve him. It might be her own offspring who would thus be taken. While they were united was therefore the time for them to fly. The flight agreed upon, preparation was made, and a night selected. They knew that dogs might be put on their trail. To prevent their feet depositing a scent which the dogs would recognise and follow, they filled their shoes with a preparation which effectually throws them off. What this preparation is, it is not necessary to name. It is hard for a plantation-slave to obtain it, not because of its cost, but because his isolation shuts him out from intercourse with the civilisation where only it abounds. A knowledge of its virtues is part of the occult knowledge of the plantation. All proper preparations being made, and the hour of departure almost come, one of Katy's daughters suddenly gave out. She had always been fearful of failure, and now her courage gave way. She refused to go. In this unexpected dilemma, the heroic mother was calm and resolute, and allowed of no derangement in her plans. Her mind had evidently come to some unexplained

conclusion. An hour before midnight, the whole party, one daughter alone excepted, took up their dangerous march.

I cannot undertake to give a tithe of the particulars of the perilous journey thus begun. But its incidents were most painful and exciting, while at times they were sadly discouraging. There were six young children to provide for—some to carry, some even to nurse, and all to be prevented from crying or complaining aloud. Then food must be provided, for the stock they started with was soon exhausted. By daylight they concealed themselves in swamps or thickets, sometimes lying a whole day in the water. By night they travelled, slowly, because they must move silently and with extreme caution. Twice they heard the distant baying of dogs, but not their master's, though they were evidently in chase of other run-aways. Once, when but indifferently concealed within a swamp, rendered nearly dry by a long drought, they could distinctly hear the tramping of horsemen and their shouts to each other. These, so far as they knew, were all the perils they encountered. They may have been surrounded by dangers, but were unconscious of them. As they shunned the public roads, even in the darkest nights, it may be supposed their clothes were soon worn to tatters by the thickets of briars through which their straightforward journey led them. The north star was their only guide. Wherever that stood, they hurried onward, for they had always heard that beneath it there was no slavery. The six children were terrible clogs to their progress; but their fathers were strong men, with singularly patient dispositions. The heroine of this expedition never faltered for a moment. Once fairly clear from her master's plantation, her courage rose into assurance of success, and she performed prodigies of endurance. She forded creeks with a heavy child on her shoulder, and swam broad rivers, supporting with one hand the same laborious burden. Her mind was so intensely excited that she slept but little, and ate even less. Every faculty was strung to its highest tension. As she was the leader of the troop into the wilderness, so she was the life and soul of it through all its tortuous wanderings.

How long they starved and shivered on this journey, Katy is unable to tell; she thinks it must have been four weeks. At the end of that period, as near as can be judged, and some three hours after nightfall, while quietly tramping over a ploughed field, they were brought suddenly to a halt by a high and substantially built fence. While examining how it was best to be got over, the figure of a man unexpectedly revealed itself to them. He had been standing against the fence when they came up—had heard and seen them, but they had not seen him. Fear took possession of them for the moment, and they huddled round poor Katy. The young children also began to cry. No wonder; it was the first white man they had seen since they fled from their master. 'Who are you?' the man shouted. But the fugitives made no reply. One of them, dropping a child from his shoulders, and passing over to his wife, put himself in a posture for defence, with a short, heavy club, which he quickly drew from the belt by which it was suspended behind him. The stranger again called out: 'Are you looking for friends?' To this Katy quickly answered: 'Oh! yes, master, for God's sake, help us!' Instantly he opened the door of a dark lantern which he carried in his hand, and the full flash from a brilliant burner fell directly on the fugitives. Dazzled by the glare, they covered their eyes, and while thus half-blinded by the sudden illumination, he came close up to them. He comprehended the case in an instant. 'Be quiet, and don't be afraid,' he said; 'you are now among friends, and I will take care of you. Come with me.'

The fugitives were in Pennsylvania! They had

struck the first station on the Underground Railway, and this man was the resident agent!

He closed his lantern, and led the way towards a light which, for the first time, they now saw gleaming over the fields a mile ahead. It was the agent's residence. When they reached it, he led them to a barn near by, unlocked the door, and directed them to lie down on a wide-spread haymow, where the hay had evidently been prepared more for sleeping purposes than for feeding cattle. Here he asked them in the kindest manner if any of them were hungry. Katy tells me now that the soft, kind, and pitying voice of this good man fell upon her heart with an overwhelming tenderness that melted her into tears. All doubts of her having got among friends instead of enemies, were now removed, and giving way to a burst of thankfulness, and of weeping, she confessed that none but the children of the party had eaten anything for two days! Their protector told them to remain perfectly quiet, not to answer any person but himself, should they be spoken to from the outside, and he would shortly return with provision for them. Oh, what a contrast it was! the first kind word from a white man that any of them had heard for years! He passed out of the door, locked it behind him; and in half an hour returned, bearing a large bucket of hot milk, with bread, meat, and warm potatoes. His wife came with warm water, in which to wash the children's feet, which she knew by former experience would be found torn and blistered by hard travel, and ointment in which to wrap them up for the night. These famished creatures devoured the providential supply of food with eager thankfulness. How little can we who hear this narrative realise their true condition—two days without eating! The grateful meal over, they threw themselves down to sleep—tired, sore, and emaciated—and, for the first time in many nights, were able to dismiss all fear of either blood-hound or of man.

Who was the good Samaritan, what was the name of his farm, or the number of his family, are facts not lying within the line of explanation. The worthy man's wife and daughters clothed the ragged refugees, and his sons, by means of fleet horses, forwarded them to Philadelphia, where the party were lost to pursuit.

The remarkable incident of the story, however, remains to be told. The widowed Katy was famous as a cook. She immediately hired out in a hotel, and when she had saved three months' wages, quitted her place, and set off on her return to Virginia, determined to save that daughter whose sudden timidity had caused her to refuse joining in the general flight. This bold woman had formed this very determination when she first discovered her daughter's intention to remain on the plantation. Her mind came to the conclusion instantly, that if they all succeeded in getting off, she would return into the lion's den and rescue her child. Her mind being thus made up on the spot, the subject became an outside issue, and occasioned no embarrassment to the original plan. On this return-journey she travelled alone. Having no children to embarrass her, and but a single care upon her thoughts, she pushed forward with elastic heart and step, and after numerous hardships and dangers, found herself in a dense thicket, on her master's plantation. Here she quickly revealed her presence to her fellow-slaves. They were confounded by her hardihood, and listened with eager attention to the story of her dangers, her successes, and her explanation of what she had in view. They related to her how exasperated her master had been on discovering that ten of his chattels had gone off in a body; that, when pursuit had been found unavailing, her poor timid daughter had been subjected to repeated torture to compel a disclosure of the plot; that from this cruelty she was even then

scarcely recovered; that in the interval the master had died, and that his negroes were all soon to be sold at auction. With her usual quickness of purpose, Katy resolved to be off immediately. The negroes brought the daughter to her the same night. No reproaches passed from mother to child—the past she had forgotten—everything to her was in the future. As there was nothing about which to debate, and as the wardrobe of a slave is always on his back, they were ready to start on the instant. Long before midnight they began their flight. Two stalwart negro men, glowing with aspirations for liberty, accompanied them. It was lucky for all that they did. The daughter, still weak and sore from her terrible punishments, broke down on the way. They carried her whenever she was unable to walk, and heroically bore her over creek, and swamp, and river.

That sentinel, divinely stationed in the heavens, as well to guide the mariner over midnight waters as to lead the fugitive from bondage through a more desolate solitude on land—the north star—still shone before them, still proved their guide. The extraordinary sagacity of Katy was shewn throughout the journey. Her memory was such that she was able to recognise the features of the slave-region through which she passed, so that she followed very nearly the same route she had taken on the first exodus. How direct or circuitous it might be, she knew not. But twice it had proved a path of safety, and might be found so again. Extraordinary as it may seem, this remarkable woman found her way a second time to the Samaritan who kept the station on the Underground road. She marched bravely up to the farmhouse in a blinding tempest of rain, at midnight. A light was streaming from an upper window, shewing that some one of the family was about. While the others sheltered themselves under the lee of the building, she knocked timidly at the door. It was opened by the good man of the house. He beckoned her in, having immediately recognised her, and motioned her to a chair which stood in the hall. Here she sat down. No persons were visible below, but overhead she heard voices, and footsteps, and sobbing. There was sore sickness and grief in that house. The daughter who, on a former occasion, had washed her grandchildren's feet, anointed them and bound them up, was dying. With faltering accents the father told the dripping fugitive the story of his child's sickness and approaching dissolution, as he piloted her and her companions to the well-remembered haymow. But in his own grief he did not forget theirs. Dry clothing, warm food, and safe shelter were all extended to them as aforesaid. The good man's daughter died at daybreak. But that night the sons were far on their way with the fugitives to the next station. They reached their journey's end in safety. Was not Katy, though a poor negro woman, a real heroine?

THE SWORD.

From time immemorial, the sword has been associated in the minds of men with fearful power, and with symbolic meanings. It was at once the sign and the instrument; and for this very reason, perhaps, did awe and superstition invest it with dread and peculiar attributes. For the commonest object, as soon as it is lifted from its accustomed sphere, by being made the representative of an idea, affords always matter on which the imagination exercises its sway. It then at once ceases to be inorganic, lifeless, senseless matter: the thoughts which, as symbol, it called forth in us, we gradually allow ourselves to associate with the thing itself; and, by a strange process, it

ceases to be a dead lump, and becomes possessed of a nature that we would fain propitiate, if ruthless, and win over, if benign.

The very purposes to which the sword was put might well inspire a certain dread; and we all know of what a numerous issue Fear is the progenitor. The child of the present day would not be quite unmoved if alone in presence of the sword with which the murderer had suffered the penalty of his crime; and if some unperceived cause should make the sharp blade stir as he stood before it, that quiver would assuredly be met by a thrill through his whole frame, not to be repressed, although for the feeling no reason could be given; and, in the childhood of the nations, it was the same. An instrument which was to take away the wondrous gift of life, and in the place of quick existence, to bring immobility, silence, and impenetrable mystery, carried with it something of trouble and dread; and this, too, whether the victim were the dumb offering at the altar, or a human creature in the fight.

The weapon that had gleamed, instinct with life, above the havoc of the battle, might be fancied to grow weary of years of inactivity; and a chance tarning of the blade from its scabbard would be interpreted as a sign of coming strife, which the oused weapon longed for with a trembling joy. Marvellous escapes, doughty blows dealt forth against antagonists, vainly shielded by their shirts of mail, night tend to encourage a belief that the blade was empowered by extraordinary means. The notion once cherished, every endeavour would be made that it should be realised; many a spell would accompany the weapon's forging, just as in later times prayers voked a blessing on the unsullied blade.

From its form and mode of use, a peculiar intimacy springs up between the sword and him who carries it. When at rest, it still is at his side—a faithful friend ready at every need. It is girded to his loins: the two are firmly bound together. When grasped, it seems but a continuation of the warrior's arm; and being metal throughout, whatever it touches, causes a vibration to thrill through its length, and the living arm feels with a quick, nice sense each quiver of its doom-dealing helpmate. In the deadly fight, they become one.

The club, the spear, the battle-axe—none of these were to the warrior like his sympathetic sword. The bow and the musket, from their very contrivance, reclude such corresponding intimacy; they are, moreover, laid aside when done with; there is none of that close fellowship which exists between the soldier and his sword; for it is his companion, not only in the fatal struggle, but it goes with him to the bower and the festival.

The sword has become the type of manly daring; and if the arm that wielded it gave power to the weapon, it in return reflected back on the wearer consideration and honour; and he who bore it knew his, and the feeling bound the two more firmly together. For some men, the sword hewed out a path of authority and renown; it was their whole estate; their one sole faithful friend. To such, it was indeed a 'might-giver'; to others, it was a 'joy-bringer.' It involved itself with the destiny of the possessor, till at last it seemed to be the arbiter of his fate. Hence, in those old times—overgrown with the gray moss of countless centuries, and so remote, that we are now unable to discern what is cloud and what reality—men gave their good swords a name, as they did their heroes or their sons.

From being the symbol of vengeance, it grew into the avenger; and later even, when Christianity infused a different spirit into men's hearts, an old

remembrance; a but half-forgotten myth would still mix itself up with new customs and with holier rites. Christian and heathen alike, therefore, held the sword in honour. Its praise was sung by bard, and scald, and troubadour; by the old Scandinavian heroes, and by our own gallant cavaliers. It was the weapon with which the angels of God were armed; in all ages, it has been a symbol of power; in later times, it stands as the sign of lawful authority and justice. Men swore upon its blade; and the traitor at heart quailed when he thought of the vengeance he had himself thus called down on treachery. To the legionary of heathen Rome, such oath was inviolate. It also bound, too, still more closely such Christian men as those three of Schwytz, and Unterwalden, and Uri. It became the representative of a family's honour, a precious deposit, to be redeemed at any price. Its loss was a grief and a dishonour; its surrender, a token of being vanquished, and of submission. The hilt of the sword formed a cross, and as such, stuck upright in the ground, was often used in the field when celebrating religious rites. As crucifix, it was held before the eyes of the dying soldier, or laid in the hand of him who bound himself by a vow. It was carried before the bridegroom by his friends at the wedding festival; it was laid, too, upon the bier of the departed warrior, thus accompanying him still on his last earthly pilgrimage—at once a trophy and a badge.

Thus we see not only how intimately the sword was associated with the affections and passions of humanity, but learn at the same time to account for the connection. Let us now dwell more particularly on the facts themselves, to which we have hitherto made only a passing allusion.

The sword of the Cimbri, like that of the ancient Gauls, was very long, pointlike, and intended only for hewing. It was worn at the right side, suspended by two iron chains. By the Franks, it was carried in a girdle fastened round the body, while the Goths bore their weapon in a belt thrown across the shoulder. The Alimannen, or ancient Germans, had swords of a considerable length and breadth, but without a point, and two-handed; and when wielded by a powerful man, would, it was asserted, cleave rider and horse asunder at a single blow.

The custom of giving names to swords, which occurred so frequently in the romantic periods of the middle ages, was doubtless a heritage bequeathed by our heathen forefathers. In the Edda, the sword forged by Regin for Sigurd is called Gram; and in the Song of the Viking, the smith Wieland makes one named Mimung. In the old lays about Charlemagne, we find his sword was known as Joyeuse; Roland's was called Durandel; and Flamberg that of Richard of Montalembow. Time and circumstance, but especially the character of the warrior, influenced the choice of the distinctive appellation. Thorstein Raudi* felt it was his good brand alone which would mete out to him the lordships he strove for, and which, too, would give him power; hence he shouts: 'Land-giver! I kiss thee; might-giver! I kiss thee.' When childless and sireless, he would rest beneath the brown heath, he exclaims, addressing himself to his sword:

Thou wilt rest on my bosom
And with it decay,
While harps shall be ringing,
And scalds shall be singing
The deeds we have done in
Our own fearless day.

And therefore, in a prophetic spirit, he adds one last exulting appellation, 'Song-giver! I kiss thee.' To

the lover and patriot Körner, his sword was 'his bride that moved beside him.'

The ancient Britons cherished so great a love for their sword, that it was customary for the mother of every boy to offer him his first food on the blade-point of his father's sword, at the same time expressing the wish that from such weapon, and from such only, might he meet his death; thereby implying that he might fall in battle.

In remotest time, the sword was emblematic of chastity. When the Emperor Maximilian married Maria of Burgundy by proxy, he enjoins the knight who is to be his representative to lay him down in the bridal-bed, to which he is to lead the princess, in full armour, and to place a drawn sword between himself and her.

It was probably this attribute of purity which caused sword-blades to be used in certain ordeals, when the innocence or guilt of a wife was determined by the result of her walking among them.

That the perfect fabrication of an instrument on which the safety of him who bore it depended, should be a matter of earnest endeavour, is not to be wondered at. We now-a-days spare no pains in welding the iron for our anchors, neither do we leave unheeded any hint from science in forging our chain-cables. Had we not the help of science—of tested science—we too should seek other aid than that of Davy, or Faraday, or Liebig. There is a vulgar saying that poverty makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows. It is true enough; but it is equally true, also, that our passions cause us to make strange acquaintanceships. The desire of fame, of wealth, of power, drives men to dare the incredible, and opens to their teeming imagination sources of help in emergency which, in calmer moments, the most credulous would hardly trust to. But what we ardently wish, we all are inclined to believe; hence the influence of the black art, which in its day took the place of modern science; the breath of the magician professing to do what the impalpable galvanic stream now really does accomplish. There is no doubt, if unable to analyse, that we should still employ spells and exorcisms; and if we have quite discarded the cabala, it is only because we are possessed of something that is more sure.

In the Amelungen Lied, the qualities of a charm-forged sword are given, and the method of its fabrication. The smith Wieland was the maker. He had made a wager with an armourer, named Amilias, who lived at King Neiding's court, that he would forge a sword better than any suit of armour made by the latter. Amilias had been working for eleven months lay and night at his master-piece before Wieland took thought about the sword; hereupon the king reminded him of his promise, and he set to work. Within seven days he had a sword ready, so hard and sharp, that the like had never before been seen on earth. But Wieland wished first to prove its quality, and for this purpose went with it to a rapid river. He threw in a flock of wool one foot in thickness, and let the stream carry it against the edge of the blade. It cut the wool in two with the utmost nicety. The king was overjoyed, and waved the excellent sword that he hoped to possess above his head; but it was so heavy, that his arm soon dropped. Smith Wieland was not contented with his work, and, taking a file, reduced the whole to powder. He then took meal and milk, and mixed up with the filings, so that a paste was formed, which he gave to a family of fowls to eat, that for three days had been kept without food. The birds' dung he then carefully collected, put in a furnace, and separated the dross from the liquid metal. Of this purified steel he in six days again forged a sword, still better and lighter than the other. To prove it, he went to the river and threw

* See the *Sword-chant of Thorstein Raudi*, Motherwell's Poems.

in light flakes of wool two feet in thickness, and tried the edge with the same success as before. But Wieland was not yet satisfied, and filing it to pieces, again gave it to the fowls to eat. This time he forged a blade that surpassed all that had ever yet existed, and was called 'Mimung.' With it he went to his rival Amilias, who meanwhile had fabricated a suit of armour, against which he affirmed every weapon would be shivered. Now, while he stood there in the market-place, Wieland laid his sword gently on the helm, and then gave it a slight pressure. On this the sword passed through both man and armour. Wieland asked: 'What do you feel?' 'It seems to me,' answered the other, 'as if a drop of water were trickling down my back.' 'Well,' replied Wieland, 'then shake off the drop.' Amilias shook himself, and fell in two halves to the earth, and was dead. So sharp was the good sword Mimung, that it had passed through helm, and bone, and marrow, without the other having felt it.

In the *Lady of the Lake*, we read that the sword of the Douglas was 'forged by fairy lore,' which, able to foreshew the coming of an enemy, on the entry of Snowdon's knight 'self-unsheathed' dropped upon the floor. The possession of such weapons was, as may be supposed, much coveted; and even when all faith in necromancy had died away, the sword of one who had wielded it successfully was always a desirable object. Some were consecrated by being wrapped up with relics and other holy things; on others, verses from the Bible were engraved; and we knew an old forester, now dead, who boldly went to meet the poachers, feeling sure of protection, as soon as he had girded round him his long hunting-knife, on which the Lord's Prayer was graven.

The swords of many leaders were obtained in a supernatural manner. Of Attila, the Hun, it is related that a herdsman observed blood on the leg of one of his oxen, and going nearer, saw something projecting from the ground. He dug it out, and behold, it was a large sword, which he presented to Attila. Nor was this belief in the wonderful transmission of a sword, of pagan growth only; the Maid of Orleans received the weapon with which she was to free her country from a divine messenger.

A vanquished enemy presented a sword to his conqueror, holding it by the point—a sign probably that the victor had the right to take his life with it. In some countries where land was ceded to another, the cession was symbolised by the presentation of a sword, that being the sign of judicial authority, and indicative of power over life and death.

Such meaning was no doubt implied when carried in marriage-processions. With the Frieslanders, a sword was borne before the bride, to indicate that her husband had power over her life.

To bear a coat of arms on the seal was a knightly privilege; and this right of affixing such seal to any document—to seal as well as sign—was a most cherished prerogative. For the sake of convenience, and that it might be always at hand, the seal was frequently engraven on the pommel of the sword. When, now, a knightly warrior impressed thus his arms on some record as testimony, a threefold power was given to the act, as, in addition to the mere fixing of the signet, there was the bare upright sword-blade, which made the deed still more binding, and, thirdly, the cross on the hilt, by which Christ was called to witness what was done, and implied, moreover, 'in the name of God.'

It is certain, therefore, that the sword has, in a most strange manner, been closely connected with man's occupations and his faith, and this in all times, and among the most various people. It has entwined itself with the daily occurrences of his life; it has

been assigned a post in his institutions, and even in his temples it is received with honour. We know these things, and even see that they are so, yet in all this there is somewhat that still seems a mystery.

POUDRE ROSE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

II.

THE prayers are done; the holy oil has dried upon the forehead of the anointed, tenantless clay, by the side whereof Adrienne Beaudésert is lying in a stupor of despair, which the nurse, gliding noiselessly about the room, does not think it prudent to disturb. We also will depart, following the abbé, who goes straight to the Château d'Em. The face of Madame la Baronne de Vautpré whitens visibly through the thick rouge, as she listens to the reverend man's tidings; and the moment his voice ceases, she hastens to place in his hands a large sum to be expended in masses for the dead man's soul. As to the funeral of the last male heir of the Beaudéserts, who is to be entombed in the catacombs of the Church of the Assumption, Madame de Vautpré desires that no expense shall be spared thereon; and the child Adrienne is to be assured that the heart of her too long estranged relative is yearning to embrace, to love, to cherish her. Monsieur Morlaix, moreover, who is shortly going to Paris on business, undertakes to be the bearer of one year's pension in advance, with the donor's good wishes, to Madame and Clarisse Beaudésert at Clichy.

The chief facts just related having been thought worthy of more than one paragraph in the local papers, and being skilfully marvelised to suit the public taste, had the effect of attracting a numerous concourse of curious spectators to the funeral—one of the most imposing, it was on all hands agreed, the *Pompes Funèbres* had got up for many years. The catafalque, especially, was magnificent; so much so, that the crowded congregation were divided in opinion as to which was most solemn and effective—it, the catafalque, or the Abbé Morlaix's funeral oration, grounded upon the scripture verse, 'Whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him.' The abbé's eloquent illustrations of his theme were also variously interpreted. Some held that they applied to the relentless cruelty of Madame la Baronne de Vautpré, punished by the untimely death, without male issue, of the heir to her house's honours; others, that the preacher had in mind the nephew's sin of ingratitude and disobedience towards his guardian and benefactress, resulting in misery and an early grave. Of this last opinion was Adrienne Beaudésert, upon whose heart the words of the abbé smote like so many sword-stabs aimed at her dead father, exciting in the mind of the wounded, sensitive girl a feeling of resentment towards the reverend orator, not, unhappily, to be soon or easily effaced. Of all the obsequious attendants surrounding her, there was not one who felt, or successfully assumed to feel, the slightest sympathy with her bitter grief. It was the less surprising, therefore—terribly indecorous in the heiress of Madame de Vautpré as it might be—that, upon recognising Jules Delpech in the crowd, as she was leaving the church, Mademoiselle Beaudésert darted away from her *entourage*, and threw herself sobbing violently into the gray-headed man's arms. She was, of course, promptly plucked back to her proper place in the procession, and a few minutes afterwards driven rapidly off to her future residence, the Château d'Em. Jules Delpech seemed to be not a little disconcerted, as well as astonished, at so sudden and public a demonstration of the young lady's regard; but the first flurry over, the emotion it excited, coloured, shaped, by an elastic, sanguine imagination,

assumed a hopeful, brilliant hue, as those telescopic eyes of his, piercing, as I have said, far into the dim future, descried the yet distant possibilities suggested by such pregnant facts as Mademoiselle Beaudésert's partiality or respect for himself so openly manifested; the well-remembered and marked partiality evinced towards Paul, his young and handsome son, by the unsophisticated heiress of an ailing lady long since passed her grand climacteric, when she, the heiress, was domiciled with her father at his cottage, furnishing, with minor collateral facts or fancies, ample material for castle-building. The subtle brain of Jules Delpech was glowing, palpitating with the crowding images it had conjured up by the time he reached his own door; whence, looking upwards in the direction of the Château d'Em, it seemed to him that the central tower of the splendid pile, high overtopping the intervening belt of forest trees, looked haughtily and contemptuously down upon the lowly hut whose habitant dared to lift himself even in imagination to that lordly eminence! 'For all that,' muttered the white lips of Jules Delpech, as he entered his cottage and closed the door, 'worse cards than we hold have won as great a game. "What," said the great orator of the Mountain, "is the secret and condition of an else impossible success?—*de l'audace, et encore de l'audace*!"—and moral audacity, where failure incurs no peril, niggard nature has not denied me.'

Jules Delpech was a *capitaine de douanes en retraite*, or, as we say, a superannuated officer of customs. His retiring pension was a small one; but the cottage in which he lived, and about three acres of adjoining land, were his own by inheritance; and as both himself and son—a really fine lad, about three years older than Adrienne Beaudésert, of pleasant manners and somewhat superior education—were sufficiently skilful and industrious cultivators, the retired *douanier* was looked upon, and really was, for his social status, a thriving, prosperous man. In one respect, Jules Delpech deserved commendation, though it may be that his conduct was governed by no higher motive than a wholesome dread of the penalties of the law—he refused, to the huge chagrin of many of his neighbours, to add to his income by the traffic which had helped his widowed mother, the late Madame Delpech, to keep house and land together, her son at school, and a well-filled purse of silver crowns always at hand for an emergency. Madame Delpech, in brief, ostensibly a herbalist, had for many years derived an income, though of no very considerable amount, probably, from the practice of a species of charlatanism, common in the French rural districts—that of selling to simple rustics, and not unfrequently to as simple-minded town-folk, certain charms, love-powders, vegetable preservatives of various kinds from harm, spiritual or corporeal, and magical compounds wherewith to compel the favour, else despaired of, of some obdurate Jeannette or Jeannot, as the case might be. One of those love-charms, called *poudre rosé*, had, from some accidental coincidence, attained so wide a celebrity as to engage the attention of the Correctional Police Court of Lyon, a distinction which had the effect of compelling the cheating old seldam to be more discreet and wary in the sale of her magical wares, and more particularly of coloured bean-meal *alias* *poudre rosé*, at the rate of five francs he half-ounce. This nefarious traffic was, as I have intimated, at all events ostensibly, publicly repudiated by the retired officer of customs, albeit it was confidently hinted that upon more than one occasion, when tempted by a sufficiently considerable fee, he had violated that wise resolution, and dispensed his mother's nostrums—especially the *poudre rosé*—with the best effect. This, I say, was the common scandal or gossip of a district on the left bank of the Rhône, not far from the city of Lyon,

no longer ago than the thirty-seventh year of this enlightened nineteenth century; and I greatly doubt whether a rural commune could be pointed out in all the vast extent of France where a like credulity is not more or less prevalent at this very day. This is a sad, undeniable truism; but it is not from our English glass-house that we can contemptuously cast stones, in scornful reprobation of such hurtful follies, at our neighbours; for superstitions all as gross are to be found in as vigorous vitality in many of the rural districts of Great Britain. Imposture and credulity are unfortunately indigenous to all countries and climes, as well as marvellously self-adaptive to varying exigencies and conditions.

But in stopping to explain or moralise, the story perforce halts also; and dismissing for a while Jules Delpech, and his visions, schemes, nostrums, I regain its current, at the moment of Adrienne Beaudésert's arrival at the Château d'Em, where she was received with every demonstration of regard; and it really seemed that Madame de Vautpré's heart was touched by the sorrow of the interesting grand-niece, in whose features she discerned, or fancied, a striking resemblance to General Beaudésert, the brother, whose memory, spite of the Bresson *mésalliance*, she had always tenderly cherished. The establishment of the château was an extremely well-ordered one; its disciplinary march, perfect in a mechanical point of view; but it was unfortunate for a girl of Adrienne Beaudésert's temperament and tendencies that Madame de Vautpré had already reached so far into the vale of life, as not only to have lost sight of the busy, practical world in which she had passed her youth and prime of days, but that it no longer lingered in her memory save as a far-off dream of acted vanities; illusions—excepting always the hallowing verity of high lineage—hurtful, if not sinful to voluntarily dwell upon, because tending to lure her mind from the contemplation, through the dusky glass of polemical dogmatism, of the eternity upon the brink of which she stood. Now, it is quite clear to me, from what I have heard and read of Madame la Baronne de Vautpré, that her ascetic piety was of the sincerest kind, as assuredly her charity—thereby meaning alms-giving—was liberal and comprehensive; but the adoption of a profitable piety by dependents not only frequently stops at, but exaggerates the externals of devotion; and as might be expected in such a household, most of the persons in attendance upon the heiress, in their anxious affectation of a religious fervour they did not feel, were enthusiastic about forms, attributed supernatural efficacy to beads, if not to the prayers they measured—to the image, though careless or unthoughtful of the prototype. In a mental atmosphere so generated and maintained, it is hardly to be wondered at that the faith in charms, amulets, and the like fantasies, imbibed by Adrienne Beaudésert in her childhood, instead of being rebuked, gathered force and authority from the countenance afforded it by apparently similar religious convictions. Had the Abbé Morlaix, now chaplain to the household, possessed her confidence, his wiser teaching might have dissipated such noxious illusions; but since that, as she deemed it, heartless, cruel funeral oration, Mademoiselle Beaudésert, despite the abbé's strenuous endeavours to conciliate her good-will, ceased not to regard him with mingled feelings of aversion and mistrust. Instead of complaining to Madame de Vautpré that the sensitive girl resolutely declined his spiritual guidance, the abbé left it to time to remove her unjust antipathy—but alas! time frequently halts in the accomplishment of his errands, and arrives with the healing remedy only to witness the death of the patient.

Thus grew in years, in beauty, in galleless simplicity of heart and mind, Adrienne Beaudésert;

Madame de Vautpré continuing the while towards her the stately courtesy, the regulated, unvarying kindness which she had from the first imposed upon herself. Madame la Baronne never went into society, nor encouraged visitors at the château. Adrienne's education in the accomplishments of music, painting, history, foreign languages, &c., was intrusted to the sisters of a Ursuline convent in the neighbourhood, whither and back she was daily escorted in a carriage; and the only male persons, except servants and M. Morlaix, with whom she ever held the slightest converse, were Jules Delpech and his son Paul, one or other of whom she was pretty sure to meet whenever she ventured—never without a watchful attendant—beyond the château grounds. They had always a very respectful, yet, as it were, kindly familiar greeting for her; and handsome Paul—it was impossible that Mademoiselle Beaudésert, slightly impressionable as she was in that direction, could help remarking that he was a very handsome young fellow—had often a fresh bouquet to present, whatever was the season of the year. These *rencontres* do not appear to have been reported to Madame de Vautpré or the Abbé Morlaix, or what they might, and justly, have deemed the impertinent audacity of the Delpechs, would, there can be little doubt, have been summarily repressed.

But it was not such love as that with which Paul Delpech had the vanity to believe he had inspired the girl-heiress, that, by the time she touched upon her sixteenth birthday, had banished every tinge of colour from the drooping maiden's cheek, light from her eyes, wasted her finely rounded form, and still burned in her veins with the fever of a consuming passion. Adrienne Beaudésert, child or girl of exquisite sensibility, was, be it remembered, morally isolated in her relative's magnificent abode, with no one to love, and beloved by none; the aching void thus created becoming, with every passing day, more completely monopolised, filled to bursting by the imaged memories of her mother and sister; of that tender mother, that sweet sister, who so fully reciprocated her gushing, passionate love; but whom she was only permitted to see once in each dreary year, and in the constraining presence of Madame la Baronne; to correspond with only at stated intervals, and under the same chilling supervision. Adrienne's heart beat wildly, rebelliously, against those cruel, unnatural restraints; and who at all conversant with poor human nature, will feel surprise that, finding her aunt inexorable, callous, deaf to her tears, entreaties, prayers, the indignant girl began to listen with kindling eyes and glowing cheeks to remarks upon Madame de Vautpré's fast-failing health, hating hers. If the while, as she afterwards declared, for the involuntary feeling revealed in those keenly marked, tell-tale signs; that in moments of great irritation, words of the like significance, eagerly caught up, repeated, exaggerated, distorted, escaped her lips; or that, after a last, supreme effort, preceded by sets of prayers, gone through as if they were so many incantations—votive garlands, suspended upon statues of the Virgin and saints—to shake Madame de Vautpré's fixed resolve, had failed, the girl with much less excuse, because with more deliberation, poured forth her passionate feelings to her mother in writing? This letter she thought to have sent off surreptitiously, but the treachery of the servant to whom it was intrusted, placed in the hands of M. Morlaix—all the griefs, resentments, hopes, and anticipations by which her mind was distracted! The abbé was profoundly disturbed upon reading the intercepted letter; and immediately sending for Mademoiselle Beaudésert, sternly upbraided her with the black ingratitude displayed in the sinful effusion she had dared to pen; dwelt especially upon the heinous crime of but *imagining* the death of her kind relative and benefactress; concluding with a solemn

warning that one of God's heaviest judgments was to curse the wicked with the fulfilment of their own evil wishes.

Adrienne Beaudésert was rebuked, humbled, terrified—but not softened or subdued, as she would have been to tears of deepest contrition, had but a few words of kindness or compassion mingled with the abbé's stern homily. The strong consciousness that whatever seeming colour or justification, her wild, hasty expressions might give to the abbé's injurious denunciations, her heart had never for one moment harboured the dreadful thoughts to which those denunciations pointed, helped to sustain her yielding, flexible nature during the terrible interview; and not till, escaped to the privacy of her own chamber, did she sink upon the floor, crushed, convulsed by the rending agony of humiliated pride, degrading accusation, and bitter self-reproach.

No doubt, too, she felt, as the tumult of conflicting passions calmed somewhat, that M. Morlaix would deem it his duty to place the letter, blackened with his own comments, before Madame de Vautpré; and then farewell for ever to the visions of future independence and grandeur in which she had, it seemed, not thoughtlessly only, but wickedly indulged. Not that Adrienne Beaudésert, child-thoughted girl, valued present or prospective splendour very highly, but her mother did—as we, remembering how impatiently Madame Beaudésert bore the evanishment of her own dream of youthful grandeur, can easily believe—and at her yearly visits, talked privately of little else than the coming, though it might be distant time, which was to compensate a thousandfold for the bitter past, the halting, unsatisfactory present. Here was a new grief, but, as it proved, an imaginary one only; as the abbé, whether wisely or not the sequel will shew, did not communicate or mention the contents of the letter to Madame de Vautpré. During these painful passages in Mademoiselle Beaudésert's girl-life, and indeed almost from the first day of her domiciliation at the Château d'Em, Jules Delpech had contrived to keep himself acquainted with all that passed there; and with the blind infatuation of a foregone conclusion, persisted in persuading himself, or trying to do so, that the change in Adrienne's personal appearance, her reported fits of moody melancholy, were solely attributable to a growing and invincible attachment to his son—an attachment that would perhaps be openly avowed when the tomb closed over Madame de Vautpré—an event which, he believed, would not be long waited for. Nor was this sinister belief or trust unfounded.

The elasticity of hope is in youth rarely completely crushed; and before many days had gone by, Adrienne's brain was again busy with expedients for bringing about the family reconciliation upon which her mind was set with such morbid intensity; and all the more eagerly, that the third annual visit of her relatives was close at hand. But the resources of tears, supplications, incantations, votive-offerings, having failed, what other device remained likely to insure a fortunate result? Mademoiselle Beaudésert was thus anxiously ruminating, when Lisette Meudon, a favourite and shrewd attendant, took occasion, whilst perfecting the transparent-thoughted young lady's dinner-toilet, to remark, with reference to a wedding soon to take place among the château servants, how extraordinary it was that *ce gros vieux Bonsard* should have won so easily the affections of young and pretty Fanchette Lenoir, who was, moreover, quite as well, if not better off, than he. 'Certainly,' she added with emphasis, 'such a match could not have been brought about without the help of the *poudre rose*, or similar magic compound.'

'*Poudre rose*!' murmured Adrienne, turning her unquiet, dreamy eyes upon the attendant; 'I have

heard that spoken of before. What are its real or supposititious virtues?'—

'I can assure mademoiselle,' replied Lisette, 'that there is no supposition in the case. The *poudre rosé* is well known to possess extraordinary virtues, though I should not like Madame de Vautpré or the Abbé Morlaix, both of whom have unreasonable prejudices upon such matters, to hear me say so. For example, there was Marie Deveulle, a widow with a strong cast in her eyes, four small children, and not a liard's worth of property, who married, about a fortnight after she was seen to pay a sly visit to the late Madame Delpech, Jean Lucas, a good-looking young farmer, and one of the most prosperous in the commune. It must be admitted, that nothing short of very marvellous magic could have accomplished such a marriage as that. For my part,' added Lisette, 'I should feel no scruple, if an opportunity occurred—But I am fatiguing mademoiselle.'

'Not at all, Lisette; you interest me, on the contrary. How is this precious *poudre rosé* administered?'

'Nothing more simple, mademoiselle. The prescribed quantity is placed in a glass of wine, a cup of coffee—no matter what. The wine or coffee is then handed—let us, by way of illustration, suppose—to Jean Lucas by Marie Deveulle, she looking her *sutur* smilingly in the face all the while; he drinks, and the affair is finished. Certainly, there can be no such great harm in all that, even if everybody, with the exception of Madame la Baronne and Monsieur Morlaix, deceive themselves as to the wonderful powers of the *poudre rosé*.'

'No harm, as you say, Lisette, if no good. And is it not said to be equally efficacious in reconciling enmities—between, for example, estranged relatives?'

'O yes, mademoiselle; I could tell you of several such instances—of one particularly, where'—

Lisette's instances were cut short by the last summons of the dinner-bell. But the interesting colloquy was renewed the next day, when the wily confidante succeeded, if not in persuading Mademoiselle Beaudésert into an absolute belief in the miraculous properties of the *poudre rosé*, to at least consult Delpech *père* upon the subject. 'My father's friend,' thought Adrienne, 'who will be sure to deal frankly with me. My grandmamma,' she added aloud, 'had great faith in such charms. Still, I can hardly—But, as you say, Lisette, there can be no possible harm in making the trial;' and her scruples thus silenced, the rash girl sat down to write a note appointing a private interview with Delpech on the morrow, at a place indicated by Lisette, and not very distant from the château.

'Paul Delpech, mademoiselle,' hastily interposed the waiting-woman, as her unsuspecting mistress was about to address the note.

'Yes, certainly. I had it in my head, as I told you, that Paul was the son's name; but of course you know. You will keep this, perhaps foolish, matter profoundly secret,' she added, as Lisette was leaving the room.

'Secret as the grave,' replied the young woman quickly, and with averted face, lest Adrienne should see the triumph flashing there. 'Delpech himself shall not suspect that I am aware of the contents of this note; mademoiselle may fully rely upon me.'

'Here is the *assignment*, monsieur,' said Lisette Meudon about an hour afterwards, addressing Jules Delpech. 'You turn pale, and tremble very much,' she presently added. 'There is, I hope, nothing more meant by this frolic than what I know of?'

'Nothing—nothing, Lisette,' replied Delpech, fumbling in his purse with shaking fingers for some gold pieces, and placing them in her ready palm. 'And when the wedding takes place, yours with

Claude Simonet—if a fat dowry can win the old man's consent—will not be far off.'

'That is well understood, Monsieur Delpech. But tell me why,' added the young woman, still under the influence of a suddenly awakened feeling of distrust—'if you are so positive Mademoiselle Beaudésert has a decided *penchant* for your handsome son, are you so anxious to compromise her by these pretended assignments? As to the *poudre rosé* pretence, that, excuse me, is as absurd as the faith of the credulous fools about here in its wonder-working powers.'

'You err, Lisette,' replied Delpech. 'If Mademoiselle Beaudésert once partakes of some wine, tinctured with *poudre rosé*, in Paul's presence, I shall have no fear that the wedding will be long delayed after Madame la Baronne has taken her place in the vaults of the Church of the Assumption.'

'That may be, Monsieur Delpech; but you know Mademoiselle Beaudésert will never do anything of the kind, just as well as I do, that you dare not propose it to her. I have no misgivings upon that point. Mademoiselle is as sensitive and proud as she is pure and simple-hearted. Still,' added Lisette, 'one of that numerous class of persons whose aid in evil purposes may, for a sufficiently tempting reward, be counted upon to a certain extent, but no further—still it occurs to me, that if you really are so confident'—

'I will be frank with you, Lisette Meudon,' interrupted Delpech, swallowing the rage he felt at the woman's persistence. 'I saw Madame la Baronne a few days since: she is going fast; Mademoiselle Beaudésert will soon and suddenly find herself in a dazzling position, which now she can have no just idea of. Her mother, a woman of the world, will be with her—parasites, flatterers, suitors innumerable, will crowd about her. All this may turn her head. It is prudent, therefore, to strengthen Paul's hold upon her fancy by these little compromising arts, which, when one is prompted by a laudable ambition, are, you will agree, perfectly permissible.'

'Perhaps. However, I do not see that any great harm can accrue. The marriage-portion,' added Lisette, opening and holding the door in her hand—'the marriage-portion, Monsieur Delpech will do well to remember, should he succeed in his audacious project, must be a liberal one, and legally secured *before* the grand wedding takes place.'

'Precisely, *ma fille*. Paul and myself, moreover, will owe you a large debt of gratitude for your services and silence.'

'Chut, chut! I look to be rewarded by money, not moonshine, Monsieur Delpech.'

'Claude Simonet,' said Jules Delpech with a wry grimace, meant for a complimentary smile—'Claude Simonet won't be the father of fools, if his children take after his pretty wife.'

'He won't, in that case, be the father of *dupes*,' was the retort; 'a fact which, I repeat, the Delpechs, father and son, will do well to bear in mind. *Bon-jour, monsieur*.'

'*Au plaisir*, Mademoiselle Meudon,' responded Jules Delpech, adding with a savage snap of his teeth as the door closed: 'The insolent hussy! I should like, instead of a dowry, to accommodate her with a'—What, he did not say; but one might have sworn from his looks it was something which Lisette Meudon would have decidedly demurred to as the substitute for a handsome marriage-portion.

The child-heart of Adrienne Beaudésert beat violently, and a vague feeling of terror so oppressed her, upon approaching the appointed rendezvous on the following day, that she was upon the point of turning back and abandoning her purpose. 'It was the last effort,' she afterwards said, 'of my guardian angel to draw me back from the precipice to which

I was madly hastening. It was made in vain. I shook off the warning impulse, bade the valet remain where he was for a few minutes, and hastened on.'

Jules Delpèch would have made a capital actor, if one might judge by his natural assumption of surprise and deferential interest, as Mademoiselle Beaudésert, blushing and painfully agitated, stood before him. It was some time before he appeared able to even dimly make out her meaning from the confused, hurried sentences in which it was expressed. At last he seemed to catch it, but still uncertainly.

'Mademoiselle Beaudésert wishes to know of me if there is any truth in the reported marvels effected by the poudre rosé. Do I rightly comprehend her?'

'Yes, that is the question I wish to put; and if—if; but perhaps it is all an idle tale?'

'It is *not* an idle tale,' replied Delpèch, with well-sembled gravity and earnestness. 'The miraculous properties of the poudre rosé have been proved over and over again; but mademoiselle is perhaps not aware that to dispense it is to act in contravention of the law, though not of morality?'

'O no, I had not thought of that; and I would not for the world that'—

'If, mademoiselle,' interrupted Delpèch, 'will tell me frankly for what purpose she requires the poudre rosé, the wish to serve a daughter of the noble-minded victim who once honoured me with the name of friend, will, if I see a probability of doing so effectively, render me indifferent to any legal penalties I may incur.'

'Ah, monsieur,' said Adrienne, her soft eyes filling with tears at the allusion to her father, 'it is because you were *his* friend that I wished to consult you, knowing that I should not be either deceived or exposed to ridicule. I have a fancy to try the effect of poudre rosé upon—upon Madame de Vautpré.'

'Madame de Vautpré!' ejaculated Jules Delpèch, in a tone and with a start that would not have disgraced Talma—'Madame de Vautpré! For what purpose, in the name of Heaven?'

Adrienne explained; Jules Delpèch the while, as she subsequently recalled to mind, though too agitated and confused at the moment to appreciate its strange significance—Jules Delpèch, I say, gazing the while into her eyes with a piercing intensity, as if more desirous of reading there the secret of her soul, than of listening to the words of her mouth.

'I understand you, Mademoiselle Beaudésert,' said Delpèch, with slow, stage-solemnity of speech. 'The poudre rosé will effect your purpose in giving it to Madame de Vautpré.'

'Seriously, I am so glad; for do you know, Monsieur Delpèch, I felt almost sure that you would say it was a childish, absurd illusion.'

'When shall I place it in mademoiselle's hands?' inquired Delpèch.

'To-morrow, if you please, at this place and hour.'

'Be it so, mademoiselle: I will be punctual and silent.'

'Almost a woman, and a charming one too in person,' muttered Delpèch, looking after Mademoiselle Beaudésert as she hurried back to where she had left the valet—'in mind, the veriest child! The amiable Ursulines may prepare their pupils very well for heaven, but certainly they do not succeed in fitting them to deal with this wicked world. After all, Paul will make her an excellent husband; and if, which is quite possible, we have deceived ourselves as to the young lady's partiality for him, or at least that it is so decided as to induce her to stoop to a union with him from the height whereon a very few days, or I ~~am~~ greatly, will see her placed, it will require the iron link which I have so successfully begun to forge, to coerce and bind her prideful will. As yet, at all events, I can say *beau jeu, bien joué*; and, best of all,

should our audacious project, as it may be truly called, fail, neither Paul nor I shall be seriously compromised, as I will manage; but it will not, *cannot*, fail.'

Madame Beaudésert and her daughter Clarisse had passed the stipulated number of hours at the Château d'Em, and were seated at breakfast with Madame de Vautpré, M. Morlaix, and Adrienne; which repast concluded, the two visitors would be conveyed, in a carriage already in waiting, to the *Messageries Royales*, Lyon, *en route* for Clichy. M. Morlaix could not help remarking that Adrienne was very much more restless, perturbed, ill at ease, than on the like former occasions. And why were the burning eyes of the pale, agitated girl turned with such intense, sudden scrutiny upon Madame de Vautpré's countenance when Madame and Clarisse Beaudésert handed chocolate to that lady? Was it that Adrienne's solicitude was awakened by the signs of recent and severe suffering visible there, for Madame de Vautpré had passed a much worse night than usual, and at her own request had received the sacrament soon after rising.

The abbé would fain have believed so, but could not, knowing what he did. It was rather, he greatly feared, that that young, and, as he once thought, guileless, unworldly heart, was agitated by criminal hopes, which those signs of probably mortal disease had quickened and inflamed.

A harsh but perhaps not unnatural judgment! Poor Adrienne's criminal hopes were, in sooth, limited to the magical effect produced by the poudre rosé. Certainly, Madame de Vautpré's demeanour was more gracious towards her mother and sister than on former occasions; and, unlooked-for condescension! suffering and feeble as she was, Madame la Baronne would accompany them down the grand stairs to the entrance-hall; had shaken hands with Madame Beaudésert, and was about apparently to embrace Clarisse, when she suddenly staggered, caught wildly at vacancy, and fell heavily upon the tessellated pavement, before a hand could be stretched forth to save her. A medical gentleman, who had resided for several weeks at the château, was quickly on the spot, and opened a vein; a few drops of dark blood flowed, and at the end of a few breathless minutes, the man of science announced, in a grave whisper, that Madame de Vautpré was dead—dead of apoplexy!

'Apoplexy! you are certain of apoplexy!' said the abbé, addressing the surgeon, but with his stern glance fixed upon Adrienne's changing countenance, till she, overcome by a rush of contending emotion, lost her senses, and sank with a low moaning cry into her mother's arms.

FOOTPRINTS.

FROM the time of Robinson Crusoe downward, there has always been a sort of mysterious curiosity in people's minds when they encounter under peculiar circumstances, or in peculiar places, footprints, whether human or animal. Even in places well frequented, the print of a foot will often throw us into a train of thought, and sometimes arouse much interest, and even wonder—as, for instance, the mysterious footprints in the snow which occurred in Devonshire about three years ago, and which many people did not hesitate to ascribe to no less a personage than the Evil One. Sometimes other feelings than mere curiosity will prevail. Many a time when I have lost my way in the snow on the hills, have I been glad to light upon some track which I knew would bring me, if not to my destination, at least to some safe place where I could regain my bearings.

How well one can fancy the jealous suspicion with which early explorers examined such marks in

an unknown and undescribed country; whether they proceeded from man or animals; if the former, whether they were the traces of natives, against whom they must carefully guard; and if the latter, whether of wild beasts, ready to pounce upon the unwary traveller, or of a more tame and domestic species, which they might hope to use for their own purposes in their new settlements.

In the present advanced state of natural history and geography, it would be almost impossible to discover any fresh countries, or even to lay hold of many new species of animals; but an equally interesting and mysterious study is opened to us—that of fossil footprints, as we find them engraven in the rocks of distant epochs, and which will remain as traces of the inhabitants of those ages for all time. This is a wide field open both to the geologist and the naturalist, one which calls into play all their reasoning powers and arguments—the one, to determine the age in which the marks were imprinted, the characters of the rock, and the conditions under which such creatures lived—the other, to ascertain the genera and species of such animals, whether mammals, birds, or reptiles, and in what classification of palæontology and natural history it should be placed. I propose in this paper to examine some of the most noted fossil marks of the kind, without burdening the minds of my readers with more geological technicalities than are absolutely necessary.

Fossil prints are by no means limited to any one formation, but are pretty general even down to very old stratified rocks; but the greatest number are to be found in the triassic formation. First let us inquire what this is, and where it occurs. In the regular order of strata of the earth's crust, beginning from above downward, we should first come upon the tertiary series, with its many important subdivisions, of which the best examples I can give are the clays of the Isle of Wight, and of the country extending from London to Norfolk. Below this is the chalk, with the green-sands and wealden, which everybody has seen who has visited the south of England, in the cliffs of Brighton and the downs of Kent.

Next we get the oolitic deposits, which are divided and subdivided into a great many subordinate layers, such as the Portland stone, Oxford clay, Kimmeridge clay, Forest marble, &c., and of which the country round Bath and Cheltenham is composed. These are succeeded by the lias, which is to be best seen in the cliffs of the Dorsetshire coast, and is the great repository of those enormous creatures, the ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus, the fossil skeletons of which may be seen in the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street. We now arrive at the one we want—the lias or triassic formation, otherwise known as the new red sandstone. Everybody knows what red sandstone is—the differences between the new and old red formations are the differences of age, of the character of the deposits, and of the fossil remains. The parts of England where the new red can be best seen, and studied are in Lancashire, in almost all Cheshire, and in portions of Shropshire and Warwickshire. This is enough to shew what an extensive surface is composed of these strata in this country. The lias is important too, not only geologically but commercially; for it is here that we find the great supply of salt; and were it not for this formation, we should come badly off for this very necessary article. The thickness of the whole series is about 1800 feet in England, for there is one member of the series which is developed abroad, and not known at all here. The highest division consists of what is called the Keuper beds (but which in general terms we may call the saltiferous beds, as it is principally amongst their

layers that the masses of salt are found), and are made up of alternate layers of sandstone, gypsum, clays, and marls. The middle series, termed abroad the Muschelkalk, is unknown here, as just stated, and is the most fossiliferous portion, producing the greatest variety of shells. The third and lowest is the Bunter sandstone, which in this country is about 600 feet in thickness, and contains red and green shales and marls, with sometimes white sandstones of a quartzose nature. This lowest series does not by any means swarm with fossils, but what there are, are deeply interesting. It is in this Bunter sandstone that we come upon the footprints, which may be well seen, either at the quarries near Lymm in Cheshire, or at Storeton Hill, not far from Birkenhead. They are like the impressions of a large human hand, and from this, for a long time, the animal supposed to have made the marks was called the cheirotherium, or the hand-footed beast. Now, the curious part of it was that the impressions of the hind foot are very much larger than those of the front, the hind foot being about eight inches long and five broad, and the other not more than half the size. The steps follow each other in regular pairs, at intervals of about fourteen inches between each pair; and each mark gives the impression of five toes, of which the first or great toe was bent out just like a thumb. Added to this is the fact, that on the same slabs were discovered ripple-marks, and in some places the marks of rain-drops. Here was a puzzle. Why had not this creature left its bones behind it to tell us at once what it belonged to? since bones it must have had, and a tolerably heavy body, to have left so deep a footprint. Doctors differed on the subject; some naturalists put them down as belonging to animals of the kangaroo tribe, because there is in them the same disproportion between the hind and the front feet. Others thought that the marks were made by batrachians, or frog-like creatures, and others, again, that they were crocodilian. One thing was clear, and that was, that the sandstone upon which they had walked had once been a wet beach, which had sunk down so as to allow a fresh wet beach to be formed above it; and this was borne out by the testimony of the ripple-marks. They must, therefore, have been air-breathers. While the savans were puzzling over this problem, some teeth were discovered in the same formation in Warwickshire, which Professor Owen, on examination, declared to be the teeth of some batrachian reptile of a gigantic size. The teeth were very peculiar, a section of them presenting a large number of labyrinthine folds and windings; and from this fact he named the possessor of the teeth the labyrinthodon. Afterwards, the discovery of a few bones, also in the same series, enabled him to put all his facts together, and infer with every probability that the labyrinthodon and the cheirotherium were one and the same, and that they were large toadlike, air-breathing reptiles.

This is only one of the many brilliant examples shewn by our eminent men in the study of geology, of the skill with which their experience and analogical reasoning have enabled them to build up the form of an extinct animal from such slight links as a tooth and a footmark. If we turn from England, and step across the Atlantic, we shall find similar phenomena under similar circumstances. In Connecticut state is a series of new red sandstone rocks, lying in a depression of older granitic rocks, of an area of more than 150 miles in length, and in thickness exceeding 1000 feet. The labyrinthodon is not the only animal that has left his tracks behind him there; there are also marks of birds, lizards, &c. Professor Hitchcock, the American geologist, has distinctly traced the footprints of thirty species of birds, five of lizards, two of the chelonians or tortoise tribe, and six of the batrachians; and as Sir Charles Lyell tells us, the

impressions have been found over a space of eighty miles. This district must have been, therefore, a grand rendezvous, or, as it was on a shore, we may call it a fashionable watering-place for these extinct gentry. The steps of the birds are of all sizes, but almost all betokening the same character of the foot—that is, having three toes, and possessing the same number of joints as are found in living birds of this class.

The size of the stride which the bird would take, as ascertained from the distances between each impression, is strictly in proportion to the size of the footmarks. The large dimensions that these birds must have attained, far exceeding that of the ostrich, staggered the naturalists, who could scarcely believe that they were birds; but the subsequent discovery of fossil bones and skeletons of birds, now extinct, in Australia, such as the *dinornis*, quite dispose of that objection. Mixed up with all these footprints are also those of the labyrinthodon, and another species called the *rhynchosaurus*, which, in its skeleton, was something between a bird and a tortoise.

We will now leave the triassic formation, and see what is to be found in the Permian strata, which come next in order. Permian or magnesian limestone was so named, by Sir R. Murchison, from the kingdom of Perm in Russia, which is principally formed of those rocks, and consists of series of marls, clays, and conglomerates, more or less coloured; and besides these, of a large amount of limestone, which is characterised by the presence of magnesia, and is termed dolomite. It possesses some very characteristic fossils, more allied to those of the coal-measures than any of the formations above; but it is not so largely developed as the new red sandstone, although many beds which were formerly put down as triassic are now placed in the Permian division.

In Annandale in Dumfries-shire, is the large Permian quarry of Corncockle Muir, belonging to Sir W. Jardine, and many large footprints have been found here; one in particular, named the '*Chelichnys Titan*,' is the impression left by a gigantic tortoise, which must have been larger than a hippopotamus. In some instances, too, there is evidence of the creature having lifted his foot up and put it down again clogged with the mud and sand that clung to it. In the coal formation, again, which lies below the Permian, are the footsteps of an animal allied to the cheirotherium, although hitherto it has only been remarked in Pennsylvania. They are not actually in the coal, but in the sandstones which are interpolated between the coal-measures; and although similar, they are not exactly of the same species as the reptiles of the triassic period, for the toes are almost all of the same size, and there is not the marked difference between the hind and foremost foot. In the layers of rock, too, between the coal-measures at Beaufort, in the South Wales coal-field, have been noticed small impressions, probably of some crustaceans.

In the next great division, the old red sandstone, there are a few animal foot-tracks. I have seen a slab of old red (in age, my Beaudésert as she remembers, long prior to the new red) the valet—in mind, at Puddleston, near Leominster in Ursulines may prepare, on which there is a well-marked heaven, but certainly, footprints of a crustacean which them to deal with this. It is evident, from the size will make her an excellent creature, which progressed quite possible, we have seen, by my readers fancy that fossil young lady's partiality for my formation; their rarity so decided as to induce her to try; and often have the him from the height whereon a le., and often have the err greatly, will see her placed, it seems to mature been link which I have so successfully of one little bit of coerce and bind her prideful will. This paper touched events, I can say *beau jeu, bien joué*; such as impressions

of annelids—for these could scarcely be included under the head of Footprints; but I trust that my readers will at once recognise the wonderful amount of study and patient perseverance that has enabled the world to read in the history of the past, not only the general characteristics, but also the minutiae of the former tenants of the globe.

OUR MAJOR'S SPOON.

I DID not steal it, gentle reader; he gave it to me himself. It was one evening after mess some hour; indeed, it was nearly ten o'clock, when several members of the ward-room of H.M.S. *Blunderbore* were seated round the table discussing their liquid night-caps before retiring to their virtuous couches. Our major (of the 101st, then on board) was one, as also was your humble servant, who will explain how it came about that you are now put in possession of our major's spoon. First, however, let me introduce the major himself.

He was of the middle height, and of a portly figure—portly, but not absolutely podgy. The major had work in him, and was as good for a long forced march, with a row at the end of it, as any officer ten years younger than himself. Still, he was stout, and his figure had an increasing tendency towards the form of the great globe. In countenance he was open, expansive, cheerful, friendly, rubicund. I do not speak of the 'chiseling' of his nose, because portwine and other creature comforts had somewhat unchiseled it; and, moreover, our major was often heard to assert that he 'would only like to see the man that could chisel him!' I mention his eyes, because they were gray and merry; and his hair and astonishing whiskers, because they were luxuriant and fiery, and ferociously good-humoured.

In short, our major was a good major, and he loved Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Izaak Walton, Walter Scott, and Whisky Toddy. He was a pleasant major at all times; but while leisurely sipping his third tumbler, he was a companion for the gods—at least for the respectable ones, if there are any.

At the time of which I speak, the major was at his second tumbler; and, he being apparently a little thoughtful, conversation had flagged. At length, feeling the silence irksome, I rose to go, when I was stopped by his saying: 'Hold on, Peter; don't go yet. If you'll stop, I'll give you one of my spoons.'

What he meant by giving me one of his spoons, I could not imagine; but having entire faith in him, I straightway reseated myself, and at a sign from him, replenished my glass. The offer of one of the spoons was received by the others with much clapping of hands and knocking of tumblers on the table, though what they could have to do with a spoon that was offered to me personally, I could not divine.

While the major was scientifically compounding his third and final tumbler, I occupied myself with vain attempts at guessing what these spoons could really be. Could they be *bond-fide* plain metal spoons? No. He was not rich, nor I poor enough for such gifts as gold or silver to pass between us, and the major had a soul above pewter or Britannia metal. Perhaps they were some curious old carved apostle spoons which he was going to shew, not give us. Perhaps—

'The first occasion,' began the major, 'on which I had the misfortune to get spooney'—

'Oh, that's it, is it? I see now.'

'Then, Peter, shut thy mouth, and thou shalt hear as well as see;' and here followed the history of our major's first spoon.

'The first occasion on which I had the misfortune to get spooney was on this wise. I had been but a few months in the service, and was young, inflammable, and ardent. That I was formed in every way

A fit object for the tender passion, you yourselves can see without the help of spectacles; that, in this instance, I was a most unfortunate subject of it, you yourselves shall hear, if my emotion at the recollection will allow me to proceed with the tale of my sorrows.

'I had been appointed to the *Staghound*, 46, a fine frigate, as we thought in those days, but scarcely fit to be a jolly-boat to those they are building now. Small, however, though she was, there was room enough in her for the expansion of much good feeling, and we were what is called a happy ship. The skipper was a plain, sensible man, very different from the common run of boobies, who fancy that every thing and man on board the ship is there for the sole purpose of swelling their own special pomp and dignity, and are always in dread lest they should knock out some of the stars with their numskulls. He liked to see the duty well done, and had sense enough to know that work done "with a will," as the old saying goes, is sure to be well done. Knowing this, he laid his plans to make officers and men as comfortable as the circumstances would permit. It would be tedious and useless to say how he set about it—how the stupid old Admiralty counterblast to tobacco was put by on a shelf to be taken care of, while smoking was allowed at all hours; how every comfort and convenience obtainable was at once put in requisition; and how every indulgence was granted, so that the duty was first well provided for. Suffice it, that the skipper's efforts, ably seconded by the officers as soon as they saw his aim, were crowned with triumphant success; and we arrived on our station, at the mouth of the Fraser River, in the Oregon territory, with the ship, officers, and ship's company, all in the very best of health and spirits.

'It was a glorious place. We had contrived to get the ship over the bar, and were lying about two miles up, surrounded on all sides by forest-clad hills and grassy valleys. Not far from us was a fort belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, to the officers of which the herds of half-wild horses that pastured in the valleys belonged. The woods teemed with game, and the water with fish; so that we never wanted a day's sport, nor a delicious addition to the dinner-table.

'For some time I gave myself up to a sporting-life. The officers of the Company had kindly given us leave and assistance to catch and break as many horses as we pleased, and I, with a couple of smart nags—on which my servant attended as groom—my gun, and my rod, with an occasional excursion into the land of poesy, was as happy as the day was long'—

'Got any of your poems now, major?' interrupted the paymaster. 'I should say you would beat Byron into fits. I had a messmate once who was a grand poet. Here are two of his lines—

Let's hurl these despots from their glittering thrones,
And make 'em eat unutterable bones.

Fine— isn't it? He repudiated the last line, and accused us of sticking it in; but that, you know, was only his modesty.'

'I sent the poems to a magazine; but the editor had no soul, and I have reason to believe he lit his pipe with them.'

'Ah, that shews there was fire in them, at any rate,' said the paymaster.

'Oh, shut up, Brooks, and let the major go on with his yarn,' exclaimed one of the audience.

'Well, to proceed,' continued the major. 'Many of our fellows were to visit at the fort; but I, being of a bashful and retiring nature, contented myself with smoking one cigar with the inhabitants, and then returned to my former amusements. I had become accustomed to the absence of ladies' society from necessity, and should have gone on happily and

prosperously until we left the place, had it not been for one unlucky day, and one deceitful purser.'

'The niece of the commanding-officer had lately arrived at the fort, and taken all hearts by storm. A blue-eyed, cherry-lipped, peach-cheeked, dimple-faced damsel of seventeen, whose clustering bright brown curls half hid'—

'Go it, major,' interrupted the paymaster; 'that's your sort. Gushing creature!'

The major gave him a look which ought to have turned him into stone, and then continued his narration.

'The purser and I were the first favourites with the young lady, and the rest were nowhere. I could come on shore oftener than he could, and, taking advantage of this, I was most assiduous in my attentions. I danced with her, I walked with her, I sang with her, I read poetry with her, and I began to *teach her drawing*. All went smoothly as a marriage-bell. The perfidious purser had scarcely the ghost of a chance; and I felt sure that the sight of me in my full uniform, when she came off to church, one Sunday, had completely finished the business. But (Ah—h—h!) "Man proposes, and Providence disposes." Let me hasten to a conclusion (Oh—h—h—h!) before my feelings get the better of me.

'A picnic-party had been got up, mainly through my exertions. We mustered about fifteen, including Miss Edwardson. The scene of our rural felicity was to be a small grassy glade in the thick forest, just where a fine headlong trout-stream came dashing down into the bay—about as delightful a spot as can well be imagined; and right merrily did we enjoy ourselves. Among the crowd of admirers that surrounded her (there were always eight or ten), Miss Edwardson distinguished none but me. The purser looked at me savagely—at her, dismally; and despite his natural buoyancy of spirits, was either silent, or spoke in monosyllables. As I observed his spirits declining, so did mine rise, until at last I had become quite the lion of the party. My wit sparkled under the approving eyes of that sweet girl; and as the wine passed round after our dinner, beside that glorious stream, I kept the table, or rather the tablecloth, in a roar; or, as the humour seized me, I got them into a sentimental mood, and set them thinking of their absent loves.

'We got to singing. The purser sang a song, the refrain of which was, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Ah—h—h! I remember it but too well. Many other fellows sang; and when it came, I gave them a beautiful little thing I had composed for the occasion, beginning—

O no! we never mention her;
She's lovely—she's sublime! &c.

Only I could not manage to keep out of *Ben Backstay* and *Cease, rude Boreas*, into which two songs I was constantly tumbling, owing to a defective, or, perhaps, a too retentive memory, assisted by sundry glasses of champagne, which I had taken to get my courage up to the popping-point. At last Miss Edwardson was prevailed upon to favour us, and she was getting on delightfully with *Love on, love on*, occasionally sending me up to the seventh heaven by a tender glance in the strong passages, when she suddenly broke off and exclaimed:

"Oh, oh! Oh, the darling! the love! Oh, the sweet pet! the beautiful creature! Oh, the little beauty!"

'She was either looking at me or over my shoulder. For a moment I really was ass enough to believe that her passion for me had turned her brain; but seeing Williams rise from the grass rather hastily, and observing that he was intently regarding some object behind my back as I reclined beside my charming

lady-love, I looked round, and there saw the cause of her exclamations. It was a beautiful little animal of the ermine species—at least so I thought, though its coat was pure white, and it had no black tip to its bushy tail. The impudent little wretch looked at us for a minute, and took it so easy that I began to think it must have been some escaped pet; and when Ellen sang out again: "Oh, Mr Guthrie—oh, see how tame it is!—oh, do catch it for me, please—oh, do!" I rose at once to do so. At the same moment, all the others rose. I saw that perfidious purser sign to them, and thought they were coming to assist. I did not notice till afterwards that they had all retreated in an opposite direction.

The little beast had taken up his station at the foot of a grand old tree. His stern was turned towards us, and he was quietly and complacently surveying us over his shoulder. I made a run at him, and my hand was nearly on him, when— Ah me! the remembrance of my reception by that abominable animal I shall never forget. The love, the darling, the pet, the beautiful little creature, was neither more nor less than a SKUNK! I was almost suffocated, I was entirely beside myself with rage. I fell down, I yelled, I rolled in the grass, I rubbed the skin off my face. I held my nose, but the terrible effluvia got in at my mouth; I shut my mouth, and it rushed in at my nose. I screamed for help, and one or two of the less-experienced of our party came running down towards me; but no sooner had they got within fifty yards, than, simultaneously gripping their noses, they ran as if the Old Gentleman was after them. I rushed after the party myself, still vainly holding my nose; but no sooner did I approach, than they turned and ran as if for the bare life.

I was intolerable to myself. The dreadful perfume nearly maddened me. All my rubbing and scrubbing only took the skin off, without giving me any relief. I tore off my coat and waistcoat, and rushed into the stream. There was a steep fall close at hand; and there, under the dashing water, with just my nose and mouth out to get air, I sat. I dared not move out. Only when covered with water was existence tolerable.

I had been there some time, when I heard a voice hailing. It was the purser's, and he was evidently holding his nose.

"Hi, Tommy, where are you?"

"Here," I answered in a most doleful tone—"here, under the water-fall."

"That was a skunk you tried to catch," he called out, keeping a respectful distance, and still holding his nose.

"Don't I know it, you confounded booby!"

"Oh, I thought you might like to know the creature's name, in case you should ever fall in with another. Pretty little things, ain't they? Can I do anything for you?"

"No," I replied savagely. "I'm going on board."

"On board!" exclaimed Williams. "Why, man, you'd clear the ship. Nothing can live within fifty yards of you, nor won't be able to for a fortnight to come. You don't know how strong you are."

"Don't I, though!" I thought, feeling at the same time that I was strong enough, in another sense, to give him a good thrashing, if I could only get out; but that was hopeless.

"How queer you look there, under glancing water—quite like a jolly old river-god. Well, look here. You can't go on board; you had better walk round the head of the bay until you come to a half-ruined hut which is there. There you will have to stay for a fortnight or three weeks; and if you keep in the water all the time, you will probably have ceased to be aromatic. At present, you know, you are dreadful. I'll send you round clean clothes, grub, liquor, and

any other necessaries. Good-bye! take care of yourself. You'll have a very quiet life; I almost envy you. Good-bye."

"I am almost sure I heard him stifling a laugh. Could I have proved it, this world should not have held us both much longer."

Three mortal weeks did I exist, a miserable outcast, in that wretched hut. At the end of the second week, a messenger, holding his nose, presented me with a small packet. On opening it, I found it to contain a small portion of cake, and two cards tied together with white ribbon. On the small one was the name "MR WILLIAMS, R.N.;" and on the larger one, "MRS WILLIAMS." My happiness was blasted for ever! I vowed from that time forth never, never more to love.

'Good-night; it's time for all reasonable people to be in bed,' said the major, suddenly changing his tone from a sentimental whine to his natural voice. 'Go to bed, then; and if you are good boys, I'll give you another spoon some other night.'

SILENT TEACHINGS.

WHILE overhead the rain-drops softly fell,
The sun sank slowly to his golden nest,
And myriad-tinted cloudlets seemed to tell
His gayest hues o'erspread the glowing west.
Sunshine and cloud so strangely mingled were,
That each made each appear more passing fair.

Far in the east—first like a snowy shroud
Preparing to enwrap the dying day,
Rose slowly in the heavens, a single cloud
With gradual darkening, till upon it lay
A mantle bright, of iris colours, spread
By setting sun and rain-drops overhead.

Only a fragment, yet how fair to view
The rainbow hues that decked the darkening sky;
While, as the gathering clouds the closer grew,
Each glorious tint assumed a deeper dye,
Till by a perfect arch the heavens were spanned;
A radiant coronet from God's own hand.

A lesson to my soul ye all have taught,
Rainbow and cloud, cool rain and glowing west;
Ye gave me comfort, when I little thought
Unspoken words could bid my spirit rest.
Gems of the sky I all silent though ye be,
A precious message have you brought to me.

Ye said: 'Not only must the sunbeam shine
Upon the gentle rain-drops as they fall,
But gathering clouds must with the twain combine:
The rainbow owes its being to them all.
Man's trials are but clouds, and, through his tears,
God's mercy like a glowing sun appears.'

'Whom our God loves, He chastens—clouds may come;
Trials may meet him in this world of care;
Yet are they sent to bring him nearer home:
God makes him fit for heaven, then takes him there.
As by each darkening cloud the bow is shown,
So, trials conquered, help to gem his crown.'

Last eve I prayed, 'Lord, take my clouds away;'
Now pray I, 'Lord, if needful, let them stay.'

R. B.

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THEIR REJECTED CONTRIBUTORS.

WE happen to have the advantage of the acquaintance of an editor of a London periodical, devoted, like our own to Literature, Science, and Arts; and he has favoured us with the following account of his Rejected Contributors. We do not apologise for this brief prefatory statement, since we would wish to avoid an imputation which must otherwise have arisen (and it must be confessed, not without some shadow of probability), that they were *our* rejected contributors whom we were making a pleasant little paper about. The conduct of Saturn in devouring his own progeny, would, indeed, compared to such an unnatural proceeding, be paternal and exemplary. Nay, in our opinion, the crime could have no parallel, except in the case—a purely hypothetical one, of course—of a young lady making public all the offers which she has received from love-sick men, and to which she has returned a negative. Fortunately, however, our editorial friend does not seem to be dowered with the same delicate feelings upon this matter, since he begins his extremely interesting communication with a sarcasm.

‘A very great number of our rejected contributors have long been ardently desirous of getting into print, and an opportunity is now afforded of their being gratified. As our own columns have been hitherto closed to them for various reasons, which we have communicated by private letter, and as they seem to find insuperable obstacles in other channels likewise, their present appearance in this journal will doubtless be a charming surprise. A. Z., for instance, good, persevering young fellow, your indomitable assiduity in posting manuscripts is rewarded at last. Do you think we do not know the whole list of periodical letter-boxes, the long muster-roll of magazine editors, whom those creased and inky papers of yours have visited in vain before they came to us? Or when, as often happens, we get them first of all, white as new-fallen snow, and neatly sewn together at the corners, do you imagine that we give credit to that complimentary threat of yours, that if our critical eye looks coldly on them, you will, out of respect to it, consign the rejected manuscript to the flames? Nay, nay; we do remember the time when we were ourselves contributors, and are well aware by personal experience how unalterable will be your own opinion of its merits, and what a noble contempt for us, your inadequate judges, you feel in the inmost depths of your youthful soul.

‘With B. Y. we have even a greater sympathy, for she is a lady-correspondent, charming in every way,

we are certain, and intellectual to a fault; while the ingenuousness with which she sends in her papers with the names of the offices of other journals scored all over them, like post-marks, and indicating all their journeyings as surely, is captivating indeed. How could we tell her, except in this indirect manner, that we do not consider more than one quotation from the French to be admissible in every three sentences of English, and that whole pages clean out of Mr Addison’s *Spectator*—and without any acknowledgment of the little plagiarism—are not quite what we or our readers desire.

‘What a legion of lady-correspondents, by the by, we have! Four females for every male at the very least, and—dare we confess it?—notwithstanding that disproportion, not more accepted manuscripts from the one sex than from the other!

‘And as we have begun upon statistics, it may here be stated that seven out of eight, perhaps, of all manuscripts are rejected; while one out of eighteen, or so, hangs, like Mohammed’s coffin, between the heaven of acceptance on the one hand, and the *hellus articulorum*, the box of rejection, upon the other.

‘Ninety-nine hundredths of the poetry—a thing we do not profess to return to its inspired owners—goes (not to speak without reverence) incontinently into the waste-basket at our feet. O Apollo, what metres we do get! What rhymes! What reams of blankest verse!—good for nothing but to make into paper-pillows for the insane. What first acts of never-to-be-completed tragedies! What torsos of epics! What Lines to Blank! What elegies! Nobody who is not an editor would believe what subjects will incite persons to write verse who have that weakness in their system, nor how very mild a form the unhappy distemper can assume! We have the neatest little pink manuscript in our possession at this moment, with filigree cardboard binding, and the following taking title: “Elegy upon a Puce-coloured Cat (pet of the authoress), which was drowned while angling for gudgeon, a fish of which it was particularly fond.” Conceive one hundred and forty verses upon this thrilling event stereotyped in our well-known periodical, and exported to the ends of the earth!

‘We mistrust all elegantly got-up communications. Some literary gentleman, who perhaps could not express his own ideas very legibly, has set the idea afloat that no man of genius can write so as to be read—that is to say, except by printers’ devils, who can read all author-type with ease, from the bold red-hot poker Roman, down to the *chiaro-scuro* Italian, or shower-of-rain style; and it is true enough that a neat handwriting does not very often accompany

good matter; but then, be it remembered, a man may write something exceedingly difficult to be deciphered, which is not necessarily worth the investigation after all; and to say truth, our very worst contributors are perhaps our very worst writers also. They dash off—they are kind enough to put us on our guard by saying so—they “dash off a few hurried thoughts in a leisure half-hour, which they hope and believe will be found very well adapted to our columns.” Their thoughts would give us far more trouble to properly express than they gave them in the thinking, while the arrangement of them is about as varied and as well linked together as a child's daisy-chain. We much regret that there is no punishment for these offenders more severe than that of ordinary rejection.

‘Next to these, for bad composition and inelegant style, are they who, on the contrary, embellish their papers with feats of penmanship; who depict a beautiful black eagle at the commencement of their high-flying communication, and a spilt ink-bottle, or other allegorical and pictorial finis, at the end. These persons may be good lithographers, draughtsmen, or civil engineers, perhaps; but the idea which they entertain of their being able to write literary papers is a mere monomania. Their brains are in their hands; their knowledge is at their finger-ends, but nowhere else. What is it to us that the most elaborate flourishes adorn each paragraph, and that the initial letters of their every chapter are a triumph of skilful penmanship? What is it to the reading public, who—our magazine not being an illustrated one—are never even aware of the fact?

‘Many of our contributors rest their claims to insertion upon grounds even less reasonable than these pictorial ones. One has no better reason for it than that his article “has been lately refused by a six-shilling quarterly;” another, than that he, the writer, is a magistrate and a deputy-lieutenant of his county! A very large class request, nay, demand, acceptance for what they allow to be very indifferent literature, on account of their youth; another, on account of their poverty. It is, allege the former, their first attempt in literature; we are quite at liberty to do what we please in the way of alteration; money, even, is not so much their object—“although, of course, some remuneration will be expected, since the labourer is worthy of his hire,” &c., &c.—as publication, and, eventually, fame. They have no doubt in their own minds of obtaining this last, for “they have long felt a something within them which seemed to say ‘Forward;’” and instead of consulting, as they should have done, their medical adviser upon such an unpleasant phenomenon, they write to us. We have been ever remarkable—they are so kind as to say—for a distinguished courtesy, and for extending the hand of fellowship to dawning genius; and they therefore trustingly consign their first-born—which is not generally a very little one—to our fostering hands. We shall find in it, they believe, some sparks of genius, some gleams of humour, some outbursts of natural passion, not unworthy, perhaps, of names better known than theirs. Our attention is especially directed to the fourteenth line of the second page of the seventh chapter, and after, where Melianda defies the treacherous Rudolph: if it does not remind us of Shakespeare, they shall be, they confess, somewhat disappointed. “They may be prejudiced, but the scene does certainly cause their own mind to revert involuntarily to that author. Finally, their address is, for the present, Post-office; through which, of course—is astonishing how keenly alive to the

practical these young geniuses are—money-orders can be conveniently communicated.

‘The subject of our poor contributors is a painful one. We are unable to persuade them that poverty, of itself, does not necessarily make them good writers; and that, though it may be the characteristic, more or less, of many good authors, it is not the sole characteristic; that we had far rather send them money out of our own pockets than ruin our periodical by the insertion of third-rate matter; that such a course would, indeed—if they contemplate writing for us in future—be fatal to themselves, as killing their goose to obtain a single golden egg. For the most part, this reasoning is quite thrown away upon our poor contributor, and seems to him hard measure cruelly paid. Nevertheless, we have much power, for good or ill,* in our hands with regard to these two last classes, and woe be to us if we abuse it, or, which is almost as bad, if we fail to use it.

‘When we ourselves were younger than at present, and not we at all, but Contributors, we have experienced editorial kindnesses such as were balm to our wounded spirit. The encouraging voice, the liberal hand, the valuable and gracefully offered suggestion, the kindly eyes reading our inmost thoughts from afar off, so well—we have known all these, not once only and in the same person, but oftentimes and in several. This profession of ours is sadly belied by the great army of rejected contributors; for not every one of us can deny with that grace which robs the disappointment of its sting. There are, it must be confessed, some editors who are simply abominable—We who it is quite as well should remain for ever anonymous; fellows who keep the stamps, and never send back the articles. We hear terrible things about them sometimes from our confidential contributors; those, for the most part, who have been admitted *once* into our columns, and are the most grateful and affectionate of all. C. X. writes to us: “The editor of the *Postage Stamp* [new illustrated magazine, just started in opposition to ours] is, I am afraid, an unmitigated snob; he has kept two very long papers of mine—which I begged him in the most moving terms to send back if he did not want them—for nearly three months, although I enclosed the stamps for their transmission. I have written four gentlemanly letters to him, each requesting the favour of just one line in reply; but the creature has never taken the slightest notice of them. What do you advise me to do with such a fellow as this?—P.S. I hope, by the by, that he is not a personal friend of your own!” C. X., acting upon our advice, wrote to the proprietors of the *Postage Stamp* next time, instead of to the editor, and got his papers at once. The We in this instance could not have had a very nice sense of editorial obligation, but such examples in the case of respectable periodicals, we are persuaded, are altogether exceptional.

‘Again, this non-return of manuscript is almost the only form of annoyance editors can indulge in, while contributors, be it remembered, have each a quiver full of obnoxious weapons at their free disposal. In the first place, a very large number of them are perpetually grating upon our feelings with their allusions to pecuniary compensation. One would have hoped that persons of literary pursuits, and even in most cases worshippers of the immortal Muse, would evince some delicacy in this matter, or, at all events, not be rudely importunate; whereas, unhappily, the very contrary is the case.

‘It would seem as though a large portion of our rejected contributors had been accepted in other places, so far as publication was concerned, but that that had been their sole reward. “We understand,” they write, “that you give pecuniary remuneration;” a phrase which has the appearance of being a “feeler,”

and implies that they rather expected we didn't. Some of the bolder sort offer us their valuable services "upon the usual terms," or "at your usual rate of remuneration;" they are even willing to become regular contributors, "if our scale of payment be such as they have been accustomed to;" by which expression they imagine that they have delicately hinted that in thus offering their assistance, they are prepared to suspend their daily contributions to the leading articles of the *Times*.

Our sensibilities are subject to severe shocks from the slavish rejected contributor in one direction, and from the insolent rejected contributor in another: the former absolutely goes down upon all-fours, degrades himself to the level of the beasts, so far as literary style will permit him, and grovels at our editorial feet in hopes that we will be moved thereby to insert his papers. He well knows, he says, that his works are worthless, and his ideas contemptible; still, if we would only be so good as to print them, it would be so very nice and comfortable. Sometimes, when he has obtained possession of our name, he professes to be intimately acquainted with our published writings, and will quote from them in his letters with a suspicious frequency; or he has scraped acquaintance with our second-cousin's aunt by marriage, and pressing that circumstance upon our notice, as though it conferred on him the rights of blood-relationship, insists upon all the advantages of nepotism. The fervour with which this species of contributor inquires after our health could scarcely be exceeded if he were in receipt—which is by no means the case—of an annuity dependent upon our own life.

Our insolent contributor is, after his peculiar fashion, scarcely less objectionable: he sends a short paper, which he cannot think we shall be so foolish as to decline, upon the wonders of the sea-shore; he was induced to do so through reading one upon the same subject (we wrote it ourselves) in our last month's number, which he thought inadequate and stupid; or, he transmits us a circular map of the country ten miles around Bullock Smithy—his dwelling-place—which he requests us to lithograph and put in our magazine, as being a scientific novelty, and of the greatest public importance; or he brings a heavy bundle of manuscript *in propria persona* to our office, and announces his intention of waiting there until we shall have pronounced a favourable verdict upon the performance; or he sends us a duplicate of something that he has already sent to another periodical, and apologises for the confusion that ensues in consequence, upon the ground that "nobody could have expected that we should have both accepted it;" or, he cunningly varies the beginnings of the said article, and, ostrich-like, imagines that he has thus escaped discovery, while the identical tail of the story appears in a rival journal, coincidentally, or—still worse—appears there first, and in our own afterwards; or, professing originality, he translates *verbatim* from the German, and protests upon his word and honour, that the thing is but an accidental coincidence, and that the same idea—in seven chapters—must have occurred to himself and to the Teutonic author independently.

The slavish contributor, as may be expected, not unfrequently assumes the insolent form. Goaded to madness by the continuous rejection of his papers, he throws off upon a sudden his ill-fitting mask of humility, and indulges, with a vengeance, in the most natural and unrestrained expressions. He gives us what he is pleased to term "a piece of his mind;" and we must say, judging from that specimen, that we do not think highly of the remainder. A bard who had sent us again and again the most terrible trash, with a shilling volume of published crudities as well,

was for months a humble suppliant at the editorial shrine; when suddenly he changed his tender appeal to passionate diatribe, and accused us of not "only being fools, but knaves." "At least," said he, "you might have returned my little volume, or enclosed the dozen stamps which represent—in your miserable commercial sense, that is—its value."

On another occasion, an individual represented to us that he possessed the highest genius, but had failed as yet in getting any recognition of it; that he was poor, and had others dependent upon him. We therefore promised to do our best to serve him, in revising his performances. He sent us about four hundred-weight of manuscript, and we spent an entire day in endeavouring to discover one grain of merit in all that mountain of chaff. Failing in this, we wrote him a kind, but firm expostulatory letter, regretting our inability to help him, and pointing out that literature was the last path in the world which he ought to follow, since it must needs lead him, without the possibility of escape, to disappointment and sheer loss. By return of post, we received a furious invective, protesting against our arrogance and presumption, and perorating with as neat a posy of abusive and outrageous epithets as could be culled in Billingsgate Garden.

We are in the continual receipt of the most paternal advice, ourselves, with regard to the conduct of our magazine. We have been denominated in the same week ribald and exemplary; been warned against unseemly levity, and adjured to mix a little more lightness with our—doubtless, correct—information. Once or twice a pastoral communication has been received, entreating us to pay more attention to the health of our—the editorial—soul.

Letters are now and then addressed to us which bear, even on their envelopes, specimens of the nature of the sad stuff within; blasphemous remarks enough to make the postman shudder are distributed outside like franks, and are supposed, we think, by the maniac who writes them—since he never prepays it—to take his communication free. The contents of these are generally a scheme for some new religion, or a project for running locomotives to the moon, often printed in three or four languages, and addressed magniloquently to all nations upon the terrestrial globe. The promoters of these blessings to civilisation adjure us, in bad grammar and worse spelling, to use our editorial efforts in their favour, threatening, if we refuse their spiritual commands, to consign us to Gehenna; if their temporal, to take an early opportunity of "potting" us with a revolver that has never yet missed its aim. At first, we were a good deal alarmed by this kind of missive, and were wont to take considerable draughts at that sherry which we keep in the literary pigeon-hole devoted to "Miscellanies," whenever we heard any strange step upon the office stairs; but we have been long convinced that these lunatic persons have all a very sane and healthy dread of the police.

We have a much greater horror of another class of contributor, who is, unhappily, not always a rejected one; these will sometimes send us a most amusing and striking account of the supposititious inhabitants of an imaginary town, with fictitious parson, lawyer, doctor, and their mythic female relatives complete; an epitome of life, most naturally imagined and described; when, lo and behold! after we have published it, we find the town to have a very real existence indeed, and to possess a matter-of-fact post-office, through which the most indignant epistles from flesh and blood, "alive and kicking" personages, flow ceaselessly for weeks.

Or, worse still, some *cause célèbre* is transmitted to us, dug to all appearance out of the lay-mines of the past, but furbished and tricked out ingeniously so as

to possess a present interest; which narrative has no sooner made its appearance in our columns than we receive an intimation from some unknown injured party, that we have striven to prejudice a case about to be brought before a law-court, have thereby subjected ourselves to an action for libel, and are requested to name our solicitor.

Such cases as these, however, occur but rarely; or, at all events, our pleasures more than compensate us for our pains. Our editorial life, it cannot be denied, is upon the whole an easy one. The unavoidable enmities which we incur with unreasonable people, are but few; the friendships which we make are many, and of the pleasantest sort, born, as they are, of interchange of kindly feeling, and based upon common sympathies and tastes.

Our accepted contributors, by whom the fame and glory of our periodical is maintained and defended, are drawn from every rank and condition of man (and woman); and so are our rejected contributors.

The professed *littérateurs* have, poor fellows, all the world for their rivals. Next to them, clergymen are certainly our most prolific contributors, and they write upon every subject under heaven, as well, of course, upon heaven itself, as it is their duty to do.

Then comes the great array of briefless barristers; the host of doctors in inextensive practice; with a fair battalion of military, and a smaller squadron of nautical men: the intelligent mechanic class is perhaps the next numerous. Then, but in far less numbers, persons of a very humble means, with an interesting life-experience, who can rarely give us more than a single paper; and who, encouraged by the success of their first attempt, become, chronically, rejected contributors: the penultimate class of correspondents—numerically speaking—is that of government officials; and the last of all is the aristocracy.

Nevertheless, a countless supplies us with the most exquisite verses that we can get, one other of our authoresses alone excepted—who is a washerwoman. A nobleman gives us as lively descriptions of foreign travel as we can possibly obtain, and is only rivalled by another contributor who has had a still longer alien experience—as a compulsory resident in Van Diemen's Land. Among such different phases of society, it would be strange, indeed, if we did not make acquaintances who ripen into friends, to whom the We is dropped, and the editor is lost in the man. We are thankful to say that such has been the case with us in many instances. Nay, we have often met with the most patient forbearance, and the very gentlest treatment, even from our rejected contributors themselves. To one, who, after a very downy letter from us returning an article, sent us an invitation to his box for the shooting-season, we take this opportunity of publicly expressing the sense we entertain, not merely of his hospitality, but his magnanimity. To a whole class, in all sincerity, we publicly declare, as we have often affirmed privately, that it pains us to return their papers far more than it grieves them to receive them; and that we not only wish them well, but wish them—their papers, so that they be Rejected Contributors no more—far, far better.

Thus far the London editor. What different experience might we of the Metropolis of the North reveal—did we think it consistent with our dignity! But is it for us to speak of the hampers of wine, the baskets of game, the wedges of wedding-cake, the two-pound notes to be used at our discretion for charitable purposes! Why, our rejected contributors, who hope at all remains to them, are meat and drink. But what are we saying? We have said—or rather the London Editor has done his worst. There is nothing to add except a postscript, referring

to a private transaction, which does not concern the general reader:

X.Y. is informed that the *madeira* is come to hand quite safely. The manuscript is unavoidably returned.

HERBS—THE TRUTH ABOUT THEM.

CULTIVATION is driving away many of our favourite wild flowering-plants—a result to be regretted, for more than poetical reasons, by those who still cherish the faith of the old herbalists. For some long time past, this faith in medicinal herbs has suffered decay; but lately seems to have revived, at least in certain places. Remnants of the old creed may still be found in the herbalists' shops in several towns. We have noticed them especially in Derby and Manchester; and in the cottages of the poor, it is not uncommon to find, beside the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a copy of twaddling old Culpepper's *Herbal*. We shall not endeavour to defend a faith that must pass away, or to screen lowly herbs of supposed medicinal powers from the cruel scrutiny of modern science. It is to be feared that such medicines as tansy, yarrow, and agrimony will have but a poor chance when tried against quinine. But censure and scepticism have often been indiscriminate, and doubt, like belief, has often arisen from ignorance. An examination of the supposed virtues of several of our indigenous plants might not only lead to some good practical results, but would also be serviceable as a good exercise of cautious scientific inquiry.

We may invite the attention of readers to a few of our own observations, on the ground that we shall copy nothing from books, and that we shall write in English, laying aside all long botanical terms—in several instances, longer than the plants described. We shall tell only what we have tried, observed, or heard from good witnesses of the virtues of herbs. We have confirmed our own preference for southing by drinking the tea brewed from ground-ivy, sweet woodruff, wood-betony, and many other plants recommended by old Gerharde and Culpepper. We know too well the acerbities of centaury, wormwood, and bogbean, and in many other instances are able to give lessons derived from 'bitter experience.' We have eaten dandelion salads and meat dressed with savoury, and unsavoury, wild pot-herbs. More than this, we have made experiments on the poisons, and have tried the virtues of hemlock, two sorts of nightshade—the black and the woody—the berries of the white and the black briony, and the pungent root of the wild arum, or 'wake-robin.' On these grounds, we claim the privilege of giving a little advice to all who care to know more than the colours of our flowers of the field. Our first dose of advice must be—never laugh at ignorance until you understand it. There is often a kernel of fact under the shell of a crude theory. Nothing can be easier than to explain the reputation once attained by many of our harmless, or slightly medicinal herbs. Go back to the time when these lowly plants—such as docks and scurvy-grass—first acquired their fame. Four hundred years ago—and the medicinal use of our field-flowers is probably as old—the rustic people of England were by no means ill fed. They had plenty of salt-beef and pork, with stock-fish for Lent—stock-fish, but no parsnips; boiled salt-beef, but no greens. At Christmas, they revelled in brawn and mince-pies; but even in summer, they had no cabbages, nor potatoes. They had plenty of strong ale, and loved it so well as to give it thirty or forty endearing names; but they had neither tea, nor coffee, nor cocoa. This was a strong and salty diet, and no doubt had a scorbutic tendency—hence the reputation of so many lowly herbs. To a gourmand who had plenty of salt-beef and pork, but was destitute of cabbage, any harmless green

plant, such as our wild mustard or 'cherlock,' would certainly be salutary. Then, naturally enough, the general virtues of fresh herbs, taken in such circumstances, were mistaken for special; and hence the reputation of such plants as our common dock, the burdock, and the butterbur—the last-named frequently used in time of the plague.

Again, in many slight cases of indisposition, what are our most certain means of cure? Next to fresh air and exercise, with light diet and the bath, we may name mild laxative or diaphoretic medicines; and these may certainly be found among our indigenous plants. It is highly probable that when a working-man, who has suffered from exposure to cold, lies by a day or two, and rests and promotes perspiration by drinking 'balm-tea,' he will find the benefit of such a simple course of treatment. Instead of the 'balm,' several other herbs might be substituted with the same effect, or he may drink a mixture of congou and souchong, if he can get it. 'If he can get it!' a comfortable reader may exclaim—'surely every Englishman can get a cup of tea.' O no! Our botanical rambles have made us acquainted with the fact, that even in fertile districts there are labourers who scarcely know the taste of tea. 'I drink balm-tea,' said a lank, bony man with whom we talked not long ago—and it is very rarely that my wife has a taste of shop-tea.' The spread of gardening has superseded the use of wild pot-herbs, and even in rural districts there are probably few who could safely gather them. On only one occasion have we seen and tasted a dinner of meat served with wild pot-herbs—'sauce-alone' and 'cherlock,' both belonging to the mustard tribe—the former tasting rather like garlic, the latter (the plant that makes cornfields yellow) not unpleasant when tender. To borrow old Culpepper's style, you may use these pot-herbs with singular benefit, when you can get no cabbages.

Enough has been said to explain the general virtues ascribed to our native plants. In writing of their special virtues, we regret the necessity of hurting the reputation so long enjoyed by many an old acquaintance. First, we may mention a few harmless plants of uncertain medicinal power, and then notice a few of our more potent British herbs.

Everybody can recognise the lip-shaped flowers of mint and lavender. These fragrant plants are well-known types of a numerous tribe dwelling in our fields and woods, all having a considerable family likeness in their qualities, as well as in their aspects. All are harmless; several are pleasant, both to taste and smell. They are generally diaphoretic; that is to say, promote perspiration, when taken as tea. In these few words we condense volumes of the laudation bestowed by old herbalists on many members of the tribe now under notice. There is, for example, one lowly, hardy little fellow, who runs on the ground all the year through, save in mid-winter, and may be easily known by his rounded leaves and bluish-purple flowers, with a not unpleasant scent. This is the 'ground-ivy,' or 'Gill-go-by-ground;' but as an old favourite, he has many other names, such as 'alehoof,' 'catsfoot,' and 'turnhoof.' In old times, this plant was used to flavour ale. It was commonly sold in the streets of London, and ought to be now, if a title of the praise bestowed upon it be true; for 'it wonderfully cheereth the heart, and driveth away melancholy.' In one respect it resembles the great medicinal agents, air, light, and water—it may be found almost everywhere. Let the dyspeptic, long in the populous city pent, take no pills, but walk to Hampstead or Highgate, or, turning south, to Lewisham and Brockley, and gather ground-ivy. The walk will do him good, and 'Gill-go-by-ground' will do him no harm. That is all we can safely say, after drinking several pints of British souchong, having

ground-ivy as a basis. A similar verdict must be passed on its relatives, 'wood-betony,' 'the 'bugle,' 'clary,' and 'calamint.'

To pass to another well-known tribe, very serviceable in the kitchen. We subscribe to the praise bestowed on 'hedge-mustard' and 'sauce-alone,' as medicines for a cough. The 'cherlock,' already mentioned, is a wholesome pot-herb. Our common mustard and cress, water-cresses and brooklime, belong to this tribe, of which no specimen is poisonous, while several are very wholesome. It is worth knowing that, wherever you find a flower like a single wall-flower, or like the flower of the turnip, made of four petals and with six stamens—two opposite shorter than the others—the plant is wholesome, though it may be unpleasant. A knowledge of this little fact would have enabled seamen on long voyages to find on many islands, wild but wholesome greens, to qualify their salt junk.

To leave the mustard tribe. The wild rose that makes our hedges gay is the type of many British plants having slight astringent properties, but by no means worthy of all the praises bestowed on them as medicinal agents. We are sorry to hurt the character of a lowly and rather fragrant herb, but experience warrants us in saying that 'agrimony' is little better than a sham as a cure for the gout. It is still believed in by gipsies and many rustic people.

In terms of higher respect we may speak of more positive agents, such as our English bitters—the centaury, the bogbean, and wormwood. That is an alpine species of wormwood, of which the stomachic liqueur, *absinthe*, is made. Our own plant has not such a pleasant bitter.

Everybody knows the dandelion, and has seen marigolds—if only in mutton-broth. These common flowers are types of a very numerous family of plants, all bearing compound flowers, consisting of many flowerets set on a disk, and all having a considerable family likeness in their properties. Their taste is commonly warm and bitter, as may be instanced in tansy and chamomile. The butterbur, belonging to this tribe, grows commonly on the banks of rivers, and has a larger leaf than any other English plant, excepting the cultivated rhubarb. It was used—and probably with some good effect—as an external application in the time of the plague, and is strongly recommended by the old herbalists as a 'great strengthener of the heart and clearer of the vital spirits.' Like the coltsfoot, it puts forth its flowers some time before its leaves appear. We can say nothing of its merits. Another well-known plant of the same family is the burdock, growing commonly on roadsides, where it stays as if loving the dusty highway; for we have often seen it skirting a road, yet never straying to better soil in the field beyond the hedge. It is the plant from which boys pluck the burs that stick so well to the traveller's coat. We have known a rustic medical botanist who used no other remedy than a strong decoction of the burdock. 'One glass,' said he, 'is tonic; two are diaphoretic; three, emetic; and four—we forget what four would do. We tried it, and found it nauseously bitter, with no better effects than might have followed a dose of chamomile tea.'

To turn to plants of more formidable qualities. The nightshades have an alarming name, and are regarded with great suspicion, mainly owing to the very bad character of one member of the family—the deadly nightshade or *belladonna*. This is the plant possessing the property of causing a fixed dilation of the pupil of the eye, and for this reason it is employed in surgery. Very few persons have ever seen the *belladonna*, marked by its bell-shaped flowers and jet-black berries, like small cherries. The plant commonly mistaken for deadly nightshade is, in fact, the woody nightshade, or 'bitter-sweet,' very commonly found

trailing along the hedges in many localities. Its flowers are dark blue or purple, with a prominent centre of bright yellow. Though we would caution the inquirer against tampering with any nightshade, it is only fair to say that our own experiments with this species have by no means convinced us that it is noxious. The black nightshade common in neglected gardens, ought to be well known, as children might eat its berries. The leaf may be popularly described as like that of the alder; and the white flowers, of four small petals, with a yellow centre, are followed by pendulous green berries. We have known a case of frequent eating of these berries without any bad result; but let this fact lead to no rash experiment. Describing this plant, old Culpepper for once writes sensibly. 'Have a care,' says he, 'you mistake not the deadly nightshade for this; if you know it not, you may let them both alone, and you will take no harm.'

Two of our most common poisonous plants are the brionies, white and black—the white belonging to the gourd tribe; the black, our only English representative of the yam. The roots of both are so large and sappy that we might wish, in a time of potato-failure, they could be made edible; but this, we fear, is a far-off result of culture, though we have great faith in its power over plants in some degree poisonous. As the result of our experiments on the two brionies—or rather of their experiments upon us—we must say again, with Culpepper, 'you may let them both alone, and you will take no harm.' With great suspicion and caution, every student who would extend our knowledge of medical botany must approach all plants having their flower-stalks arranged as the stretchers of an umbrella. Of this extensive order—very difficult to be known thoroughly—the hemlock is the most notable type. We have tried it, but will say no more of it than that it is a valuable medicine when employed by skilful hands. A solitary plant, having no British relatives, is the arum or 'cuckoo-pint,' well known to children as 'lords and ladies.' It appears early in the spring, with very glossy dark-green leaves, and its root, about the size of a small potato, contains a nutritive starch mixed with the volatile acrid juice that makes the whole plant poisonous. Tragus, an old herbalist, coolly recommends you to take, occasionally, a dram of the fresh root; but we earnestly say, do nothing of the kind. The effect of a mere taste on the mouth and throat is something like Cayenne pepper mixed with strong ammonia, and a fair quantity of fine needles. Yet, when the acrid juice is dried away, we can make a wholesome biscuit of the starch in the root. We must pass undescribed the beautiful foxglove and all the lowlier plants of its tribe, and must leave under a general suspicion all the flowers really like buttercups—that is, having the same arrangement of petals and stamens; but it is fair to say that while so many plants in our fields and hedgerows are labelled noxious, a more dangerous plant, of the buttercup tribe, holds a respectable position in society with roses and geraniums in our gardens. This is the terrible monkshood, without question the most acrid and dangerous of all our British plants. We would advise all who grow flowers and esculent vegetables in the same garden to extirpate this flower, easily known by its uppermost petal of lurid blue, brought over the lower petals in the shape of a cowl or helmet.

The result of all our experience must fail to please the enthusiastic amateur herbalist; for we divide British plants with regard to their medicinal properties, into two classes—the first, harmless, and almost or quite useless; the second, potent and dangerous. Our harmless friends must not be trusted in any case of serious illness, and their powerful neighbours are too violent to be handled by amateur practitioners. We

trust, therefore, the tendency of this paper will be to destroy the popular faith in Culpepper and his school. A little has been said in favour of the several tribes represented by the well-known herbs, mint, wild mustard, and wormwood; while, on the other side, we have pointed out the dangerous tribes instanced in the nightshades, the brionies, arum, hemlock, and foxglove. Here our medical British botany ends.

But if we cannot encourage the student to go in search of medicines into the woods and on the hills, still let him go, and he may find something better than medicine—the art of living without it. And the study of our wild-flowers may be commended, not only as wholesome exercise, but as an admirable training of correct observation and memory. Our first duty, with regard to mental culture, is to observe and know the facts around us. After this we may imagine more than we know—that is poetry; and lastly, we may endeavour to find general rules under which all our knowledge may be reduced—that is philosophy. Now, too many young minds begin and end with imagination; and for these the study of any science is a good discipline, while botany may be especially commended; for while it will sharpen their talents for observation, it will by no means depress any true poetical powers they may possess. On the contrary, the study of our wild-flowers, and of the soils and localities where they grow, may supply true and lively imagery to the poet and the painter. Of all our poets, how few have proved themselves true observers of nature! With regard to their treatment of the flowers of the field, we can mention with special commendation only three—how unlike in other respects!—Clare; Crabbe, who gives so well the flora of the oozy salt-marshes; and Tennyson, who notices how 'witch-elms' counter-change the floor of a lawn 'with dusk and bright,' who speaks of 'blasts that blow the poplar white,' and, in short, always gives proof of a keen observation of air and sky, and woods and meadows. To turn to the painters, the flowers of the field have many complaints to make. Why should a painter of English landscape trouble himself to invent some fantastic climbing-plant, when we have, ready made for him, such a beauty as the lusty, black briony, rampant in our hedges? What can be more beautiful than its intense green glossy leaves in summer, or its hanging clusters of bright ruddy coral, mingled with green berries, among the feathers of the clematis in autumn? Go to the woods and hedges, painters! Without a word to depreciate the ideal, surely the real is one element even in the highest art; and when the real is beautiful, let it be truly copied. We have no patience with the designers of unreal patterns that make our papered walls and our draperies ridiculous with all kinds of impossible and nonsensical plants that never were and never will be created, while the living beauties of our woodlands are neglected. We have seen groups of gipsies in many paintings, but rarely or never have we seen a gipsy encampment under a true English hedge, printed in all its summer luxuriance. We will venture to say that such queries as, 'What plants are most commonly found by a hedge in one of our midland limestone counties?' or, 'What are the characteristic flowers found, in June, in a ravine of the mountain limestone—in Yorkshire, for example?' would puzzle too many of our landscape-painters. Hence we find, in sunny, luxuriant meadows—of the painter's world—flowers and leaves that rather love the dusk side of the wood or the cleft of the rock. Or if we find such a charming flower as the small centaury, truly located in some woodland glade, it is probable that all its pink blossoms are as wide-awake as daisies, while the sky is so cloudy, that the light-loving flower would, in fact, never open its petals at

such a time; or we find, in the same world of dreams, luxuriant trees growing on rounded, chalky downs, where they do not grow; or streams rippling in hollows and valleys of the chalk, where dryness and short grass would be characteristic; or grand scars and chasms in rocks of a structure not liable to such fissures; or growing beside rifted gray rocks that would indicate 'the great scar limestone,' fine elms and poplars that should rather be flourishing on our midland clays and limestones, beside the lazily winding Ouse, with all its white water-lilies. All these errors might be corrected by an occasional botanical ramble.

Having said enough to abate the ancient reputation of wild-flowers, regarded as medicinal agents, we would gladly make amends by recommending them to all who love beauty. We believe, with the herbalists, that many of their simples will 'expel melancholy'—a disease that seems to have been very prevalent in old Gerharde's times; but we differ as to the *modus operandi*. Go find them; learn to recognise them, draw and paint them. This will be better than using them in the form of an electuary or decoction. Not long ago, we were talking with a rural herbalist—a little withered old man, with a boundless faith in the virtues of 'mugwort' and 'the melancholy thistle.' We had expressed our doubts of such remedies for the spleen and the headache. 'If these herbs are not good for man,' said he, 'why were they made?' 'They were made to be studied and painted,' said we, leaving the profound disciple of Culpepper astonished by our simple and childlike creed.

A few words more to end this gossip. Let us appease the fears of the tyro who has opened a botanical book, and has been frightened by some such word as *monochlamydeæ*. A fair knowledge of our wild plants may be had without remembering all the hard long names so incongruously married to pretty flowers. Let not the tyro imagine that every flower with its long label must be learned separately. You find a lowly plant—the cuckoo-flower, or ladies' smock, of four petals and six stamens (the tiny threads or filaments in the centre)—of the latter, two opposite each other are shorter than the rest. This is a type of the tribe called, in plain English, cross-shaped, on account of the arrangement of the four petals. Now, to remember this may seem trouble enough for the sake of an introduction to one little flower with blushing white petals; but—mark this, tyro—you have already learned to recognise not only the cuckoo-flower that blows in May, but also a whole numerous and very important tribe of plants distributed over the world. And, in a few words more, you may learn something of their properties. They are all in some degree like mustard and water-cresses—all harmless, though often pungent to the taste, in many instances medicinal, and supplying, by culture, not a few of our best esculent vegetables. Is not this a rapid mode of learning? You can already gather safely a wild salad in any part of the world. Now, to use long words, this is a first lesson, short and easy enough, in 'descriptive, medical, and economical botany.' Will you take another? Then pull a buttercup. Count its petals—the yellow varnished leaflets that make the flower—and mark the arrangement of the sepals—the green leaflets just under the petals. Notice now the numerous stamens rising from the disk or centre. You may suspect as poisonous, though pretty, every flower made like that buttercup. But you may say with some reason, 'the apple-blossom is in several respects, though not in colour, like the buttercup and the anemone.' Yes; but notice again that the numerous stamens of the buttercup rise from the centre or disk. To prove it, pull away all the other parts of the flower. You have left the stamens all standing. Now try to do that with the apple-blossom,

or with any flower really like the apple-blossom. You cannot. Thus easily you have learned to make a clear distinction between two extensive orders of plants—one poisonous, while the other supplies apples, pears, and innumerable wholesome and delicious fruits. This, it must be confessed, is a rapid way of learning botany; and instances of such facility might be multiplied. You may easily acquire, during a summer afternoon's ramble, the names and chief characteristics of a dozen or more plants of the mint tribe, for example. Then be no longer contented to look with a vague, unintelligent eye on the flowers of the field, or to call the distinct beauties of a hundred old families all by one name—weeds. Surely there is some meaning in the faithful plants that, century after century, while our garden-flowers come and go like our fashions, return with every spring and summer, and change not while empires pass away. They belong to the great system of life of which we are but parts, and they contribute to and share in the welfare and the glory of the whole. As a German poet says:

Over the thirsting blade of grass
Hang the dark rain-clouds, and the rivers flow,
Yea—to refresh it—seas their billows roll.

So from prosaic old Culpepper, with all his sirups and decoctions 'to purge melancholy,' we have wandered to poetry, of which the dry old herbalist never dreamed; and this may warn us that we have rambled, for the present, far enough among the flowers of the field.

POUDRE ROSÉ.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

III.

TOWARDS evening on the same day, and whilst Adrienne was still in a manner stunned by the suddenness and magnitude of the event which had changed the aspect of her life, she received a message from the Abbé Morlaix, requesting to see her immediately, and alone. She obeyed the summons, and divined its meaning the moment she was in the abbé's presence. He wore his priest's stole; and a velvet cushion had been placed beside his chair. 'I have sent for you, Adrienne Beaudésert,' said he, 'on this day in which He, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, has visited this house with such sudden judgment, in the hope, the confidence, that at such a solemn moment you will not refuse or delay to lay bare your whole heart to God.'

The abbé's words and tone wounded the susceptibility of the young girl, who, with the *hauteur* inspired by conscious purity and innocence, answered that she had no present intention of placing herself under Monsieur l'Abbé Morlaix's spiritual superintendence. The abbé was enraged beyond all bounds by such a reply, and in the first movement of his anger, gave partial vent to the dreadful suspicions that had arisen in his mind. Mademoiselle Beaudésert only appeared to comprehend in his angry, menacing language and reproach, that she rejoiced at the death of Madame de Vautpré; and even that was too much for her shaken strength; and again losing consciousness, as in the morning, she would have fallen on the floor but for the dismayed and bewildered abbé. Directly assistance came, M. Morlaix left the room, and soon afterwards the château, to seek counsel as to what course, under the circumstances, he was bound to pursue.

Whatever that counsel may have been, remained unknown to those whom it must have chiefly concerned, since it was not, visibly at least, developed in action. The routine of the château went on as usual; and on the appointed day, the corpse of Madame la Baronne de Vautpré was borne in state to the vaults

of the Church of the Assumption, to be laid by the side of that of her nephew. The funeral display was yet more splendid—the catafalque more gorgeously emblematic of the dignity that lay rotting beneath its imposing upholstery, the crowd more dense, the oration more effective than on the former occasion; albeit the essentials of the show were identically the same in both cases: the same catafalque, only more splendidly bedizened; the same crowd in larger numbers; the same oration from the same text, 'Whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him;' skilfully amplified to include certain special admonitions, which found their way to at least one conscience, if it might be fairly so inferred from the convulsive sobbing of, ostensibly, the chief mourner amongst that throng of seeming mourners! The spectators whispered to each other that Mademoiselle Beaudésert was more violently affected than at her father's funeral; and some others of the more observing sort noticed that Jules Delpech, present with his son Paul, was again recognised by Madame de Vautpré's grand-niece, as she left the church; but this time with a start, shudder, a crimson suffusion of face and neck, rendered more striking by the instantly recurring paleness. What might that mean, coupled with the flashing looks interchanged by the father and son? A question that which Adrienne Beaudésert herself could not have answered, had she chosen to do so, except by saying, that since the death of Madame de Vautpré, immediately after drinking the chocolate in which poudre rosé had been mixed, the idea of the men who had provided her with the unholy drug—it was Paul Delpech who was in waiting for her with the sealed packet at the second interview, Mademoiselle Beaudésert being accompanied by Lisette Meudon—had been associated in her mind with images of death and sin! Lisette Meudon could have given a more plausible solution of the seeming mystery—namely, the conflict in mademoiselle's mind of pride and high station, with the suggestions of a romantic attachment to handsome Paul Delpech; and Lisette, a young woman of strong feeling, though lax in principle, would not have hesitated to give up the money recompense she was to receive of the Delpechs, were not her marriage with the amiable son of miserly old Simonet dependent thereon, if she might thereby have assisted in breaking the ignoble fetters in which a vagrant fancy, helped by cunning arts, had bound her gentle-minded mistress. But, alas! Lisette Meudon, keen and wary as she deemed herself, had been as fatally duped by those cunning arts as Adrienne Beaudésert herself. So at least confidently calculated the two Delpechs.

The death-rites duly celebrated, the affairs of life regained regard and prominence; and it was found that the large possessions of Madame la Baronne de Vautpré were secured to Adrienne Beaudésert, clogged by one condition only, that whosoever she married was to assume the name of Beaudésert; and it was also provided that during Adrienne's minority, Cardinal Retz and the Abbé Morlaix were to have a certain control over her expenditure—M. Morlaix to reside of right during that period at the Château d'Em, and to receive for life the same *honoraires* as had been paid him by the testatrix. The instruments by which the property was thus devolved had been executed only about three months previously.

The brilliant future that had so long eluded the grasp and mocked the hopes of Madame Beaudésert was at last more than realised, to her exuberant delight, unbounded exultation; and it was not very long before the dark, fitful fancies that haunted the imagination of mademoiselle, her daughter, were chased away, or superseded by the excitement attendant upon the novel and dazzling position to which Madame la Baronne's death had raised her.

The Abbé Morlaix, who kept himself very secluded, rarely interfered with the management of affairs; and Adrienne, with her prouder, more elated mother and sister, seemed never weary in realising to themselves, in a thousand ways, the intoxicating possession of riches, power, social supremacy. It was the acted fable, so far, of *the beggar on horseback*, with the catastrophe of the dizzying ride to come.

After three months' enjoyment of home splendours, however, *ennui* began to arise, and a lengthened tour was projected by the ladies, through Switzerland and Italy.

During those three months, the Delpechs had made no demonstration whatever. The father's timidity of temperament had operated to suspend the blow, the possible recoil of which might bring about his own destruction. *Might*—yes; but not if his brain retained its mastering, guiding power. After all, nothing *could* be wanting to insure success, but *l'audace, et encore de l'audace*.

'*Sacre bleu*—yes; we know that very well,' sullenly exclaimed Paul, who had heard that soliloquy, or one very like it, a hundred times before; 'but when the moment of action arrives, your heart is to be found in your shoes, if anywhere. It was worth while, truly, to venture so far, only to stop short when the prize was in sight—within hand-clutch, as you well know! Not long to remain so,' added the young man bitterly, 'for it is quite certain the Beaudéserts leave France for one, perhaps two years; but whether one or two, mademoiselle will not return, we may fully assure ourselves, says Lisette Meudon—the confiding simpleton she is, or, more correctly, has been.'

'You have seen Lisette Meudon?'

'I have seen Lisette Meudon, who, through me, returns the three Napoleons you once lent her, with her compliments, and a polite intimation that, for the future, she must decline the honour of our acquaintance.'

'The insolent baggage!'

'That polite and peremptory intimation,' continued Paul, 'did not prevent her from condoling with me upon the sad blight to my hopes caused by the discovery that Mademoiselle Beaudésert cares no more for my fascinating self than for any other of the country clods upon which the light of her countenance may have occasionally fallen.'

'And what, pray, may be the meaning of all that insolence?'

'The meaning is plain enough: la demoiselle Meudon, thanks to the powerful interposition of her mistress, will be Madame Claude Simonet in a day or two; elevated, therefore, above our position in life—and, *cent diables!* that is true, too,' added Paul Delpech, with an explosion of savage temper.

'True! Surely, Paul'—

'True—yes, certainly it is true,' interrupted the son, with a heat inflamed by the liquor he had been drinking, 'but it shall not be for long. Hear, now, my unalterable resolve, if you please, sir. Having striven so far, having sunk so deep, I at least will not hesitate at the final leap or plunge; and since you will not evoke the power you have acquired over Adrienne Beaudésert, I will do so myself; and but a few hours shall have passed before that young lady is made to thoroughly understand that the sole choice left her is between marriage with Paul Delpech, and public exposure, followed by shameful death!'

'You would fail, Paul—utterly fail,' trembled from the ashen lips of Jules Delpech. 'I—I, since you are so resolved, will set about the—the business at once—by letter first—obscure, preparatory hints, awakening preludes to the else overwhelming thunder-burst. Don't you think it will be best so, Paul?'

'As you please; only, if possible, get rid of your

coward fears. A bold, determined throw *must* win; but a shaking hand will lose both fortune and fair lady, skilfully as the dice have been loaded.'

Thus urged, Jules Delpech managed to screw his courage to the sticking-place; and Mademoiselle Beaudésert, whilst busied with preparations for the impending journey, was surprised and startled at receiving several brief notes—not disrespectfully phrased, but indirectly menacing in tone, subscribed D. 'D!' thought Adrienne—a child disporting itself in a parterre of gorgeous flowers, from amidst which a serpent suddenly uprears its flaming crest, delaying only to strike—'D! that must mean Delpech. What can he require of me? What shall I do?'

It was difficult to say. Lisette was unfortunately absent—just set off upon a wedding-trip to her relatives in Paris; and after considerable hesitation, arising from an unacknowledged dread lest the vague, shadowy terrors which the letters had excited in her own mind, should, were those letters submitted to the clearer, stronger vision of others, assume tangible shape and substance, Adrienne Beaudésert determined upon shewing them to her mother and sister.

'How absurdly nervous you are, Adrienne,' said Madame Beaudésert, after running them over. 'The man of whom you, silly goose, obtained that precious *poudre rosé*, wants to be handsomely paid for his nostrum; but, from a wholesome dread of the law, does not choose to distinctly specify the nature of his demand. *Voilà tout, chère fille.*'

'I hope so,' said Adrienne, only partly reassured; 'and yet, would that Lisette were here; she should go and conclude the affair at once.' Madame Beaudésert remarked that Lisette would be back again in quite sufficient time to attend to such a bagatelle; and changed the conversation to other topics.

Not, unhappy maiden, not to be so concluded even by clever and zealous Lisette, as the following note, received the next day, too plainly shewed: 'Mademoiselle Beaudésert, I have already sent you three letters, which, though only signed by the initial letter of my surname, must have been perfectly intelligible to you, requesting an interview at an address enclosed. Has the elevation to which mademoiselle has been so suddenly raised, *precisely eight days after her interesting conference with me, seven after that with my son*, turned her brain, blinding her to the fatal consequences of a refusal to reward, in the only manner reward is possible, the love, the devotion—at what cost evinced Mademoiselle Beaudésert too well knows—of that son? I demand, then, for the last time, a strictly private interview with Mademoiselle Beaudésert, to take place within the next twenty-four hours.—JULES DELPECH.'

'What, *maman*—what mean those wild looks, this pale face?' gasped Adrienne, as her mother, having glanced over the letter, stood transfixed as by the stroke of a dagger. 'Speak, or I'—

'My child—my precious innocent child,' interrupted the mother, clasping, straining Adrienne in her embrace, with terrified, convulsive tenderness; 'I see it, understand it all now. The villain of whom you had the—the *poudre rosé*, means, O God!—means to assert that you—you, beloved Adrienne—you, sweet, sinless child—knowingly obtained—obtained, under the pretence of *poudre rosé*, a drug of him to—to—O God! in heaven, can such things be?'

'What things?' exclaimed Clarisse. 'Speak, mother! You are killing Adrienne.'

'That—that Adrienne obtained a drug of him—to—to shorten the life of Madame de Vautpré.'

With those words, the flame-crested serpent leaped at Adrienne's throat, and life for a time forsook her. It was long before the distracted mother and sister could recall her to consciousness, and to what con-

sciousness, when successful? What else but this, that she, Adrienne Beaudésert, was the murderess of her relative and benefactress—in fact, though not, blessed be God, in purpose—that she held her life, and (minor, but still bitter consequence), the splendid position which had so lifted her up with pride, at the mercy of a miscreant whose forbearance could only be purchased, it seemed, by the abhorred pollution of a marriage. But no; she would die a thousand deaths first!

For all this, however, before the expiration of the stipulated twenty-four hours, a message reached Delpech to the effect that Mademoiselle Beaudésert wished to see him early in the forenoon of the morrow at the Château d'Enu.

The hoary-headed conspirator did not fail to attend at the time appointed, sprucely attired, and prepared with a number of carefully conned phrases in deprecation of the outburst of wrathful terror with which he expected to be assailed if the young lady or her mother had fathomed, and he could hardly believe they had *not* fathomed, the true purport of his menacing letters. 'But the first flash of the tempest over,' argued Jules Delpech, 'the stern necessity of the'—

The current of his thoughts was checked, and he himself staggered back in dismay from before the apparition, as it were, of Adrienne Beaudésert, who, with her face the colour of the loose white morning robe she wore, her hair in disorder, her eyes flaming with insane excitement, came swiftly towards him from a door which silently closed after her, grasped his arm, and whilst perusing his countenance with intensest scrutiny, said, in low, rapid, earnest accents:

'I have consented to see you, sir, not to defy, to curse you—human maledictions could not reach fiend-nature such as yours—but to say this: your object in inventing the horrible lie!—yes, lie, lie, lie! with which you have sought to stab my life, is, must be, money. Well, confess that it is a lie; give me proof, easy for you, that it is one; proof that Madame de Vautpré died—as she *did* die—a natural death, and I will secure to you the half of all I possess! 'The half, did I say? All, all, will I give in exchange for unstained life—in redemption of my else lost soul!'

Adrienne's voice ceased, not so the fierce inquisition of her eyes; and Jules Delpech, amazed and shaken by the wild distraction of her speech and aspect, could with difficulty stammer out, in low, husky under-tones, that Mademoiselle's own words betrayed a knowledge complete as his own—though not so much as hinted at in his letters of—of—the cause of Madame de Vautpré's death—of what the pretended *poudre rosé* really was.

As these words, slowly distilling from the man's poison-lips, fell upon Adrienne's ear, her erect, rigid form seemed to collapse, and presently tossing her arms distractedly in the air, she turned away with a scream of terror, made as if to flee from Delpech's presence, and was received in the embrace of her mother, who, with Clarisse, had been a trembling listener close without the door. Delpech, quite satisfied with his progress so far, now hastened to be gone, first, however, muttering to Madame Beaudésert, that such violence and agitation were absurd, uncalled for, as the profoundest secrecy would of course be observed—at all events, till a definite understanding was arrived at; and that there was not perhaps one great family in all France whose private archives, if brought to light, would not reveal secrets of a similar kind.

Mademoiselle Beaudésert did not leave her bed for many days after this; and Delpech's negotiation with the wretched family at the château—M. Morlaix, as it happened, was, fortunately or unfortunately, absent in Paris—was carried on through her mother.

The substantive position of the two parties, the Delphe and Beaudéserts, was set forth by Jules Delpch at those interviews, with a quiet coolness, derived from the poor lady's panic-fears, that looked courageous, bold-faced ruffianism.

Madame Beaudésert has since frequently declared, that whilst listening to Delpch's atrocious talk, she felt as in the actual presence of a fiend from the bottomless pit, specially commissioned to achieve the perdition, body and soul, of herself and children! Once or twice, indeed, the thought, piercing with momentary light the thick darkness, glanced across her mind, that it was surely impossible a man, however reckless, who had really committed the dread crime of murder, could speak of it with that calm cynicism, prate so glibly of the awful penalty he by his own shewing—if that shewing were true—had primarily incurred. But how to act upon that blessed hope? Write to already deeply prejudiced M. Morlaix, entreating his immediate return, and, upon his arrival, take counsel of his judgment, his knowledge of the ways of men, and, all too late, find Delpch's assertions confirmed! Impossible—utterly impossible to incur that tremendous risk—to desperately stake character, life, the innocent life of her child, upon that fearful issue!

Finally, for the suggestions of unreasoning fear prevailed, and Adrienne Beaudésert was at last subdued—terrorised into consenting to a compromise, by which it was settled that the civil and legally binding form of marriage was to be gone through by her and Paul Delpch—the blessing of the Church, unessential to the validity of the contract, she would not ask for such constrained, unnatural vows—immediately after which, and in accordance with the provisions of a solemn instrument subscribed and attested beforehand, the nominal wife and husband were to separate and remain strangers to each other for ever. Adrienne—till such time as arrangements could be made, without attracting too much public attention, for her seclusion for life in a convent—to inhabit with her relatives one wing of the château—the Delpchs the other; and the disposition of the property was settled by the same document, which Jules Delpch drew up in imposing wordy form. It was formally executed, and the civil marriage, it was agreed, should take place on that day's evening.

In the meantime, it had been industriously set about, that the seclusion of Mademoiselle Beaudésert, the anxiety and consternation observable in the demeanour of her mother and sister, were caused by the thwarted but obstinate determination of the young lady to wed one so far beneath her in station as Paul Delpch, with whom, it was asserted, she had all along been upon terms of secret lover-intimacy—one note addressed by her to the young man, appointing a private interview, had been seen by Madame Sabin, a most respectable person, well acquainted with her handwriting; and her impulsive, affectionate recognition of the elder Delpch amidst the crowd in the Church of the Assumption at her father's funeral, was cited as corroborative proof, if any were wanting, of the early, deep-rooted attachment which had gained strength and intensity with every day of her life! Scarcely anything else would, she may be sure, be talked of or written about by the gossips in the vicinage of the Château d'Em; and it thus fell out that Madame Claude Simonet, or Lisette, as I may continue to call her, heard, in Paris, of the astounding marriage on the very day the same intelligence reached M. Morlaix; the immediate result being, that Lisette and her husband and the abbé met a few hours afterwards at the bureau of the Lyon diligence, and were fellow, and exceedingly communicative, passengers during the journey homewards.

Instantly upon reaching the Château d'Em, M.

Morlaix demanded an audience of Mademoiselle Beaudésert. It was peremptorily refused, in accordance with an understanding come to with the Delpchs; and the half-demented abbé could only extract from Madame and Clarisse Beaudésert that Adrienne was determined upon the marriage, and would not suffer herself to be importuned upon the subject. M. Morlaix had next recourse to the lawyers, with equally disheartening result—the mother's consent, he was informed, being quite sufficient authorisation of her daughter's marriage, however opposed to it the trustees of the De Vautpré property during Mademoiselle Beaudésert's nonage might be. Lisette was equally, and from the same cause, unsuccessful in her efforts to obtain speech of her former mistress, and much more ferociously enraged thereat. But what to the purpose could be effected even by her sharp eyes and sharper tongue? she not knowing, not being able even to guess at the true motives prompting Mademoiselle Beaudésert's consent to such a marriage. She, however, quickly undeceived good Madame Sabin, wife of the medical gentleman who attended Madame de Vautpré in her last illness, as to the note supposed to have been addressed to Paul Delpch by Adrienne Beaudésert, confessing with shame and ceaseless iteration, that that was her own scheming handiwork. Lisette, moreover, loudly proclaimed her determination to be present, *plait à Dieu*, at the Hôtel de Ville, and have some conversation with mademoiselle before the abominable ceremony was proceeded with.

The affair wore the same menacing aspect on the afternoon of the day preceding that which was to witness the successful consummation of the Delpch conspiracy. It was the month of September, and growing so dark that Adrienne Beaudésert, still prostrate as well in body as in mind, could no longer read the *accord* that, as already stated, had been drawn up and signed by the contracting parties, and which she had been perusing and reperusing, in order to more completely satisfy herself that its clauses had been so plainly framed that there could be no after-denial of their true purport and meaning. Madame and Clarisse Beaudésert were present; and the latter, more by way of breaking the silence by saying something, than influenced by any serious apprehension, said:

'I suppose, dear Adrienne, that the condition of immediate separation conceded and subscribed to by those tiger-hearted Delpchs can, if necessary, be legally enforced?'

Lightning seemed to leap at the remark from Adrienne's darkened heavy eyes, and she glared at Clarisse as if the words had stabbed her. Mastering herself, she turned and hid her face in the pillows of the couch upon which she was reclining, was soon apparently asleep, and Madame Beaudésert withdrew with Clarisse upon tiptoe. They were no sooner gone, than Adrienne started up, made her way quietly to the library, selected a Lyon directory, made a memorandum with her pencil, and then ringing the bell, desired the answering servant to have a close carriage in waiting at the back entrance to the château within ten minutes.

'La Rue St Martin, Numéro 19—do you know it? The residence of M. l'Avocat Dufresne?' said Mademoiselle Beaudésert, in answer to the questioning bow of the coachman; and was immediately driven off.

M. l'Avocat Dufresne's new and interesting client was so thickly veiled and muffled up that, had she been personally known to him, he would have failed to recognise her, as she placed a heavy fee upon the table, and in a low trembling voice recited the conditions of the signed accord, suppressing names of course, and asked if such a pre-contract could be enforced against the possible opposition of the husband.

'Certainly not, mademoiselle. An accord stipulating that a husband shall not be a husband, is not worth the ink consumed in writing it out. That is, no doubt, very well known to some, at least, of the parties that have subscribed such a document.'

'Thank you, monsieur; that is all I require to know.'

Adrienne's mind was made up from that moment, nor did she feel the slightest irresolution as to the course she would follow, lead her whithersoever it might; to a shameful death, there could be little doubt, for the baffled Delpechs would in their rage be sure to persist in accusing her of criminal complicity in their dreadful crime; and circumstances would, it was useless to attempt concealing from herself, give colour and coherence to all they said. For all that, she would, and she exulted to think it was still possible to say she would now do her duty, leaving the result to God.'

Adrienne sat up late that night, busily occupied in writing; slept soundly the first time for many days; and rising with the dawn, sent her packet of papers, Delpech's letters included, to the Abbé Morlaix. The three ladies breakfasted as usual in Adrienne's chamber; and Madame and Clarisse Beaudésert were both struck—shocked, almost, by the cheerfulness visible in the aspect of the supposed bride, on that the hated, dreaded, marriage morning! Little, however, was said, and that little not relating to the matter pressing exclusively upon their minds, till a message was brought, announcing that the Messieurs Delpech were arrived, and waiting in the *grand salon*. It had been arranged, I should state, with the municipal authorities, that, in consideration of Mademoiselle Beaudésert's delicate state of health, the marriage formalities should be gone through at the château.

Madame Beaudésert and Clarisse, white, trembling in every limb with terror and horror, obeyed the implied summons; Adrienne promising to follow almost immediately. They found the two Delpechs, as stated, in the grand salon, both evidently in a state of great nervous excitement—the father more especially; and a moment after their own entrance, the Abbé Morlaix, with Lisette and her husband, came in from a further door. No sooner did Jules Delpech perceive the last comers, than, surprised out of all self-control, he made for the door by which he had entered, with the apparent purpose of escaping from the place, but found, to his thereby greatly increased consternation, that it was locked on the outside! 'What can all this mean?' gleamed from his flurried eyes, and stood out in large drops upon his forehead, as he again, perforce, fronted the company, now increased by the silent entrance of Adrienne Beaudésert, who, pale, calm, lustrous as Parian marble, took a seat between her agitated mother and sister. It was difficult to interpret the expression of Lisette's flushed features, but that of the abbé's naturally stern countenance was unmistakably grave, earnest, solemn.

'What is the purport of all this dumb show?' exclaimed the younger Delpech, assuming with some success a front of defiance. 'Where are the municipal officials? A priest is not required at these espousals!'

'There will be no espousals,' replied the abbé, 'between you, Paul Delpech, and Adrienne Beaudésert, now or hereafter.'

'Ha! Does, then, Mademoiselle Beaudésert dare—dare, I say, refuse to ratify her promise?'

'Yes; she dares refuse—*does* refuse to do so, at the peril, you know, of her life.' I know all, and from her.'

This announcement elicited cries of terror and dismay from Madame and Clarisse Beaudésert; Paul Delpech clamped a bitter malediction, and his fear-mastered father again distractedly essayed to open

the door, close to which he had remained standing. Adrienne alone was calm, unmoved; but—as for Lisette, she was only kept from instant and violent interference by a forbidding gesture from the abbé, and her husband's eager remonstrance: 'Doucement—doucement, bonne femme; thy turn will come presently, never fear!'

'It appears,' resumed M. Morlaix, 'from the papers I hold in my hand, that you, Jules and Paul Delpech, accuse Adrienne Beaudésert of having obtained of you a poisonous drug, named, for the occasion, *poudre rosé*, by which she destroyed the life of her aged relative, Madame de Vautpré. Is that so?'

'First, Monsieur l'Abbé,' exclaimed Paul Delpech, whose natural audacity was sustained by drink, early as it was, 'tell us by what right or authority you presume to ask such insolent questions?'

'I ask them in order to ascertain, before invoking justice, whether the horrible tale is or is not an invention.'

'We shall say nothing,' hastily interposed Delpech senior, forestalling his son's reply. He fancied the abbé was desirous of hushing up the matter after, if possible, relieving Mademoiselle Beaudésert's conscience of the burden that oppressed it. This thought gave him momentary courage.

'Are you aware that the punishment of the galleys awaits those who, for the sake of obtaining money or other advantages, invent and circulate false accusations?'

'*Prove* any accusation we have made to be false,' retorted Paul Delpech; 'and let me assure you, Monsieur l'Abbé, that you are playing with the life of your fair protégée. We should not, in any case, go to the scaffold alone, take my word for it.'

'That is not so certain,' replied the abbé, with unmovable sternness. 'Your wicked design may have miscarried; in fact, it did miscarry—in proof whereof, I have to inform you that a post-mortem examination, performed, at my instance, within twenty-four hours of death, clearly established the fact, that Madame de Vautpré died from natural causes only.'

A cry, a shout, a scream of women echoed those blessed words: Adrienne was in a moment clinging to the reverend speaker's knees; Madame Beaudésert seemed inclined to cast herself into his arms; Lisette, in a state of intense inflammation, shook her little fists at the cowering Delpechs, prevented only from transforming her threats into deeds by Claude's fast hold of her skirt, and iterated, 'Doucement—doucement, Lisette; it will be thy turn presently, never fear.'

'Calm yourself, my child,' said the abbé, as soon as he could make himself heard, and raising Adrienne, 'and you, Madame Beaudésert; the end of this matter is not yet.'

Paul Delpech, stunned, overborne for a while, reassured by a violent effort his previous effrontery, and said in a sneering tone: 'Then, monsieur, if your post-mortem examination was skilfully conducted, the *poudre rosé* was but an innocent, harmless powder after all; have it so, if you will—and now, *mon père*, you and I may as well leave this good company—for a time!'

'Not so fast, if you please; your intention may, I repeat, have been evil enough—the *poudre rosé* you furnished, a poisonous drug: that is quite another question, upon which Madame Claude Simonet here can throw some light.'

'Ha, ha! cursed rascals!' shouted Claude; 'now look to yourselves.'

'*Tais-toi*, Claude,' interrupted Lisette; 'this is what I have to say. For certain reasons, I had come to entertain strong suspicions of Messieurs Delpech; and I said to myself, after receiving, as I did, the packet of *poudre rosé*, nicely sealed up, from Paul Delpech: "Lisette, my girl, thou hast persuaded thy

unsuspecting young mistress to have secret dealings with two good-for-nothings—if there are any in France—it behoves thee, therefore, as an honest girl, to see no harm comes of it. Who knows what infernal drug this is which they palm off as *poudre rosé*? Not thou, Lisette; and therefore, to avoid all chance of evil, keep the sealed packet carefully locked up, and when mademoiselle asks thee for the magical *poudre rosé*, give her instead—well, what think you?—some of her own red *dentifrice*." Ha, ha! Messieurs les *empoisonneurs*, that disarranges your fine plans, does it? And look here, my friends! added Lisette, foaming over with exultation—'here is your precious packet, unopened, sealed up, just as you gave it me! and I hope, for your sakes, it will be found enough to poison a thousand horses!'

The exclamations that followed this speech must be left to the imagination, as well as Claude's obstreperous curvettings and gesticulations.

'There is nothing in the packet,' said the elder Delpoch, hoarsely, 'nothing but bean-flour. Let us go!'

'That fact must be first ascertained,' replied the abbé, 'till which time, you cannot leave the château. And now, dear child, and you, my friends, let us retire, and return God thanks for this great deliverance.'

The *poudre rosé* was nothing but coloured bean-flour; the Delpochs were, nevertheless, prosecuted for the conspiracy, and sentenced to severe punishments. Of the further domestic history of the distinguished French family, resident in the south of France, of which the foregoing narrative supplies a hastily sketched episode, I know nothing except from the French journals, wherein I have read of two marriages, and, I think, five births, but not, as yet, one death, having occurred among the descendants of the Beaudéserts.

A WORLD IN THE MARKET.

WHEN Christopher Columbus presented himself before John II. of Portugal, in the year 1484, and unfolded to him a plan for sailing out into the unknown western sea, in the expectation of thus reaching the Indies, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the monarch was for a time incredulous, and that his courtiers considered the enthusiast to be fanatical, if not altogether mad. For the project of finding land in this way was opposed to the accumulated prejudices of centuries. It was still believed by the mass of mankind, and by none more thoroughly than by the learned professors of the day, that the ocean was a flat disc, surrounded by the unfathomable to attempt that not only was it folly and madness voyager would retransit, but if crossed, the intrepid able monstrosity. On some unimagined and unimaginable entertained by a few. Yet more enlightened views were had, intimated his. Two centuries before, Dante the globe. And at relief in an unknown portion of of Columbus, the first very time, a contemporary *Morgante Maggiore*, the Florentine poet Pulci, in his concerning the Pillars, the devil say of the fable of Hercules:

Know that this th
The daring marine's story is false; his bark
The western wave, shall urge far o'er
Albeit the earth is as smooth and level plain;
Man was in ancient days yoked like a wheel.
And Hercules might thus, of grosser mould;
Beyond the limits he had vainly learn how far
The duldest sea-bout soon shall wing
Men shall descry another hemisphere, her way.
Since to one common centre all things tend,
So earth, by curious mystery divine, tend,
Well balanced hangs amid the starry spheres.
At our antipodes are cities, states, and spheres.
And through'd empires ne'er descried before.

That Columbus ever saw this passage, which so singularly anticipates his own discoveries and those of Copernicus, is not likely. But meanwhile he was not only dreaming, but working out a theory which was soon to be verified. Often as the story of his life has been told, it may be interesting to select from it a few facts illustrating the process by which he arrived at the discovery of the New World, and the difficulties with which he had to contend.

A native of Genoa, he entered on a nautical life at the age of fourteen, and seems to have been engaged, for about twenty years in the dangers and adventures which attended his profession during that troublous age. About the year 1470, we find him settled in Portugal as a chart-maker; and soon after he married the orphan daughter of Bartolomeo Moñis de Perestrello, a navigator of some note, who had shared largely in the Portuguese expeditions of discovery along the African coast. Having access to this man's journals and charts, and being in frequent communication with those sea-farers who were to be found in the neighbouring ports, and from whom he procured the most accurate information on all points connected with his business, his curiosity was aroused as to the immense ocean which stretched to the west. The history of the manner in which his theory of the Indies was developed is very unsatisfactory. Our only authority is his son and biographer, Ferdinand, who says that his father classified under three heads the reasons which led to his discovery. These were—1. The nature of things; 2. The authority of learned writers; 3. The reports of navigators.

Under the first head, he started with the principle of the Ptolemaic system that the earth is a globe. According to this view, the circumference at the equator was divided into twenty-four hours of fifteen degrees each. Sixteen hours, stretching from the Asiatic city of Thine to the Canary Islands, were known; the other eight, making one-third of the whole, were unaccounted for. He argued that some portion of this space would be occupied by the eastern extremity of Asia; the rest must be ocean, and might be traversed. The principle of his argument was quite correct; but he was led into a very evident error by the false calculations of the time. He supposed the globe to be much smaller than it really is; the known land occupied only one-third of the circumference. Had he known the real distance, perhaps even his great mind would have quailed before the immensity of the enterprise.

To support his argument, he adduced the opinions of learned writers, for from very early ages there had been a vague and floating notion that land did exist far to the west of Spain. Among others, Seneca, in his *Medea*, distinctly prophesies that 'there will come an age in later years when the ocean will loose the bonds of things, and a great country be discovered; for another, like Typhus, shall lay bare a new world, and Thule shall no longer be the extremity of the earth.' Strabo also asserted that the ocean bathes India—that name being used generally for all Asia—on the east, and Spain on the west, and may easily be crossed.

Under the third head, Columbus gave the testimony of navigators. There were numerous reports abroad of islands lying a few hundred leagues to the west of the mainland. He discredited their existence, as numerous expeditions had been made in quest of them, without any result; but there were curious stories told, which could only be explained on the supposition of there being land somewhere. 'Thus, one voyager had picked up,' says Ferdinand, 'a piece of wood ingeniously wrought, but not with iron; by which, the winds having been west for many days, he guessed that that piece of wood came from some island that way.' Another asserted that, 'there had

been canes found at sea, so thick, that every joint would hold above four quarts of wine"—evidently the bamboo. Many such accounts were related.

The views thus forced upon Columbus were strengthened by his correspondence with Paulo Toscanelli, a learned Florentine doctor, who adopted his opinion, and furnished him with much information, gathered chiefly from the works of Marco Polo and Sir Jolin Mandeville, and with a chart, in which he placed India about four thousand miles distant from Spain, with the islands of Antilla and Japan on the way. At this time, also, the astrolabe, an instrument out of which the modern quadrant is an improvement, was first applied to seamanship, and made navigation in the open sea much more easy and certain.

From 1474, the date of his correspondence with Toscanelli, when we may assume that his views had taken definite shape, there is an almost entire blank of ten years in his history. We are told incidentally that he went to Iceland; but he does not appear to have learned anything from its people as to their early voyages to the northern coast of America. In 1484 we find him detailing his plan to John of Portugal, who promoted so largely the expeditions to the south of Africa, and, round Africa, to India. This monarch was so far interested as to refer the proposal first to a scientific junta, and then to a council of prelates and learned men, both of which rejected it as extravagant and unadvisable. John, however, was not quite satisfied; and so having managed to get from Columbus his charts and documents, he secretly sent a caravel, with instructions to attempt the route. We cannot regret that, after battling with the waves for some days, the pilots put back, and ridiculed the whole project; since, had they succeeded, the honour of the discovery would have been taken from its rightful claimant.

No sooner had Columbus discovered this ungenerous plot, than he left Portugal in indignation. Where he went, is not certain; it is said by some that he repaired to his native city of Genoa, and tried to get assistance from it; by others, that he crossed at once into Spain. It appears that before he left he sent his brother Bartholomew to seek support from England. The result of this mission may be stated at once. Bartholomew proceeded on his journey, but was captured and plundered by a corsair, and reduced to such poverty that he could do nothing, for some years, but keep himself alive by chart-making. When he was able to make his application, he met with a much more liberal reception from Henry VII. than Christopher had found elsewhere. The king expressed his willingness to engage in the enterprise, and Bartholomew set forth in high spirits to inform his brother, but learned on his road that the discovery had been already made, and that he had actually embarked on a second voyage.

But this was nine years later, and meanwhile Christopher was painfully working his way to success. After quitting Lisbon, we see him detailing his views to the Spanish nobility, more especially to the Dukes of Medina Sidonia and Medina Celi, whose names the Moorish wars have made illustrious. They both looked with favour on his project, but feared to run the risk of so immense an undertaking. The latter, however, procured for him an introduction to the Spanish monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella. These sovereigns were fully occupied with the war with Granada, then at its height. After some delay, Columbus gained an audience, and it was arranged that the matter should be referred to a council.

This council was held at Salamanca, and comprised all the most learned ecclesiastics, doctors, astronomers, and cosmographers who could be gathered together. The account of it is interesting. A simple, self-taught mariner was opposed to all the

learning and bigotry of the day; and certainly, few ever sank so low in the depths of monastic intolerance and scholastic narrow-mindedness, as the Spanish ecclesiastics who established the Inquisition. He could scarcely treat of nautical matters; he had to engage in theological arguments, and meet the citations of numerous texts from the sacred volume, which his theories were said to controvert. Nor was Scripture alone quoted; the authority of the Fathers was adduced. The silly argument of Lactantius was held most weighty. 'Is there any one so foolish,' he asks, 'as to believe that there are antipodes, with their feet opposite to ours; people who walk with their heels upwards, and their heads hanging down?—that there is a part of the world in which all things are topsy-turvy; where the trees grow with their branches downwards, and where it rains, hails, and snows upwards?' St Augustine, too, had declared the theory of antipodes untenable, since it was impossible that the race of Adam could have crossed the ocean; and to suppose two creations was at variance with the Bible narrative. Other opinions of like force were brought forward. Moreover, it was urged that, even granting to the earth a spherical form, it was impossible that the heavens could be globular, and that therefore the other hemisphere could only be a dark chaotic mass. Another objector maintained that, even if a ship should succeed in reaching India by that route, she could never return; for the earth was shaped like a mountain, the descent of which was easy though dangerous, but which it would be utterly impossible ever to reascend, from the yielding nature of the waters.

Columbus answered boldly: his zeal was intensified by the opposition offered to him, and, doubtless, there was not a little scorn in the flash of his eye and the intonation of his voice, as he disposed of their childish arguments. As for the Scriptural quotations, he remarked that the inspired writers were not technical cosmographers, but spoke figuratively, adopting such popular views as would best serve to enforce their spiritual lessons. He honoured the Fathers as valuable religious guides, but ventured to call in question their scientific knowledge and philosophical acquirements: he shewed that if many of the ancients held the earth to be flat, other and no less illustrious men adopted the Ptolemaic system. He illustrated from his own travels that wherever a voyager goes he sees still a round firmament, changing with his position, and shewing no sign of termination. Instead of admitting that he was going counter to Scripture, he quoted, from its magnificent prophecies, passages in support of his views, and even, as he thought, alluding to himself.

His arguments were not altogether unavailing; he converted many to his views; but the bigotry and pride of the majority were too firmly settled to be overcome by an obscure foreigner. After keeping him in suspense for many weary months, the council published its decision against him. This did not lead to his immediate dismissal; he remained at the court in uncertainty for several years, sometimes on the point of leaving in disgust, but detained by vague promises; at others, joining in the military excitement of the time, in the hope of gaining influence for the prosecution of his life's work. He made many enemies, who considered him a dangerous and mischievous man, whose tenets were likely to subvert the good old doctrines of theology and science which they inherited from their fathers. But he also made friends, who, if they did not wholly believe in his theory, were at least anxious to help him in seeking to prove it. By their aid, another council was appointed, four or five years after that called at Salamanca. Its opinion was still more decisive than that of the first; it reported that the project was vain

and impossible—far too fanciful an enterprise for so mighty a nation to undertake. The sovereigns accepted the verdict of this junta, and informed him of their determination not to enter on the work at present.

Here was a crisis. Columbus was now about forty-six years old. He had spent six years—years of matured wisdom, and at a time of life when every winter told on his physical energy, in the expectation of ultimate assistance; and now his hopes were crushed. What should he do? Where should he go? Should he commence the weary work again? go to some other court and curry favour, with the probability of a similar result?—should he be willing once more

To lose good days, that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To spend to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on Hope, to pine with Fear and Sorrow;
To fret his soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat his heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be outdone?

Or should he give up the struggle, and, believing that he held in his hand an inestimable blessing for the world, let it wither unbestowed because of the world's incredulity?

No; he could not resign the cause; he had been inspired to preach and to do, or to perish in the doing; he would go to France, and seek help there. Acting on this resolution, he set out on the journey; but he was never to reach France. On his road, dispirited and wayworn, he knocked at the convent of Santa Maria de Rabida, about half a league distant from the Andalusian port of Palos, and asked for a crust of bread and a drop of water. The prior, Juan Perez de Marchena, took him in, and was not long in discovering the great mind which a pauper's clothing could not hide. He learned the story of his life. He listened to the glorious project, and shared in the lofty enthusiasm of his guest. He collected his friends; zealous students, shrewd navigators, and keen merchants from the town of Palos. This little council knew better and saw further than the learned assemblages at Lisbon and Salamanca, and Cordova. Its members urged him to prosecute his plan with vigour; but as they were Spaniards, and were loath to let Spain lose the honour of the undertaking, they urged him to renew his suit in that country. The honest prior had formerly been confessor to Queen Isabella. He went to her at Santa Fé, and persuaded her to send once more for Columbus. He came, and found the whole court in a tumult of triumph at the conclusion of the great war against the infidel Moors. The Spaniard, Clemencin, has sketched his portrait: 'A man obscure, and but little known at this time, followed the court. Confounded with the crowd of importunate applicants, feeding his imagination in the corners of antechambers with the pompous project of discovering a world, melancholy and dejected in the midst of general rejoicing, he beheld with indifference, and almost with contempt, the conclusion of a conquest which swelled all bosoms with jubilee, and seemed to have reached the utmost bounds of desire. The man was Christopher Columbus.'

As soon as time could be spared, after further months of waiting, his project was again entertained, but not with immediate success. It was arranged to fit out an expedition; but Columbus demanded privileges which offended the pride of Ferdinand. He insisted on being appointed admiral and viceroy of whatever countries he should discover, and on receiving a tenth part of all the royal income from them. If he failed, he expected no return; but

if he succeeded, he thought that these honours were not too great compensation for the great work which he alone could initiate and carry out, and to which he had devoted his life. The monarch thought they were. No compromise could be effected. So, utterly disgusted, the high-spirited adventurer went forth once more. It was in February 1492 that he thought he had seen the last of Spanish pusillanimity. But it was not to be—he was yet to secure for Spain immortal glory in having been the means of discovering the New World; and immortal shame, in its treatment of the discoverer. While on his road, his friends resolved to make a desperate effort. They hastened to the queen, and detailed to her the glorious possibility she was resigning. Her enthusiasm was aroused; she determined no longer to share in the vacillating conduct of her husband, but to engage in the work for and by herself. 'I undertake this enterprise for my own crown of Castille,' she exclaimed; 'and will pledge my own jewels to raise the needful funds!'

With this declaration, our narrative closes. Having once put her whole heart into the business, she prosecuted it with energy. Before many months had passed, Columbus was on his way to the Indies. How many and heavy difficulties attended him, and how valiantly he overcame them all, let those who do not already know the exciting story, learn it from accessible biographies. We have seen the prospect of the New World tossed up and down the market for eighteen years, handled and scrutinised, ridiculed and sneered at, like a trumpery piece of merchandise. It had found a purchaser at last.

MY UNCLE'S REQUEST.

Four individuals—namely, my wife, my infant son, my maid-of-all-work, and myself—occupy one of a row of very small houses in the suburbs of London. I am a thoroughly domestic man, and notwithstanding that my occupation necessitates absence from my mansion between the hours of 9 A.M. and 5 P.M., my heart is generally at home with my diminutive household. My wife and I love regularity and quiet above all things; and although, since the arrival of my son and heir, we had not enjoyed that peace which we did during the first year of our married life, yet his juvenile, though somewhat powerful little lungs had as yet failed in making ours a noisy house. Our regularity had, moreover, remained undisturbed, and we got up, went to bed, dined, breakfasted, and teated at the same time, day after day.

We had been going on in this clock-work fashion for a year and a half, when one morning the postman brought to our door a letter of ominous appearance, and on looking at the direction, I found that it came from an old, rich, and very eccentric uncle of mine, with whom, for certain reasons, we wished to remain on the best of terms. 'What can Uncle Martin have to write about?' was our simultaneous exclamation, and I opened it with considerable curiosity.

'MARTIN HOUSE, HANTS, October 17, 1857.

'DEAR NEPHEW—You may perhaps have heard that I am forming an aviary here. A friend in Rotterdam has written to me to say that he has sent by the boat, which will arrive in London to-morrow afternoon, a very intelligent parrot and a fine stork. As the vessel arrives too late for them to be sent on the same night, I shall be obliged by your taking the birds home, and forwarding them to me the next morning.—With my respects to your good lady, I remain, your affectionate uncle, RALPH MARTIN.'

We looked at each other in silence, and then my wife said: 'They're only birds; it might have been worse.'

• I said nothing, but got a book on natural history, and turned to 'Stork.' With trembling fingers I passed over the fact of 'his hind toe being short, the middle toe long, and joined to the outer one by a large membrane, and by a smaller one to the inner toe,' because that would not matter much for one night; but I groaned out to my wife the pleasant intelligence that 'his height is four feet, his appetite extremely voracious,' and 'his food—frogs, mice, worms, snails, and eels.' Where were we to provide a supper and breakfast of this description for him?

• I went to my office, and passed anything but a pleasant day, my thoughts constantly reverting to our expected visitors. At four o'clock, I took a cab to the docks, and on arriving there, inquired for the ship, which was pointed out to me as 'the one with the crowd upon the quay.' On driving up, I discovered why there was a crowd, and the discovery did not bring comfort with it. On the deck, on one leg, stood the stork. Whether it was the sea-voyage, or the leaving his home, or, being a stork of high moral principle, he was grieving at the continual, and rather joyous and exultant swearing of the parrot, I do not know, but I never saw a more melancholy-looking object in my life.

I went down on the deck, and did not like the expression of relief that came over the captain's face when he found what I had come for. The transmission of the parrot from the ship to the cab was an easy matter, as he was in a cage, but the stork was merely tethered by one leg; and although he did his best, when brought to the foot of the ladder, in trying to get up, he failed utterly, and had to be half-shoved, half-hauled all the way; which, as he got astride, after the manner of equestrians, on every other bar, was a work of some difficulty. I hurried him into the cab, and ordering the man to drive as quick as possible, got in with my guests. At first, I had to keep dodging my head about, to keep my face away from his bill as he turned round; but all of a sudden he broke the little window at the back of the cab, thrust his head through, and would keep it there, notwithstanding I kept pulling him back. Consequently, when we drew up at my door, there was a mob of about a thousand strong around us. I got him in as quick as I could, and shut the door.

How can I describe the spending of that evening? how can I get sufficient power out of the English language to let you know what a nuisance that bird was to us? How can I tell you the cool manner in which he inspected our domestic arrangements?—walking slowly into rooms, and standing on one leg until his curiosity was satisfied; the expression of wretchedness that he threw over his entire person when he was tethered to one of the banisters, and had found out that, owing to our limited accommodation, he was to remain in the hall all night; the way in which he ate the snails specially provided for him, verifying to the letter the naturalist's description of his appetite. How can you, who have not had a stork staying with you, have any idea of the change which came over his temper after his supper—how he pecked at everybody who came near him; how he stood sentinel at the foot of the stairs; how my wife and I made fruitless attempts to get past, followed by ignominious retreats; how at last we out-manœuvred him by throwing a table-cloth over his head, and then rushing by him, gained the top of the stairs before he could disentangle himself.

Added to all this, we had to endure language from that parrot which would have disgraced a pot-house; indeed, so scurrilous did he become, that we had to take him and lock him up in the coal-hole, where, from fatigue, or the darkness of his bedroom, he soon swore himself to sleep.

We were quite ready for rest, and the forgetfulness

which, we hoped, sleep, that 'balm of hurt minds,' would bring with it; but our peace was not to last long. About 2 A.M., I was awakened by my wife, and told to listen; I did so, and heard a sort of scrambling noise outside the door. 'What can that be?' thought I. 'He has broken his string, and is coming up stairs,' said my wife; and then, remembering that the nursery-door was generally left open, she urged me immediately stopping his further progress. 'But, my dear,' said I, 'what am I to do in my present defenceless state of clothing, if he should take to pecking?' My wife's expression at the idea of my considering myself before the baby, determined me at once, come what come might, to go and do him battle. Out I went, and sure enough, there he was on the landing, resting himself, after his unusual exertion, by tucking one leg up. He looked so subdued, that I was about to take him by the string and lead him down stairs, when he drew back his head, and in less time than it takes to relate, I was back in my room, bleeding profusely from a very severe wound in the leg. I shouted out to the nurse to shut the door, and determined to let the infamous bird go where he liked. I bound up my leg and went to bed again; but the thought that there was a stork wandering about the house, prevented me from getting any more sleep. From certain sounds that we heard, we had little doubt but that he was passing some of his time in the cupboard where we kept our spare crockery, and an inspection the next day confirmed this.

In the morning, I ventured cautiously out, and finding he was in our spare bedroom, I shut the door upon him. I then sent for a large sack, and with the help of the table-cloth, and the boy who cleans our shoes, we got him into it without any further personal damage. I took him off in this way to the station, and sent him and the parrot off to my uncle by the first train.

We have determined that, taking our chance about a place in my uncle's will or not, we will never again have anything to do with any foreign animals, however much he may ask and desire it.

EARLY SUGGESTION OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

The experiments of Franklin in drawing down the electric spark from a passing thunder-cloud in June 1752—preceded as they were by a few months by Dabillard's similar experiments, on Franklin's suggestion, at Marly, near Paris—were regarded with much interest throughout Europe. As far as known, Franklin and the other great experimenters in this line of investigation entertained no conception of the possible application of electricity to the purposes of a telegraph; but this thought occurred to an obscure person residing at Renfrew in Scotland, within seven months of Franklin's celebrated kite experiment. Such fully appears from the following communication to the *Scots Magazine* of February 1753:

'To the Author of the Scots Magazine.'

'Renfrew, Feb. 1, 1753.'

'SIR—It is well known to all who are conversant in electrical experiments, that the electric power may be propagated along a small wire from one place to another, without being sensibly abated by the length of its progress. Let, then, a set of wires, equal in number to the letters of the alphabet, be extended horizontally between two given places, parallel to one another, and each of them about an inch distant from that next to it. At every twenty yards' end, let them be fixed in glass, or jewellers' cement, to some firm body, both to prevent them from touching the earth or any other non-electric, and from breaking by their own gravity. Let the electric gun-barrel be placed at right angles with the extremities of the wires, and about an inch below them. Also let the wires be fixed in a solid piece of glass, at six inches from the end; and let that part of them which reaches

from the glass to the machine, have sufficient spring and stiffness to recover its situation after having been brought in contact with the barrel. Close by the supporting glass, let a ball be suspended from every wire; and about a sixth or an eighth of an inch below the balls, place the letters of the alphabet, marked on bits of paper, or any other substance that may be light enough to rise to the electrified ball; and at the same time, let it be so contrived that each of them may reassume its proper place when dropped. All things constructed as above, and the minute previously fixed, I begin the conversation with my distant friend in this manner. Having set the electrical machine agoing as in ordinary experiments, suppose I am to pronounce the word *Sir*; with a piece of glass, or any other *electric per se*, I strike the wire *S*, so as to bring it in contact with the barrel, then *i*, then *r*, all in the same way; and my correspondent, almost in the same instant, observes these several characters rise in order to the electrified balls at his end of the wires. Thus I spell away as long as I think fit; and my correspondent, for the sake of memory, writes the characters as they rise, and may join and read them afterwards as often as he inclines. Upon a signal given, or from choice, I stop the machine; and taking up the pen in my turn, I write down whatever my friend at the other end strikes out.

'If anybody should think this way tiresome, let him, instead of the balls, suspend a range of bells from the roof, equal in number to the letters of the alphabet; gradually decreasing in size from the bell *A* to *Z*: and from the horizontal wires, let there be another set reaching to the several bells—one, namely, from the horizontal wire *A* to the bell *A*, another from the horizontal wire *B* to the bell *B*, &c. Then let him who begins the discourse bring the wires in contact with the barrel, as before; and the electrical spark, breaking on bells of different size, will inform his correspondent by the sound what wires have been touched. And thus, by some practice, they may come to understand the language of the chimies in whole words, without being put to the trouble of noting down every letter.

'The same thing may be otherwise effected. Let the balls be suspended over the characters as before, but instead of bringing the ends of the horizontal wires in contact with the barrel, let a second set reach from the electrified cake, so as to be in contact with the horizontal ones; and let it be so contrived at the same time, that any of them may be removed from its corresponding horizontal by the slightest touch, and may bring itself again into contact when left at liberty. This may be done by the help of a small spring and slider, or twenty other methods, which the least ingenuity will discover. In this way, the characters will always adhere to the balls, excepting when any one of the secondaries is removed from contact with its horizontal; and then the letter at the other end of the horizontal will immediately drop from its ball. But I mention this only by way of variety.

'Some may perhaps think, that although the electric fire has not been observed to diminish sensibly in its progress through any length of wire that has been tried hitherto, yet as that has never exceeded some thirty or forty yards, it may be reasonably supposed, that in a far greater length it would be remarkably diminished, and probably would be entirely drained off in a few miles by the surrounding air. To prevent the objection, and save longer argument, lay over the wires from one end to the other with a thin coat of jewellers' cement. This may be done for a trifle of additional expense; and as it is an *electric per se*, will effectually secure any part of the fire from mixing with the atmosphere.—I am, &c. C. M.'

Who was C. M., who thus appears, at so early a period, to have had so intelligent an idea of this most wonderful of all the applications of electricity? * From a communication in the *Commonwealth* (Glasgow newspaper), it seems very probable that he was Charles Marshall, residing

afterwards in Well Meadow, Paisley—a person of whom we have only this reminiscence from an aged lady, that he was 'a very clever man,' who had formerly resided in Renfrew, and 'who could light a room with coal-reek [smoke], and make lightning speak and write upon the wall.'

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

YET once again, before we part,
Fill high the bowl for me,
And drink to every human heart,
Where'er the same may be!
Success to each untiring hand
That throws the shuttle now,
That works the mine, that tills the land,
Or guides the ocean-plough!

The rich we also gladly drink—
Long may their wealth endure!
And let them learn betimes to think
Less hardly of the poor—
That shapeless form they blindly dread,
That spectre of their thought,
Is dumbly praying to be led,
And pining to be taught.

We drink the lover and his love,
The artist and his art,
The priest who lifts to God above
The worldly weighted heart;
The poet sowing seeds of light;
The wanderer on the tower,
Who watches through the troubled night
The invading march of power.

We drink the small unconquered band
Beneath an Indian sky,
Soon may the sword in every hand
Be sheathed in Victory!
The tempered blade has lost its edge
With smiting nations through,
And well we can afford to pledge
The stricken conquered too.

Now yet again fill high the bowl,
Though not for fame or worth,
And drink to every wretched soul
Without one friend on earth;
Beat on, unjudged by us, lone heart;
The Judge who sits unseen
Beholds thee, not as now thou art,
But as thou mightst have been.

In solemn silence drink the slave
In whom the hope remains
To wed with freedom in the grave,
Or live—divorced from chains.
We drink th' oppressed of every clime,
The chained of every hue;
Soon may the chafing hand of Time
Wear every fetter through!

The ruddy blaze begins to fall;
Draw closer round the fire;
Bring out the choicest wine of all—
Fill every goblet higher;
And gently touch, before we part,
A chord of finer tone,
And pray that every human heart
Be happy as our own!

R. R.

* There had been experiments by members of the Royal Society at Shooters' Hill in 1747, from which it became certain that electricity could be conducted through two miles of wire; but this simple truth falls evidently short of C. M.'s suggestion.

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THE VINTAGE.

ANY Englishman who may have the good-fortune to pass the autumn months in the Côte d'Or, will have a scene of plenty impressed on his memory, that will not easily fade away. Grapes! grapes! grapes!—all the country-side in activity to gather in the luscious harvest. The rich man who stores his thousands of casks in his cellars, the poor man who owns just a little patch of vines sufficient to yield but scant allowance for the coming year—all alike engaged in the absorbing *vendange*.

French vineyards have often been justly compared to English hop-grounds; but the anxiety felt at home as to the possible quality of the produce of the latter, bears no proportion to the intense excitement that prevails in a French wine-district as the time for the vintage draws near. Months of care, and cost, and toil have been patiently bestowed; every separate plant has been tended, trained, and nurtured, early and late; the crop is abundant, the fruit looks promising; but so many accidents may affect the goodly show, that it is only in such years as the last, when sunshine has covered the earth like a flood, that a universal jubilate is heard on all sides. There must be just enough rain to swell the fruit, but not enough to damage its flavour. This is not all; the thing most dreaded is hail: it often happens that miles of vineyards just ready for harvest, are laid prostrate by visitations in the form of hail-storms, of which we in England have no idea; and hence the numerous French companies for 'insuring against hail.' Sometimes the grapes ripen unequally; sometimes the skin of the fruit thickens; rarely, indeed, do all things work together for the good of the vine, as in the year of the comet of 1858.

This same vine is also a most fickle lady: the distance of a few yards is often sufficient to produce great difference in the quality of the fruit of the same species. A slight variation in the depth of the soil, or an increased degree of inclination on its surface, will materially affect the wine. I saw one vineyard, of which the produce was not 'classed,' being considered *hors de ligne* (of exceptionable quality); while the surrounding vines, apparently enjoying no greater advantages of aspect and soil, belonging to the same proprietor, cultivated in the same way, and belonging to the same species, the *pineau*, were ranked by the learned in such matters in the first category. Beaune is the focus of the wine-trade of Burgundy; not far from it grow the wines of Pommard and Nuits, with the far-famed Clos-Vougeot, and quite

near the town, the less known but scarcely less delicious Clos-des-Fèves.

The days for vintaging each district or *commune* are fixed by the mayor, nobody being at liberty to gather the crop before the date which is officially and publicly notified, but all being free to perform the operation as much later as they please; few, however, avail themselves of this latitude. There is scarcely ever any visible separation between one man's vineyard and another; and in order to prevent any accidental infringement of the footpath, which is its only boundary, every one thinks it better to be on the spot. This remark does not apply to the large proprietors, whose lands are well known and defined, and who risk nothing by fixing their vintage a few days later than their poor neighbours.

Beaune stands in a broad plain watered by the Saône, from which, however, it is far distant, lying under the shelter of a range of mountainous country which protects it on the north. As the period for the vintage approaches, the poor people come down from the mountains for many leagues round, in order to earn wherewith to clothe them for the winter.

They take their stand before daybreak on the public place in little bands or companies, a few families, or the population of a hamlet, keeping together for better for worse as long as the vintage lasts. They are called *layots* and *layottes*; every young layot attaches himself to a layotte for the time being, works by her side in the vineyard, and lightens her labour there as much as he can, by carrying her basket for her when it is full or weighty. This acquaintance ends with the occasion that has given rise to it; and, like the 'muffins' of Canada, the layottes, at the end of the short season, see their awains no more.

The price paid to the vintagers varies greatly according to circumstances; some years, as little as twelve sous a day has been considered sufficient remuneration. This must be when the crop is scanty and the hands are numerous. This year, the reverse was the case; a crop a fourth above the average of the best seasons, and the labourers few. The long duration of uniform fine weather ripened the grapes ten days before the usual period, and, the distant mountain population not being aware of this, the harvest was of necessity gathered by those who, living nearer to Beaune, had the opportunity of obtaining exact information. Three francs, and even three francs five sous a day, were paid at Pommard.

There is a regulation that children shall receive the same pay as grown people, so the parents come down accompanied by their little ones. It must, however,

be added that, the 'bands' where the children are numerous are the last to be hired. These poor creatures often walk a long way in addition to their day's toil; the vine-dressers, who hire them at two or three o'clock in the morning, march them off to work at a considerable distance from the town, to which they return, nevertheless, singing in the evening, to begin again the next day, having slept under an enormous shed, where each pays a sou for the privilege of resting his or her weary limbs on clean straw.

It must not be supposed that the mountaineers alone are engaged in the vintage; every cottage is locked up, and men, women, and children go to work, either on their own patch of vines, or on the lands of the large proprietors. When Sunday is the day fixed, mass is said at four in the morning, so that all may be at their destination before daylight. Some proprietors employ hundreds of vintagers, who are divided into bands, each under the direction of a *vignerou* (vine-dresser), who has had charge of a portion of the crop during the past year. It is his duty to see that they work diligently, and to divide fairly the food which is sent to the vineyard twice in the day. It consists of bread, cheese, vegetables, and soup, into the composition of which, meat seldom enters. The soup is served in a large kettle, round which a band of vintagers seat themselves, each armed with a spoon. The vegetables follow in like manner, and thus knives, forks, and plates are dispensed with. The porters, in consideration of their hard work, receive a bottle of wine per diem; and all help themselves, without let or hindrance, to the grapes; the consequence is, that a year seldom passes without some of these poor people falling victims to their imprudence.

The women, boys, and children cut the bunches of grapes from the plants with a small clasp-knife, and perform the operation with astonishing quickness and dexterity. As the bunches are severed, they are put into the *small* baskets, with which each person of the band is provided, and these are emptied into larger ones, which are borne, when full, on the shoulders of the *porteurs*, to the place where the *balange* is waiting for them. The porters are the strong young men of the party; and such they had need be, for the baskets each has to carry contains more than one hundredweight of fruit.

The *balange*, or *belange*, is an immense oval tub, six or seven feet long, and four deep, and containing fourteen or fifteen baskets of grapes; it is the prominent feature of the day. Every available cart, wagon, or wheeled creature, has a *balange* mounted on it; every horse, far and near, is pressed into the service, and the public road is literally thronged with the purple load.

Those who have never been in a wine-country, can form little idea of the sense of abundance that forces itself upon the mind on a day like this. The fruit is not of the black, brown, patchy nondescript tint with which we northerners are familiar, but is covered with a delicate bloom, such as we see on the plum ere it falls from the tree; a uniform lovely colour without speck or blemish. But the *balange* no sooner arrives at the *pressoir*, than it is ruthlessly despoiled of its fair burden; the whole is tumbled into a huge vat, and trodden down into as small a compass as may be.

One man's pair of feet are generally enough for this preliminary tramping; but as soon as fermentation actively commences, as many as six or eight men may be seen treading the great vats, up to their waists in wine, and, of course, without a thread of clothing on their bodies; fortunately, all forgoit matter either goes off in fermentation or in deposit.

When the wine is of fine generous quality, this process of treading (*refouler les cuves*) is equivalent

to taking a very hot bath; it is repeated three or four times, about an hour each time being sufficient to well press down towards the bottom of the vat the stalks of the fruit which the fermentation forces upwards. About ten days after the red grapes have been put into the vats, the wine is fit for putting into casks, which, however, are left open at the bung-hole as long as the fermentation continues. As soon as all the liquid has been dipped out of the vats, the residue—consisting of the stalks and skins of the grapes (*la gène*)—is put into a huge cylindrical press, and subjected to the pressure of a disc equal to its circumference, which disc is forced through the bore by the action of a powerful screw; thus driving the *gène* to the further extremity of the cylinders, and forcing the wine through the narrow interstices left for this purpose through its whole length. Thus nothing is lost.* An inferior spirit, called *cau-de-vie du pays*, is distilled from the *gène*; it is worth, this year, fourteen sous a quart or litre. The fine wines are invariably put into new casks. So abundant has the harvest been this year, that the supply of hogsheads was by no means adequate to the demand; and their price, which in ordinary seasons is eleven or twelve francs, ran up this time to thirty.

It seems a hard case that the wine in this, its pure state, should be utterly out of the reach of the general consumer, but so it is; it is deteriorated and falsified by every dealer, wholesale and retail, through whose hands it passes. When this was made clear to me by a gentleman in Burgundy, I could not help saying: 'Mais! c'est donc aussi difficile d'avoir du vin pur que de gagner le ciel.' The answer was: 'Beaucoup plus; car gagner le ciel cela ne dépend que de vous, tandis que pour le vin il y a bien d'autres qui s'y mêlent.'

The white wine grown here bears but a small proportion to the red; it is pressed, and put at once into casks left open at the bung-hole, to allow the escape of the gas engendered by the fermentation. Thus it is not subjected to the treading, as the red wine is. The poor people either obtain the use of the press of their richer neighbours, or pay for the hire of one on the premises of some wine-merchant. The same *ordonnance* which names the day for the vintage, fixes also the date after which the *grappillage* is permitted. Then the poor are at liberty to go into the vineyards and gather the grapes that may have been overlooked, or not sufficiently ripe at the vintage, a fortnight previous. A few days after the *grappillage*, the vines are open to the sportsman.

Last year, the wine was good everywhere; but when the season is late or cold, the grapes in the hilly districts ripen but indifferently. There is a great difference in the temperature of Beaune and the hill-country a league or two from it, where I found the climate remarkably like that of North Wales; somewhat hotter during the day perhaps, but characterised by the same freshness, morning and evening, and by the same elasticity in the air at all times. The peasants live on very little, scarcely ever seeing a morsel of meat. The farm-servants on a rich man's estate have for breakfast *soupe au lard* or *aux légumes*. The former is made by boiling two or three rashers of fat bacon in two gallons of water, which is thickened by the addition of a few potatoes, and poured on slices of good bread, composed of equal parts of wheat and rye. For dinner, they have vegetables, bread, most indifferent cheese, and some cheap fruit, either fresh,

* I saw a press employed which attained the end much more completely than the one above described. It exercised a *compressive* pressure on the *gène*, and was a beautiful little machine; but I fear the jealousy of the local manufacturers will prevent its becoming known. It is invented by a Swiss, whose name I am sorry I do not remember.

or baked. For supper they get either soup or rice boiled in milk, and called by them *des gaudes*. In the château where I had the good-fortune to be, the men had meat on Sundays, and were well paid for their labour; but it was *une bonne maison* (a good house), and they are few and far between. A bottle of wine a day is allowed to each man—it is, I should say, about the strength of good cider. The fruit given to the labourers costs but little: for instance, the peaches which grow on trees in the open vineyards, as apples do in orchards, were sold in the market of Beaune at a sou a hundred. They had a bitterish taste, and I used to see them divided equally between the men and the pigs. Walnuts, too, are another cheap fruit, three sous a hundred; but they are too valuable for the sake of the oil they yield to be eaten to any extent. The country people rise very early; the flail may be constantly heard between two and three o'clock in the morning; and soon after, the *vacher* (cow-herd) goes his rounds, blowing a horn, to announce his presence to the villagers, who confide their cattle to him for the day. He leads them to pasture, taking them home, in summer, to be milked in the middle of the day and in the evening. When winter comes, he receives a measure of corn and a bundle of straw as the price of his care of each cow. The corn is always given, and varies in value from three and a half to seven francs; but the straw is sometimes compounded for at fifteen sous. Two sous a month are paid for taking care of a sheep.

The butter in this country is *un-eatable*, the cream being kept eight days or more before it is churned; and the bacon has a tallowy taste.

The temperance which characterises the diet of the labourers presides also over that of the dogs and cats. There were four pointers in the kennel at the Château de —, which were fed on *eau grasse* (dish-water) and barley-bread. Now, as a French cook invariably commences his operations by cutting off any fat he may happen to find on a joint, this same dish-water cannot be very *grasse*. These dogs were thorough-bred, but spoiled from the practice, common in France, of making every *chien de chasse* a dog of all work. Few gentlemen have the means and the taste to keep pointers, setters, and retrievers; and my friend Tabac and his companions were employed in either capacity indifferently.

As to the other domestic animals, the most amusing thing was the idea that tea was a cure for all their ailments; my tea-leaves were carefully dried, and put aside for the benefit of the cows, pigs, or goats that may become invalids during the winter. In Paris, tea has become a fashionable beverage in the evening; but in the provinces, it is still regarded as a medicine, and taken, very weak, as a remedy for indigestion.

CARLYLE'S HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THESE two bulky volumes of Mr Carlyle's, so long and eagerly expected, relate, as is now generally known, in far larger proportion to the father of the hero than to the hero himself; and thus we are insured not only a complete biography of the latter—since no biography can be called complete that does not paint in detail those parental influences that mould the child, the 'father to the man'—but we have much new light thrown upon a remarkable character hitherto scantily appreciated; a character especially appealing to Mr Carlyle's sympathies, and portrayed by him with an enthusiasm that will carry most of his readers away, if not to his own

ultimate conclusions, at least far beyond the limits of their previously formed estimate; such enthusiasm as our author's, whether it make for or against a man, being very contagious, as we all know by this time. Our task, however, is not to review this great work; and therefore, without stopping to inquire whether there be not a little wilful exaggeration, in praise of the past, with its 'veracities and wholesome despotisms;' in dispraise of the present and its 'constitutional litanies;' a little wilful injustice in the prominence assigned to pet virtues, and the shadow cast over pet faults; a little, nay, a good deal of what Mr Carlyle himself calls 'inarticulate bellowings,' angry roarings indeed in this case, as of the King of Beasts himself, expressive of noble indignation, but hardly definite as to its cause: without, we say, attempting to discuss these and other critical questions, we hasten on to our task of snatching from these most living pictures, as they pass before us, some faint outlines, on a small scale, of the Prussian court under Friedrich Wilhelm's sway, and more especially of this singular king himself.

Born in 1688—just twelve years before the 'old electorate of Brandenburg became the kingdom of Prussia, and the family of Hohenzollern, slowly mounting these many centuries, reached the uppermost round of the ladder'—Friedrich Wilhelm had, we find, a notable mother. Sophie Charlotte, daughter of the Electress Sophia, and sister to our George I., was, 'beyond doubt, a bright, airy lady, very graceful, very witty and ingenious, skilled to speak, skilled to hold her tongue,' has 'left, one may say, something of her likeness, and still traceable in the Prussian nation and its form of culture to this day.' The friend of Leibnitz, the admirer of Bayle, 'foreign courtiers used to call her the republican queen.' Her husband, with his 'turn for ostentation,' 'slightly crooked, most sensitive, thin of skin, and liable to sudden flaws of temper,' was hardly a man to inspire her with profound veneration; 'neither did she care much about crowns or upholstery magnificences of any kind, having meditated from old upon the infinitely little, and harassed Leibnitz by seeking to know even 'the why of the why.' All the warmth of this brilliant nature concentrated itself upon her only son; not that her subtle intellect could altogether resist analysing her idol, in whom she noticed tendencies to avarice, and sundry defects in mind and manners; 'but he was all she had to love in this world—a rugged creature, inexpressibly dear to her.' Rugged, indeed, he was; impracticable from the first; swallowing down a shoe-buckle, to the distraction of nurses, flinging himself suddenly out of a third-story window, 'nothing but the hands left within, and hanging on there by the sill, fixedly resolute to obey gravitation' rather than some obnoxious behest of his governess, Madame de Montbail, of whom we shall hear again. When on a visit with his mother to his uncle's court at Hanover, he was constantly fighting with his cousin George (afterwards our George II.), and 'giving him a bloody nose, though the latter was twice his own age.' Neither could he do any good in that intellectual circle 'in the way of breeding; sage Leibnitz himself, with his big black periwig and large patient nose, finding it impossible to put any metaphysics into such a boy.' In soldiering, however, he came out more successfully, taking part, at the age of eighteen, in the grand Spanish Succession War; three years later, just after his marriage, seeing 'hot service' at the siege of Tournay and terrible battle of Malplaquet; becoming more and more 'devoted to military interests, especially to making his own regiment in Berlin a very pattern of a regiment.' And, indeed, it was natural enough that he should

solace himself with a hobby, for things in general were far from satisfactory to him. His bright, loving mother dead, replaced by a half-crazy stepmother; his natural love of thrift crossed by 'great waste of labour and means;' an expensive court, an impoverished country; his unbending veracity forced to steer through 'whirlpools of court intrigues and arrangements;' he surely, over and above his domestic happiness, needs the comforts of this innocent-seeming hobby of his, this 'fine regiment of tallish men.'

We have spoken of Friedrich Wilhelm's early marriage. His wife was also his first-cousin, Sophie Dorothee, daughter of our George I., and of that unhappy Sophia Dorothea of Zell, of whose sad fate we all have some dim, tragic idea. Sophie Dorothee was called a beauty by courtier contemporaries; she lives and breathes in Mr Carlyle's pages as a 'serious, comely, rather plump, maternal-looking lady; something thoughtful in those gray, still eyes of hers, in the turn of her face and carriage of her head, as she sits there, considerably gazing out upon a world which would never conform to her will—decidedly a handsome, wholesome, and affectionate aspect of face.' Her two eldest boys died in infancy: the one, they say—were there ever more painful nursery legends?—killed by the noise of the cannon firing for joy over it; the other, crushed to death by the weighty splendour of its christening-robe, and the little crown too hard and heavy for the baby-head. There was only one daughter, Wilhelmina, living; so no wonder that when, on the 24th of January 1712, another son was born, there was great joy in the Prussian court, Friedrich Wilhelm in his tempestuous gladness being 'like to stifle the infant with his carresses, or at least to scorch him in the blaze of the fire.' In little more than a year after this auspicious event, the old king of 'ostentatious habits and sensitive nerves' is hurried out of the world by a fancied apparition; and Friedrich Wilhelm reigning in his stead, the unconscious baby crowing in its cradle is crown-prince of Prussia.

Our narrow limits prevent our breaking off the thread of this narrative to follow Mr Carlyle through the history he has given us of the Hohenzollern family, from Conrad, younger son of Hohenzollern and Burggraf of Nürnberg in 1170, down to the great elector, father of the first king, whose death we have just had announced to us. There is no such magician as Mr Carlyle for calling *spirits* from history's vast deep, making its dry bones live, causing us to hear through all the dust of centuries, through whatever obsolete armour or disguise of circumstance, the beatings of the human heart—in its strength and weakness alike so closely akin to our own. But we return to the Prussian court on the 25th of February 1713, and to the summary reforms carrying on there. The old king, who had had his delight in 'gold-sticks, silver-sticks, and other histrionic functionaries,' had not been half an hour dead, before the 'rugged young king, with his plangent metallic voice, and steady beaming eyes,' proceeded to announce his intention of bringing down his household 'to the lowest footing of the indispensable'—and so he did. The 'thousand saddle-horses,' many of them mere imaginary quadrupeds, are reduced to thirty, but these are 'very actual.' The pension-list is cut down in like manner; and the king, willing to save even half-a-dollar, in about two months realises the *minimum*, or about a fifth of the previous expenditure. Nor does his thrift begin and end at home; 'steadily carrying out the great principle, that needful work is to be rigorously well-done, needless work rigorously pitched out of doors,' he has Prussia at length made into 'the most thrifty, hardy, vigorous, and Spartan country any modern king ever ruled over.' This was no easy matter to accomplish, requiring 'genius,' which Mr

Carlyle defines as a 'transcendent capacity of taking trouble first of all,' pointing out to us that 'given a huge stack of tumbled thrums, it is not in our sleep that we shall find the vital centre of it, or get the first thrum by the end;' which indeed sounds an incontrovertible proposition, yet worth quoting as one we have a trick of practically forgetting in connection with our own private and special thrums, having all of us a stack of these more or less huge.

Nothing, we are told, could exceed his majesty's simplicity yet cleanliness of habitudes. In his dread of dust, he gradually banishes 'all silk and cloth furniture, carpets, nay, even stuffed chairs,' as 'dust-harbouring materials,' and will at length have everything of wood, where the dust-war can best be carried on à l'outrance. 'Eating heartily, but of the plainest viands,' what could a French cook do for such a king? He despised the French cook—despised, indeed, as we shall see, only too much the French element in all things whatsoever; violently discouraging periwigery, at that time full-blown at Versailles; 'seeing his salvation not in French sumptuousness, but in native German thrift'—thrift, honourable thrift—'verging,' indeed, as Mr Carlyle admits, 'towards avarice here and there, as poor human virtues usually lean to one side or the other.'

Meanwhile, how fares it with the little Fritz in this singular court? He was but three years old when his father set out on his one and only warlike expedition—that of Stralsund. Charles XII. of Sweden having 'reappeared after five years of eclipse,' invested Stralsund, and from thence 'menaced the world after his old fashion.' Ill-fated Swedish town! Stralsund, taken once before by 'Prussian sieging,' is taken again; and Friedrich Wilhelm returns to Berlin victorious from his first and last war—returns to meet with a little incident thoroughly to his mind, and all the more so because of some previous dissatisfaction; for the little Fritz—a very different child to what his father was—as Madame de Roucouilles (formerly De Montbail), who had had experience of both, could testify—had shown small pleasure in 'loud drums and stiff men drawn up in rows.' His infantine history is by no means a turbulent one—no swallowing of shoe-buckles, or hanging out of third-story windows. He was 'one of the prettiest, vividest little boys, with eyes, mind, and ways of uncommon brilliancy—only he takes less to soldiering than the paternal heart could wish.' The greater the delight, therefore, when, on returning home, 'the earnest papa found the little Fritz, with Wilhelmina looking over him, strutting about, and assiduously beating a little drum.' No doubt it is an omen, and the paternal heart is glad and proud. 'A picture is painted to immortalise the incident by Pesne, a French painter of note, a picture approved by mankind then and now'—an engraving from which forms the frontispiece of Mr Carlyle's first volume. A lovely picture it is—the boy so royal with his bright vivid face and eager gesture, his sister with her pleasant demure smile; but we look at it with sadness, remembering how the love the father bore that little drummer changed, for long years, to cruel hatred; how court intrigues turned two wholesome hearts to gall; and how it needed nothing less than Death's solemn hand to clear their mutual eyesight from prejudice, and to set their affections freely flowing towards each other again.

It appears rather singular that Friedrich Wilhelm, with his rooted aversion to the French, should have so largely introduced the French element into his son's early education. Madame de Roucouilles was his governess, as we have seen; but then the father experimentally knew her worth. From Stralsund he now brought with him a young French gentleman, Duhan de Jaudun by name, and appointed him

'practical teacher' to the boy, two German noblemen filling the posts of head and sub tutor, but Duhan being the best beloved and the most influential of the three, though, with regard to them all, Fritz appears to have been 'an attached and attaching little boy.' As for Friedrich Wilhelm's own views on the important subject of the princely education, we have them given in a 'rough document,' enriched for us by Mr Carlyle's running commentary. Here are its leading features:

1. My son must be impressed with a proper love and fear of God, as the foundation and sole pillar of our temporal and eternal welfare. No false religions to be even named in his hearing; only a proper abhorrence of popery is to be communicated to him.

2. He is to learn no Latin, only French and German, so as to write and speak both with brevity and propriety.

3. Let him learn arithmetic, mathematics, artillery, economy to the very bottom, ancient history only slightly, but the history of the last hundred and fifty years to the exactest pitch.

4. The prince is to be trained to act as officer and general, and to seek his sole glory in the sword.

'Excellent hints!' as Mr Carlyle pronounces, and who shall gainsay? But little could the luckless father imagine the germ of mischief that lay in that anti-Latin clause. If he thought of anything besides his own theories, he, perhaps, remembering his boyish days, fondly imagined that his son would thank him for it; but oh, the danger of rules that suggest infraction, fences that tempt to overleap!—oh, the difficulty of casting one human spirit into the self-same mould of another! Fritz cares little either for his father's favourite diversion of hunting, whether stag, boar, or fox and wolf hunting, rough-riding on *Wurstwagen* or sausage-cars—'most Spartan of vehicles'—mere stuffed pole or sausage, on which you sit astride a dozen or two, defiant of wind and weather.' All this delights not him. 'Later, he would retire into some glade with musical comrades,' or 'converse with mamma and her ladies' at the very crisis of the sport, when the boar was actually being baited, or the stag of ten brought to bay. Effeminate tendencies these, according to Friedrich Wilhelm, and an increasing offence to him. Well, he may feed the boy on 'beer-soup,' give him but eightpence a week in pocket-money, prescribe the order of his lessons, the cut of his costume, nay, the very hours of his sleep, but he will never, never make him a fac-simile of himself. Could he but only relinquish the hope of doing so! Alas, alas!

Here are two little clouds no bigger indeed than a man's hand, but the horizon on which they rise will soon be black with storm. According to Wilhelmina—whose book Mr Carlyle pronounces the only one treating of Frederick's childhood which can be characterised as 'strictly human,' which he even calls a *veracious* book, 'due deduction being made for shrill female exaggeration—as say 25 per cent., or, in extreme cases, as much as 75'—according, then, to Wilhelmina, her brother was slow in learning; but this would appear to have been the case only in respect of certain branches he disliked, such as spelling, which he never did learn, or punctuation either, and grammar, which continued with him a hopeless mystery to the end. For Latin, on the contrary, he had a peculiar fancy! One day he and a subaltern preceptor, with their 'contraband apparatus of Latin grammar and dictionary on the table,' are caught in the fact—the Golden Bull of Kaiser Karl IV.—a document 350 years old, and venerable next to holy writ, in Friedrich Wilhelm's estimation—the subject of study. This the trembling tutor hastens to explain; but his majesty, 'in noway propitiated,

flourishes that too-ready rattan of his. 'Dog, I will Golden Bull you!' cries he. The Latin lesson is at an end for that day. Curious, though, to observe that, throughout life, Frederick retained his love for the smattering of Latin he had thus secretly acquired, garnishing his writings with scraps often 'mouldy, and in a hitherto inexplicable condition.'

Here is another cloud. French fashions of all kinds, as we have seen, were obnoxious to the king, to whose taste 'close-cropping and a club' were dear. To the youth, on the other hand, 'with his bright eyes and blond locks,' hair combed out like a cockatoo, seemed decidedly preferable. At the age of fifteen, too, it is hard to brook interference in these personal matters; but there is no help for it, ruthless father standing by, court-surgeon with scissors and comb in hand. Fritz, who has from a very early age commanded a miniature soldier-company of nearly three hundred boys of his own age, and who now belongs to the Potsdam guards, shall conform to the army-regulations, and shall be close cropped as becomes a soldier! There are tears, they say, in the bright young eyes; but the thing has to be done, or at least to seem to be done; 'the judicious chirurgeons making a great show of clipping,' and fiercely combing back the obnoxious curls, but, nevertheless, leaving them capable of shaking out again in proper place and season. These, however, were alienating incidents, and father and son were fast learning to misunderstand and torment each other. Other children, too, rose round Friedrich Wilhelm, and all of them seem to him better, more dutiful, more promising than this Fritz—the heir—with his 'French fopperies, flutings, and cockatoo fashion of hair.' Meanwhile, Sophie Dorothee, loving all her children well, loves her eldest best, inevitably takes his part: so does Wilhelmina. The house is divided against itself; and a great scheme is brewing, dear to the maternal mind, full of bright promise as any apple of Sodom, which will complicate and aggravate all existing difficulties—the scheme, namely, of a double marriage, double alliance with England, agreeably to which the English Frederick, grandson of George I., shall marry Wilhelmina; and Fritz of Prussia, the Princess Amelia of England. Could anything sound more auspicious than this? Sophie Dorothee has nursed the project for more than a dozen years, all parties connected with it warmly agreeing. It is true that when her father is 'wafted across into England, into new and more complex conditions,' he is no longer so, 'impressively eager as the Prussian queen, and when he gets back on a visit to his beloved Hanover, wishes rather to hunt than to make marriage treaties.' Friedrich Wilhelm, too, is more apathetic about the matter than could be wished. However, there comes at last a favourable juncture, and, according to Wilhelmina, the double marriage treaty was settled and signed in October 1723. But she was wrong as to the signing. 'Parliament had to be apprised,' time-taking formalities to be gone through; the treaty never was signed at all, though to the sanguine maternal mind it appeared as good as signed.

The maternal mind cannot foresee that 'the politics of most European cabinets will connect themselves' with this seeming simple and desirable plan, 'and send it wandering wide enough'—Kaiser Karl VI. clinging with true Hapsburg tenacity to the shadow of the crown of Spain; Elizabeth Farnese, actual queen of that country, demanding the renunciation of his shadowy claim, and still further demanding Parma and Padua, the kaiser's well-loved duchies, for Carlos her son; Kaiser Karl's second vast shadowy project, his pragmatic sanction, whereby heirs-male failing him, the imperial crown shall devolve upon his eldest daughter, Maria Theresa. What do these

things appear to have to do with the double-marriage treaty? Why should not Sophie Dorothee be of good cheer as to its fulfilment? We shall see, after sundry diplomatic crises, Spain and Vienna—so long in direct antagonism—come to terms of close union, to the 'amazement, anger, and terror of the rest of Europe.' The balance of power has now to be readjusted.

France and England lay their heads together, and the treaty of Hanover is the result. Now, Friedrich Wilhelm, a man with such a valuable 'fighting apparatus' as an army of 60,000 best-drilled men—is indeed important in a Hanover treaty, and must be got to sign if possible; nor has he, for his part, any objection to help to trim the European ship, and right the unequal balance of power; but there is one point which touches him more closely, the reversion, after the death of the present owner, of Jülich and Berg, that valuable Cleve country. 'Perhaps England and France will, for a consideration, guarantee one's undoubted rights there.' They promise, but not 'too specifically.' We shall hear a good deal more about this Jülich and Berg question by and by. Meanwhile, the balance of power being righted, why not sign the double-marriage treaty at once?

One can fancy how distressing to Queen Sophie, whose 'whole heart was set with female fixity on the project,' her father's delays must have been. Neither were these delays pleasing to Friedrich Wilhelm, 'who is very capable of being hurt by slights, and who, at anyrate, dislikes to have loose thrums flying about.' Besides, there has been some cause of offence with regard to Friedrich Wilhelm's hobby, which last, small and harmless-looking when we heard of it before, has been growing portentously all these years, as hobbies will. 'Tall men, not for one regiment only, have become a necessary of life to the king—indispensable to him almost as his daily bread.' Not content with his home 'canton system of recruitment,' the third part of every regiment, it is decreed, 'shall consist of foreigners, men not born Prussians.' 'The consequence is, all countries, especially all German countries, are infested with a new species of predatory two-legged animals—Prussian recruiters.' 'Better not to be too tall in any country at present.' Even the 'regis of the British constitution' fails sometimes to protect, though, for the most part, experience proves that the English are too well off for much to be done among them. Hanover, however, has grave cause of complaint; and George I. commences a system of 'decisive measures and even reprisals,' which by no means brighten the prospects of the double-marriage treaty; Friedrich Wilhelm absolutely refusing to dismount from his hobby, though riding him henceforth under much sorrow, under showers of anger and ridicule. However, the double-marriage treaty did not succumb to the hobby, but had other and more inveterate foes to contend with, as we shall endeavour briefly to shew. Meanwhile, the crown-prince is formally enrolled major among the Potsdam giant guards, and Baron Grumkow, a bribable man, is in the ascendant in the tobacco-parliament or *tabagie*, an institution to which it is now high time to refer.

'Friedrich Wilhelm never had the least shadow of a constitutional parliament, nor even a privy council, as we understand it; but he had evening smoking-parties (*tabagies*), where "state consultations, in a fitful, informal way, took place, and the weightiest affairs, by dexterous management, cunning insinuation and manœuvring, from those that understood the art and the place, could be bent this way or that." Now Grumkow was essentially at home in that dim, hot element; and Grumkow, be it remembered, was a bribable man. Meanwhile, there are 'loose thrums'

and troubles enough at the imperial court, Kaiser Karl having been thrown into fresh perplexity, nay, extreme embarrassment, by the Hanover treaty; all the sea-powers against him, nothing for him but a capricious Spanish queen. Were it not well to detach Friedrich Wilhelm with his 'fighting apparatus' from those 'Hanover confederates, and win him over to our side?' An excellent expedient, only a little dangerous. Who shall muzzle the royal bear? Graf von Seckendorf, imperial ordnance-master, practical diplomatist, conscientious Protestant, comes forward ready to try—he is the man.

Accordingly, on the 11th of May 1726, *tabagie* being held in Berlin palace, and the king sitting smoking at the window, 'a square-built gentleman of military cut is seen strolling over the *schoosplatz*, pensively recreating himself in the yellow sunlight. 'Who is that?' inquires the king. Grumkow cautiously replies that he thinks it must be Count Seckendorf from Vienna, passing rapidly towards Denmark, led round this way by anxiety to see the great review at Tempelhof, the day after to-morrow. How innocent and accidental all this seemed! Who would suppose that Grumkow, 'once clear for king George,' is detached from his interests by a little imperial pension of L.500 to begin with; and Seckendorf here by contrivance, not accident at all. His unsuspecting Prussian majesty has not an idea of the kind as he puts his head out of the window, and beckons Seckendorf up with his own royal hand.

Once installed in the *tabagie*, Seckendorf becomes prime favourite there—'a captivating talker, solid for religion, for the rights of Germany against intrusive French and others,' and with a capacity of 'curiously distilling any lie in his religious alembics, till it become tolerable, nay, palatable to the conscience.' At this crisis of the history, Mr Carlyle, breaking out into generous indignation at the prospect before the unconscious Friedrich Wilhelm, breathes a heartfelt wish, which he has often occasion to repeat, that Grumkow and Seckendorf—'black artists of the first quality,' could have both been 'well hanged at this stage of their career.' But it was not so written in the book of fate.

Seckendorf and Grumkow make good use of their *tabagie* privileges. In less than five months from that May sunset, a treaty of Wusterhausen is signed, whereby Friedrich Wilhelm silently drops that of Hanover, and explicitly steps over to the Kaiser's side; in return for which, the Kaiser engages in 'circuitous chancery language,' to be helpful in that great matter of Jülich and Berg; not, indeed, that there ever was any performance of this promise, or even any intention of it; but still, by 'preternatural methods,' the majesty of Prussia is kept steady to the Kaiser, and well divided from the English; and Friedrich Wilhelm, taken possession of by these two lying spirits, grows more and more estranged from the double-marriage treaty, on which Queen Sophie's heart is more and more set. Could she but have given up the hope of it! 'It is greatly wise to recognise the impossible when it presents itself; but who of men is there, much more who of women, that can always do this?' At all events, Sophie Dorothee cannot; she will try yet further the resources of female diplomacy. Meanwhile, the crown-prince, residing habitually at Potsdam, 'begins to be noted for his sprightly sense, love of literature, and ingenuous ways,' sometimes appearing at the *tabagie*, but smoking little there; finding life, Mr Carlyle surmises, very heavy—the winged Psyche much imprisoned in the pipe-clay element—reading many French books, new and old; among the new, no doubt reading the *Henriade* of M. Aronnet, junior, otherwise named Voltaire, and, worst of all, growing sadly out of favour with his father, who is getting soured, what

with demoniacal possession by Grumkow and Seckendorf, double-marriage troubles, French tendencies in his son, and domestic opposition, secret and open, to his inflexible will. And so, for the present, we leave him, with the dark intimation, that 'worse days are coming.'

A PROLONGED WATER EXCURSION.

EARLY in the day, on one fine morning in July, a pretty row-boat, well furnished with cushions, shawls, and hampers of provisions, was pushed off from the steep shingle beach of B—, a little fishing village on the coast of South Devon. Seated in it were two little girls of about thirteen and twelve years old, clad in plain cotton frocks, and straw hats; and four fine lads, ranging from about seventeen to eleven. The eldest of the boys was Bruce Grey, and the youngest of the girls his sister Mabel. They were of Scotch family, and, at the time of our story, had come, with their father and mother, to spend a few weeks in B—, for the sake of the society of Mrs Bruce's brother, Dr Peyton, who, with his wife and family, were residing there. The other young people in the boat were Emily, Horace, James, and Eustace Peyton, Dr Peyton's children, and consequently cousins of the Greys.

The little boat darted lightly over the bright blue water, impelled by the vigorous strokes of the active young oarsmen, and soon reached a small wooden pier that jutted out into the sea. There they inquired of a fisherman for a sailor whom they expected to meet there, and who was to accompany them on their excursion; but learning, to their evident vexation, that he had gone off at dawn to a distant port, leaving them a message to that effect, they turned away, and, resting on their oars, entered into a short discussion, which ended in their rowing on towards a distant reef of rocks called Rock-end. The man walked away from the pier as soon as he had delivered his message, and did not see that, after rowing in that direction for a few minutes, they turned and took a directly opposite one. Their plan had been to spend the day at Rock-end, but as the coast was known to be dangerous at that part, they had only obtained permission to do so on condition that a trusty sailor, who usually accompanied the Peytons in their excursions, went with them. On finding that he had failed of his promise, the children decided on changing their plan, and consequently struck across the bay, rounded the south headland, and were soon out of sight from the port. The cloud that had overcast the bright young faces of the children, when they found that they could not go to Rock-end, soon passed away, and amidst chat, and laughter, and song, they pushed on to a little cove about two miles from their home, in the opposite direction from that they were supposed to have taken, and here they all landed. It was a remarkable spot; a beach of white pebbles of considerable depth, but little breadth, ran up under immense red sandstone cliffs, in which were many caverns, of no great extent, but sufficient to afford shelter from sun and rain. The cliffs were quite perpendicular, and on the north jutted out so far as to almost shut out the view of the sea from those who were on the shore, and of the cove from all passing boats.

It was near low-water when they landed, and they were obliged to push the boat into a little channel between two rocks, in order to put the girls ashore dry-shod. And just as the last of the party was landed, a few large drops of rain fell, and bidding Emily and Mabel hasten into the shelter of a cavern, and take little Eustace with them, the elder boys hastily disembarked the hampers of provisions; and, fearing lest the shawls and cushions should be wetted, Bruce hastily snatched

them from the boat, and handed them to James and Horace, to carry to a cavern where they might be kept dry. He was himself on the point of leaping into the boat to take her round to a place where she might be moored in safety, when a sudden scream from Mabel, who had slipped into a rather deep tide-pool, arrested his attention, and he sprang away over the rocks to her aid, in his haste quite forgetting the boat, which lay free in the channel; before he could return, after assisting his little sister to rise, and helping her over the slippery rocks to the beach, the boat was many yards from the shore, and beating rapidly out to sea. It was an awkward business, but they did not at first see how awkward. None of them could swim; the cove was so placed that it was most unlikely that any boat would pass near enough to see and relieve them, and there was no possible escape from it except by water. Boys are, however, proverbially hopeful and free from thought for the future; so Horace and Bruce, who alone knew of the misfortune, looked lightly on it, and comforting themselves with the assurance that some one would be sure to see them, and pick them up, they agreed that they would not say a word about it to the rest. 'The girls will be in a desperate fright,' said Horace, 'if they know that the boat's gone, so we won't tell them;' Bruce, who, however, was not at heart quite so well satisfied, as his cousin, fell into Horace's wish, and taking up a hamper each, they had soon set them and themselves high and dry in a moderately roomy cavern under the cliff.

The shower was soon over; and then the young people betook themselves to their different amusements; some fishing for shrimps in the tide-pools, and some climbing for the beautiful ferns, which they found in abundance in the crevices of the cliff, and the bright yellow blossoms of the long-horned poppy *Glaucium lateum*; when tired of these and other pursuits, the whole party grouped themselves under the shadow of the rocks, and proceeded to unpack their baskets, and lay out their dinner on the smooth sand, and then partook with great enjoyment of the refreshment, without the least idea of the trouble and distress that hung over them.

Bruce, who was older and more thoughtful than Horace, at last began to get very uneasy. He had carefully watched the sea, and not a single boat had come in sight; he had also carefully explored the whole extent of the beach, in hope of discovering some part of the cliff that one of them might scale, and go to send help to the rest; but there was none. The mighty wall that shut them in presented no point at which the most adventurous might reach the top in safety, and the upper part of the cliff overhung itself so as to make it impossible for any one to pass it. He called Horace aside, and the two talked the matter over; but Horace was bright and gay, would listen to no croakings, as he called them, and only seemed to rejoice in the fun; so his cousin agreed not to speak of the dilemma they were in; and the boys returned to the rest of the party, who, full of glee and spirits, were chatting and laughing gaily as they scrambled about on the rocks, or chased each other over the sand.

The hours passed on, and still no help appeared, so that Horace himself began to be anxious on account of the girls, although he said for themselves it would be 'excellent fun to stay there all night.' It was, however, now necessary to tell the rest of the party of the mischance that had occurred; and this was accordingly done. The first thought of all was for the anxiety that their prolonged absence would cause in their respective homes. They knew that no one had an idea where they were, and that, consequently, there was no hope that any one could be sent, to look for them; but for this drawback, all the children save

Mabel agreed in delighting in the novelty of spending a whole night on the shore; and as it was very warm, and they had plenty of food, there would really have been no great evil in doing so. But Mabel was timid, and more delicate than her merry cousin; besides which, she had shivered and felt unwell, possibly from the effects of her dip in the tide-pool; and the little girl longed for her mother and her bed, and so she began to cry, though silently. Bruce drew her gently aside, and, sitting on the shingle, placed her on his knee, and resting her head on his shoulder, talked lovingly to her of the sure protection of her Heavenly Father, and of the duty she owed to the rest not in any way to add to their difficulties by her depression. He told her rather to try to forget herself, and be a help and comfort to the rest; and Mabel, who had been used to think of others rather than of herself, soon succeeded in following her brother's counsel; and she and he were soon in close conference with the others, who were already engaged in holding 'a committee of ways and means.' The first thing was to inspect their supplies, and these, happily, were more abundant than they would have been had the little party not been made up from the members of two families, each of whom had contributed handsomely to the general stock. Mrs Grey's hamper had produced a large plain plum-cake, a tin of biscuits, a good piece of cold lamb, and a loaf of bread, besides a bottle of ginger-wine. Mrs Peyton's had supplied a good large loaf, a piece of cold beef, and a piece of cheese, together with salt, and some knives and cups. They were to get water at Rock-end from a stream that flowed down the rocks; and, luckily for them, they had found a similar, though very small trickling stream, bursting out from the cliff at the cove. On these supplies there had, however, been a sharp attack at mid-day; and though a large proportion of the food remained, amply sufficient to give them all two more good meals, it was wisely agreed that they had better partake sparingly of it, as the time of their release was become so uncertain. It was a happy thing that the shower had induced the boys to lund the shawls and cushions, since they would provide bedding for the girls; and the boys agreed that they should do very well sleeping in the soft loose sand, after the fashion of Belzoni and his friends when they were digging for the temple of Ysanboul. They liked it, they said; and boldly protested that, except for the anxiety that their parents would feel, and for the sake of the girls, they would rather be there, than ignobly in their beds at home.

A dry and tolerably roomy cavern had been selected, and the boys had busied themselves in heaping sand and stones in front of it, so as to leave only a narrow doorway; and this formed a shelter from the evening air, which began to be rather chilling; and when Bruce had mounted on Horace's shoulders, and with the aid of a couple of forks stuck into the soft sandstone, had suspended an old shawl as a curtain, and the other boys, with Mabel and Emily, had arranged the shawls and cushions as a bed, it was allowed on all hands that things began to look cheering, and that to sit there and watch the beautiful full moon riding in her majesty in the heavens, and casting her bright wake on the sea, was indeed delightful; and if now and then a thought of home pressed on any heart, it was put aside for the sake of others; and the little party chatted most cheerfully until they thought it time to eat their supper and prepare for their night's rest. Before they parted, little Mabel whispered to her brother: 'Shall not we have prayers, Bruce? I do not like to lie down in this strange place without asking God to take care of us all.'

'Right, darling,' replied Bruce, kissing her; and then he told the rest what she had said, and asked if

Horace or Emily would repeat a psalm, or part of one of the Gospels, which was accordingly done.

When evening came, and the children had not returned, Dr Peyton became at first displeased at their neglect of rule and breach of promise, but, as time wore on and they did not appear, anxiety began to displace the former feeling, and he set out with Mrs Peyton to walk to the quay, in hopes of hearing something of the party. Near his door he encountered Mr Grey, who was coming to inquire if his boy and girl had arrived, and been detained at their uncle's, and, finding that such was not the case, he joined the doctor and his wife, and they all walked together to the shore.

And now, for the first time, the parents learned that the sailor who was to have gone in charge of the boat had failed of his appointment, and that the children had gone alone, and, as they believed, to the dangerous reef for which the party had been planned; for the fisherman who had given them the sailor's message, had seen them start in that direction, and had not watched them long enough to see that after a few minutes they had turned back. And now, intense anxiety arose in all their minds. Mr Grey instantly started in one boat, and Dr Peyton in another, to seek for them at different parts of the shore, and went straight across to Rock-end. Of course, the search was in vain; and when, on the evening of the next day, the boat in which the party had gone was discovered on some rocks at a considerable distance beyond Rock-end with her sides stove in, and no other trace of the party could be found, it was believed that all had been drowned, and the agony of both families became intense. To seek for the dead bodies now became the employment of half the population of the village, for the Peytons were much beloved, and every one felt for the bereaved parents. Bruce and Mabel were the only children of their house; and, though the Peytons had two little ones left, their mourning was as deep as if such had not been the case.

The days passed sadly on. It was Thursday when the children had set out, on Friday evening the boat had been found, and now Monday had arrived; and though Mr Grey and Dr Peyton had spent the greater part of each day in exploring the shore, no tidings had been obtained. Their researches had all been made to the west of the town, as in that direction lay Rock-end, and there the boat had been found. Once only they tried the eastern side, and then they must have passed within gunshot of the children, though neither party perceived the other, and after that they kept on the more likely side.

And how fared it with the little desolate children during these sad days? Of course, the food which they had taken with them, though rich provision for one day, was wholly insufficient for six people during several days; and though they had husbanded their resources with a self-denial beyond their age, and had helped them out with shrimps which they caught and contrived to boil in the tin that had held their biscuits, and with cockles, and limpets, and periwinkles, these were, by the end of the fourth day, entirely exhausted. The boys had, it is true, shot a gull and one or two other sea-birds; but when they had contrived to cook them by boiling some of the flesh in their biscuit-tin, and broiling other parts on heated stones, they found them to be so intolerably tough and fishy, that no one could eat a morsel whilst anything else remained with which they could allay their hunger. These relics were now produced, and, with some shell-fish, grilled, after a fashion, in some large cockle-shells, formed their sole food this fourth day of their constrained abode at the cove. They had from time to time made a fire from the dried weed and drift-wood

that they had gathered; but their supplies of both were so scanty, that they were obliged to be very sparing in that luxury; and the delicately nurtured children could not as yet induce themselves to eat the limpets and other shell-fish uncooked, so that they had begun to feel very sad at their condition and prospects. The weather was very hot and dry, and they all felt grievously the loss of their home-comforts, such as tea, milk, and other beverages, as well as of their beds. They had all been as ingenious in resource as could be expected, and had procured a little salt from the evaporation of sea-water in large shells; and some dulce had been gathered at low-water, which was voted delicious; but of course in a narrow strip of beach walled in by high cliffs such as that which they occupied, they had little opportunity of practising desert-island expedients. There were no trees or shrubs, no roots or fruits, and after the first two days their fire had to be made from chips hacked with their knives from the oars, which had luckily been thrown out of the boat before she drifted.

On the fourth night, then, the children lay down to sleep in a most disconsolate state. It had been Sunday, and their hearts had been full of grief on account of the afflictions which they knew their parents must be suffering for their sakes, as well as for their own disastrous position. Still they slept, as children do even in the times of deepest sorrow, and awoke in the morning to find that a new trial awaited them. The little stream, which had lessened in its flow from day to day, was gone. It had quite dried up, and not a drop of water could be obtained!

And now the hearts of all began to utterly fail them.

'Bruce,' said Emily, 'suppose you and Horace were to fire your guns together once in every minute, as ships do at sea when in distress. There may be people near, and they may hear!'

Bruce demurred, lest the little powder they had left should be exhausted; but all agreed that it would be useless to kill birds if water was not to be had; they could not live without that: so the idea was adopted.

Sad and solemn was the feeling of each heart as the first, and second, and third, and fourth shots were fired, and deep and earnest were the prayers which each young heart poured out for deliverance. The guns were raised to give the fifth signal, and but one more charge of powder remained for each. They were raised, and then suddenly both were thrown on the beach, and 'O look!' and 'Thank God!' was eagerly uttered as they pointed upwards. All the children started to their feet, and looking in the direction indicated, beheld the figures of a man and a boy looking at them.

The signal had not failed. The cliff was too lofty for their words to be audible to those above, but the man seemed at once to perceive their position; and it afterwards appeared that he had heard the sound of a gun two days before, and on looking over into the cove, had seen the children, and supposed them to have just landed for a morning's amusement, and in consequence thought no more of them; but that when he heard their signals, he bethought him of the truth, and on seeing the young people still there, felt sure that some accident had stranded them. As soon as he had made his presence known, the man ran hastily off, and the boy with him; but soon a woman appeared; and after throwing down to them some cold potatoes and slices of coarse bread, stood watching the poor starved children as they greedily devoured what, after the fare of the last few days, seemed to them delicious diet.

It was now but a few minutes before the splash of oars and the voices of men proclaimed that deliverance was near; and then a boat with a couple of men

entered the cove; and with unspeakable joy and thankfulness the six wearied, weather-stained young creatures who had, half an hour before, doubted of ever again reaching their home, were afloat on the blue summer wave, and on the way to their parents.

We have not space to enlarge on the joy of both families, when one of those who were still out searching for the dead bodies of the lost ones rushed in breathless haste to announce that Job Styles the fisherman, and his sons, were at that moment rowing across to the quay in his boat, with the whole party alive and apparently well. Nor need we expatiate on the happy thankfulness of the rescued children as each in turn was pressed in the arms of their parents.

DONATI'S COMET.

For some time past, as the public is generally aware, astronomers expected the reappearance of a notable comet which last appeared before the eyes of Europe in the reign of the Bloody Mary. While this was looked for, another comet presented itself, which we all saw pass across the northern sky in September and October last, with such a brilliancy of nucleus and such an extent of tail, as had only been paralleled to living eyes in this part of the earth in the case of the famous comet of 1811. This recent visitant of our skies—distinguished as *Donati's Comet*—was first observed by that astronomer at Florence on the 2d of June, as a faint nebulous object. Announced by him, it was speedily caught up by other observers, and in due time, but while still a good deal more than 100,000,000 of miles distant, it came within the ken of the naked eye. On the 13th of September, it had approached within 120,000,000 miles; and Mr Hind, acting as cometic interpreter, published the diameter of the nucleus as 3000 miles, and the length of the tail 15,000,000 miles. On that same day, it happened that the temperature was 85 degrees in the shade, extraordinarily high for September; and popular opinion was pretty unanimous in referring the cause of the great heat to the comet.

As the evenings grew longer and darker, the comet came nearer and nearer, finally presenting a magnificent appearance, as it stretched over not less than thirty degrees of the sky, or a full third of the space between the horizon and zenith. On the 5th of October, the foremost extremity passed over Arcturus, the principal star in the constellation Bootes, the nucleus being just a little below the star. The passage of the tail across the star occupied nearly an hour, and hundreds of beholders were then enabled to satisfy themselves that a star can be seen through the tail of a comet. Well might previous observers wonder what sort of matter that can be which is dense enough to send light through millions of miles to the earth, and yet so thin that it does not hide a star. Five days later, at midnight of the 10th of October, the comet was at its nearest, being then not more than 51,000,000 miles from us; but its hour of setting fell earlier every evening, and before the end of the month, it went down with the sun, leaving only the extremity of its tail to be seen in the twilight. Finally, this disappeared, and the comet of 1858 was seen no more.

Let us try to sum up the observations made upon this brilliant stranger; but first we may advert to a few particulars regarding its class which have been ascertained in modern times.

Of all the comets hitherto seen, the number observed and recorded amounts to about six hundred, and the orbits of one-third of these have been calculated. If Tycho Brahe was the first to shew that comets were not mere meteors of the terrestrial

atmosphere, because he found that they travelled beyond the moon, Newton was the first to prove that they moved in elliptic orbits. Comets were formerly believed to be celestial waifs and strays, which appeared but once, and then were lost for ever; the fact ascertained by Newton shewed that they belonged to our own system. Halley, with fruitful genius, following out Newton's idea, calculated the orbit of the comet which, from his observations thereupon in 1682, is known by his name, and found its period to be about seventy-five years; identifying the comet with the one which had appeared in 1606 and 1581. Here was an important step gained; knowledge of the past enabled him to look into the future, and he predicted that, allowing for the retarding influence of Jupiter upon the comet, it would revisit the earth at the end of 1758 or beginning of 1759—an interval of more than seventy-six years. The comet, as is well known, did reappear in April 1759, and once again in due course in 1835.

Even if a person could make observations of two appearances of the same comet, seventy-six years is a long time to wait to detect changes and delays. But there are comets which return many times to the astronomer who lives out the threescore years and ten, and science has availed itself of these to prove its methods right with regard to the long periods. Encke's comet, named after the astronomer at Berlin, performs its journey round the sun in three years and four months; it has been frequently seen, and its return is looked for with as much certainty as an eclipse. Its last visit was in 1858. This comet which, owing to its nearness to the sun, is rarely to be seen without a telescope, enables astronomers to verify an important conclusion which they had come to concerning a cosmical phenomenon—namely, that the regions of space are pervaded by an ether which, though of extreme levity, does nevertheless exert an influence on objects moving through it. Hence the times of comets should grow shorter and shorter; and this is found to be the case with Encke's—its time is shortened two hours and thirty-six minutes each revolution, or one day in 2500, so that in course of time it will fall into the sun. Another observation, verified also by the same means, is that comets diminish in size as they approach the sun, and increase as they withdraw. The last published volume of the *Jahrbuch* of the observatory at Berlin, contains a valuable paper by Professor Encke on that very subject—the existence of a resisting medium throughout space.

It is, however, desirable to notice that Professor Encke's views on this point do not meet with universal acceptance. Bessel, whose name stands in the foremost rank of astronomers, shews that the supposition of an ether is not the only solution of the problem; that it may be explained by the theory on which Laplace explains the acceleration of the moon's motion. And M. Faye of Paris, taking the same ground of argument, makes it appear that to suppose an ether, an imponderable, uninfluenced by the sun or planets, is a fallacy; that if such an ether existed, it would be visible, and would of necessity revolve round the sun in common with the whole solar system.

Biela's is also a comet of short period—six years and three quarters; it has been seen three times since 1832. On its approach to the sun, it underwent some of the convulsive changes which comets experience at their perihelion, and broke into two, presenting the appearance of two small comets, each with a tail, travelling at the same rate. Faye's comet, discovered in 1843, has also a comparatively short period; it was seen for the second time in 1851.

A brilliant comet, known as Lexell's, appeared in

1770; its period was computed at five years and a half; but it has not been observed since. The explanation is, that as Jupiter by its attraction had shortened, so had it, by another exercise of attraction, lengthened the comet's time; but how much must remain uncertain until Lexell's shall be once more recognised and observed.

A comet is a gaseous body, having a tendency to consolidate mostly in the head or nucleus, while the lightest particles fly off from the side furthest from the sun, and form the tail. Thin as is their constitution, they reflect light. Arago discovered this fact by one of his ingenious experiments in 1819. The light coming from the comet then visible was polarised; and as light is not polarised unless reflected, it follows that comets reflect light. That the nucleus is gaseous as well as the tail, is said to be proved by stars having been actually seen through it; but more observations of this fact are wanted. Of the tenuity of the tail there can be no doubt, after what we all saw last October; and how singular that tenuity must be, for observers know to their vexation that a thin fog or light cloud will hide a star, and yet Sir J. Herschel saw a cluster of stars through 50,000 miles of a comet's tail, without any sensible diminution of their brightness. The nucleus is commonly surrounded by a *coma* or hairy-like nebulousity, between which and the bright central portion there is an encircling dark ring, or atmospheric space.

Now for the observations on Donati's comet—alas that they should be so easily summed up!

It is scarcely necessary to say that the gaseous nature of cometary matter is fully confirmed by these observations; and that Arago's experiments on the polarisation of the light have been repeated. Sir William Herschel thought the head of the comet of 1811 to be a hollow hemisphere or basin, with the open side towards us. Similar appearances were seen in the comet of 1858, but more numerous, as many as eight encircling rims having been observed from first to last between September 23 and October 15; and, like the former, its tail was produced by two lines of light shooting out from each side of the rim, brightest on the side towards which the comet was moving; and between the two lines the hazy, feathery light spread itself out, filling the whole interval, except the dark stripe which more or less distinctly runs along the centre of a comet's tail.

Professor Govi, a colleague of Donati's, in his observations, found the plane of polarisation identical with the axis of the tail, or with a line drawn from the sun to the comet, and regards this as a convincing proof that the light comes from the sun. The dark stripe in the tail, supposed by some to indicate a hollow cone, he considers as the shadow of the nucleus thrown along its gaseous train. His observation of the plane of polarisation is confirmed by Herr Prazmowski, who noticed the same fact from the observatory at Warsaw. M. Porro took a photograph of the spectrum thrown by the comet, and that from Arcturus, for the purpose of comparison, and found no difference in the rays, or in their several intervals. He considers that the cosmical matter of comets exists in two different states, both intermediate between the ether above referred to, and gas, and that the substance of the nucleus differs as much from its envelope as our globe from its own atmosphere. And we are to understand that the comet does not reflect light as a mirror does, but by vibrations or undulations produced by the influence of the sun, in the same way as light is reflected by our atmosphere. Reasoning from analogy, the nucleus should be spherical in form, with a tendency to elongation, or to become oval as it approaches the sun;

and so far as observations go, this change of form really takes place. The comet was seen to assume the oval shape, to have one of its extremities brighter than the other, and to shift its position from near the ring on the north to near the ring on the south. Some of these views are supported by Zantedeschi of Venice, who concludes nebulae, comets, and perhaps the zodiacal light, to be composed of gases in the intermediate state.

Another notion, suggested by observations of Donati's comet, is, that we cannot explain its nature unless we admit a twofold quality in gravitation, that is, attraction and repulsion, as prevails in other natural phenomena. The comet, therefore, having entered the photosphere of the sun, there parts with the property by which it was drawn, and receives an opposite one by which it is driven off into space.

M. Faye shews that a reciprocal attraction among all its particles is manifested by the comet. When first seen, the particles or molecules were in close contact, arranged in concentric rings more and more dense around the central nucleus. Approach to the sun appears to counterbalance or destroy this attraction, hence the throwing off at intervals of the concentric rings, not, however, as complete circles, but with a break in the rear where they stretched out and merged into the tail. He thinks that as the earth has tides, so a tide is produced in a comet by the influence of the sun, but to an extent almost incredibly greater, by reason of the extreme change that takes place in the comet's distance from the sun: only, from some cause as yet unknown, the tide is all on the side furthest from the sun, or where we see the tail. He says, moreover, that the matter of the tail flew off from the nucleus at the rate of eight leagues in a second—the speed at which the earth travels in its orbit; and the force by which this effect is produced he describes, for want of a precise term, as solar radiation. This force is alike amazing and mysterious. What can it be which, in so short a time, sends off a train of light millions of miles in length? We know of nothing comparable except lightning; and seeing that electricity and magnetism, heat and light, are allied manifestations, we shall perhaps find, with the progress of knowledge, that by their means the explanation will be arrived at.

In his latest notes upon the subject, read before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Faye remarks: 'Cometary phenomena are due to a repulsive force which resides in the sun, and which, for matters reduced to excessive tenuity, overcomes gravitation.'

Bessel, in his discussion of the question, attributes to the rays of the sun 'a property by which polar forces—energetic attractions and repulsions—are generated in the interior of a comet's mass; but he has not yet been able to name this property, although he has assigned to the special action with which he thus endows the solar rays, an intensity almost double that of the enormous mass which emits them.'

The conclusions of English astronomers agree in most respects with those made on the continent. Mr Airy, the astronomer-royal, found proofs of polarisation in the head and tail of the comet, and satisfied himself that the plane of polarisation is the same as observed by Gavi and Prazmowski. He describes the nucleus as formed of concentric discs. Professor Challis, of the observatory at Cambridge, saw what he describes as hoods surrounding the nucleus, and the nucleus itself brighter on the right side—as seen in the telescope—till October 2, and after that date on the left side. Rev. T. W. Webb of Hereford says: 'The two streams which formed the tail were for a long time unequal in breadth, but were never observed to change sides, so as to indicate rotation.' Mr Selby of Spalding observed sudden and momentary jets dart from the nucleus, and concludes it to be

'a dense body, emitting igneous or gaseous emanations.' Mr Waterston explains the formation of the tail by the centrifugal power of the sun's rays upon molecules free from the force of cohesion.

Full as this summary is, it cannot be regarded as more than a glance at the subject. The astronomers generally have published only an abstract of their observations and conclusions, reserving for careful discussion and consideration the papers on the comet, with drawings illustrative of all its developments, which will be printed in the *Transactions* of scientific societies in the course of 1859. When these appear, we shall become acquainted with all that is known on the interesting subject.

Some observers have contended that the tail of a comet has no real existence, but is a mere ocular illusion. Tycho thought it was nothing more than the sun's rays shining through an opening in the nucleus. The true explanation is probably that, the comet being gaseous, the gas condenses when far away from the sun; then coming into view, it is seen as a nebulous mass without a tail: it comes nearer, and the tail begins to develop itself, and the comet grows smaller, as if the heat of the sun caused the gas to evaporate, flying off from the envelope of the nucleus, and so forming the tail, and with greater amplitude after the perihelion is past. By and by the tail disappears, and the comet goes off into space to fulfil its mission, until, obedient to the great law of attraction, it returns once more to the glorious centre.

Beyond the facts here set forth, there is little or nothing but surmise in what has been written concerning comets. Newton thought their use might be 'to fall now and then into a planet, and refresh it with a new term of existence; but to prove the notion true or false, would be alike difficult in the present state of our knowledge. We conclude, therefore, with a passage from a communication to the Astronomical Society by Admiral Smyth; having seen both, he thinks the comet of 1811 the finer of the two. 'As a mere sight-object,' he says, 'the branched tail was of greater interest, the nucleus with its "head-veil" was more distinct, and its circumpolarity was a fortunate incident for gazers. But recollect that in these remarks I mean nothing disrespectful to the comet of Donati. On the contrary, with those exceptions, it is one of the most beautiful objects I have ever seen in the heavens.'

CONVERSATION HOLMES.

If the last book* of Mr Oliver Wendell Holmes is to be taken as a fair sample of his powers of breakfast-table-talk, he had better stick to that for the future, and give up the writing of poetry. He has, indeed, written one really good stirring ballad (*On Lending a Silver Punch-bowl*), but he has not written many; whereas in this volume there are many good things, and better than we should have ever given him credit for. We do not speak of the apophthegms plentifully bestrewed upon these pages—ranging from the moral, 'Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all,' to the social, 'Shabby gentility has nothing so characteristic as its hat. There is always an *unnatural calmness about its nap*, and an *unwholesome gloss suggestive of a wet brush*'—because apophthegms can be constructed by persons who have the knack of making them, as easily as charades; but the really excellent metaphorical parallels are worth quoting from. Here, for instance, is balm to elders and others, who must needs suffer under tedious ministers twice, or even thrice a week; in the

* *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table*. Edinburgh: A. Strahan & Co.

information that a hopelessly dull discourse does nevertheless (as electricians would say) develop strong mental currents.

I am ashamed to think with what accompaniments and variations and *floriture* I have sometimes followed the droning of a heavy speaker—not willingly, for my habit is reverential—but as a necessary result of a slight continuous impression on the senses and the mind, which kept both in action without furnishing the food they required to work upon. If you ever saw a crow with a king-bird after him, you will get an image of a dull speaker and a lively listener. The bird in sable plumage flaps heavily along his straightforward course, while the other sails round him, over him, under him, leaves him, comes back again, tweaks out a black feather, shoots away once more, never losing sight of him, and finally reaches the crow's perch at the same time the crow does, having cut a perfect labyrinth of loops, and knots, and spirals, while the slow fowl was painfully working from one end of his straight line to the other.

And again, here is an admirable metaphorical lesson, which, if it had been only read in time by a certain popular author, would perhaps have prevented him from getting into a squabble with a smaller man, as well as into the newspapers and a law-court:

'If a fellow attacked my opinions in print, would I reply? Not I. Do you think I don't understand what my friend, the professor, long ago called the *hydrostatic paradox of controversy*?

'Don't know what that means?—Well, I will tell you. You know, that, if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was of the size of a pipe-stem, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand at the same height in one as in the other. Controversy equalises fools and wise men in the same way—and the fools know it.

'No, but I often read what they say about other people. There are about a dozen phrases that all come tumbling along together, like the tongs, and the shovel, and the poker, and the brush, and the bellows, in one of those domestic avalanches that everybody knows. If you get one, you get the whole lot.'

How true that is; and what an example of the latter part of it have we in this country recently witnessed in yet another eminent case. In America, where dirt is still cheaper, to judge by the reckless manner in which it is flung about by the public press, such remarks must be still more striking than to us.

Mr Holmes is supposed to deliver his autocratic opinions to the various company of the boarding-house at which he resides, who are representative persons, and severally well described. It is no wonder that only some few should remain 'balancing teaspoons on the edges of cups, twirling knives, or tilting upon the hind-legs of their chairs until their heads reached the wall, where they left gratuitous advertisements of various popular cosmetics,' when he describes the process of making verses in the following transcendental manner: 'A lyric conception, my friends, hits me like a bullet in the forehead. I have often had the blood drop from my cheeks when it struck, and felt that I turned as white as death. Then comes a creeping as of centipedes running down the spine—then a gasp and a great jump of the heart—then a sudden flush and a beating in the vessels of the head—then a long sigh—and the poem is written.'

Whether the sigh is for the ideas, the jumps of the heart for the rhythm, and the centipedes for the number of feet, the poet does not particularise; but *Astræa and Other Poems* (sins of our author's youth) must have taken a good deal out of Mr Oliver Wendell Holmes's constitution, if they were all composed under

the above painful circumstances. We are bound to shew, however, that with all this arrogance of sublimity, he can see the ridiculous side of the poetical character as well as another. He must surely have been a magazine editor himself at one period of his life, for in what other capacity could he have picked up this knowledge of the aspirants for the laurel, the youthful toilers up the Periodical Parnassus? He has always striven, he says, to be gentle with even the most hopeless cases (of the poetic disease); but his experience has not been encouraging; and this is the usual type of it: 'X. Y., æt. 18, a cheaply got-up youth, with narrow jaws, and broad, bony, cold, red hands, having been laughed at by the girls in his village, falls to souling and controlling, and youthling and truthing in the newspapers. Sends me some strings of verses, candidates for the Orthopedic Infirmary, all of them, in which I learn for the millionth time one of the following facts: either that something about a chime is sublime, or that something about time is sublime, or that something about a chime is concerned with time, or that something about a rhyme is sublime or concerned with time or with a chime. Wishes my opinion of the same, with advice as to his future course.

'What shall I do about it? Tell him the whole truth, and send him a ticket of admission to the Institution for Idiots and Feeble-minded Youth? One doesn't like to be cruel, and yet one hates to lie. Therefore one softens down the ugly central fact of donkeyism; recommends study of good models; that writing verse should be an incidental occupation only, not interfering with the hoe, the needle, the lapstone, or the ledger; and, above all, that there should be no hurry in printing what is written. Not the least use in all this. The poetaster who has tasted type is done for. He is like the man who has once been a candidate for the presidency.'

Ah, reader, what a photograph that is! as, if you had to conduct this *Journal* for a week, you would most infallibly discover. It is seldom, indeed, that we catch a transcendentalist committing a piece of humour; but we detect Mr Holmes in that undignified position, several times, among these various pages. He tells us of a lady of his acquaintance, who, when her husband left her for a time, did not sit down and write a mournful poem, nor, indeed, say anything about the matter one way or another, but 'quietly turned of a deep orange colour, with jaundice.' We beg our author's pardon; we have made a mistake. He goes on to state, we perceive, that this was 'a symbol of human passion, a great deal more expressive than words;' whereby we perceive that we have been gleaning out of the metaphysical portion of the volume, instead of the humorous. Certain remarks, however, which he goes on to make upon literary reputation must needs be written in fun, since surely there cannot be any real foundation for them, even in America. When an author has a number of books out, Mr Holmes avers, he will keep them, if he be sagacious, all spinning before the public eye at once, just as Signor Blitz does his dinner-plates, fetching each one up as it begins to 'wabble' by an advertisement, a puff, or a quotation. He adds that he can always tell when a new book or a new edition is about to appear from a living writer, by the multiplication in the newspapers of extracts from his old ones. 'The extracts are *ground-bait*.' Did one ever hear of such a thing in all one's literary existence? And how could such a comical idea have entered into the brain of an ingenious author?

The whole volume is pleasantly interspersed with verses, sometimes grave, and sometimes gay, and which seldom fail to please. *The Deacon's Masterpiece* is an excellent example of American humour. It is the biography of a 'one-hoss shay,' which was built

in the year of the Lisbon earthquake, 1755, in such a manner that 'it *couldn't* break down;' the logic of the construction being, that since the weakest place always gives way first, the way to 'fix it' must necessarily be 'jest, to make that place as strong as the rest.' Accordingly, on its hundredth birthday, and the centenary of the Lisbon earthquake, nothing had given way yet.

FIRST OF NOVEMBER—the earthquake-day—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavour of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be, for the deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part,
That there wasn't a chance for one to start;
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippetree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five;
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
'Huddup!' said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill!
Then something decidedly like a spill—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock—
Just the hour of the earthquake-shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once;
All at once, and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

The rhythm of Mr Holmes's verses was, we remember, always smooth and melodious, although such nervous imagery as

The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould,
Naked and shivering, with his cup of gold,

(the pet lines of the authoress of *Our Village*), was rare among them. They are no less polished when he satirises, than when he merely described.

The witty writer of the *Quizzology of the British Drama*, in *Punch*, had never anything better (or worse) to say of the stage's staginess than the following prologue:

'The world's a stage,' as Shakspeare said, one day;
The stage a world—was what he meant to say.
The outside world's a blunder, that is clear;
The real world that Nature meant is here.
Here every founding finds its lost mamma;
Each rogue, repentant, melts his stern papa;
Misers relent, the spendthrift's debts are paid,
The cheats are taken in the traps they laid;
One after one the troubles all are past
Till the fifth act comes right side up at last,
When the young couple, old folks, rogues and all,
Join hands, so happy at the curtain's fall.

Here suffering virtue ever finds relief,
And black-browed ruffians always come to grief;
When the lorn damsel, with a frantic screech,
And cheeks as hueless as a brandy-peach,
Cries: 'Help, kyind Heaven!' and drops upon her knees

On the green—baize—beneath the (canvas) trees;
See to her side avenging Valour fly—
'Ha! villain! draw! Now, terraitorr, yield or die!'
When the poor hero flounders in despair,
Some dear lost uncle turns up millionaire—
Clasps the young scapegrace with paternal joy,
Sobs on his neck: 'My boy! My boy!! MY BOY!!!'

Finally, let us quote a little poem sent by Mr Oliver Wendell Holmes to be sung at a certain celebration; say at the anniversary of some national poet's birthday. It was a ballad in praise of wine (or whisky), of which the poet, in his lifetime, had been an admirer; and, therefore, one would have thought, characteristic and appropriate enough. And here it is:

Come! fill a fresh bumper, for why should we go
While the nectar still reddens our cups as they flow?
Pour out the rich juices still bright with the sun,
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the rubies shall run.

The purple-globed clusters their life-dews have bled;
How sweet is the breath of the fragrance they shed!
For summer's last roses lie hid in the vines
That were garnered by maidens who laughed through the vines.

Then a smile, and a glass, and a toast, and a cheer,
For all the good wine, and we've some of it here!
In cellar, in pantry, in attic, and hall,
Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!

The proceedings, however, were governed by a teetotal committee, whose sentiments, with respect to liquor, accorded with those of neither the dead nor living bard. The latter was therefore obliged to submit to a few slight alterations in his verses; and here is the corrected ballad:

Come! fill a fresh bumper, for why should we go.
While the logwood still reddens our cups as they flow?
Pour out the decoction still bright with the sun,
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the dye-stuff shall run.

The half-ripened apples their life-dews have bled;
How sweet is the taste of the sugar of lead!
For summer's rank poisons lie hid in the *wines*!!!
That were garnered by stable-boys smoking long-nines.

'Then a scowl, and a howl, and a scoff, and a sneer,
For strychnine and whisky, and ratsbane and beer!
In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all!

What a satisfaction it is to think that no such absurd incongruity could possibly happen in this country as even the proposal of a teetotal celebration of the birthday of a genial poet!

ENGLISH SHRINES AND THEIR DEVOTEES.

The custom of making pilgrimages to spots of reputed sanctity prevailed to a great extent in the latter ages of paganism, and, coupled with a reverence for relics, was transferred at a very early period to the Christian church. Pilgrimages to Jerusalem are mentioned as early as the third century; and, in the fourth, they are said by St Jerome to have been common from all parts of the Roman empire. In England, there were few shrines or relics of great repute which dated before the time of the Crusades. In some of the most celebrated, as those of the Virgin at Walsingham, and the True Blood at Hailes, the sacred *matériel* was confessedly imported by the Crusaders; while the

greatest of all, the shrine of Becket at Canterbury, derived its existence from an event as late as the twelfth century.

The passion for visiting shrines and other 'holy places' appears, in the middle ages, to have prevailed pre-eminently in England. In the days of Bede, a pilgrimage to Rome was held to be a 'great virtue;' and the number of Englishmen who visited the papal court is said to have excited the sarcastic jokes of the Italians on their Catholic enthusiasm. In the number of her domestic shrines, England also exceeded all other countries. Thirty-eight existed in Norfolk alone; and to one of these, that of Our Lady of Walsingham, Erasmus says, every Englishman not regarded as irreligious, invariably paid his homage. The pilgrims who arrived at Canterbury on the sixth jubilee of the canonisation of Becket, are said to have exceeded one hundred thousand, or nearly a twentieth of the whole population of the kingdom. Even on the eve of the Reformation, when the practice of pilgrimage had much declined, it appears, from the report of one of Henry's visitors, that upwards of five hundred devotees, bringing money or cattle, had arrived the day before he wrote, at an obscure shrine in Wales.*

The practice of making foreign pilgrimages existed in England from the seventh to about the middle of the fifteenth century. Few persons of any station or wealth failed during that period to engage in these religious tours; and in later ages, they were not uncommon among persons in the middle ranks of life. The Wife of Bath, for example, though but a simple cloth-worker, had been as a pilgrim to Rome, Compostella, and Jerusalem.

The professional costume of the pilgrim consisted of a long, coarse, russet gown, with large sleeves, and sometimes patched with crosses; a leather belt worn round the shoulders or loins, and a bowl and bag suspended from it; a round hat turned up in front, and stuck either with scallop-shells or small leaden images of saints; a rosary of large beads hanging from the neck or arm; and a long staff, called the *bourdon*, hooked like a crosier, or furnished near the top with two hollow balls, which were occasionally used as a musical instrument.

Before setting out, the pilgrim received consecration, which was extended also to the several articles of his attire. Before commencing his journey, he also settled his worldly affairs, and frequently gave a part of his goods to religious uses. Such acts of generosity had probably a reference to the protection which the church bestowed on these devotees. During their absence, their property was secured from injury; nor could they be arrested or cast in any civil process. The most desperate characters respected the sanctity of their profession; and as we learn from the *Paston Letters*, have in some instances been known, after robbing them by the way, to restore all they had taken from them. The pilgrims to foreign places were compelled by statute to embark either at Plymouth or Dover, under the penalty of five marks, to be applied in support of the canonry of Landelo in Cornwall, and the hospital of St Nicholas at Calais. From the words of the petition on which this statute was founded, as given by Lodge in his *Illustrations*—'*Ja serche meultz purra' estre fait en un port q'en plusours*' (search can be better made in one port than in many)—we infer that the reason for this restriction arose from a desire to check the smuggling which is said to have been extensively carried on by persons in this disguise.

In the order of foreign pilgrims must be reckoned the *palmers*, a class of men whose real history and origin are little known, though their name is so

familiar. The distinction between the pilgrim and the palmer is thus stated in a very curious volume, entitled *The Romish Horseleech*: 'The pilgrim had some home or dwelling-place; the palmer had none. The pilgrim travelled to some certain designed place; the palmer to all. The pilgrim went at his own charges; the palmer professed wilful poverty, and went upon alms. The pilgrim might give over his profession and return home; but the palmer must be consistent till he had obtained his palm by death.'

The rise of the domestic shrines of England, and the decline of foreign pilgrimage, are evidences of the milder character which asceticism had begun to wear. The spirit and manner of these pilgrimages differed in many respects from those of the former kind. From their diminished distance and danger, they had comparatively little of the same solemn preparation or devotional austerity. Few domestic pilgrims probably underwent the ceremony of consecration, or travelled in any particular costume. This is evident from Chaucer's pilgrims, who are all equipped in their gayest dresses, and exhibit no distinctive sign of their profession either in appearance or in spirit. They pursue their journey gaily on horseback, and make it an occasion of mirth and enjoyment rather than of religious mortification:

Every man in his wise made hertly chere,
Telling his fellow of sportis and of cheere,
And of mirthes that fallen by the waye,
As custom is of pilgrymes, and hath been many a daye.

These remarks, however, are chiefly true of the customary and periodical pilgrimages. In those which were undertaken spontaneously from some strong emotion, a severer character prevailed. Mr Fosbrooke contends that, in pilgrimages of this kind, it was an essential condition that the pilgrim should walk barefoot; and there are undoubtedly instances to the last of persons of the highest rank adopting this painful mode of travelling. In one of the pilgrimages of Henry VIII. to Walsingham, he is said by Spelman to have walked thither barefoot from Barsham, a distance of about three miles; and in the same way, the beautiful Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., was once sentenced by her confessor to make a pilgrimage from Somerset House to Tyburn, there to do homage to the saintship of some recently executed Catholics. 'No longer agon,' says a writer in Mr Ellis's first series of *Original Letters*, 'then upon St James's day last past [1626], those hypocritical dogges made the pore queen to walke afoot, some add barefoot, from her house at St James's to the gallows at Tyborne, therby to honour the saint of the day in visiting that holy place, where so many martyrs, forsooth, had shed their blod in defence of the Catholique cause. Had they not also made her to dable in the durt of a foule morning from Somerset House to St James's, her Luciferian confessor riding along by her in his coach! Yea, they have made her to go barefoot, to spin, to eat her meat out of tryne (wooden) dishes, to waite at the table and serve her servants, with many other ridiculous and absurd penances.'

In all pilgrimages of real devotion, the practice of walking was common. In one of the *Paston Letters*, written in 1741, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are mentioned as making a pilgrimage together in this way to Walsingham; and it must have been adopted, from necessity, in the cases in which entire families made pilgrimages with all the children and servants. Some of the above instances, however, may be said equally to prove the greater severity, or at least decorum, which marked these religious excursions in the upper ranks, and which prevailed at all times to a degree that would probably not be inferred from Chaucer's picture.

In the pilgrimages of the lower orders his descriptions seem to have been fully justified. A passage quoted by Mr Fosbrooke from one of the early state trials, gives us a picturesque idea of the gay and social spirit in which they were conducted. The dialogue occurs between a captious disciple of Wickliff in the time of Henry IV., and Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury. 'Also, sir,' says the former, 'I knowe well that when divers men and women will go after their owne wills, and finding out a pilgrimage, they will order to have with them both men and women that can sing wanton songs; and some other pilgrims will have with them bagpipers, so that every towne they come through, they make more noise than if the king came that way with all his clarions and minstrels. And if these men and women be a month in their pilgrimage, many of them shall be half a year after great janglers, tale-tellers, and liars.' To which the archbishop quaintly replies, that 'pilgrims have with them singers and also pipers, that when one of them that goeth barefoote striketh his toe upon a stone and maketh it to bleed, it is well done that he or his fellow begin then a song, or else take out of his bosome a bagpipe, to drive away with such mirth the hurte of his fellow.'

The object of a pilgrimage was sometimes of a general, and sometimes of a special kind; and the ceremonial which took place on arriving at a shrine differed accordingly. At Boxley and Hailes the pilgrim underwent a sort of ordeal which was supposed to determine his spiritual state. At the former place he lifted, or tried to lift, a small wooden image of St Rumbold, which was artfully pinned to the altar if his offering had been insufficient; and at the latter he was shewn a phial of the true blood, with a blackened side, which, when turned towards him, rendered the contents invisible. But these were particular cases; and, generally speaking, a visit to a shrine included nothing more than the ordinary gratification of curiosity or devotion. A tolerable idea of its general nature may be gained from the description given by Erasmus of his visit to Walsingham. His dialogue on this subject is perhaps too fanciful in parts to be implicitly adopted; but there is no reason to doubt the general correctness of its details, the minuteness of which gives it an additional value.

The pilgrims who arrived at Walsingham entered the sacred precinct by a low narrow wicket. It was purposely made difficult to pass as a precaution against the robberies which were frequently committed at the shrine. On the gate in which the wicket opened was nailed a copper image of a knight on horseback, whose miraculous preservation on the spot by the Virgin formed the subject of one of the numerous legendary stories with which the place abounded. To the east of the gate, and within the enclosure, stood a small chapel, where the pilgrim was allowed, 'for a consideration,' to kiss a gigantic bone, said to have been the finger-bone of St Peter. After this, he was conducted to a building, thatched with reeds and straw, enclosing two wells in high repute for indigestion and headache, and also for the rarer virtue of insuring to the votary, within certain limits, whatever he might wish for at the time of drinking their waters. The building itself was said to have been transported there through the air, many centuries before, in a deep snow; and, as a proof of it, the visitor was gravely desired to notice an old bear's skin attached to one of the beams! After this, he entered the outer chapel, an unfinished building in the time of Erasmus, who describes the high winds from the neighbouring sea as blowing through its open doors and windows. Within this stood the chapel of the Virgin, a small wooden building with doors in its opposite sides, through which the pilgrims entered

and retired. The celebrated image of Our Lady stood within it, on the right of the altar. The interior was kept highly perfumed, and illuminated solely by tapers, which dimly revealed the sacred image, surrounded by the gold and jewels of the shrine. The pilgrim knelt a while on the steps of the altar, and then deposited his offering upon it and passed on. What he gave was instantly taken up by a priest, who stood in readiness to prevent the next comer from stealing it in depositing his own offering. At an altar, apparently in the outer chapel, was exhibited the celebrated relic of the Virgin's milk. It was enclosed in a crystal to prevent the contamination of lips

Whose kiss

Had been pollution unto aught so chaste,

and set in a crucifix. The pilgrims knelt on the steps of the altar to kiss it, and, after the ceremony, the priest held out a board, like that with which tolls were collected at the foot of bridges, to receive their offerings. The sacred relic itself, Erasmus says, was excessively like chalk mixed with the white of eggs, and quite solid.* The image of the Virgin and her Son, as the pilgrims made their salute, also appeared to him to give them a nod of approbation.

At Canterbury, which Erasmus also visited, there appears to have been less variety of incident. The pilgrim was there chiefly employed in doing honour to the relics of almost countless saints, and pre-eminently to those of Becket. 'On the north side of the choir,' he says, 'the guides opened several doors, and the pilgrims beheld an immense collection of bones of all kinds—skullbones, jawbones, teeth, hands, fingers, &c., which they kissed as they were severally taken out.' At his visit, an arm was presented to them to salute, with the flesh still upon it, and bloody. In doing honour to the relics of Becket, they kissed the rusty point of the sword that split his skull, and the fissure in the skull itself, exposed for that purpose in a silver case. Near his monument, their eyes were gratified with the sight of his hair-shirt, his belt, and trousers. His neckerchief, dirty with his sweat, and spotted with his blood, and even the rags on which he blew his saintly nose, were also shewn them. Such exhibitions were perfectly consistent with the genius of canonisation, and with that love of disgusting subjects which was not unfrequently mingled with ideas of sanctity.

All pilgrimages to canonised shrines were professedly devotional; but they had often a near relation to some personal want or secular interest of the devotee. This arose from that subdivision of the Romish, as of the classical, calendar which assigned a tutelary deity to almost every situation or contingency of life, and in consequence filled the country with shrines of a specific virtue. 'We set,' says Sir Thomas More in his *Dialogue on the Adoration of Images*, 'every saint in his office, and assign him a craft such as pleaseth us. St Loy we make a horse-leech; and because one smith is too few at the forge, we set St Ippolitus to help him. St Appolonia we make a tooth-drawer, and may speak to her of nothing but sore teeth. St Sythe, women set to seek their keys. St Roke we appoint to see to the great sickness, and with him we join St Sebastian.' In like manner, every trade had its patron: even the rat-catcher could hope for no success in his profession without the kindly interference of St Gertrude. From the same local and specific efficacy, some shrines that

* From a scarcely legible inscription on the wall, Erasmus learned that the precious relic was purchased in the tenth century by an old woman near Constantinople, with an assurance, from which arose its fame, that all other portions of the Virgin's milk had fallen on the ground before they were collected, while this was taken directly from her breast!

were uncanonised enjoyed a repute little inferior to those which could boast of a celestial patron. A singular shrine of this kind existed at Winfarthing in Norfolk, containing a precious relic called 'The Good Sword of Winfarthing.' It was efficient in the recovery of lost property, and of horses stolen or strayed, and in the still more important office of shortening the lives of refractory husbands. To obtain its interference in this way, the impatient helpmate was simply required to enter the church on every Sunday throughout the year, and set up a lighted candle before the relic.

The pilgrimages to sanative wells and fountains must be reckoned amongst those to specific shrines. Springs of this kind, when consecrated, were generally found in the neighbourhood of some chapel or monastery of their patron saint, within which a part of the ceremony usually took place. The counties of Norfolk and Suffolk contained sanative wells of various efficacy, such as those at Woolpit, East Dereham, Wreham, and Bawburgh. The effect of these wells was probably not always imaginary. In many instances, a medical as well as a religious benefit might arise from the ceremony which the visitor underwent.

In some instances, the imputed efficacy of consecrated wells was of a moral kind. The wells of St John and of the Virgin at Honily, in Warwickshire, for example, were celebrated for removing the taint of unchastity.

The custom of performing pilgrimages by proxy, which very early crept into practice, was perhaps a consequence of the Catholic doctrine, that an individual might, on some occasions, depute his religious duties to others without danger to himself. Generally, however, these pilgrimages were performed only after the demise of the person to whom they referred, although a few instances occur of their taking place in his lifetime. Provisions for these post-obit pilgrimages are frequently met with in the wills of distinguished persons, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. In the earlier instances, they were commonly directed to Rome or Jerusalem; and in these cases were committed to priests, who were directed to pray or sing masses at all convenient places by the way. But in later ages, like other pilgrimages, they were more commonly made to domestic shrines, and appear to have been intrusted to simple laymen. A pious lady, whose will is printed in Blomefield's *Norfolk*, to which we have been indebted for many curious particulars connected with our subject, provides for a pilgrim to visit, after her death, no less than eight different shrines within that county. It is probable, from the low rate at which these spiritual commissions were generally paid, that the same person undertook them for several persons at once. In the will of Lady Cecily Gerbridge, in 1418, only ten marks are left for a pilgrim to visit Rome; and in another, that of Gardener, bishop of Norwich, in 1508, only twenty marks are left for the same pilgrimage, with the condition of singing at Rome for thirteen weeks. In some few cases, the executors of a will were directed to give certain sums to all pilgrims, without distinction, who were willing to undertake an assigned pilgrimage for the deceased.

The practice of making valuable presents to shrines, though not assuming the form of pilgrimages, was very nearly allied to them in spirit. These presents were made annually, or at other periodical intervals, by most persons of rank in Roman Catholic ages. It appears from the household book of the Earl of Northumberland, that he gave donations every year to several popular shrines, and kept a candle constantly burning at some of them, with a provision for a priest to attend it. Edward I. appears to have made periodical offerings to nearly one hundred

shrines; and his queen is recorded to have given twelve florins of gold for herself and her son to the several shrines of Becket at Canterbury. It was common in sickness for the invalid or his friends to tempt the intercession of a saint by vowing to present quantities of corn, bread, or wax at his shrine, the precise quantity being generally determined by the weight of the patient. In one of the *Paston Letters*, Margaret Paston informs her brother that his mother had vowed an image of wax of his weight to Our Lady of Walsingham, and that she was going to the same shrine on a pilgrimage for him. But the most valuable presents of this kind were those made by bequest. Ladies at their death often left their richest dresses and most costly jewels to the shrines of their favourite saints; and it was probably in this way, as much as by pilgrimage, that their immense wealth was accumulated. A most splendid bequest of this kind occurs in the will of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in 1435. He directs his executors to cause four images of pure gold, each containing twenty pounds, to be made in the likeness of himself in his coat of arms, and holding an anchor between his hands—one to be given to the shrine of St Alban, another to that of St Thomas of Canterbury, a third to Bridlington in Yorkshire, and a fourth to the shrine of St Winifred at Shrewsbury.

At shrines like that of Becket, it may be supposed, from their immense wealth, that a great part of the presents was preserved; but at many of the lesser ones the priests avowedly claimed the gifts as their own.

To this cause may perhaps be attributed the excessive number of rural shrines. Under strong temptations of gain, there will never be wanting persons in any profession to take advantage of ignorance and credulity; and such disinterested forbearance was least of all to be expected in the clergy of the middle ages. The history of one of the absurd relics mentioned in a previous column, the good sword of Winfarthing, is probably a fair sample of that of a majority of the shrines, if their origin could be known. This precious relic was originally the sword of a robber who took sanctuary in the churchyard, but escaped through the negligence of the watchman, leaving the sword behind him. It was laid up for many years in an old chest; but the parson and clerk at length striking on the idea of proclaiming it as a relic, drew it from its obscurity, and made a handsome revenue of their device. 'The taking up of a man's bones,' says Sir Thomas More, 'and setting them in a gay shrine, hath made many a saint.' The image of the Virgin at Worcester, when unfrocked by the reformers, was found to be the statue of an old bishop of the diocese.

Many of the shrines were as mean in external apparatus as they were absurd in purpose. The usual representation of God the Father resembled, as we learn from an old author, 'an old broken-backed man, with a white head and beard, a wrinkled forehead, large hanging lips, and toothless gums.' It is probable, however, that this description might apply chiefly to the smaller shrines. The richer ones were often furnished with great sumptuousness, and, like the magnificent edifices in which they were placed, were well calculated to inspire the awe and wonder of a rude and barbarous people. Many of them were of solid gold, many richly gilt and set with jewels. Tapers burned continually before them; banners were suspended over them; and sometimes the effigies of knights in complete armour stood around them, as if for a guard.

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'PICKETS' VERSUS BULLETS.

THE old regulation-musket, known in the army by the affectionate *sobriquet* of 'Brown Bess,' would sometimes, though not always, carry a bullet with a certain degree of precision about a hundred yards; but beyond that very moderate distance, no one, however expert, could make sure of hitting even a barn-door; the aim of the individual who pulled the trigger, supposing that the state of his nerves permitted him to take aim at all—which a very distinguished general, not very long since deceased, declared to be not invariably the case—having very little to do with the direction taken by the projectile. On momentous occasions, when it was important that shots should not be thrown away, the old instructions were: 'Reserve your fire, my lads, till you can see the whites of the fellows' eyes; then aim low, and blaze away as fast as you can.' That is, nobody thought of doing much execution except at very close quarters; but, like Molière's physician, *nous avons changé tout cela*; and science has furnished us with a musket with which we may begin to blaze away at our adversaries almost as soon as we can see that they *are* adversaries, and with which a good shot may almost make sure of sending a 'picket' to its mark at something like a thousand yards. The modern picket, therefore—which is the American name for a Minié rifle-ball—is a very much more formidable missile than the old-fashioned bullet; but, whatever may be its advantages over its predecessor as to accuracy of flight, length of range, and penetrating power, there is one disadvantage attending the general employment of the rifled musket from which it is fired. It is not sufficient to substitute for Brown Bess a superior description of firearm; but in order to enable our soldiers to use their weapons with effect, careful training and much practice are requisite, so that the instructing of a recruit is a much more complicated affair than it used to be. We have lately had an opportunity of seeing a great many men trained to the use of the new arm; and it may interest the reader to learn something of the process by which the lad who has perhaps never fired a shot in his life, is converted into a more or less skilful rifeman. There are certain moral results, too, which may be expected to flow from the substitution of a scientifically constructed weapon for the clumsy Brown Bess, and which it is by no means uninteresting to note.

In the first place, then, it is necessary that the future marksman should be taught to judge, with a considerable degree of accuracy, the distance he is

from the object he is to fire at; for, unless he can ascertain that, the new rifle will be scarcely more destructive in his hands than the old musket. The length of range is determined by the degree of elevation; and in order to get this correctly, a sight, the height of which is regulated according to a scale, is fixed in front of the lock; but it is obvious that the true distance must be known before the 'sight' can be properly adjusted, and nothing but practice can enable a man to ascertain this by the eye alone. To some it may appear difficult to teach men to judge, within a comparatively few yards, how far they are from an object placed at from one to nine hundred yards from them; and this, too, under every variety of circumstance, such as differences of level in the size and position of the intervening and surrounding objects, and, above all, in various atmospheric conditions, and amount of light; but if we reflect with what accuracy we habitually judge of such short distances or lengths, in yards, feet, and inches, as those with which we commonly have to do, we shall readily believe that, with practice, the eye may be taught to serve us as faithfully even when it is a question as to scores and hundreds of yards; and experience shews this to be the case. There are, of course, some thick-skulled, non-observing fellows who can never be made to guess their distances correctly; but most of the men soon acquire a considerable facility in so doing, and in practice, it must be remembered that it is not necessary that every man should be quick at it; for a few sharp-eyed lads will leaven a whole lump of stupidity, and enable every one to adjust the 'sight' of his piece with sufficient accuracy.

Instruction in judging distances is managed in this way: The class is drawn up on some open space of ground, and two or more of their number are sent on with a red flag, the men being made to face in the contrary direction to that in which the flag is being carried, so that they shall not be able to count steps, or in any other irregular manner assist themselves in forming a judgment of the distance traversed, which must be decided by the eye alone. As soon as the bearers of the red flag stop, the class faces about, and the sergeant, standing six or seven paces in front of his men, so as to be out of hearing, calls out each man separately, and asks him how far he thinks he is from it. His answer is put against his name in a book ruled for the purpose, and when all have guessed, the true distance is ascertained by measurement—every man getting so many marks or points set down to him, according to the accuracy of his answer—that is, provided he guesses within a certain

number of yards of the truth; for unless he does so, he gets no point at all. If the men are out judging distances for the first time, the differences of opinion will be very wide, private Murphy perhaps thinking that he is full five hundred yards from the object that private Milligan, with great pretension to exactness, declares to be no more than three hundred and twenty-five yards distant; but after a few mornings' practice, Brown and Jones, Murphy and Milligan, come to see things much more in the same light, and their differences are reduced to a small number of yards. In short, most men soon manage to get the number of points they should obtain before being passed on to a more advanced class of students in the art of shooting with the Enfield rifle.

But besides being taught to judge distances, the men have another course of instruction to undergo, before they are put into the first class for ball-practice at the target. They must be taught the principles on which accuracy of aim depends with the peculiar weapon they are to use. For this purpose, stands—something like the stands used to support an engineer's level or the camera of the photographer—are set up at different distances from the target; and the learner, resting his musket on one of these, adjusts the aim to the best of his judgment. It is so contrived that the piece will remain on the stand as pointed, so that the instructor can shew the pupil any error that he may have made, and can make him change the aim either horizontally or vertically as the case requires. When he has been made to level his musket with tolerable accuracy in this way, the pupil is ready to commence firing at the target in the first class; that is, among those who are to fire at a distance of from 100 up to 300 yards. The Enfield rifle being sighted to 900 yards, three classes have been established for practice—namely, of those in the first class, who fire from 100 to 300 yards; of those in the second class, firing from 300 up to 600 yards; and of those in the third class, who fire from 600 to 900 yards; every man being obliged to obtain so many points in the first class before he can pass into the second, and in the second before he can pass into the third. As soon as he has obtained the required number of points in the last class, his course of instruction is complete. All that teaching can do for him has been done, and, unless he be one of those unfortunate mortals, born fumlbers, and totally without manual dexterity, he is probably an average marksman. Only a decided genius for the thing will make him a really good shot.

Ball-practice is thus regulated. The class is drawn up in line, a sergeant standing by with book and pencil, as when the men are being made to judge distances. At the word, each man steps forward in succession, delivers his fire, and, accordingly as he has made a good, bad, or middling shot, gets good or bad marks set against his name in the register of the firing. If he misses the target altogether, no signal is made by the marker at the butt, and he gets a 'miss' put against his name; but if he makes a hit, the marker signals by different flags whether the hit is an 'outer'—that is, outside the outer ring—a 'centre'—or within the outer ring—or a bull's-eye. An outer counts one point; a centre, two; and a bull's-eye, three. It will be proper to observe that the width of the target employed varies in proportion to the distance from which the practice is carried on. No change, however, is made in the height of the target, that remaining always about the height of a man. At first, one target, two feet wide by six high—about the size of one man—is used, and several of these targets are placed side by side as the distance becomes greater. At nine hundred yards, eight targets are employed, representing a front of about eight men, and the bull's-eye is made four feet in diameter. Nor

at such a distance as half a mile is a bull's-eye of that diameter by any means easy to hit; for it is obvious that the smallest deviation from the correct line of flight becomes of immense importance when prolonged through such a distance as that. Moreover, the effect of the wind on the flight of the ball, at these long ranges, is found to be very great. A sergeant—who, as we had many opportunities of observing, is a capital shot—assured us, that when firing at the 900 yards' range during a high wind, he found his first ball driven nearly fourteen feet out of the correct course. In his subsequent shots, he allowed that much in his aim, and then succeeded in hitting the bull's-eye several times running.

For the first few hundred yards, the Enfield rifle is fired standing, like the old musket; but at greater distances, it is better to kneel if the object fired at is placed on the same level, or the great elevation given to the piece would require it to be held too low on the shoulder for steadiness. In order to shoot well kneeling, the shooter should plant himself firmly on the right heel, rest his left elbow on his left knee, and so get a capital rest for his piece in the left hand. Another mode of getting a steady aim, particularly when there is much wind—but one which can of course only be adopted under peculiar circumstances, is to lie at full length on the back, with one's feet to the foe or target. The muzzle of the rifle rests on the toes of the right foot, the butt is pressed to the right thigh by the left hand, which is brought across the stomach, and the trigger is pulled as usual by the right hand, the head being raised three or four inches from the ground in order to take aim. Excellent shots are generally made in this curious position, and it may be very advantageously adopted by the sharpshooter who wishes to be particularly careful of his own person, as well as to make good shots. A sod, a few inches thick, is a complete rampart to a man lying on his back, and he could not well be hit by anything but a chance shell, for he would not expose his head and shoulders even when in the act of firing, as he must do in a greater or less degree if he lay on his stomach.

In ordinary light-infantry skirmishing, the men are extended to the right and left in pairs at about a dozen paces apart. One man fires his piece, and stepping a pace or two aside, reloads, while his companion advances before him, and fires in his turn, and so on—each man alternately advancing to fire and reloading, so long as the forward movement lasts, the 'retiring' being conducted on precisely the same principles. Now, even this drill is carried on with ball-cartridge, so that some idea may be formed of the effect likely to be produced by well-trained men in this kind of fighting, when armed with our improved weapons. Ten or a dozen single targets, of the usual size—two feet wide by six high—are placed in a line, with the proper intervals between them, thus representing a line of the enemy's skirmishers; and a party of men, extended in pairs as above described, fire at them with ball-cartridge, advancing and retiring as if in the presence of an enemy. The men we saw at this light-infantry drill were a party of about twenty of the Royal Engineers, armed with the Lancaster rifle, which is considered to be a better weapon even than the Enfield; but the number of misses compared with the hits, even under these favourable circumstances, plainly shewed how much the difficulty of taking a correct aim is increased by this constant shifting of one's ground. Clearly, in the good old days of Brown Bess, skirmishing in this fashion could not have been very destructive to life. At 400 yards, the hits were very few; but as the line of skirmishers advanced, they of course became more frequent, until, at 100 or 150 yards, there were more hits than misses. In determining the average number.

of shots which may be expected to take effect, however, we must take into consideration a circumstance which would assuredly exercise a strong perturbing influence. If the targets were armed with Enfield or Lancaster rifles, and were returning picket for picket, the aim would certainly not be so accurate. Soldiers soon become something given to fatalism; and where bullets are singing and whizzing about their ears, they are enabled to take things all the more coolly if they have some faith in the doctrine that 'every bullet has its billet.' Without impugning any one's courage, then, we may be permitted to believe that many more bullets are billeted for the bull's-eye, whatever that may chance to be, when they are all flying in one direction. But besides this element of disturbance, there is another difficulty which must be taken into account in the calculation. When one party is skirmishing, the other party is skirmishing too; so that the difficulty of making a good shot is increased by the motion of the object fired at; and this element must be allowed for before we can calculate, from the results of target-practice, the probable percentage of hits. Perhaps the most striking result of the Enfield rifle-firing—at least to us—was the effect of a volley, or rather of a series of volleys, fired by twenty men at ten targets, placed close together at 300 yards' distance. The balls pattered like hail upon the iron targets; and it is clear that many a gallant fellow in future will 'lose the number of his mess' before he is near enough to the foe to see the white of his eyes.

But the change from the hap-hazard, load-and-fire-as-fast-as-you-can system of shooting with Brown Bess, to the skilful handling of the rifled musket, can hardly fail to have a very desirable influence on the morale of the soldier. The elaborate training the men now undergo, and the emulation excited among them, must have a considerable effect on their character and habits; and therefore, even in an educational point of view, we gain largely by the improvement in our weapons of war. No one can doubt that this will be the case who passes a few hours watching a class at target-practice, and has observed how lively an interest the men take in the work, particularly when compared with the bored look of the same men engaged in field-drill. For the first time since the days when powder and ball superseded the national bow and arrow, the English soldier has some employment connected with his profession in which he can take an interest, irrespective of mere drill; in which all but hopeless noodles—every day less commonly found among army recruits as elsewhere—are soon perfect; and which, if persisted in too unremittingly, more than any one thing disgusts the soldier with his calling. If no other advantage resulted from the relegation of Brown Bess to the United Service Museum, and other dépôts of military curiosities, we should be amply compensated for the increased cost of the superior description of musket, and the extra expense of the ammunition required for practice. Any stinginess, indeed, in this latter item—ammunition—will necessarily interfere with the progress made by the men as marksmen, and will very materially diminish the other advantages to be derived from the reformation in musketry. Enthusiasm must not be cramped by the denial of a cartridge.

It is well known that in those regiments in which such sports as cricket and foot-ball are encouraged, the men are both more healthy and better conducted than in those in which the men are accustomed to seek recreation in the public-house alone. Target-practice, therefore, may be easily made a pastime as well as a duty; and the men will take to it as willingly as Swiss peasants to practice at the village butt, or as idle fellows to sparrow and pigeon shooting. We must expect to find black sheep in

every flock, and therefore it is not surprising that some men grumble at the extra trouble and time demanded by so much ball-practice; but, generally speaking, they appear to take an interest in what they are about, which is quite refreshing to behold; and do their best, not only to win the prizes offered to the best shots, but to surpass their comrades—the 'chaffing' which constantly goes on at the expense of the bad shots, being in itself sufficient proof of the interest excited. The rewards for good shooting are considerable, reference being had to the moderate scale of a soldier's pay. A penny, twopence, threepence, or fourpence per day extra pay, may be obtained by the most expert marksmen in the company or regiment; and a more chivalrous feeling is appealed to by the giving of a decoration to the best shot, in the shape of a pair of crossed muskets worked in gold embroidery on the sleeve and cap of the prizemen. This extra pay, and this honourable mark—as we understand—the marksman retains for a certain period, and then must win them anew, or, like the holder of Dockett's badge amongst the watermen, yield them up to the better shot.

The writer, a short time since, was witness of a trial of skill between two little buglers, which will serve to shew the excellent moral effect which the new system of teaching men to use their arms skilfully will have on them. Two parties had finished the regulation allowance of ammunition for the day, and there being four spare cartridges left, the buglers—evidently what the French call *enfants de troupe*, children of the regiment—asked if they might 'av a shot.' Neither of the little fellows had ever fired a musket loaded with ball-cartridge before, and much delighted they were at the opportunity of doing so; but the interest excited was not confined to them; the soldiers and the civilian on-lookers being equally anxious to see which would prove himself the better man, or, rather, boy. The distance happened to be two hundred yards; and number one, the biggest boy, fired his first shot, and got an 'outer,' counting one point. This was good work; and the party to which number two belonged thought themselves beaten; but their champion, with his first shot, got a 'centre,' counting two points. Then number one fired again, getting another 'outer,' or one point; and unless number two made at least a hit, it was a dead heat. But number two, taking a very deliberate aim with the musket he had barely strength enough to hold out, again got a 'centre,' or two points, thus beating his opponent by two to one, whereupon his party cheered; and he, taking what is known amongst the genus *gamin* as 'a sight' at his adversary, danced round him like a little cannibal. Here, then, we have proof of the existence of a much healthier state of feeling than that which we find usually prevalent among soldiers who are undergoing the training incident to their calling. In truth, facing right, left, and about; marching and counter-marching, in slow time or quick, like an automaton, at the will of another, must inevitably be dreary work. But the soldier has now an occupation in which he ceases to be a mere machine, and which brings his faculties into play as well as his muscles.

When guard-duty is light, as in many places it must be, a great deal of time hangs heavily on the soldier's hands—always supposing that he is not over-drilled—and his mind is but too often a mere blank. He therefore naturally seeks at the public-house or beer-shop for the amusement and excitement which is a necessity, under one form or another, for every human being; and which, if not to be obtained innocently, will assuredly be obtained at the expense of both health and morals. Health suffers too, as it has of late been conclusively shewn, by the listlessness and weariness inseparable from the monotonous

existence of the soldier; and it is of the highest importance, therefore, to find occupation for his mind, even in a purely sanitary point of view. Of course, it would be utterly absurd to expect that these serious evils—serious, if only on the low ground that the efficiency of the army is thereby diminished, and its cost increased—will be eradicated by anything which the best intentioned rulers can adopt; but giving the men an *interesting* occupation will certainly aid in allaying them. It will help greatly the good effects produced by the improved barrack accommodation, the better regulation of canteens, and the establishment of regimental schools and libraries.

We have already remarked, that the pecuniary rewards offered by the government as an inducement to the men to make themselves skilful marksmen, are considerable, having regard to the scale of the soldier's pay; but if we may form an opinion from our limited experience, the spirit of rivalry will be no less efficacious than the hope of winning the pecuniary rewards, in keeping alive amongst the men that spirit of *good-will*, without which the most elaborate and patient training must remain comparatively valueless. After all, the age we live in is by no means so prosaic as its detractors would have us believe; numbers there are still

Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth;

and admittance into the purely chivalric order of the Victoria Cross is as eagerly sought for by all ranks of fighting-men as it could have been in the days of Cœur-de-Lion himself. To become one of the best shots in the British army is no mean object of ambition for the young soldier to propose to himself; and, to borrow a metaphor from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the badge which proclaims him to be so, may be justly termed 'the Blue Ribbon' of the ranks.

THE UNHIRED SERVANT.

My father was a linen-merchant of the city of London, and one of the thousands whom the introduction of the power-loom, and the consequent influx of cotton goods, brought to inevitable failure. He was an old man at the time; and though I do not think it broke his heart, he lived only to see his affairs wound up, paid all his creditors to the last shilling, and died; leaving my mother and me with no resource but to sell our furniture, remove from our convenient old house in Cheapside, where he had carried on business, and we had lived as the best merchants' families did in those days, to find a humbler habitation, and work for our living. We had no relations who could help us; my mother had never been strong, and was verging on fifty, but she was a woman of sense and spirit, who would not sit down and lament over her misfortunes, without trying what could be done. I was the only child, then in my nineteenth year, and pretty well qualified to act as a governess; but neither my mother nor I could make up our minds to part; and it seemed like a god-send when Mr Buckells, the auctioneer who sold our furniture, called to say, that Lord Yarmouth was advertising for a respectable person to take charge of a country-seat he had in the county Norfolk. My mother immediately offered her services, and was accepted. His lordship's man of business arranged everything at his office in Chancery Lane. She was to have fifty pounds a year, besides board and residence for herself and me at Fenham Hall, as they

called the country-seat. The lawyer said it was rather lonely, and Mrs Western would be the better for her daughter's company; but one clause in the agreement rather surprised us—namely, that the situation was not to be given up sooner than two years.

'It is strange,' said my mother; 'but we want a home, and cannot afford to be particular.' So she signed the agreement, bought some necessaries, and we set out for Lord Yarmouth's seat in Norfolk.

It was towards the end of September; the weather was unusually cold and cloudy for the season, and there seemed every probability of an early winter as we journeyed northward by stage-coach and post-chaise—for railways were yet undreamed of. A greater change from Cheapside could not be well imagined than our new residence. It was a large manor-house, and looked as if it had been built in pieces. There was every variety of architecture, from the early English to the latest Stuart. The oldest part, or northern wing, had been a priory before the Reformation, and had still a monastic look about it; but the whole formed a strong, solid, and lordly mansion, situated on one of those long stretches of level land so frequent in the east of Norfolk; twelve miles from Norwich, three from the village of Fenham, and surrounded by an extensive park with giant trees, thick underwood, and game enough to give the whole House of Commons a week's shooting. The gardens and shrubberies, in design and extent, were worthy of the mansion; they had been laid out in the old-English style, and were tolerably well kept, though somewhat overgrown, as if the care and taste of an owner had been long wanting. There was a lawn in front so large that it looked like a broad strip of meadow-land, bounded by a lake which went deep into the wood, and was frequented by innumerable water-fowl. A carriage-road, shaded by great oaks, skirted the lake, and led to the grand entrance; but the grass was growing thickly about the steps, and the hall-door and bay-windows looked long shut up. There was a noble gallery of pictures, and suites of splendid rooms within, all richly furnished, but in an antiquated fashion. Little of the furniture was newer than Queen Anne's time, and most of it belonged to a much earlier period. I remember chambers hung with real arras, Persian carpets, and cabinets which the Dutch traders brought from Japan in the middle of the seventeenth century, with warrants for the same in Dutch and Latin duly deposited in their drawers. So much old china never came within my vision, nor do I recollect to have seen such fine specimens of those old-world instruments, the dulcimer and harpsichord. The library was filled with the fathers, the schoolmen, and works of Catholic theology. The gallery had family portraits in every variety of costume, from knights in plate-armour to ladies in sacks and high-heeled shoes; but the greater number of them were not of the Yarmouth line—they were all Hartwells—and more melancholy, disappointed faces I never saw; but the strangest thing in that gallery was a magnificently gilt frame hanging opposite the central door with no picture in it. All the house was shut, but not locked up. My mother and I had free access to all its rooms and passages—and they were many—of all shapes and sizes, with no lack of private stairs, side-doors, and very strong closets. Moreover, there was nobody but ourselves on the premises; and the only person in charge when we arrived was Ralph Fairbrother—a man who acted in the double capacity of steward and gardener.

Ralph's hair was perfectly gray, but he was, still strong and active—a middle-sized man, with a thin

muscular frame, a remarkably sober look, and a reserved, taciturn disposition. His dwelling was a large and very comfortable cottage, standing in a shady hollow where the park and gardens met, and managed by his only daughter, Nelly; a young woman who was deaf and dumb, but industrious, tidy, and apparently intelligent.

His wife looked twenty years older than himself, and lived, whether from choice or necessity, in her bed. I could never be sure, for the good woman shewed no signs of disease, and could get up with surprising activity when it suited her pleasure. Ralph was supreme over all the outdoor concerns of the hall. He employed and dismissed labourers by his own authority; and judging from their style of living, which was by no means economical, his services were liberally rewarded. But Mrs Fairbrother was supreme over him; and it was generally believed that whatever he said or did was under her special direction. She was a tall, wrinkled, sour-looking dame, possessed of such an idea of her own consequence, that she despised her husband, her daughter, in short, the whole Fairbrother race; and had an extraordinary dislike to the proprietors of the hall, past and present, speaking of them all in a contemptuously familiar fashion, so different from the usual tone of family dependents, that my mother doubted her sanity; particularly on one occasion, when she gave us to understand that she ought to have been Lady Yarmouth. Mrs Fairbrother was sane enough, however, and willing enough also to tell the complete history of Fenham Hall, and how it came into the Yarmouth family—which, by the way, was a curious illustration of what men will do for the lands and rentals they must leave so soon.

The original owners were the before-mentioned Hartwells, a line of squires who traced their pedigree far above the Norman Conquest, to one of the roving chiefs of Denmark, said to have won lands from the Norfolk Saxons, turned Christian, and built a priory some time in the ninth century. That priory, with all its lands, his descendants got back at the Reformation, of which they were zealous supporters, made it their house, and went on enlarging hall and estate, getting rich by marriages, and keeping clear of public difficulties, till about the year 1745, when the young squire, Richard, being the last of the male line, not only turned Catholic, but got so deeply involved with the Pretender, that he was obliged to take refuge on the continent. The sentence of attainder for high treason was passed against him and his posterity; and the Yarmouth family having some influence with the government, came into possession as next of kin. They were distant relations of the Hartwells, and greatly impoverished at the time. The then Lord Yarmouth and Squire Richard had been college-companions at Oxford. The former was far-sighted, keen, and cunning; the latter was weak, vain, and credulous; and the story went that young Hartwell's conversion in religion and politics had been more than abetted by his crafty companion, who thus obtained his hall and lands. The Yarmouths had kept them for almost half a century. The wily lord had been duly succeeded by his son and grandson. Squire Richard's claims had been also transmitted, by his marriage with a French lady, distantly related to the House of Turenne. He left a daughter, who, in her turn, married a Scotch gentleman, one of the Frasers, with whom she returned to Britain, where a daughter was born to them. Mrs Fraser was a woman of uncommon spirit, as became her maternal descent. With the help of certain papers left by her father, and the aid of her husband's relations, she commenced a suit to reverse the attainder and recover the estate for her child. Parliament was petitioned, the ministers were dealt with, the law-lords were engaged,

and there was every probability of success, when the young Lord Yarmouth, who had just reached his majority, and was said to bear a strong resemblance to his grandfather, proposed to settle the business by marrying the heiress of the Hartwells, and thus uniting for ever the rival claims. Their wedding was celebrated with great splendour and rejoicing. Miss Fraser was just seventeen, beautiful, and accomplished; but two years after her marriage, she eloped with an obscure adventurer, who called himself Captain Fitzwilliam; and all that was ever heard of her afterwards, was, that she had died in great poverty in the old city of Padua, where the captain left her. Lord Yarmouth's marriage was of course dissolved by act of parliament, after bringing an action, and being duly awarded damages. He formed a more advantageous alliance with a ducal house, and had a son and heir to succeed him; but his second lady and he had separated by mutual consent, his son was borrowing money from Jews on post-obits, and none of the family had slept two nights at Fenham Hall for twenty years.

Nothing could induce Mrs Fairbrother to attempt any explanation of the latter fact, beyond a decided shake of her head. At that point she always returned to the Hartwell line, with whose sins and sorrows the gardener's lady seemed particularly well acquainted. There was a younger brother who had pushed his elder into the lake as they played beside it, and ran home to tell that he was heir. There was a squire who had killed his Jew creditor, buried him in the park, and never had rest with his hounds tearing up the grave. There was a lady who had given her squire cause of jealousy with a handsome cousin; the pair were believed to have eloped from a Shrovetide merry-making; the squire went abroad, leaving his heir and lands to the care of a faithful steward, and died fighting in the Low Countries; but years after, two skeletons were found locked up in a deep and long-disused wine-cellar. Moreover, a strain of wild and violent insanity had come down their generations, whether from the roving Dane or with the Fenham priory and lands, Mrs Fairbrother could not certify; but there was a strong room in the northern wing of the hall with grated windows and an iron-bound door, where she insisted that three-and-twenty heirs, heiresses, and owners of the Hartwell domains, closed their lives under the care of keepers.

The Fenham villagers supplemented this chronicle with Mrs Fairbrother's own antecedents. Curious enough, they all entertained the very same dislike to her which she exhibited for the owners of the hall. Their invariable account was, that the gardener's wife knew all about poor Lady Yarmouth, as they called the unlucky first countess; for she was her maid at the time, and had been well paid by my lord, or somebody; Ralph Fairbrother got three hundred pounds and that fine place by marrying her, though he had been wild in his youth, run away to sea, and come back as poor as a church-mouse. Notwithstanding these reminiscences of his early days and doings, Ralph's sway over them was almost boundless. They were altogether a set of country labourers—the only trades-people being the landlord of the ale-house, who was also chandler and draper to the entire village; and an old tailor, and his wife, who did all the needle-work. I cannot say whether or not the schoolmaster's travels have now extended to Fenham; but at the time of my story, a more uncultivated, uncivil, and ill-mannered set of cottagers were not to be found in the eastern counties. Neither day nor Sunday school had ever been within their bounds, to my knowledge. Nobody but the before-mentioned landlord could either write or read, and his skill in those useful arts was rather limited. The parish church was six miles distant. Its incumbent and his curate agreed that they could

do no good in Fenham, and there was probably some truth in that opinion. Besides ignorance, and more than common stupidity, the inhabitants were one and all animated with a spirit of blunt and vulgar independence, which made all dealings with them disagreeable, and all attempts at improvement fruitless. Every family had a cottage and a field or so, on which they existed in a savage, slovenly manner—man and woman half idle, when they were not employed about the hall; and, as Ralph could get no labourers but themselves, he and they carried on a kind of inter-mitting warfare, always grumbling at each other, and often breaking out into open hostility.

My mother and I had a sad time of it, endeavouring to get a maid-of-all-work among them. Whatever servants had been at the hall, they were all discharged and gone before our arrival. The apartments assigned us were situated in the northern wing, which, under the Yarmouth domination, had been mostly appropriated to domestic purposes. They consisted of six neat though queerly shaped rooms, opening on a short corridor, which had a side-entrance from what was called the evergreen shrubbery, a grove of box, laurel, and holly, growing up almost to the windows. My mother's parlour, with my bedroom and hers opening from it, was on one side; on the other, our kitchen, with rooms for stores and a servant—the whole forming a comfortable, convenient little residence in a corner of that great house, which lay round us all shut up and silent, with its vast rooms and rich old-fashioned furniture. Our home had been fitted up expressly for a resident housekeeper some fifteen years before. Several staid and discreet ladies had come from Suffolk, Lincolnshire, and all the northern counties to inhabit it; but none of them had stayed for a second winter, and the honest people of Fenham assured us that neither should we. 'For them mad Hartwells was always a coming back.'

The tailor's wife, who was the most civilised of the community, and had sewed for the hall forty years at least, declared it to be her private opinion that those unearthly visitors had considerably increased since the poor lady's business, which was not to be wondered at, as she was one of the old stock—the rightful heiress, if all tales were true; and people did say my lord had not been in the dark about her going off with that captain; but he and Mrs Fairbrother knew best. They had taken her picture out of the frame in the gallery, to keep the new servants from knowing her, in case she was ever seen; and my lord being a saving man, meant to put his second lady into it; but it was of no use, for the family could not stay.

These were encouraging details for two ladies, fresh from London city, to hear regarding the old country-house in which they were bound to live at least two years. My mother had a deal of strong sense, however, and I think she taught me some of it. We had in common a good life, a good conscience, and a tolerable education. There are no better ramparts against superstitious fears, and they stood us in good stead, notwithstanding the reputation of the place, the strange echoes which the large empty house gave back to every sound, the wonderful howling of the wind in its turret chimneys, and the shadows cast by its old trees. We never got thoroughly frightened, nor met with anything out of the common course, except the transaction I am about to relate.

When Lord Yarmouth's lawyer admitted that the hall was solitary, he certainly did not overstep the truth. There was not a house within sight of it but the gardener's cottage, which was a good quarter of a mile off; yet neither theft nor robbery had been attempted; partly, because it was generally known that there was nothing but old furniture in the mansion—his lordship having removed his plate and all portable goods of value; and partly

owing to the popular belief in the returning Hartwells. That article of faith stood sadly in our way with the before-mentioned maid. No woman of any age would consent to sleep at the hall. We were obliged to dispense with their services early in the evening, that they might get home before it grew dark, and could not expect them earlier than about twelve next day. I employ the plural number, because, in our first season, we had on an average a new servant every fortnight. Some were so desperately dirty that they could not be retained on any terms; others broke everything that came in their way. One almost set the place on fire; a second accommodated herself with my mother's tabinet gown, and went to church in it on a wet Sunday; a third dropped our entire stock of china on the stone-floor of the kitchen, and fled home, declaring she had seen three of the Hartwells looking in at the window. After that tale was made public, we could get no servant at all. The want would not have been great had ourselves only been concerned; I could have done all our household work. Ralph Fairbrother supplied us with all manner of provisions, according to contract; but the hall and its furniture were to be kept in order, and that was a task beyond our united strength.

In this strait, my mother thought of applying to an acquaintance of ours in Norwich, one of the few with whom we corresponded in spite of altered fortunes. She was a merchant's wife, a notable housekeeper, and a most worthy woman. Her reply was decidedly satisfactory. She knew a housemaid, steady, honest, industrious, and not afraid of a solitary place. If my mother and I would only come to Norwich, spend a day with her, and see the girl, she might go back with us to the hall, in case we thought her suitable. Mrs Turner's invitation was kind, and the chance of seeing civilised life, though but for a day, was too good to be missed. We went to the old capital of Norfolkshire in a spring-cart, the only vehicle obtainable. My mother had a great chat about old times; I saw the newest fashions; the maid was seen and arranged with, but there were unexpected difficulties in the way of her immediate coming. The girl looked strong, active, and not too young; she had a good-humoured face, professed no fear of ghosts, and had a sort of acquaintance with Fenham Hall; her grandmother, mother, and two aunts, having been housemaids there in regular succession. The no-popery cry was then loud, in consequence of the Catholic Emancipation Bill; but my mother had no dread of the Jesuits, and shewed no unwillingness to engage Sally Steen, though she was a sound believer in the old faith, and retired, as it were, to service in the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, whenever she was out of place. The lady-superior was somehow related to Sally, on the mother's side, where, it seems, there was high and ancient blood to boast; but though the Catholicism and the convent had no terrors for us, we were disappointed in our hope of bringing home a useful servant. Sally's brother was to be married that day-week; she had promised to be at the wedding; besides, her things were to be put in order. In short, Sally could not come for at least eight days. Still, there was the prospect of a maid at last. Mrs Turner gave her the highest character—by the way, she had once served our friend for six months—and we went home, after settling with Sally to come by the Fenham carrier's wagon, and enter on her duties at the hall on Monday week.

The evening in which she was expected, found us talking and knitting by the fire. The night had fallen, for it was about the middle of December; but the weather had been clear and frosty for some days, and we could see the moonlight silvering our windows, over which the curtains had not been drawn, as my mother said the blaze would cheer Sally's heart

coming up the lonely park, and guide her to our corner of the mansion. We were comforting ourselves with the rubbing-up the fire-irons, stoves, and large mahogany tables should get from her vigorous arms, as also on the peace and pleasure we should have with a good-humoured, trustworthy servant for the rest of that winter. Our tea-table was spread, and our tea-kettle singing to welcome Sally when she came in cold and tired from her journey in the wagon. There it was at last; we heard the heavy wheels roll slowly up the carriage-road; the carrier knew how to open the park-gate, luckily, for no keeper had lived at the lodge for years. I went out with a lantern, and there they were—trusty Thomson, the carrier, with all manner of parcels for us and the Fairbrothers; Sally, with her gray cloak and hood drawn over her bonnet, her large deal-box, and a bundle under her arm. Thomson was in a hurry with goods for the village innkeeper; the box, &c., had to be got in quickly. Sally was some time getting herself in order to pay her respects to my mother; but at length, in she came. There were two candles and a bright fire, and all their light was requisite to make us credit our own eyes. Instead of the ruddy, robust, good-natured looking young woman under thirty, with whom we had talked at Norwich, there walked into the parlour, very deliberately, a woman whose age I could not tell, but she was not young, tall, large-boned, and thin to the point of reminding one of a skeleton. She had on a coarse gray gown, of plain stuff, a muslin cap plaited closely round her face, which might have been handsome once, for the features were finely cut and regular, but it was long and thin beyond expression; there was no colour about it, but a streak or two of intensely black hair, straggling on the forehead, which, by the way, was broad and low, and a fixed corpse-like expression, such as I remembered to have seen in the face of one of the exiled monks of La Trappe at Spitalfields.

Her tone of voice was at once shrill and hollow, and she did not waste her time with many words; it was merely: 'Good-evening,' and she was sorry to be so late, but the wagon had been long on the road. Neither of us could speak for some minutes, and I saw there was terror as well as surprise in my mother's face; but she recovered her composure, told Sally she was in very good time, asked her some questions about her brother's wedding, and our friend Mrs Turner, which the woman answered quite satisfactorily, and sent her to have her tea comfortably by the kitchen-fire.

'Is that the woman we engaged, Sophy?' she said, as soon as the door was shut.

'I don't think it is, mother.'

'Neither do I; but what brings her here? and how can she answer so readily? Could seeing her by night and day make such a difference?'

We tried to persuade ourselves of that; but both went to bed with a queer uncomfortable feeling; and my mother looked as if her dreams had been troubled next morning. Moreover, the daylight did not make Sally a whit more like the girl we engaged in Norwich. Her face kept the same stony look we had observed overnight. She went about her work willingly, and like one used to it, but without word, or smile, or sign of cheerful activity. My mother's questions, remarks, and observations elicited no evidence against her identity; but seeing is believing—she was not the woman we had seen at Mrs Turner's. The hall had always been a dreary residence, and this strange servant did not add to its cheerfulness. Why she had come, troubled us for many a day, but we could make nothing of it; besides, she did her work well, required no watching, seemed to have no dread of the Hartwells on her mind, did not complain of loneliness, did everything she was told,

and was on the whole a valuable, though not a lively servant. My mother's letter on the altered appearance of our maid seemed to amuse Mrs Turner. She wrote by return of post, which in Fenham was a weekly occurrence, to say that Sally had been at her house only two hours before she set out with the wagoner, looking just as usual; and for her own part, she could not help thinking that fancy was playing a trick in that old house of ours. Mrs Turner was above deceit of any kind. There was no probable motive for substitution. The strange-looking woman served us faithfully; so we made up our minds that it must be the veritable Sally Steen, who had come to us from Norwich, and that our eyes and memories had somehow deceived us. One thing was certain—Sally had profited by her residence in the convent. Early and late, she was repeating to herself aves, prayers, and penitential psalms. I caught sight of an iron cross and rosary hung round her neck, and carefully covered by the gray gown, and her devotions were generally prolonged far into the night. My mother had a sincere respect for the faiths and forms in which other souls found comfort. Sally's abundant prayers were no stumbling-block to us, though mostly addressed to the Virgin and St Mary Magdalene. The household went on well and quietly for some weeks; we had got fairly into the belief that all was right, and were preparing for our lonely Christmas, when a new element was added to the mysteries of Fenham Hall.

I happened to be restless and wakeful one night. It was still frosty weather, with that deep silence in the wintry air which makes sounds distinct, however faint or far off. Everybody had been in bed for hours; I had heard the parlour clock strike two, when somewhere in the large silent house there began a noise as if some one were delving or digging with all their might at very hard ground. I listened as long as my breath would hold; it was not fancy; the digging went on regularly; I could catch the sound of spade or pick coming in contact with stones, and felt sure it was within the hall. I had some courage, though I was not then twenty; my mother had taught me that there was no honour in being easily frightened. My candle was lighted as quietly as possible. Everything was just as we had left it; the kitchen was dark; so was Sally's room, and its door tightly closed; but the sound of the digging went on, till our poor cat, seeing me invade her nightly solitude, jumped up with a loud mew. Then it suddenly ceased; I listened for some time, walked about my room, at length extinguished the candle, and got into bed, but I heard no more of it for that night.

Two or three mornings after, my mother came to breakfast, looking as if she had not slept well. I had not mentioned the digging to her, meaning to watch and see if fancy had been playing me a trick; but as I poured out the tea, she said, looking firmly at me: 'Sophy, did you hear any noise in the house last night?'

Mutual questions and explanations followed, of course. The very same sound which so astonished me had been heard by my mother night after night all the previous week; she, too, had walked about, candle in hand, but could see nothing, and the noise had always ceased when she made any audible movement.

'Shall we speak to Sally?' said I. 'Or do you think it would frighten her?'

'No,' said my mother. 'I think she has something to do with it. Last Wednesday night, I tried her door; it was fast locked, and there was no breathing of any sleeper inside. Our best plan is to watch and say nothing. I have gone over all the rooms, and even the wine-cellars; I have been in Sally's room too, and in the strong room; there is nothing moved,

nothing out of place; but, Sophy, I am sure the noise was in that direction.'

The strong room of Mrs Fairbrother's chronicle was situated immediately behind our kitchen, and could be reached by a private stair leading up from a dark closet at the inner end of the corridor. It was said to have been constructed out of the priory chapel; but except its vaulted roof and the traces of larger windows in its thick walls, there was no appearance of those days about it. The grated windows kept their place, and the iron-barred door; but under the Yarmouth administration it had become a receptacle for the better sorts of lumber—remnants of old armour, dilapidated hunting-gear, pictures damaged by the cleaners, and great chests of family papers. It was one of my amusements in that solitary winter to turn over its curious contents, and wonder what had become of the secret chapel which, according to a tradition preserved by the old people of Fenham, Squire Richard had made for himself somewhere in the hall, and ornamented in a most costly manner when he turned Catholic. There were no relics of the kind in the strong room; but I was poking behind one of the chests a day or two after our talk about Sally, when I came upon a roll of painter's canvas. It was a picture. I drew it up to the window, for the evening light was growing dim, and read that it was the portrait of Madeline Teresse, seventeenth Countess of Yarmouth, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

That was the picture which had been taken out of its frame to keep the servants from knowing the unlucky lady who died so miserably at Padua, in case she thought proper to revisit the hall. I was not very superstitious, but my hair did begin to rise when the waning light shewed me the very image of our unaccountable servant. It was younger, richly dressed in a bygone fashion, and had not the fixed ghastly look; but the resemblance was so striking that I let fall the canvas, and covered my eyes with a fearful conviction that some of the Fenham legends were true.

There was no more poking in the strong room that evening; and after a long debate with myself by our parlour fire, I came to the resolution of telling my mother, and asking her to sit up with me that night.

'We will sit up, Sophy,' she said, 'and try to make out the digging business. But you have been frightened by an accidental resemblance. If the dead do ever return to this earth, it must be for some great providential purpose, and not to frighten honest people in the course of their daily duties. Sally is a strange creature, and, I fear, not of sound mind, though she works wisely enough. It is our best policy to watch closely, but not to let her know that we suspect anything.'

We did watch all that night, with candles ready to light at a minute's warning. Sally had been given to understand we had gone to bed as usual, but all the long night there was no sound in the house; and the very next, when we were both worn out and fast asleep, my mother, whose slumbers were much the lightest, was awakened by the delving in full play, which ceased, as formerly, the moment she came out with her candle. Night after night it was the same. We sat up and watched till our nerves and our courage failed us, without hearing a sound; yet our deepest sleep was broken by the noise of spade or pick clanking against stones, or delving some stubborn soil. Another strange and rather disagreeable circumstance was, that in spite of all our concealment, Sally appeared to know that we had an eye upon her. She watched us in all times and places, and a fiery look of fierce and frantic anger began to burn in her black eyes.

'What are you spying about me for?' she cried, rushing into the parlour one morning as we sat at

breakfast. 'What do you get up at night and come out with candles for? There's plenty to make noise about this old house besides me, if all stories are true—and they are true. I have heard them opening the doors, and seen them looking in at the windows. It's a doomed place, an ill-got property, and will never come to good. Leave it, and go back to London as fast as you can.'

'Sally,' said my mother with great composure, though her lips were white, and her servant's eyes looked terrible, 'we do not watch you, but the house, as we are bound to do. If you find it uncomfortable from any cause, I am willing to pay you your wages, and let you leave my service.'

'Wages—service!' muttered Sally, growing suddenly cowed and bewildered; and she slunk out of the room, muttering something else which we could not hear.

Our breakfast was not an important affair after that demonstration. We felt that, whatever the strange creature meant, or might be, it was neither safe nor easy for us to remain in the solitary house in her company, and Sally had evidently no intention of going. She went to her work as usual, and as if nothing had happened. Even my mother did not care to speak to her again on the subject; the dread of her had fallen on us both. But something must be done; and after a thousand plans formed and found impracticable, we thought of taking counsel of the Fairbrothers. A kind of mutual repulsion had existed between them and us, from the first. Ralph never came to the hall except when he was wanted; and his lady's airs were not calculated to make one seek her in the back-room where she chose to abide; but they were our only neighbours, and we took an afternoon walk to the cottage on the following day. I would not leave my mother alone with Sally, though she had been wonderfully steady ever since the morning explosion, and the night had passed without noise. We found Mrs Fairbrother in her accustomed place; she had not been out of bed that winter, and said she did not intend getting up again till May. Ralph had gone to Norwich on his lordship's business; he had no mind but that of his spouse, however, we knew; and after propitiating her with the kindest of inquiries about her health in that trying weather, my mother related our perplexities.

'Sally Steen,' said she, turning her face to the wall, and talking as if to herself; 'I mind the jade well. She took part with that good-for-nothing creature who went off with the captain.' Mrs Fairbrother always spoke of her former mistress with great contempt. 'That was because they were all papists together, and given to the same goings-on. I know it all. It's a digging of her grave she is every night; they do that for penance after uncommon sins; but I'll settle her.'

With this reflection, Mrs Fairbrother got up, took out of her cupboard, hard by her bed, a plum-coloured satin gown, made in the height of the short-waisted fashion, a lace-trimmed mantle of the same antiquity, a beaver hat, and a pair of morocco boots, with exceedingly sharp toes. In these she proceeded to array herself with the alacrity of a person bound on some great enterprise, and then desired us to come along, and she would settle Sally Steen soon enough.

The first thing I saw as we approached the hall, was Sally standing in the grand entrance. She had opened the great door to its full extent, and was gazing out over lawn and lake through the frosty haze with which the winter-day was closing.

The moment Mrs Fairbrother caught sight of her, she dashed forward, crying: 'I'll bring the jade to her senses;' but the next she stopped short, and stood like one terror-struck; while Sally, clearing the steps with one bound, rushed down upon her, the

black eyes glaring like those of a lion, and the hard hands clutching as if to tear her in pieces. The gardener's wife knew her danger, and fled screaming across the lawn, but Sally pursued her. Unable to follow or assist, we stood rooted to the spot. They neared the lake; and on its very edge the frantic woman seized her prey, satin gown and all, and dashed her in; but Mrs Fairbrother had a grasp on her straggling hair, and in they went together. We saw them plunge and grapple in the deep water, which surged and heaved as if the struggle were still going on below. Our cries at last brought two of the labourers out of the garden; but all was over; neither ever rose again; and the men said the lake was fathoms deep at that part. It was just where the young squire had pushed in his elder brother; and they could do nothing till Ralph came home.

Ralph did come home next morning; the lake was dragged for the bodies, and they were both found with shocking traces of mutual violence on them. There was a coroner's inquest, and a verdict of homicide and insanity. But in the course of the inquiry it came out—we never could ascertain from what quarter—that the woman who had come as our servant was not Sally Steen, but a crazed nun from the convent of the Sisters of Mercy—said to have lived long on the continent, and been given to strange austerities. The establishment could, or would, give no account of her, but that her name was Sister Magdalene, that she had been allowed to reside in their convent for a few months; and that they believed her of unsound mind. The cause of our nightly disturbance was, however, explained by an examination of the room she had occupied in the hall. Behind her bed the thick wall was broken through, and a clear passage opened into the crypt of the ancient chapel, which had been walled up and forgotten for ages. Its floor had been dug and delved in every direction, as if somebody had been searching for hidden treasure. Two stone-coffins and half a skeleton were laid bare; but the object of her midnight search had not been found; for a year after, when the place was altered and repaired for young Lord Yarmouth, there was discovered, buried deep in the only corner she had left untouched, a pair of massive candlesticks of solid gold, a large crucifix of the same precious metal, and a complete service of plate for the celebration of Catholic worship. I never learned how the Yarmouth family disposed of them; but it was the general belief that they had been hidden there by Squire Richard's chaplain, when the ruin of the Jacobite cause sent his master into exile, and gave the hall to strangers. The ghastly-looking woman must have known something of this, and entered our service on purpose to search for them, with the connivance of the real Sally Steen. That individual was afterwards known to be at service in London; but neither we nor our friends could ever get a sight of her, nor could we ever make out who it was that came in her stead. Ralph Fairbrother, who, by the way, lamented his wife as little as governed men generally do, had a kind of short-hand explanation of the matter which he would never enlarge—it was, that Mrs Fairbrother would have been wiser to have stayed in her bed. She thought it was one of the Steens who had served there long ago, and wanted to shew her airs; but people did not always die when it was said they did, and that drowning business was just the settling of an old account in his opinion. Whether the Yarmouth family agreed with him or not, they shewed a strong inclination to hush up the matter. They paid my mother liberally, and allowed us to leave the hall at the beginning of the New-year. We set up our own little home at Paddington, soon after, and got on wonderfully. My mother has left me for the better country, and I have been called Mrs George

Turner these thirty years; but I never hear of a lonely old house in the country without recollecting our unhired servant.

CARLYLE'S HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

WE left off with a gloomy intimation that days of increasing discord were coming for Friedrich Wilhelm and his son. The sudden death of George I.—most impressively painted by Mr Carlyle—had shaken the spirits of his Prussian majesty to a surprising extent, he 'having fountains of tears withal hidden in the rocky heart of him not suspected by every one.' Then came anxieties as to what political course George II. might take, and, on the other hand, there was a 'huff of quarrel, the consummation of a good many long existing grudges with his neighbour of Saxony, August, king of Poland.' In addition to which, Wilhelmina hints at disturbance of the 'royal digestive apparatus'—a consequence, probably, of 'the frequent carousals with Seckendorf;' so that we need not wonder to be told that his majesty became valetudinary and very melancholy, a state of things much aggravated by a worthy Monsieur Franke, a well-known pietist of the day, who gave ghostly counsel to the king—a pious but lugubrious man, who condemned all pleasures—'damnable all of them, he declared, even hunting and music.' We may easily guess the reactionary effect of this bigotry on the mind of the crown-prince. Plans of abdication, of retirement to Wusterhausen—most dreary of royal rural retreats—began to occupy the king's mind, to the infinite dismay of Seckendorf and Grumkow, who were well aware of the prince's English predilections, and aversion to their line of policy. Something must be done, or their snare will be broken, and their royal prey delivered! A bright thought strikes them: what so desirable as change of scene for hypochondriac symptoms? Of all changes, what so enlivening as a visit to the court of August of Saxony, a 'gay, eupeptic son of Belial,' willing to be reconciled to Prussia, and to overlook certain recruiting irregularities on Saxon territories, for the tall-soldier hobby has got our Friedrich Wilhelm into trouble again in a fresh quarter. By the aid of a little underhand planning and plotting, an invitation to the Dresden carnival is given and accepted, and Friedrich Wilhelm and his son set out thither in the January of 1728. The visit lasted a month, and is chiefly notable to us because of its bearing on the crown-prince. 'Never were there such thrice-magnificent carnival amusements, illuminations, operas, comedies, sow-baitings, reviewings, dinners of never-imagined quality: other fascinations too, for this Saxon court is a 'wonderful Armida garden, sure enough.' Alas for the youth of sixteen, to whom all this comes in too, too 'pleasant contrast with the Potsdam guard-house!' The miseries this visit to a depraved court 'brought into his existence—into his relations with a father very rigorous in principle, and with a universe still more so—were neither few nor small.' The habits now formed continue for the next four or five years. The prince 'consorts chiefly with dissolute young fellows, as Lieutenants Katte, Keith, and others of their stamp.' 'The bright young soul, with its fine strengths and gifts, wallows like a young rhinoceros in the mud-bath; gets out, indeed, but not uninjured—alas! tragically dimmed of its finest radiances for the remainder of life. Enough of all that.'

King August paid a return-visit to Berlin in the May following, and it was 'sublime in the extreme;' the 'frugal Friedrich Wilhelm,' stimulated by the

magnificence of Polish majesty, 'lighting up his dim court' into insurpassable brilliancy for once, regardless of expense.' Yet, when all was done, the very everyday result, according to Wilhelmina, was, that 'at table they drank much, talked little, and bored one another a great deal.' August of Poland was 'extremely attentive to Wilhelmina, but, by the blessing of Heaven, nothing came of that;' and in Queen Sophie's sanguine soul the double-marriage project was bright as ever. The long-growing disaffection between father and son breaks out. 'We begin to hear of 'surly gusts of indignation, not unfrequently of cuffs and strokes—still worse, studied neglect and contempt, so as not even to help the prince at table, but to leave him fasting while the others eat.' All this is very hard for a high-spirited youth of seventeen to bear. He writes about this time a most dutiful and submissive letter to his 'dear papa,' imploring to be taken into favour; and receives, in reply, a very implacable, 'ill-spelt, abstruse, and intricate note,' in which he is styled an 'effeminate fellow, who can neither ride nor shoot,' and reproached with 'frizzling his hair like a fool, and not cutting it off.' Here we have the old grievance become chronic. A very cantankerous letter, in short, leading us to suspect much disturbance of the royal digestive apparatus; the more so, as we find that a few months later the king, after much fierce riding, 'after an unparalleled hunting-bout, during which 3602 wild swine were slaughtered, was laid up at Potsdam—with—a fit of gout—gout!—which is a terrible message to a man.' 'His majesty's age is not forty-one till August coming; but he has hunted furiously'—and then those carousals with Seckendorf. Yet here the better side of his character begins to reappear.

Though Friedrich Wilhelm 'suffered extremely, he never neglected his royal duties in any press of pain.' Content with but an hour or two of sleep, the 'top of the morning' is always devoted to his official secretaries and their papers. After dinner, he would paint in oil, or do light prince-work. Sickness, so often an angel in the house, has brought the wife, too, back to her duty. 'Always at the head of the bed sat her majesty the queen, sometimes with the king's hand laid in hers, and his face turned up to her as if he sought assuagement.' 'Sometimes, too, the crown-prince read aloud in some French book, with a voice of melodious clearness.' True, there is a reverse side to this pleasing picture. His majesty has spurts of impatience; and certain men, in spite of his esteem for them, become personally antipathetic, and 'make his gout worse;' yet surely, on the whole, this sick-bed affords a pleasing interlude, if it had not been for the kaiser and his pragmatic sanction!

Friedrich is all the more steadfast, because kaiser's cause now appears exclusively German. He diligently drills his sixty thousand men, and 'changes his tune to wife and children,' according to the public news. If England favour the emperor, he smiles on the domestic circle; if England frown on the pragmatic sanction, 'crockery flies through the rooms of the Prussian palace, and blows descend on the poor prince's back.' Nor does Wilhelmina escape. She, too, warmly attached as she is to her brother, and suspected of connivance in his and the queen's underhand schemes, is become painfully obnoxious to her violent-tempered father. At her head, too, plates are thrown, at her blows are aimed—all which brutality Mr Carlyle charges mainly on the two 'devil diplomatists Grumkow and Seckendorf,' seldom if ever blaming his hero, but earnestly regretting that he could have 'got a bit of rope, and hanged these two diplomatic swindlers, as clearly of the scoundrel genus.'

A note from Frederick to his mother, dated Potsdam, December 1729, gives us a painful insight

into his trials. 'The king,' he writes, 'has entirely forgotten that I am his son. This morning I came into his room, as usual. At the first sight of me, he sprang forward, seized me by the collar, and struck me a shower of cruel blows with his rattan. . . . I am driven to extremity; I have too much honour to endure such treatment, and I am resolved to put an end to it in one way or another.' In what way, unfortunate prince? Wilhelmina knows too well, though she strives to reassure her anxious mother. Flight is not a new idea to her sorely oppressed brother, who is not quite without faults, though, on his side too.

If only he would choose better companions, sighs Wilhelmina, and lead a more regular life. Lieutenant Keith, a 'wild companion' enough, is gone, it is true; but he is succeeded by one still more dangerous—by a young Captain Katte, of whom we shall hear much more anon. 'He had wit, book-culture, acquaintance with the world, polite manners,' all which recommended him, no doubt, to the favour of the prince; but again, 'he affected the free-thinker, and carried libertinism to excess,' and was too surely a dangerous adviser here in the Berlin element with lightnings going. And still, in the midst of all other difficulties, there is the great central difficulty, the double-marriage treaty hanging fire—the king of Prussia now insisting that it shall only be a single marriage—willing, and indeed thankful, to dispose of Wilhelmina to the English Fred, but resolute against the union of the obnoxious Fritz to the Princess Amelia. However, the English answer being steadily 'both marriages or none,' the negotiation may be considered virtually extinct, when, in the month of June 1730, Friedrich Wilhelm and his son set out to the camp of Radewitz, which was 'one of the sublimest scenic military exhibitions in the history of the world.' 'In this pleasure-camp, where the eyes of so many strangers were directed to him, the crown-prince was treated like a disobedient boy,' 'mockery added to manual outrage,' 'beaten like a slave while lodged like a royal highness.' Little wonder that the poor prince should make up his mind to run; should concoct schemes of flight with Katte at Berlin; should discover in the projected tour to the Reich, in which he is to accompany his father, and in the nearness to the French side of the Rhine which this tour will insure, facilities for escape, and eventually for reaching England.

In July, this tour was taken. Friedrich Wilhelm, 'driven nearly mad' himself—never quite sane, we suspect—'by fate and the two black-artists, is driving everybody so.' He takes the crown-prince with him lest he run away, and yet bullies him as a spiritless wretch for submitting to such treatment. A more painful history than this of their journey to the Reich it were impossible to conceive. As they sail down the Rhine, the final catastrophe occurs. A letter is found from the crown-prince to Katte; 'the treasonable flight-project is indisputable as the sun at noon.' At Bonn, the prince confides it all to Seckendorf—how that he could no longer stand indignities, actual strokes; how that, but for his mother's and his sister's sake, he would have fled long ago; that for a life such as his had become, he cared little. Would the king but pardon the poor gentlemen he had implicated, he would disclose everything—a noble and touching confidence this, made to Seckendorf, the fountain of all his woes. Seckendorf pleads for him to the king; but the first thing done on their return to Berlin is the arrest of the prince, and of poor young Katte too. 'The scenes that follow,' observes Mr Carlyle, 'are unusual in royal history, and have been reported in the world with infinite noise and censure, made up of laughter and horror. What we can well say is, that pity also ought

not to be wanting. The next six months were undoubtedly by far the wretchedest of Friedrich Wilhelm's life.' His violence to his daughter was fearful. She was ordered to her room, and there kept prisoner on low diet, with sentries guarding her doors. As for the crown-prince, he is sent forward to Cüstrin, 'a quiet little town, some seventy miles eastward of Berlin, and lodged in a strong room of the fortress there; no furniture, not even the needfullest; bare walls, lighted from far up; his dress of the plainest prison-cut; his diet fixed at tenpence a day, absolute solitude; no books, except the Bible.' There and thus 'let him wait, till the rather abstruse question of his doom ripen in the royal breast.' Grumkow and Seckendorf are against all violent methods. At length, after six or seven weeks of consultation, it is settled in the tobacco-parliament that Katte and the crown-prince be tried by court-martial as deserters from the Prussian army. Meanwhile, the prince, immured in four bare walls, 'in uninterrupted, unfathomable colloquy with the destinies and necessities,' puts off his defiant humour, and by the middle of October makes a proposal of entire confession. Grumkow is often out at Cüstrin, persuading to the duty of loyally yielding where resistance is impossible. It is a relief, too, to find that the stern regulations with regard to the royal prisoner are gradually ignored by the officials surrounding him. A clever little boy of seven, son to the governor, is allowed to enter the cell, and his little frock being lined with a row of pockets, many things are thus surreptitiously introduced that lighten the horrors of the bare walls. Paper, ink, new literature, and much else, find their way in.

It is on the 25th of October that the court-martial commences work. It decides, after an inquiry of six days, that the accomplices of the crown-prince are two—first, Lieutenant Keith, who, warned by his young master at the time of the explosion on the Rhine, is off, cannot be caught; let him, therefore, be hanged in effigy, cut in four quarters, and nailed to the gallows at Weesl. This sentence his majesty approves. Second, Lieutenant Katte, two years of fortress-arrest to him. 'Not good this,' thinks the inflexible king. The court-martial has to revise this part of the sentence, to bring in Katte's crime high treason, and the penalty—death—death by the headman and sword, not by the gallows and hot pincers. So far the king's clemency will go. Poor Katte is only twenty-six—surely his fate is very hard.

Five days after the passing of this sentence, it is intimated to him that the carriage intended to take him to Cüstrin is at that moment waiting at the gate—that at Cüstrin he is to die. It was in the gray of the winter morning, 6th of November 1780, that Katte arrived in Cüstrin garrison; about nine o'clock he is on the road towards the rampart of the castle, where a scaffold stands. The prince is already brought down into a lower room to see Katte as he passes ('to see Katte die,' had been the fiendish order of this perhaps poetic, but certainly brutal king). 'His emotions may be fancied but not described.' Again and again he implored, in God's name, that the execution might be stopped till he wrote to his father. 'Impossible!' Oh, the agony of that impossible! 'And so here Katte comes, cheerful loyalty beaming in his face. "Pardonnez moi, mon cher Katte. O that this should be what I have done for you!"

"Death is sweet for a prince I love so well," said Katte, and so on, round some angle of the fortress to his death—not in sight of Frederick, who sank into a faint, and had seen the last of Katte in this world.

This fearful blow, it is evident, 'crushed him down under the immensity of sorrow, confusion, and

despair.' Chaplain Müller, who had prepared young Katte for his end, and remained with him to the last, has orders to stay on at Cüstrin, and seek to reclaim Frederick from certain theological errors which his father suspects and mourns over. This worthy man's correspondence with the king was of 'an assuaging, mutually mollifying character.' He reported 'an excellent knowledge and conviction of the truths of religion in the crown-prince—nay, that he was perfectly at home in the polemic doctrines of the Reformed Calvinistic Church, even to the minutest points.' Meanwhile, the miserable Friedrich Wilhelm could not sleep, had officers to sit up with him every night, and in his slumbers raves, and talks of spirits and apparitions. He is occupied in discussing with eight divines a father's unconditional right to give his daughter in marriage to whom he pleases, and—melancholy instance of inconsistency—while agonising over his son's spiritual peril from unsound theories on predestination, his own practice was that of 'never going to bed sober.' As for the sentence pronounced by the court-martial on Frederick, that was severe enough to suit this modern Junius Brutus—as lieutenant-colonel, guilty of desertion, president and members, with the exception of two, have judged him worthy of death. 'But the king's councillors, one and all, interfere vehemently, foreign courts interpose, the kaiser sends an autograph,' and 'Friedrich Wilhelm alone, against the whispers of his own heart and the voices of all men, yields—Friedrich's life is to be spared.' We have seen how thoroughly subdued the spirit of the crown-prince had by this time become. In a fortnight after poor Katte's death, he is found ready to sign an oath of 'contrite repentance, and purpose of future entire obedience to the paternal will in all things;' whereupon his sword was restored to him, and his prison-door opened. From Cüstrin fortress he is led to a certain town-mansion, which he is to call his own henceforth, and has a household even in the form of a court, 'though probably the cheapest that was ever set up.' Further, he has employment cut out for him: 'he is to learn economics, and the way of managing domain lands, and is left wholly to himself, save, indeed, that his fellow-creatures are all watching him, and that nothing that he can say or do escapes discussion in the tobacco-parliament. This life, for the youth of eighteen, lasted fifteen months, and of the many lessons that it taught him perhaps the best learned was 'the art of wearing among his fellow-creatures a polite cloak of darkness.' Gradually, he became 'a man politely impregnable to the intrusion of human curiosity; able to look cheerily into the very eyes of men, and talk in a social way face to face, and yet continue intrinsically invisible to them.' The turning-point in this Cüstrin life was the visit of Friedrich Wilhelm to his son, just thirteen months after the catastrophe on the Rhine. We read, with rather a painful suspicion of insincerity, of the crown-prince's abject submission, of his professions of deep repentance, conversion to orthodoxy, according to his father's definition of the word, and devoted filial attachment. We marvel that poor Katte's fate should not have recurred to his mind, to temper the ardour of his protestations. But, according to Mr Carlyle's view of the case, 'this crown-prince has a real affection to his father, as we shall in time convince ourselves. Say, at least, that he is a crown-prince, loyal to fact, and aware that he must surrender thereto.' Nevertheless, there are passages in the correspondence of a certain General Schulenberg, 'instructed by his majesty quietly to keep a monitorial eye on the prince,' with Baron Grumkow, which lead one back to a less favourable theory. The morals acquired at the court of that 'pleasant man of sin,' August of Saxony, do not appear much modified by Cüstrin

discipline; and, spite of outward orthodoxy on the subject of predestination, there were 'plenty of heterodoxies, plenty of strange mutinous fire in the interior of the young man.' Meanwhile, at Berlin, Wilhelmina, betrothed to the Prince of Baireuth, sees her wedding-day draw near; and Friedrich Wilhelm, in his arbitrary way, is energetic in pushing forward building in Berlin; all men 'with the least capital being squeezed hard till they build.' Friedrich's *strasse*, once 'scrag and quagmire,' was made a substantial, clean street, 'straight as a line, by these hard methods.' 'These things were heavy to bear' for the citizens, but pleasant enough to witness for a king who 'is the edile of his country as well as the drill-sergeant, and intent upon sweeping wreck and rubbish from the face of the earth.' On the whole, his life seems much brightened during the last six months—Wilhelmina's 'magnificent wedding' coming off in the November of 1731, and her brother appearing at one of the balls given on the joyous occasion. Changed, she tells us—his face no longer so beautiful as it had been, grown stouter, cold as ice toward this sister once and still so fondly loved, proud, seeming to 'look down on everybody;' and he is not nineteen, this young wearer of the cloak of darkness.

However, the father's heart is softened to his children; he parts with Wilhelmina with sobs and tears of tenderness; and on the last day of February 1732, the crown-prince, completely restored to favour, puts on again the military blue coat as colonel of his regiment, 'never to doff it more.' He did his military duties to a perfection satisfactory even to his father. So far all seems going on well; but another question has arisen in the tobacco-parliament—the prince must marry. Whom shall the crown-prince marry? For his part, he does not much care—the romance is all over. He looks, however, to outward advantages, and especially to 'ready command of money.' Could but the crown-prince of Prussia have wedded the Archduchess Maria Theresa—the very mate for him, Mr Carlyle thinks, 'so beautiful, magnanimous, and brave.' This, however, is forbidden by the 'papal-protestant' controversy. The imperial court, however friendly, cannot offer its archduchess—can only recommend an 'insignificant niece,' Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick Baden, who by no means suits the prince's notions, unromantic though he be grown. 'Modest and retiring, a God-fearing creature'—thus Friedrich Wilhelm commends—'given to pouting, a blockhead, and, worse, a devotee,' so the prince decries the object of the paternal choice. But the prince seems to have thought better of his bride on a nearer acquaintance; and in the summer of 1733, the wedding took place, the bride being described by the not too partial Wilhelmina as dazzling in complexion, with blond curling hair, and a countenance so innocent and infantine, you might think it belonged to a child of twelve.

Besides these personal charms, this young wife turned out possessed of an 'honest, guileless heart,' and of 'considerable inarticulate sense;' and seems 'to have shaped herself successfully to the prince's taste.' 'These first seven years she always regarded as the flower of her life.' Probably, their most important event, as bearing upon the after-life and character of her husband, was the beginning of his correspondence with Voltaire. Always an admirer of French literature, Voltaire's epic poem, 'model history, sublime tragedies' bloom fresh in Frederick's memory and heart; nor has Voltaire's philosophy less charm for him. This correspondence, begun when Frederick was only twenty-four, and Voltaire forty, lasted during their mutual life, with notable interruptions, however. 'With another theory of the universe than the Voltaire one, how much other had Frederick, too, been; for, however bitter their quarrels, it is

certain that 'Voltaire continued to be Frederick's chief thinker all his days,' and was officially priest and prophet to the 'working-king.' Literature was the great light of the crown-prince's present existence, and his 'chosen soul's employment the flower of life;' to him was the writing of his first book—the *Anti-Macchiavel*—a work which Mr Carlyle characterises as a clear distinct treatise indeed; yet, 'treatise fallen more extinct to existing mankind, it would not be easy to name.'

But we must hurry on. These days of 'free interchange of poetries and proses,' of devotion to literature, philosophy, and music—this 'idyl' in his stormy life is nearly over.

In the November of 1739, 'there is game, as usual, at Wusterhausen, but little or no hunting for the king'—his health has been breaking up rapidly these last few years. One severe attack in the autumn of 1734 he got over, contrary to all expectation; now, this chill caught at an evening-party at General Schulenberg's—is this the death-stroke? He is much in and out of bed—still does his official business with punctuality—can paint, whittle, chisel as in that fit of gout twelve years ago; but he rallies little, and but for a short time, during all the long winter. The spring seems to revive him somewhat, and towards the end of April he resolved to move to Potsdam. The public thought he was recovering; 'he himself knew other.' It was on the 27th that he went; he said: 'Fare-thee-well, then, Berlin; I am to die in Potsdam.'

On Thursday the 26th of May, an express reaches Frederick: 'He is to come quickly if he would see his father again alive. He comes in all haste to find his father rallied for a while—out of doors even. At sight of his son, the king threw out his arms; the son, kneeling, sank upon his breast, and they embraced with tears.' Perhaps the emotion was too much; the king had to be carried in at once, and bed was the only place for him. That very day, he gave instructions about his funeral.

He has had his coffin ready for some time, 'a stout piece of carpentry, at which he looks with satisfaction, remarking how well he shall sleep there.' For the next three days, he had long private dialogues with his son; these two hearts understood each other at last. Once he says to his sympathetic generals: 'Am I not happy to have such a beloved son?' 'His state now was fluctuating, uncertain, restless: the wild son of nature looking into life and death, into judgment and eternity, finds that these things are very great.' He prays much; he has his favourite hymns sung to him; he takes leave of his chaplain; he kisses his little boy of four for the last time. Then—it is the 31st of May—he has himself rolled into Queen Sophie's room; he tells her that he is going to die, and that she must be with him. He resolves to abdicate wholly in favour of his good son Frederick in the presence of his ministers. Before the declaration can be read through, he faints away, and is carried to bed. Still there were ups and downs—the cordage of a most strong heart rending itself piece by piece. It was the season when his servants got their new liveries. 'O vanity! O vanity!' cries the king at the sight. 'Pray for me; my trust is in the Saviour,' he often said. He will have a mirror brought to look at his dying face. 'Feel my pulse, Pitsch,' said he to the surgeon of his favourite regiment. 'How long will this last?'

'The pulse is gone!' was the sorrowful reply.

'Impossible! How could I move my fingers so?'

The surgeon shakes his head.

'Lord Jesus, to thee I live, to thee I die.' These were Friedrich Wilhelm's last words. Between one and two o'clock that afternoon, he died. That night, Frederick went to Berlin, met by acclamations

enough. The next morning, he was wakened by the regiment under his windows swearing fealty to the new king. Pöllnitz found him hurrying distractedly to and fro, wildly weeping.

'He was in great suffering,' suggested Pöllnitz; 'he is now at rest.'

'True,' replied the young king; 'he suffered, but he was here with us; and now'—

Here Mr Carlyle ends his very remarkable work, the interest of which it were scarcely possible to exaggerate. But it is an interest fraught with deepest melancholy. We borrow the words of an acute critic as best explaining why the historical writings of Mr Carlyle have so depressing an influence on the mind of the reader: 'Their mood is for the most part ironical. There is philanthropy, doubtless, at the bottom of it all; but a mocking spirit, a profound and pungent irony, are the manifest and prevailing characteristics. It is philanthropy which has borrowed the manner of Mephistophiles.'

COUSIN ABEL.

I AM myself of a modest and retiring disposition, averse to self-assertion and egotism. Independence of character seems to me little better than social isolation, and I much prefer to it a residence upon the great continent of Commohplace. It may be well imagined that I have let slip many opportunities of greatness through this ultra bashfulness; high social positions; vast sums of money; the hand and fortune of a March—but this is boastfulness, a weakness as foreign to my character as angry passions to the lily.

Nature, however—with the theory of compensation in her mind, perhaps, at the time of his creation—has formed my Cousin Abel in a very different mould. I doubt, indeed, whether his indomitable spirit ever brooked to be *moulded*, even in her plastic hands. He must have leaped out of her head, full armed for controversy, like the goddess of old. He was, from his earliest youth, what Mr Leech's miner denominated the conciliating curate, 'a beggar to argue,' a stiffish one to tackle upon any mortal subject; and for the matter of that, he would contradict a bishop upon his own ground. Indeed, my first recollection of him dates from a combat which he held, *à l'outrance*, with no less a person than his own diocesan, a courtly spiritual lord, who had married into the temporal peerage without any decrease, we may be sure, of his own dignified and superior bearing. It was after dinner; and the company, who were mostly clerical, were discussing, in addition to some excellent port, one of Paley's celebrated cases of conscience, where he affirms, for various excellent reasons, that it is permissible for a fashionable person's servant to declare that his master or mistress be 'not at home,' when, as a matter of fact, they are at home. The bishop and the majority of the clergy controverted this position, and my cousin—probably on that account—sustained it.

'You should direct your servant to say that you are "particularly engaged,"' quoth his lordship.

'That would very much incense me, if I happened to be the visitor,' replied my cousin; 'and beside that, I should not believe him.'

'Then the lady or gentleman should cause the servant to state in plain words, so that there could be no mistake, the nature of the occupation in which his master or mistress was engaged. The visitor

would thereby perceive that the excuse was in reality valid and sufficient.'

'Then, if myself and Mrs Abel were to call at the palace to-morrow, in your absence, my lord, and your wife happened to be washing her feet, do you mean to say that your servant would have orders to inform us that the Lady Christiana was at that moment?'—

At this point, however, the bishop hastened to give in to my cousin's opinion; and indeed there was no knowing what supposititious cases he might not have put.

When Cousin Abel was a very young man indeed, he chose to fly in the face of his whole family—who are extremely 'genteel'—by going into trade, and becoming the partner of a far-away cousin who had disgraced himself in the linen-drapery line. Whereupon the baronet of our race—for we do possess one (as you would soon discover if you were acquainted with any one of us), who is our *Deus ex machina* upon all similar occasions, was requested to bring the weight of his position and advice to bear upon his erring young relative; and he was kind enough to do so. His oration was doubtless very eloquent, as it certainly was very prolonged; and Sir Richard imagined at the end of it—so humble and resigned had the victim seemed from first to last—that he had shaken Cousin Abel's purpose until every leaf of it had fallen to the ground. When all was over, however, the young man had just one question to ask.

'By the by, Sir Richard, you, who know everything, will perhaps be kind enough to inform me— But stay; I have forgotten the name: what is the name of that great capitalist in the city?'

'Rothschild?'

'No, Sir Richard—not Rothschild.'

'Baring?'

'No, sir; thank you very much, but not Baring either.'

'Jones Loyd, that was?'

'That's it! Yes, Jones Loyd. Can you inform me, Sir Richard—and it is the only remark I have to offer upon your most judicious and condescending advice—how that Jones Loyd made his money?'

'No, Mr Abel, I really can *not*,' replied the baronet, annoyed at the young man's persistency.

'Why, he got it entirely by minding his own business, Sir Richard; *by minding his own business*.'

And Cousin Abel signed his articles of partnership the very next day.

One more example to illustrate my cousin's character, and there will then be no possible misunderstanding of it. When his wife died, to whom he was, in truth, devotedly attached, nothing annoyed him more, except her death, than the commiserations and condolences of his friends. He is one of these pitiable persons who ignore the advantages of friendship and sympathy, and hang upon their lonely hooks in the great human larder, until they are good for nothing and offensive to everybody.

'It must have been a great trial to you, sir,' observed an incautious acquaintance, referring to my cousin's late bereavement; 'it must have been a very great trial.' 'A trial, sir?' exclaimed the exasperated widower: 'it was not only a trial, sir, but, let me tell you, a matter also of very considerable expense!'

How Cousin Abel came by this cynical and independent temper of his, I have not, as was before observed, the least idea; but one really would think that he had lost (not his life, but) his liver, in the civil service of the East India Company—he is such a very obstinate and pig-headed old gentleman. Nevertheless, I am bound to say that—at the loss of friendships, of good temper, of kindly feeling, of all,

in a word, that constitutes social happiness—Cousin Abel has made his way in the world. It is almost as impossible to 'do' him, to overreach or hoodwink him in any way, as to persuade him out of an opinion. On the rare occasions, therefore, when this too astute relative of mine is 'done,' there is joy in the heart of everybody who knows him; and he was 'done' upon a recent occasion, as follows, very completely.

In the town where my Cousin Abel lives, there had been a great many storms connected with local politics, and the atmosphere was only cleared at last by no less a thunderbolt than a murder. At a certain committee meeting of the 'party of order' and of 'civil and religious liberty' combined, one gentleman who was making some personal remarks was knocked on the head by another gentleman who didn't like them; and the first gentleman paid the penalty with his life. Of the assault there was no doubt whatever, but the difficulty lay in proving that the accused used any weapon. The mortal wound had clearly been inflicted by means of a blunt instrument, which had perforated the skull nearly two inches, and which could scarcely have been the prisoner's thumb. There was no such instrument in the committee-room, or found upon the prisoner's person, and the jury were sadly puzzled, and could come to no decision at all.

Cousin Abel happened to be serving his country—it is needless to say, compulsorily—by being one of the twelve, and the most cantankerous—it is equally needless to add—of the whole lot. They were locked up, after the court rose, in an apartment of a little inn, with nothing to eat; the evening was far advanced, and there were a pair of flaring 'dips' upon the table, but no snuffers. It was upon this grievance that my cousin's intelligent mind was solely concentrated, rather to the exclusion of the life-and-death matter then on hand. Why was he not provided with snuffers? That was what he wanted to know, when consulted by his brother-jurymen about the murder. 'Food and firing,' urged he, 'the law was able to deprive them of, since they could not agree; but the law never contemplated this depriving them of snuffers; and he, for one, would insist upon his rights.' 'The snuffers!' demanded he, when his angry tugs at the bell were answered by a policeman, instead of a waiter; and, 'bring me the snuffers, you villain!' was his cry out of window, to the landlord, whenever he could catch a sight of him.

Had it not been for this distracting omission, there is little doubt that my cousin would have given in his vote against the prisoner, since his heart by no means naturally leant to mercy's side; but he was exasperated by the neglect of his wishes, and more than ever inclined to oppose singly any conclusion arrived at by eleven of his fellow-countrymen; so that, when they at last decided upon a verdict of 'guilty,' they found their brother-jurymen only less determined upon 'not guilty,' than he was upon procuring the snuffers. These last, indeed, he never managed to obtain; but the verdict—thanks to his powerful constitution, and to some walnuts, which he had in his pocket—he did manage to get changed, after twenty-four hours; and the prisoner was consequently acquitted.

Now, it happened that the landlord of the inn was a personal crony of the accused party, and knew well enough, himself, with what instrument the crime had been committed. His passionate friend had, unobserved, taken up the snuffers, which lay upon the committee-room table, and inflicted the wound with their point; and thence it was that the jury were denied a pair, for fear the appearance of them should at once remove their difficulty by suggesting the real weapon which had been employed.

Cousin Abel fumed and fretted enough, we may be certain, when he came to learn the mistake into which

his obstinacy had led him; and I know of scarcely anything which, to this day, puts up his irascible back more easily than any allusion to Snuffers.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE close of last year brought good news from Africa, and intelligence of travels and explorations in other quarters. Dr Livingstone had succeeded in getting up the river as far as Tete, and further, and seemed hopeful of accomplishing his object. Great was the joy of his Makalolo, who had waited so long for his return, at seeing him again, though thirty of the faithful fellows had been carried off by small-pox, and six killed by a rebel chief. The health of the Europeans was good; but the engine, of the steam-launch disappointed expectation, and had been named the *Asthetic*. About thirty hundredweights of coal, the first ever dug in that region, had been got, of good quality; a deposit of specular iron-ore had been discovered, and ebony, teak, and lignum-vita in the forests on the river-banks. One point worth notice is, that Dr Livingstone thinks the river will prove to be easily navigable in all seasons for a vessel drawing not more than thirty inches, if the Portuguese will only drive in a few piles in places where a channel should be scoured.

The news from the Niger expedition is favourable; the new steamer *Sunbeam* had entered the river, and will, it is hoped, make a successful trip up to Timbuctoo.—The emperor of Brazil has commissioned a scientific expedition to explore the interior of his empire, and take note of its botany, mineralogy, geology, and zoology, as well as to determine latitudes by astronomical observations, from which important results are anticipated. The party are all native Brazilians, animated with a desire to shew that their country is in earnest in its endeavours after knowledge and civilisation.—Another expedition is set on foot in Australia, headed by Major Warburton, to try once more to get from south to north. Certain travellers who crossed Lake Torrens, and were then missing for a while, and given up as lost, made their way down to the coast, and report that they found the interior to be well watered, and not a desert, as is commonly believed.—At St Petersburg, a report has lately been published, received from a Russian traveller on the Amour, giving particulars of the botany and geography of the country watered by that great river. There are large forests of valuable timber, and on the borders of the Ussuri, a river flowing out of China, he found the sparse Chinese population familiar with the potato, cultivating it as an ordinary article of food, on an alluvial soil eminently fertile. The mouth of the Amour, under 53 degrees north, is in a less favourable climate than its upper course: snow falls within the first ten days of October; the river is frozen by the middle of November, an intense cold follows, and the navigation remains closed till the end of the first week in May. Hence, vessels can enter the river only during six months of the year. While thus engaged in the far north-east, Russia is actively pushing her trade-enterprise in Europe; and amongst her latest schemes is one for a line of steamers up the Rhine to Tiflis. There is deep policy in all these commercial undertakings; they result in increase of influence as well as of wealth.

In the United States, another polar expedition is talked of. Dr Hayes has read a paper to the Geographical Society of New York, shewing that with a vessel of one hundred tons and a dozen men, he will make his way up Smith's Sound, verify Dr Kane's discoveries, and push on to the pole. We should be glad to see Brother Jonathan try his hand once more.

in the arctic regions, and emulate the scientific researches there carried on by British explorers. The coming summer will, it is thought, bring news of him, and of his search for traces of Sir John Franklin.

Notwithstanding the failure of the Atlantic cable, electric telegraphs are making progress. The line from Sydney to Adelaide and Melbourne is at work; the cable laid from Galle across the Strait of Manaar to Madras is now open to the public. The coast-line from Madras to Calcutta is complete, and in November last, the arrival of the overland mail at Galle was signaled to Calcutta in twenty-four hours. The line from Kurachee to Bombay is also complete; and now there is not a city of importance in India which is not in telegraphic communication with the seat of government.—It has been suggested that a cable laid from the Cape de Verdes to St Paul's in Brazil, a distance of about 900 miles, would be the easiest way of communicating with South America. Meanwhile, Professor Trowbridge in his report addressed to the superintendent of the United States Coast-survey, denies the existence of the plateau said to stretch along the bottom of the Atlantic from Newfoundland to Ireland, drawing his conclusions from two sets of soundings made in the most careful manner. He ascribes a general untrustworthiness to the deep-sea soundings which were much talked about a year or two ago. He thinks it demonstrated that the friction of even a small line when a great length is run out, is sufficient to hold the lead in suspension, and that the true way would be to have the coil of line enclosed within the lead, so that the lead as it sinks shall not have to drag the line after it. This is a suggestion which perhaps may be turned to account by practical men. Time would be saved by a weight descending at a uniform rate, irrespective of depth. At present, it takes one hour and a half to sink 3000 fathoms. Professor Trowbridge believes the range of error in the Atlantic soundings to be 500 fathoms, which if correct, shews that high hills may have altogether escaped discovery by the vessels employed in taking the depth.

Mr Hearder of Plymouth, a name deservedly well known in electrical science, makes it appear that the construction of the Atlantic cable was essentially faulty, the conductor being much too small. He explains the law that, if we take a length of copper-wire as a conductor, we find that a wire of twice the thickness will conduct twice as well. A wire good for two hundred miles will not be good for a thousand, unless ten times thicker. Moreover, although gutta-percha is a good insulator, there is a constant loss of signaling power, for the electricity oozes out along the whole length of the cable. The discussion of these views will perhaps lead to the desired improvement, and we entertain no doubt of eventual success in establishing telegraphic communication across the Atlantic. Mr Hearder says that the present cable need not be regarded as lost, but may be employed as the return-wire, instead of working, in technical phrase, 'to earth'; whereby a considerable saving of power would be effected. While matters are maturing for a new attempt, a company has started for a comprehensive system of telegraphic communication throughout London. They propose to stretch their wires above the house-tops, and send messages for a uniform charge of 4d.

An interesting paper read before the Society of Arts by Mr Wray has given cotton-spinners, and cotton-growers too, something important to think about. The quantity required by England annually is 920,000,000 pounds. The United States cultivates 7,000,000 acres of cotton, and produces 3,000,000 bales. According to Mr Wray, there are in India

double that number of acres under cotton, producing from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 bales a year for home consumption—that is, for India itself. This is a fact not generally known; it may be accepted as an indication that cotton-growing in our reconquered empire is hopefully extensible; and with labourers, willing to work for 6s. a month, Mr Wray recommends Englishmen to start and cultivate on their own account, instead of buying from the natives.

Among the special prizes offered by the Society of Arts in their list just published, is their gold medal, 'for the discovery of a substitute for cotton, to be produced in such quantities and at such cost as will render it available for commercial and manufacturing purposes.' We notice besides a few items from the general list. An account is wanted of the stones used for building purposes in the United Kingdom; of the methods at present in use for ventilating coal-mines, with suggestions for improvement; and of a new and economic means of producing aluminum commercially. Prizes are held out for the discovery or manufacture of a new smokeless fuel; for improvements in dyeing and new dyeing materials; for elastic gas-tubes; for oils from coal, shale, &c., suitable for illuminating purposes; for railway transit on common roads; and 'for the production of an efficient means of carrying out the system of oceanic electric telegraphs between distant countries.' These are but a few selected from a long list of practical subjects, in which ingenuity of every kind may find exercise. The plans or essays are to be sent in by the 31st of March in this year, or 1860.

Further progress has been made in various places with gunnery experiments. A gun, recently manufactured by Mr Armstrong of Newcastle-on-Tyne, on being tried at Shoeburyness, sent a thirty-two pound ball a distance of 9600 yards—more than five miles: an astonishing result with so heavy a ball. At 625 yards distance, the ball penetrates solid oak nine feet in thickness. There is another advantage of mighty import connected with this singular piece of artillery, that it works with unerring accuracy by night as well as day.—Captain Blakely shews that it is quite possible to make cannon and mortars which shall bombard a place effectually at a distance of five miles; but the things must be properly made. It is now ascertained that increasing the thickness of a cannon or mortar does not make it proportionately stronger; and for the reason that, as the discharge is so sudden, the outside bears no part of the strain. The same reasoning applies to the hydraulic press. The remedy lies—as demonstrated by Mr Longridge, at a meeting of the United Service Institution—in using coils of wire. He makes his cylinder of iron not more than three-quarters of an inch thick, and binds it round with wire, sixteen to the inch, till the wire forms a continuous layer half an inch thick, by which the thickness of the cylinder is increased to an inch and a quarter. Thin as this is, in comparison with cylinders constructed in the ordinary way, it is found to bear an inside pressure of seven tons to the inch. Thus, light cannon bound round with wire, will be far more serviceable than thick heavy cannon.

We are reminded by these remarkable facts of a communication made some time ago to the Philosophical Society of Manchester by Mr John Graham, 'On the Consumption of Coals, and rate of Evaporation from Engine-boilers.' The conclusions arrived at, after a course of painstaking experiments, were, that James Watt's wagon-shaped boiler is the best; 'that a supplementary boiler, under very favourable circumstances, gives a saving of 15 per cent.;' that scraping the flues and sides of the boiler once a week saves 2 per cent.; 'that a difference in the setting alone of the same boiler may readily produce a difference

in the result amounting to 21 per cent.;' and 'that a difference in firing only will produce a difference in the result of 13 per cent.' The prevention of 'scale'—that is, the incrustation formed on the inside of boilers—is shewn to be perfectly possible; and besides this, a fact comes out which, to many persons, will be astonishing. 'When a boiler,' says Mr Graham, 'is worked solely for the purpose of heating, by means of its steam, dye-vessels, soap-cisterns, &c., if we take its available power with the steam at $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds pressure as equal to 100; at 7 pounds pressure it will be 120, and at 10 pounds it will be 130; the same quantity of coals being consumed in each case. Or this surprising result, at present unaccounted for, may be thus stated: The same weight of coals consumed in the same number of hours, will work ten cisterns with the steam at $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds' pressure, twelve cisterns at 7 pounds, and thirteen cisterns at 10 pounds.'

We hear of a plan by Mr Richardson for getting rid of the smoke of private houses, without alterations of the fireplace. He erects an iron pedestal in one of the upper rooms, into which the smoke from the chimneys is led, and there washed by numerous jets of water, with which it descends into a drain, and so is carried away without rising at all into the air. At the same time, the waste heat from the fires warms the room through the pedestal, and a supply of water may be kept hot for household uses.

In the matter of decimalisation, that which government refuses to do, is, like many other useful things, undertaken by private enterprise. Liverpool and Hull are discontinuing the use of the common hundredweight, that is, 112 pounds, and adopting instead thereof the 'cental,' which, as its name indicates, is a weight of one hundred pounds. This is a wise proceeding, and is following up what was done long ago by France and the United States. How long will it be before London, so proud of its Cockneyism, will follow the example?

There are a few words to be said, and of gratifying import, concerning the Patent Office—a subject in which art and science are deeply interested. Any person seeking information may now apply at the office in Southampton Buildings, sure of civility, and of not being called on to pay a fee for every question to which he requires an answer. The specifications as far back as the reign of James II. have been printed and arranged for easy reference; hence, before taking out a patent, it is now possible to discover whether anything of the kind has been patented before, without the wearisome, disappointing, and expensive task of searching the rolls. What those rolls were, many inventors know to their sorrow; there was no attempt at classification; and a Dundee man, once searching for a specification of a mode of dressing flax, found it next to a lord-chancellor's letter of resignation. Besides this, sundry old and scarce treatises by early inventors have been reprinted for sale; a special library and collection of portraits is in course of formation; so that, altogether, the Patent Office stands out as a bright spot in our civil service, highly creditable to Mr Bennett Woodcroft. We hear that a new office is to be built in the vacant ground behind Burlington House, where the several collections and documents may be seen and consulted with ample space and accommodation.

In a paper read before the Geological Society, 'On the Geological Structure of the North of Scotland,' Sir Roderick Murchison takes occasion to notice 'the great value of the Caithness flags as paving-stones; their extraordinary durability being due to a certain admixture of lime and bitumen—the latter derived from fossil fishes—with silica and alumina, while in some parts they contain bitumen enough to render them of economic value.' The region is interesting in

another sense, on account of the numerous fossils and footprints in sandstone slabs recently found there. One of the fossils, the *Stagonolepis*, is a remarkable reptile partaking of the character of the crocodile and lizard; yet, as Professor Huxley says, 'it widely diverges from all known and recent fossil forms, and throws no clear light on the age of the deposit in which it occurs.' It is, in fact, a higher order of reptile than those of the age to which it might be supposed to belong.

We mentioned some time ago the discovery in Cambridgeshire—in the fen country—of a large deposit of fossil coprolites which had been found valuable as manure. The discovery has been followed up, and with most unexpected results. The coprolites are imbedded in a vein of clay from three to six feet beneath the surface, and the vein itself has a thickness of from six inches to three feet, dipping down in places to deep pockets. The width of the vein is ascertained to be a quarter of a mile, and its length is supposed to be equal to that of the fen—fifty miles; when we consider that the contents per acre range from 150 to 200 tons, we can form an idea of the importance of these eastern counties diggings. Near Burwell, numerous diggers have been at work for months getting out the clay, and washing the fossils; and English agriculturists may soon supply themselves with a fertiliser which contains full 70 per cent. of phosphate of lime, without sending for it to the guano rocks of the Pacific Ocean. The owners of the land traversed by the vein of clay will doubtless make an enormous profit.

We conclude with a fact highly interesting to physiologists. M. L. Ollier of Lyon has discovered that, if a portion of the periosteum be taken from the surface of a living bone, and buried in the flesh of the back, hip, &c., it will grow into real bone, with a channel for marrow in the interior. The bone, moreover, will grow into any shape into which it may be bent when grafted into the flesh. It is thought that surgeons will be able to make this fact available in their cures of broken limbs.

C A N D L E M A S - D A Y.

THIS the appointed day on which we throw
Yule-berries in the flame;
While still the bleak wind breathes through blinding
snow,
Cold as when Christmas came.

Colder, and far more dreary looks the world;
Graver our life within:
But see, the holly sprigs are dim and curled;
Let us our work begin!

Take down each leaf, each dusty withered spray;
And when the crackling pile
Hisses and flames, and startling burns away,
We can look on and smile.

And none shall know that in my heart goes on
The same sad work unseen:
Bright things were treasured there when Christmas
shone,
And they seemed evergreen.

But oh! how soon they faded and they fell!
Pride kindles—and they die:
Die, happy dreams, unhonoured, for your knell
Is but a soft low sigh.

JUDITH.

IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION, AND ALL
STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD, AND A SWEETENER OF THE
WHOLE SYSTEM.

INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations: amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this, the mind is

exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems—nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers,

and which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine, must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

These PILLS are wholly CAMOMILE, prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the

most valuable of all TONIC MEDICINES. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is more convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick-rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinions of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our

food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production: if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed: this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetables, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals, and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing, a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by

taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which, if taken at one meal, would be fatal; it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruin to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and, whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should be immediately sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found, nor one which will perform the task with greater certainty than NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted; it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

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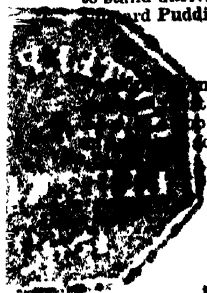
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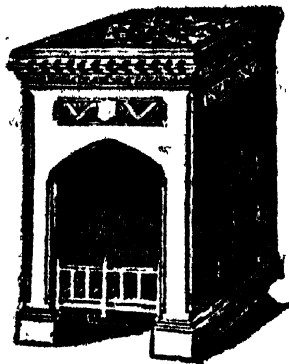
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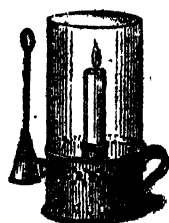
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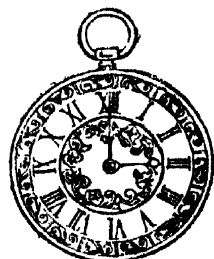
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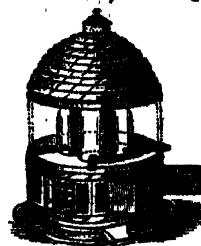
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'YESTERDAY, the monster gun was burst at Shoebury Ness.' Newspaper readers are now and then attracted by some such announcement as this—varied occasionally by the pleasant alternative that the gun was *not* burst. What all this means, is not very clear to persons unacquainted with military matters. What is Shoebury Ness? Where is Shoebury Ness? Why do people burst guns at Shoebury Ness?—Let us attempt a reply.

Shoebury Ness, then, is a point of land jutting out from the coast of Essex, at a spot a little beyond the limits of the Thames. A walk of just four miles or so from the holiday beach at Southend will bring us to it. Speaking in round terms, without pretending to be quite correct, we may say that the Ness is a string of negatives—it has no people; no houses, no horses, no cattle, no trees, no fields. It is a 'ragged patch of sand, partly covered with ragged grass. True, there is a village of Shoebury some way inland; but the Ness itself has no signs of civilisation save those which military folks have planted there. It is about the last place in England where we should think of having a picnic with a pleasure-party.

And good reason that it should be so; for there is rough work at Shoebury Ness. All guns and mortars, cannonades and howitzers, require to be *proved* before they are allowed to take rank among the Queen's implements of war; and most especially is this the case when the pieces of ordnance involve any novelties in their construction. They must shew that they can bear a bursting charge far greater than will ever be applied to them in actual war; that they can carry a shot or shell to the proper distance; that the missiles do not chafe or heat the bore too much; and that the recoil is not in excess. All this must be done; and a great deal of booming, and banging, and bursting naturally results. Woolwich is the chief scene of operations in an ordinary way, or rather the marshy ground between Plumstead and the river; but when anything more formidable has to be tried, the authorities prefer Shoebury, where the paucity of houses and people, and the seaward direction of one face of the Ness, offer advantages not to be met with further west up the Thames' estuary. There is a small artillery-establishment at the Ness, under the direction of Colonel Mitchell; it is an offshoot from the artillery-department at Woolwich, from which it receives all orders. To some small extent, it is a practice or exercise ground—for foot-artillery to learn how to handle pieces of ordnance; and for horse-artillery to be brigaded on the sands, which are of

extraordinary breadth at low-water; but the main object in view is to test large or novel pieces of ordnance, especially where a 'long range' is to be attempted. It is a rambling sort of place. Here are shears or triangles by which heavy guns are slung up to be fired without any support underneath; here are huge oaken beams furnishing temporary support for guns to be fired at different elevations; here are mortars bedded into a sort of gravel-pit, where they might play a good many antics without doing much harm. At one spot, keeping guard like a giant, is a mortar larger than any ordinarily used in the British army; it is a monster, a yard and a half in external diameter, half a yard in *thickness* of iron, and carrying a shell which weighs five hundred pounds, even when empty. At other places are magazines for powder; laboratories for some of the chemistry of war; barracks for a troop or two of artillerymen; mess-rooms for a few officers; a pier at which guns can be landed from vessels at high-water; heaps of round shot in one place; heaps of unfilled shells in another. Seldom does a day pass without noisy evidence of what is going on; and now and then something worse than noise results; for the artillerymen cannot always shield themselves from the fatal consequences of the bursting of a gun, too weak to bear the test to which it is subjected.

The activity in this department of the military art, during the last five years, has been something extraordinary. The War-office authorities have had five or six hundred inventions brought under their notice within that time, bearing relation to different munitions of war; and it has been a sorely difficult matter to deal with; for every inventor insists that his novelty is *the* great thing which was needed, the rejection of which he at once attributes to official favouritism or stupidity. It was soon after the Russian war commenced that this activity began to shew itself; but the long delay in capturing Sebastopol, and the abandonment in despair of any attempt whatever to capture Cronstadt, set the wits of inventors to work with extraordinary activity. As ordinary balls and shells, shot forth from ordinary guns and mortars, were found ineffective, a passion for *monsters* gradually sprang up. The amount of money spent on these *monsters* has been as monstrous as the things themselves; and, after all, an opinion is now gaining ground that the monster theory is not the true one; that what we want is, not so much the power of throwing enormous masses of iron, as that of commanding a great range, and attaining accuracy of flight in the projectile. That the next European war will be a terrible one, so far

as gunnery operations are concerned, is admitted by all who are best entitled to give an opinion; and it may not be uninteresting to notice here a few of the attempted novelties, in the shape of large ordnance, above adverted to.

The 'Lancaster Oval Gun' was one of the first of these novelties which obtained the decided and extensive patronage of the government. It has been a source of great vexation to all parties that this gun, after a large expenditure incurred in relation to it, has fallen into disfavour, on account of the non-realisation of certain advantages expected from it. In this gun, a cannon of large bore, Mr Lancaster succeeded in producing a spirally grooved interior, like that of the rifle which now so largely supersedes the old musket; moreover, the cross section of the bore, taken at any point in its length, exhibits an oval shape—intended to facilitate the action of the rifling. In November 1854, when the strength of Sebastopol became unmistakably known to the British government, it was decided to send out a large supply of Lancaster shells, to be used with the guns; and that another supply should be sent out with the Baltic fleet under Sir Charles Napier in the following spring. There was no machinery in existence to make these shells rapidly, and no building in which to place such machinery. Under these circumstances, Messrs Fox and Henderson undertook to build a Lancaster shell-factory in Woolwich Arsenal, and to complete it in a few weeks. This was done in early winter with a degree of rapidity and completeness inexplicable to those who are acquainted only with the slow movements of government departments. Meanwhile, the machinery had been in preparation; and most extensive it was—for it comprised furnaces, steam-hammers, lathes, and other appliances in great number. All this was for making the Lancaster shells only, the guns being mostly made at some of the large foundries in the north. Each shell was of iron, either eight or ten inches in diameter. In the first place, plates of iron were prepared, two feet square, and one inch thick; these plates were heated red hot, bent round into a cylindrical form, and moulded by a steam-hammer. The cylinder being again heated, one end was hammered up and closed in hemispherical form; being again heated, the other end was pressed somewhat conical. Other machines finally completed the shaping, severed the pointed end, and made a fitting receptacle for the fuse which was to ignite the combustible matters to be placed within the shells. These shells were so difficult to make, that L.30 a piece had been paid for them when made by hand; this was reduced to L.6, and afterwards to L.2, when the machinery was completed. About 200 shells a day could be made by the machinery. At first, it was believed that the expenditure of L.25,000 on the shell-factory was a wise liberality; but unfortunately the Lancaster guns have gone out of favour. It is found that the iron shells are too unyielding to accommodate themselves readily to the spiral rifling of the bore; and, moreover, that the curve of this rifling, only one-fourth of a turn or circumference, is too small to insure that directness of flight which it is the chief object of rifling to produce. Many of the guns were burst in consequence of this non-yielding of the shell; and of those which did not burst, the accuracy of flight did not at all satisfy the artillerymen. Hence the Lancaster gun is at present under a cloud, though its great ingenuity may possibly lead to a new application some day.

While, and after, these operations were being planned and executed, numberless theories and suggestions came in from other quarters. The *Times* could hardly make room for the letters of correspondents who, under the signatures of 'Cast Iron,' 'Wrought

Iron,' 'Hammered Iron,' &c., took different sides in the question as to the relative merits of cast iron and wrought iron for large ordnance, of rifled bores and smooth bores, of muzzle-loading and breech-loading, of round-shot, of round shells, and of elongated shells. We find the names of Nasmyth, Whitworth, Fairbairn, Mallet, Horsfall, Forrester, Britten, Disney, Norton, Dundonald, Parkes, Krapp, and scores of others, engaged in these controversies; and the House of Commons was frequently called upon to settle conflicting claims, of the merits of which its members could know very little. Let us touch upon a few of the schemes.

In November 1854, Mr Nasmyth, of the Patricroft Engineering Works, and inventor of the world-renowned steam-hammer, wrote to the *Times*, stating that as, in his opinion, the failure at Sebastopol and in the Baltic had been due to our want of large ordnance, he proposed to make wrought-iron guns, which would be much tougher than cast-iron, and would throw shells of two or three hundredweight to a vast distance. 'Had I but the opportunity given me to bring all the experience on this subject I possess to bear, I should go heart and soul into it, and would shew what my steam-hammer could do to solve the fearful problem.' This was so hearty and English-like, that Mr Nasmyth received a large degree of encouragement, first from private persons, and then from the government. Yet the Nasmyth gun, like the Lancaster, has lost ground; some or other of the many mechanical difficulties which surround this subject have been fatal to it. More than once the mortifying announcement has been seen in the newspapers, that a Nasmyth gun had 'burst' under trial. This bursting arose from a cause wholly unexpected. The iron acquired a peculiar molecular structure while under heating and hammering, which rendered it unfit to resist a bursting action. Slabs of iron were welded by a 4-ton steam-hammer into a huge shapeless mass, eight feet long by three or four thick; and this mass was turned and bored into a cannon. The size was, indeed, so enormous, that the gun carried a ball nearly half a ton-weight, shaped something like an oblate spheroid cut at one end. Every one was sorry to find that the molecular structure of these ponderous forgings was not good, and that a most ingenious man was thus disappointed.

The Mersey Iron Company's gun was another monster. Like the 'Nasmyth,' it was forged solid, then turned and bored. When finished it was 15 feet long, 44 inches diameter at the breech, had a bore 13 inches diameter, weighed 24 tons, carried a shot of nearly 300 pounds, and cost L.3000. The gun did a good deal of shattering against thick slabs of iron, large bulks of timber, &c., in trials at various distances; but we believe there has not been a second one made—perhaps the L.3000 somewhat startled the government, especially after the failure of the Nasmyth gun.

Lord Palmerston, for many months, was—perhaps unduly—honoured by having a huge mortar named after him. He appears to have ordered it to be made without waiting for the sanction of his secretary for war. This mortar, no less than 36-inch bore, was composed of wrought-iron hoops, 9 inches broad, and 2½ thick, laid over and beside each other. The Low Moor Iron Company made cast-iron shells for this mortar, or for one of similar bore, weighing about 26 hundredweight each, and requiring machinery to lift them into the mortar. On the very first trial, the monster burst—the maker throwing the blame on the awkwardness of the artillerymen. And so there was an end of the Palmerston mortar.

Mr Britten, connected with Messrs Mandslay's engineering firm, introduced to the government a new form of shell, which he induced them to try in

the autumn of 1855. It was cast, not wrought; and it could be adapted to any gun, after a slight alteration, which might be effected on shore or on shipboard. He promised that the shell, with half the usual charge, should go further, and more accurately than a solid shot; and certainly, in an experiment made at Shoebury, a 144 pound Britten shell was fired from a 9-pound ordinary gun, with less powder, greater range, and greater accuracy, than is usual. He asserted in the sanguine language of most inventors on these subjects: 'In a very short period, I could work out results which would eventually lead us to as complete a revolution in our system of artillery as that which is now in course of progress in small-arms.' What has been done; and if nothing, why nothing—the War-office knows best; but Mr Britten has fought a hard battle with the authorities.

Mr Whitworth, the eminent machinist of Manchester, brought under the attention of the government certain matters connected with the manufacture of rifles; proposing the attainment of minute accuracy by means in which he is wholly unrivalled among our engineers. From rifled muskets his researches extended to rifled cannon, one particular form of which he began to manufacture and experiment upon. The bore which he adopted was polygonal, neither round nor oval; the interior was nine-sided, cast in three pieces of three sides each, then brought together edge to edge, and bound round with wrought-iron rings. Mr Whitworth hoped to combine the best qualities of cast, wrought, and Lancaster guns. His hopes have not been realised. In May 1858, a polygonal gun was tried at Shoebury, carrying a 32-pound shot; it burst on the fourth discharge. Another gun of nearly the same construction, but of larger dimensions, was tried at Portsmouth in October of the same year, and burst at the sixth round. A third, tried at Shoebury last December, gave way on the ninth discharge. Thus the Whitworth, like the rest, also fell to a discount—leaving as a future problem the investigation into the causes of failure. The unyielding nature of iron shells for a rifled bore is believed to be the chief obstacle to the Whitworth and to the Lancaster guns.

Mr Dundas, of the Paragon Works, induced the Ordnance to try a new gun of his, made in a peculiar way. Four quarter-cylinders of wrought-iron, with edges truly planed, were placed edge to edge, and were bound together with two layers of wrought-iron rings struck on hot. The gun underwent many trials at Woolwich and at Shoebury, and bore them well; but the expense was very great; and the Dundas gun seems now to share the oblivion of many others.

M. Krapp, a steel manufacturer at Essen, in Rhenish Prussia, brought over to England a steel gun, which the government put to trial. It was believed to be the largest piece of cast steel in existence, weighing more than three tons: this was the inner part only; it was raised to nine tons by an outer jacket or covering of cast iron. It shot forth a long conical shell weighing nearly 260 pounds. When tried at Woolwich in November 1855, the gun burst on the first discharge, and sent into the air shattered fragments of what had cost £1500. M. Krapp blamed the artillerymen; the artillerymen blamed the gun; and all parties were dissatisfied.

But we must end this enumeration, or we shall have no space left for one special invention, which is at present a subject of much public talk—the *Armstrong gun*. Let us then pass unnoticed Shortridge's new steel gun, intended to be six times as strong as one of cast iron—Parkes's new gunpowder, which bursts a shell into fragments more violently than ordinary powder—Fairbairn's new gun, made to try the excellence of different kinds of cast iron—Longridge's cast-iron gun, bound round with iron wire—Lawrence's

compound shot, for use with rifled cannon—Tulk's 'belemnite' shot, shaped after the shell of the same name—Forrester's mortar of Canadian charcoal iron, something near fifteen tons in weight—Disney's 'infernal fluid,' which, scattered by an exploding shell, will set fire to any and every thing—Dundonald's devastator, the terrible properties of which have been mysteriously talked about for more than half a century—Wade's projectile, consisting of a dozen large Congreve rockets bound round a bomb of gunpowder—Roberts's mortar-vessel, by which a five-ton mortar may be slung almost as easily as the pendulum of a clock—the iron-cased floating batteries, on which such vast sums have been spent, and of which the true value has yet to be determined—Norton's suggestion of attaching shells to rockets, and firing without any gun or mortar—Boxer's fuse for shrapnell shells, containing four hundred bullets in each shell—Shaw's formidable battery of rifles—Macintosh's project of fighting a naval battle by covering the sea with an abominable naphthalic fluid, which is to blind and suffocate the enemy, but not those who use it. Let us leave these dreadful things, and say a few words in conclusion concerning 'the Armstrong.'

In accordance with the natural obstinacy of human nature, when we are told there is a secret, we have a sudden yearning to know all about it. The government have thought proper to make a secret of the Armstrong gun; and as a consequence, all the journals are striving for a peep behind the curtain. It is not difficult to see who will conquer in the long-run; but it is difficult to account for a belief among officials that they can keep these things from the knowledge of the tax-payers who are to provide the means. Of course the main object is to keep the truth from such foreign powers as may one day be our enemies; but this is futile; French and Russian agents generally ferret out these things, when the English people themselves know little about it. So far as the records of the Patent Office are concerned, there is something revealed, but not much. Mr W. G. Armstrong, a civil engineer of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, took out three patents in 1857-58. One was for a mode of forming guns with an inner tube of wrought iron or gun-metal, surrounded by rings of wrought iron or gun-metal struck on hot. The gun was also breech-loading; by turning a screw, an opening was exposed through which a shell or shot and charge could be introduced, and the screw brought all up tight again in a very ingenious way. In another patent, Mr Armstrong devised a remarkable mode of aiming a gun *at night*, or in utter darkness: certain observations are to be made during daylight, to determine the azimuth and altitude of the object to be aimed at; and then, by means of a graduated arc, and another simple contrivance, the proper pointing of the gun can be re-discovered at night. In the third patent, two fuses are described, full of ingenuity—one to insure, almost to a second, the exact time that a shell shall explode after leaving the mortar; the other, to cause the shell to explode by concussion against any solid object. Now, two out of these three patents appear to have been stopped on their progress to the Great Seal, whereby the specifications have never been published. The inference is, that the government made an arrangement for buying up the secrets, with a view to ulterior purposes. There is also evidence that Mr Armstrong has invented something very novel and important in the shape and constitution of a shell to be used with his gun; and also a shot, to attain great range without any bursting effect. Various facts on this subject were known to professional men and engineering manufacturers; but the month of February in the present year told the public something further on the subject. The dignified *Court Circular* announced that, at the first

leave for the season, Mr W. G. Armstrong received the honour of knighthood, and was presented to her Majesty on his appointment to a new office—a sort of chief-engineer of a Rifled-ordnance Department. A day or two afterwards, the announcement was made that General Peel, Secretary of State for War, accompanied Sir W. G. Armstrong to Woolwich, and officially inducted him into his new sphere of duty. About the same time, the Newcastle newspapers told of a large new factory, which is being built at Elswick near that town, by or for Sir W. G. Armstrong, and supposed to be intended for the manufacture of government guns and shot and shells; but a tone of semi-mystery prevailed: either the journalists did not know more, or they would not tell. The latest phase has been a jubilation that a Newcastle civil engineer should be made a knight; and that military etiquette should have been broken through, in order that 'the right man' might be put 'in the right place.'

Meanwhile, the government are trying hard to keep their secret. At Newcastle, the plans and organisation are known only to the persons concerned. At Shobury, what they *have* they will not shew, and what they *know*, they are chary in telling. At Woolwich, on the day when Sir W. G. Armstrong entered on his duties, one of his guns was tried, with all sorts of screens and contrivances for shielding it from the public eye; and an unfortunate artist (an *Illustrated* contributor, possibly) was mildly captured, and compelled to give up the sketch he was drawing. If this does not whet curiosity to the bursting-point, we shall be surprised. Already a scientific journal has given plans and sections of what the editor *believes* to be the construction of the Armstrong gun.

In a few words, then, the case seems to be this, so far as the public have the means of knowing: The Armstrong gun consists of an inner cast-metal cylinder, bound round with wrought-metal rings in two or more layers, struck on hot to make the binding more fast. The interior is rifled, to give that kind of rotation to the projectile which is intended to insure straightness of course. It is *light*, almost beyond precedent, so as to be easily moved on the field of battle or on board ship. Its breech is so curiously formed that, by making two or three turns of a large screw, an opening is revealed, large enough to admit a shot or shell; and the turning of this screw in a reverse direction closes all up again tightly. The bore is slightly smaller at the muzzle than the breech, so as to lessen the 'windage.' There are contrivances, removable at pleasure, for aiming the gun almost as accurately by night as by day. The shot is three times as long as it is in diameter; it is of iron, but is covered with lead, in order that it may take the form of the rifled grooves in the interior of the gun—a difficulty which has been fatal to the iron projectiles of the Lancaster and Whitworth guns. The shell (which may be used instead of a shot) is built up in an extraordinary way, with many dozens of separate pieces of sharp-edged iron; these, when burst, will become much more terrible than the fragments of an ordinary shell—because they will all separate, they will scatter to a great distance, and each one will be large enough to do its deadly work. There are fuses for attachment to the shell, which will cause explosion either after the lapse of a predetermined space of time, or on striking a solid object. As to the results actually obtained, they seem to be marvellous in *range* and *accuracy*, not in the size of the missile thrown, for that has not been aimed at. There is rumour of *five miles* having been reached—of an Armstrong shot penetrating six feet into solid-oaken beams placed one behind another, of a gun so light that two men can carry it, and yet that its shot shall reach a couple of

miles—and of an accuracy of flight almost equalling that of an Enfield rifle.

Long may it be before we are engaged in another war! When that calamity comes, we may perchance hear something more of the Armstrong gun.

Since the above was written, the Secretary of State for War has made an interesting communication to the House of Commons concerning the Armstrong gun. Compressed into as short a space as possible, it amounts to this: That the invention of this gun is regarded by the War-office as the most important of modern improvements in ordnance; that the weight of the gun is only one-third that of the common gun, relatively to the weight of the shot used; that the shell is so constructed as to act as solid shot, hollow shot, or charged shell, at pleasure; that with 5 pounds of powder, one of these guns has sent a 32-pound shot more than five miles; that its accuracy is quite unprecedented among ordnance—the striking of an object at 1000 yards' distance being almost an absolute certainty; and, that the principle once admitted, it might be applied to guns of heavy battering-power, as well as to those for producing great range and accuracy of flight. The new works at Newcastle are being constructed under an arrangement which gives the government a virtual control over them. As to the personal question, it appears that Sir W. Armstrong has withdrawn his patents in favour of the government; that he has retired from the establishment at Newcastle; that he is to receive, spread over a series of years, a certain sum of money, partly as a purchase-price for the patents, partly as salary for filling the duties of his new office—Chief-engineer of Rifled Ordnance.

THE LONDON MERCHANT.

Mr Robert Lewson was, to all appearance, a prosperous London merchant and citizen, a thoroughly shrewd, and astonishingly active, man of business—perfectly just in his dealings, economical, almost parsimonious in his expenditure, and of cold, rigid habits and manners—a matter-of-fact man of the world, in short, and without a particle of what is called sentiment in his composition. A little more than twenty years previously, he had arrived a very young and almost penniless man in London, and accepted a situation as warehouseman at a very low salary in the establishment of Mr James Ridges, merchant of Friday Street, Cheapside, and a methodical, hard, pushing man. Lewson's eager diligence, specially recommended him to his sharp-sighted employer; and as he proved to be an excellent penman and accountant, he was soon transferred to the counting-house, and rapidly advanced both as to position and salary. He was a powerful, gay-eyed, bright-complexioned young fellow when he entered the establishment, and the five succeeding years scarcely changed his personal appearance. His step was as elastic, his spirit as jocund, his glance as merry, his laugh as gleeful as before, when a change, sudden as it was complete, passed over him; and this, too, at a moment when his fortunes appeared brighter, more promising, than ever. The managing clerk and cashier died suddenly; and Lewson, though scarcely five-and-twenty years of age, was immediately promoted to the vacant place at a salary of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum. I had a few months before entered the establishment as junior clerk, and I lodged in the same house that he did, in King Street, he occupying the front, and I the back attic; and hearing from the landlady that Mr Lewson had spoken of leaving, and was, in fact, in search of a suitable house within easy distance of the city, I

concluded that he was about to change his mode of life. My impression was that he had left some damsel amidst the sunny glades and leafy woods of his native Somersetshire, who, now that competence had been secured, would speedily appear to share the home he had with such ceaseless energy and thrift provided. I was, it seemed, mistaken. On the arrival of the post-letters one morning when Mr Ridges was out, I took them, as was customary, to Mr Lewson, who happened at the time to be engaged in a distant part of the premises. I had not returned to my desk more than five minutes when a warehouseman came running to announce that Mr Lewson had fallen down in a fit. I and the other clerks immediately hastened to the spot, and there, sure enough, we found him on the floor, ghastly pale, trembling convulsively, and partially insensible. He held, I noticed, an open letter tightly grasped in his right hand. He recovered presently, but left the office, and returned to his lodgings for that day.

The next morning, he entered the counting-house at his usual hour, replied impatiently to the inquiries made after his health, and was soon eagerly engaged in the details of business, to which, changed as he was in other respects, he continued as much or more than ever devoted. Indeed, I sometimes fancied that he was absolutely afraid of permitting his attention to flag, or be diverted to other thoughts. This unflagging zeal and activity met with a just and natural reward. By the time Mr Lewson had attained the age of thirty, he was admitted a partner in the firm; and ultimately, when abundant wealth and increasing years indisposed Mr Ridges for further active exertion, that gentleman retired from the business, and Mr Lewson, only then about forty years old, became sole head of the establishment he had entered about one-and-twenty years before as warehouseman, at a salary of one guinea per week.

During the sixteen years that had elapsed since the sudden attack experienced by Mr Lewson, one or two circumstances had occurred which threw a partial light on the exciting cause of that brief, sharp illness. He was one day—not long after his admission as a partner—running over the columns of the *Times*, when a half-stifled cry escaped him. The ghastly paleness and convulsion of his features which I had once before seen, recurred, and I thought he would have fallen from his seat. By a powerful effort of will, he succeeded in mastering the emotion which shook him, then seized his hat, hurried out of the premises, and did not return for several hours. As soon as he was gone, I looked over the part of the paper he had been perusing, and read the following paragraph, the only one of any possible interest on that side of the journal: 'Foundered, in the Gulf of St Lawrence, the emigrant ship *Caroline*, of Bristol. Crew and passengers all lost.' Again, one evening when, waiting in Mr Lewson's room to deliver an important message, I chanced to take up a volume of the poetry of Burns—a book to which, I am almost ashamed to say, I was till then an entire stranger; it opened of itself, as it were, at a much-thumbed page; and as my glance ran over the invocation *To Mary in Heaven*, I at once recognised the verses to which I had heard Mr Lewson give faltering, despairing expression. I no longer doubted of the nature of the hurt he had received, from what quiver the broken shaft which still quivered in his side had flown, and which, to conceal from the world, and, if possible, from himself, he wrapped so closely around him the thick mantle of a cold, repellent worldliness. Yet, let me do him the justice to say, it was even then only to the busy, jostling, triumphant world that he there appeared. Numerous instances illustrative of the warm charity, the compassionate gentleness of his true character, came to my own knowledge; and these were,

I doubted not, but a slight portion of the, noiseless deeds of mercy which illumined and sanctified the flinty path he was treading, with bleeding feet, towards the quiet grave.

Thus had passed his life till one memorable evening, little more than six months subsequent to his becoming sole head of the former firm of Ridges and Lewson. It was the month of November, and the weather was cold, gloomy, and dispiriting. About nine o'clock, it came on wet; chill, drizzling, heavy mists fell; and as I turned from contemplating the desolate street, and wretched dripping figures which now and then shuffled hurriedly along, to resume, by the blazing fire, the reading of a book which much interested me, I felt an intense sensation of comfort and thankfulness. I had been reseated about a quarter of an hour when I heard Mr Lewson (for we still lodged in the same house, the only difference being, that he occupied the first floor, and I the second) enter the street-door, and presently ascend the stairs with, it immediately struck me, much quicker steps than usual. He did not pause for an instant at his own apartments, but came on with the same speed to the second floor. I looked up with a half-languid curiosity, which, the instant the door opened and disclosed the person of Mr Lewson, changed to extreme surprise and alarm. His garments were dripping wet, and his thick black hair hung in lank, loose disarray about his forehead and cheeks, of which the mortal paleness contrasted frightfully with the strange brightness that gleamed from out his wild, dark, staring eyes.

'Good Heaven!' I exclaimed, as I sprang upon my feet, 'what is the matter? What has occurred?'

The white lips quivered, ruffled for a moment by a half-maniacal smile which passed over them, and Mr Lewson glided without speaking to a chair, into which he dropped heavily.

A minute or two passed, during which we continued staring at each other like two speechless idiots, and then he said, hissed rather: 'The sea has given up its dead. She lives! I have beheld her once again.'

'Beheld whom—what?'

'Mary Somers. But you knew not. O merciful Heaven!' A strong convulsion shook him as he uttered these words. He essayed to rise, but his limbs failed him, and he fell forward with his face on the floor.

Greatly alarmed, I immediately summoned assistance. A neighbouring surgeon was sent for, and Mr Lewson, after being copiously bled, was restored to consciousness and comparative calm. As soon as the surgeon had retired, Mr Lewson called me to his bedside.

'Meredith,' he said, 'I sought you for the purpose of requesting a great service at your hands. My brain was confused, on fire just now; but I meant to say that I had seen Mary Somers, whom I believed had long since found a grave beneath the waters of the St Lawrence, and that—— But you shall know all from the beginning.'

'I came, as I think you are aware, from Bath to London, when little more than twenty years of age. I was born and reared in the neighbourhood of that gay city, and for the last two years of our sojourn there, I was the chief support of my widowed mother. I was barely nineteen when she was laid in her peaceful grave. Close by us there dwelt a retired lieutenant of infantry, Mr Somers, and his only child, a daughter. Mary was two years younger than I, and my first remembrance of her is as of a golden-haired, blue-eyed cherub encircled by the light and holiness of infancy. We were playmates. I cannot tell you, if I would, by what degrees the boyish tenderness I felt for the angel-child deepened into an absorbing, bewildering love for the pure and beautiful girl—enough, that

before twenty summers had passed over me, I lived but in her life, and in the sunshine of her presence felt a joy, an ecstasy, which as yet no shadow cast by the dim and uncertain future had power to trouble or obscure. Mr Somers did not discourage our intimacy; and it was not till the failure of the Bath house, in which I had been employed, compelled me to seek for means of livelihood elsewhere, that the possibility of separation from Mary Somers flashed upon me. Well do I remember each incident, word, tone of the last evening I passed in her presence. The profound devotion, the inflaming love which possessed and consumed me, found fitting, burning utterance, as with passionate incoherence I poured forth my whole soul at her feet. I was understood—more, infinitely more—I was soothed—consoled; and the silvery angel-voice even bade me hope! Eagerly I sought her father. He heard me with patience; and the supercilious smile, as at the frenzy of a boy, which at first slightly curled his lip, yielded to perfect seriousness long before I had concluded.

"I have a high opinion of you, Robert Lewson," he said—I remember every word he uttered, as if they had been spoken but yesterday—"and I am greatly mistaken if you are not of the stuff of which great, or, at all events, successful, prosperous men are made. I also fully believe, judging from the indomitable energy of character you have so early manifested, and which, happily for you, has been wisely directed by your excellent, strong-hearted mother, that the affection you have just avowed for Mary will prove no mere boyish fancy, but a lasting, deep-rooted passion. Still, you must fairly win before you wear her. You are about," he continued, for I hung with eager silence on his words, as if life or death was breaking from his lips, "you are about to enter the great world of realities. Mary has no fortune. Gain one—a competence, I mean—say two hundred pounds a year, less even than that, and she will have my consent to become your wife."

"I could have screamed for joy! This all that was required! That I, endowed with vigorous health, a fair education, and gifted with an iron energy, capable, I felt, of wrestling with, and overcoming any obstacle how great soever that barred my path, should acquire such slight wealth—scarcely a competence—why, this was what I should have myself proposed! I was only twenty, though strong and manlike beyond my years, and Mary was but eighteen. I thanked Mr Somers in the most extravagant terms—was, in fact, almost beside myself with exultation—and the morrow's sun had not yet risen, when I was bounding along with feet that hardly felt the ground, upon the road to London. Arrived here, I engaged, as you know, with Mr Ridges, and secretly exulted in shewing him how far even his own proverbial, dogged industry could be surpassed by the ceaseless, unquenchable energy of a mere boy in years. Coarse, but sufficient food, hard, unremitting toil, so far from shrinking from, I gloried in. The first five years I passed with Mr Ridges were happy, sunny years. I had banquets, too, rare, indeed, but priceless. I corresponded with Mr Somers, and at long intervals apart received business-like, brief replies; but ever underneath his signature were a few lines traced in sunlight, upon which I banqueted for days, months, years, as upon flowers of Paradise! To others, Meredith, this might appear unreal extravagance, but not, I think, to you, who must have had some touches of the ardent enthusiasm with which nature has so fatally gifted me."

"Thus passed my life, till the death of Martin, the cashier, to whose office, you remember, I succeeded; and then I found that the beloved form which beckoned me with looks and words of love to

a future luminous and radiant with her smiles, was but an air-drawn vision, a mirage of the desert, which, when I stretched forth my arms to embrace it, turned to sand, dust, dead-sea ashes!

"I had written to Mr Somers of my good-fortune—that the prescribed goal was more than attained; and I received by return of post an answer briefly stating that Mary Somers had been married a fortnight previously to a Mr Amory.—Men's hearts are tougher than they think," continued Mr Lawson after an interval of silence, "or that sudden and terrible blow must have destroyed me. Pride—indignation at what I believed to be the duplicity and baseness of Mary Somers, helped to blunt and mitigate the severity of the stroke; for I knew not then, nor till many months afterwards, how she, poor, ill-starred girl, had been entrapped, coerced into the marriage. Mr Somers had been always addicted to play; and this habit had of late grown upon him. He lost heavily—far more than his means could discharge—and in a fit of partial intoxication, involved himself criminally in some way—I never heard the precise history of the affair—which placed him at the mercy of Amory, also a gamester; and he, a long since rejected suitor for Mary's hand, offered her the alternative of immediate marriage with him, or of witnessing the shame and ruin of her father. Somers survived this sacrifice by about two years only; and it was from a letter—a humble, piteous letter, he addressed to me a few hours before his death, that I derived these imperfect particulars. Amory gradually sank lower and lower in the world, and at length, becoming bankrupt both in means and character, resolved on emigrating to America. He sailed with his family, I understood, in the *Caroline* from Bristol. That vessel foundered at sea; and the first shock of the intelligence over, I felt a mournful satisfaction in the thought that Mary Somers had escaped from a harsh and frowning world to heaven.

"I have little more to say," resumed Mr Lewson, after a much longer interval of silence than before, and speaking with a broken voice and averted countenance. "I was returning from Paddington yesterday evening, and took shelter for a few minutes from the rain in the wide doorway of a draper's shop in Tottenham Court Road. Presently a female, whose face I did not see, came out of the shop, and as she spoke to a man apparently waiting for her at the entrance, the voice which for twenty years I had only heard in my dreams, startled my waking sense. I turned eagerly towards them. They were both meanly, wretchedly clad; and the man, whose back was also to me, was now addressing his companion in harsh and menacing tones. She, I gathered from what he said, had just been paid some trifling, miserable wages for work she had brought home, and he was insisting upon having it to spend, it seemed, in liquor. She spoke again. I darted forward, looked in her face—it was indeed she; but, O God! how changed. I uttered an irrepressible cry of grief, astonishment, despair. They both looked up. She knew me, and with an exclamation, bitter as my own, hid her face with her hands, and hastened away, followed—for she still held the disputed money in her hand—by her husband. As soon as I recovered my presence of mind, I entered the shop, and procured her address. They did not know her name, but they directed me to the lodging they occupy in Goodge Street. You will find the address in full on yonder card. Seek them out, and arrange in the best manner you can for her; and of course for his support. There are children too—or at least there were. Be prompt and liberal. But, above all, be careful that she suspect not the source of the income you will assure to them. I know her well. Poverty, however extreme, would never tempt her to accept pecuniary

assistance from me—from the man she so deeply, but unwillingly, blamelessly wronged. Farewell. You know my wishes; and I shall not expect to see you till you can say all is arranged.'

I hastened away, and was soon in Goodge Street, where I found the Amorys had lodged since their return from America, about two months previously, under the name of Randall. 'A gentle, modest, broken-hearted creature,' said the landlady, 'Mrs Randall was, but her husband a worthless scamp.' There were also, I found, two children—a boy and girl—one thirteen, the other, eleven years old. As we were speaking, the unfortunate wife entered the room with a message to the landlady, and I obtained a momentary glimpse of her face. It still retained a singular beauty of expression, and her sweet, patient voice was melody itself. She vanished immediately on finding a stranger in the room; and while I was hesitating what course to pursue, a knock came to the door. 'That is Randall,' said the landlady. I rose, met a stoutish, ill-clad man in the passage, and said I should be glad if he would accompany me for a few minutes to a tavern close by. He looked curiously in my face, smiled with an expression of low cunning, and intimated that he was ready to go with me.

As soon as we were seated in a private room I said: 'I am deputed by a gentleman who takes an interest in the welfare of your family to offer you, on certain conditions, pecuniary assistance.'

'You are Lewson's clerk,' rejoined Amory with cool effrontery. 'I have seen you in Friday Street when I have been deliberating whether or not to call on him, for old acquaintance' sake.'

'I am Mr Lewson's clerk,' I answered, with a good deal of asperity; 'and you can no doubt guess at the motive which prompts that gentleman's offer.'

'Of course, I can,' replied the fellow, still unabashed.

'Well, then, we may at once come to an understanding. I will take a furnished house for you, which happens just now to be vacant at Hammer-smith. You can have possession a few hours hence. The rent I will pay, and in addition, you shall receive five pounds every Monday morning.' The fellow made a gesture of unbounded astonishment. 'But, remember, this is contingent on the strict observance of the conditions I am about to state.'

'Name them!' he eagerly exclaimed. 'I agree beforehand.'

'They are these: first, that Mrs Amory never hears from whom these gifts proceed. You can say, if you like, that a legacy has suddenly fallen to you.'

'Ay, ay, that will be easily managed. What else?'

'That Mrs Amory and her children are maintained in comfort and respectability, and especially that you treat her, both in word and act, with unvarying kindness and respect.'

'Certainly, certainly,' stammered the fellow, and I think a slight blush stole over his harsh features.

He was of course prodigal of promises, and ultimately everything was arranged; and by five o'clock in the evening the family had taken possession of their new abode. I found Mr Lewson, on my return, busily engaged with two gentlemen in important business transactions, and it struck me more forcibly than ever how difficult it was to believe that beneath that worldly surface, that rigid, stony exterior, there dwelt a heart, tender as valiant, and disposition capable of the most generous, the most romantic sacrifices. I intimated, in a few brief words, that everything was settled, and took my leave for the night. The next day, all that I had done was formally approved of, and it was tacitly agreed that the subject should be no longer mentioned between us.

I kept a strict watch, as I had promised, upon

Amory, and soon found that his old propensity of gaming was again acquiring the ascendancy over him. I warned him of the consequences, as I indirectly did his wife, who believed me to be the landlord of the house he occupied. He promised to be cautious, and thus matters went on for something more than four months, when, on entering the counting-house late one afternoon, after an absence of five or six hours, Mr Lewson, who seemed a good deal disturbed, said: 'A distressing circumstance has occurred, Meredith. A man of the name of Randall has forged my acceptance to a bill of exchange for three hundred pounds.'

'Indeed; well, who is this Randall?'

'Amory!'

The painful emotion which agitated us both may be imagined. 'See the bill-broker who presented the acceptance this morning, and settle it,' said Mr Lewson, placing a cheque for the amount before me. 'We will talk hereafter upon the best course to pursue for the future.'

I took the cheque, hastened away, and just as I turned into Cheapside, met Mrs Amory hurrying distractedly along towards the warehouse. Her husband had been taken into custody, and in his terror had confessed everything. 'I know all now,' murmured the weeping, terrified woman, 'and I must see Rob—Mr Lewson immediately.'

I told her of my present errand. 'Bless him,' she exclaimed with choking utterance, as she took my arm to retrace her steps. 'May the Almighty bless and reward him.'

The holder of the bill very joyfully accepted the cheque in exchange for the acceptance; and as Amory or Randall had not been taken before a magistrate, there was little difficulty in effecting his release upon the withdrawal of the charge by the bill-broker, who very politely apologised for the *mistake*, and the trouble he had given the police. Mrs Amory had gone home by my advice in a cab, in order to afford me an opportunity of conferring privately and seriously with her husband, who, after being bound over by the superintendent to appear as a matter of form before the sitting alderman on the following day, the charge having of course been entered on the police sheet, was liberated. I was waiting for him in the street; this Amory knew, and either in order to annoy me, or because he really disliked seeing me after what had taken place, he turned doggedly into the first dram-shop he reached, and no message, no entreaty could get him out of it, until he thought I was gone, and then he emerged in a very advanced stage of intoxication. I followed him for some time unperceived; but just as he had reached the bottom of Snow Hill, he caught sight of me, and hastened to cross over to the other side of the street. He was about half-way across, when the rapid approach of a furiously driven cab startled him; he made a dart forward to avoid it, slipped, fell, and in another instant the horse and wheels had passed over him. He was taken up and carried to Bartholomew's Hospital. Amputation of both his legs eventually became necessary, and the unfortunate man died under the operation, tended to the last by the patient ministry of his gentle wife.

The agitation Mrs Amory had undergone brought on a violent fever, and for several days her life was thought in danger. I got my sister, a sensible woman, and a widow, to whom I thoroughly explained how matters stood, to attend her in her illness, and afterwards remain with her as companion and housekeeper. It was more than two months after Amory's death before my sister reported positive progress. 'Mrs Amory,' she said, 'is merely afraid of indulging in the happiness which, for all that, is simmering at her heart—afraid to hope, for, or appear to think about, what I see plainly enough

alone occupies her thoughts. In short,' added my shrewd relative, 'Mrs Amory is a woman, and I must say a very amiable and still beautiful one. You would scarcely know her: she looks at least ten years younger than she did.' My sister's account of Mrs Amory's state of mind precisely described that of Mr Lewson; but I thought it better not to hurry matters, and accordingly another month slipped by, and we were still in the same undecided state, when my sister, who could keep silence no longer, had a long interview with Mr Lewson, the result of which was, that half an hour afterwards, that gentleman, scrupulously attired, was on his way to Hammersmith. Of what passed there, I cannot speak with precision; I only know that Mr Lewson purchased a large house at Bayswater, furnished it magnificently, and that upon the 4th of March last, close upon the expiration of the year of widowhood, Robert Lewson, bachelor, and Mary Amory, widow, were united in holy wedlock at Hammersmith Church. A happier household than theirs does not, I think, exist in Christendom. The children, fortunately, wonderfully resemble their mother both in person and disposition, and Mr Lewson consequently loves them as if they were his own. He himself appears to be growing younger every day he lives, and Mrs Lewson but the other day told my sister, who is a great favourite of hers, that the period of her first unhappy marriage is gradually passing from her memory, that her youth and the dreams of her youth seem renewed, and the past to lie behind her like a mournful and already half-forgotten dream.

THE LAST OF THE CASTLES.

For beings of whose existence the past forms an important portion, the 'last' of everything possesses a melancholy interest. The poetry of sadness belongs to that which shall have no successor; from the last of the barons to the last of the summer roses, genius has cast its melancholy and tenderest grace on 'the last,' and ever speaks to one of the most universal sympathies of our nature.

During a recent visit to that land of castles, North Wales, we have participated in this sentiment while gazing on Chirk, the last of the Welsh castles; not the last of ruined castles (they are nearly as rife in Wales as they were in Sultan Mahmoud's dominions), but a real and very perfect castle of the early Norman days, in good repair, and as unchanged as when Roger Mortimer paced its ramparts, or the cavaliers held it for their king; not one of your modern 'castles,' as little like a feudal one as Lord Fitzspoon, its owner perhaps is like Warwick the Kingmaker, but a building which in pure good faith carries into the 'one-brick thick' nineteenth century the perfect image of an ancient home.

Leaving Wrexham, and passing through the lovely valley of the Dee, one enters on a succession of green lanes, overshadowed by elms, as old and rural-looking as befits the place to which they lead. The park-gates are modern, but may be excused as the work of native genius; they were wrought by the village blacksmith and his daughter, and resemble the iron-work of Quentin Matsys, to be seen at Windsor. Here begins that wild and wooded land—a park of old as well as now—which bears in each gnarled oak, and mighty beech, and ancient elm, the date of a former age. By degrees, as the road winds, the old towers, gray, massive, and weather-stained, open upon us, but scarcely after a picturesque manner. Chirk is too entire, too perfect. It stands, as all of its type did, on a steep, bare acclivity. No oak-trunk or brush-wood afforded shelter to an advancing foe. It is quadrangular, with enormously thick and low-looking towers, covered with ivy; and it lacks the

high 'keep' of many ruins. The substitute for this is a small watch-tower. In short, Chirk bears no resemblance to the kingly ruins of Conway, or the warlike remains of Porchester: it is simply a baron's house, such as existed when might was right, and every man held life and liberty as he best could, behind the shelter of stone-walls.

We enter Chirk by an iron postern, flanked and protected by two strong turrets, and find ourselves in the castle-yard. It is oblong, and of great size, the castle entirely surrounding it. It contains the well; and from one corner of it a flight of rude stone-steps leads up to the watch-tower and ramparts, round which we walked with great interest. The pathway, running amongst and beside the sloping roofs, is very narrow; it seems impossible to mount a cannon there; but we were told they did achieve the feat in the time of the Commonwealth, when, by one of the whimsical chances of the times, Sir Thomas Myddelton, with the Puritan army, besieged his own house, and could not take it! Afterwards, returning to his allegiance, he held it for Charles II. himself.

From these ramparts the neighbouring people looked down, some short time back, on the 'coming of age' of the heir of Chirk; and it was one of the prettiest scenes I ever beheld. The ramparts, which run round and overlook the court, as well as the external wall, were perfectly crowded with gay and interested faces. Deputations with addresses; country folks in their bright striped petticoats and high hats; the rifle uniforms of the Denbigh militia, the brilliant dress of the ladies, conspired to heighten the picture; while upon the steps of the south postern stood the father and mother of the heir with their son—the beautiful mother in her black velvet and point-lace, and her face of triumphant motherly pride, being a very fair substitute for the stately ancient *châtelaines*, and the young heir no bad representative of the youthful aspirant of ancient chivalry. The scene must have quite equalled any one of those over which time has cast the glamour of his veil.

By the postern on which this group stood, we enter the castle itself. The hall scarcely answers to one's notion of what a baron's hall would be. It is a low, heavy-looking square apartment, lighted by the soft colours of a painted window; it contains a good deal of carved wood furniture, some pieces of ancient armour, heraldic paintings, and—on a very handsome, massive sort of chiffonier—a few curiosities from other lands brought home by some travelled heir of Chirk, to enrich the home of his fathers. Leaving this hall, we ascend a staircase, wide, but rather steep, which conducts us into a gallery running round the centre hall below. On the walls of this staircase, numbers of old engravings are hung, the subjects taken chiefly from the events of Henry VIII's reign. Their curious want of perspective and general duality of subject testifies to their antiquity. The gallery, also, is hung with quaint queer pictures. Here, Europa crowns with flowers the horns of the pretended bull; there, a monster of fabulous ugliness is scaring away some unfortunates from a fountain in a temple, by the sheer power of its look. From a door in this gallery we enter on the state-apartments of the castle, and find ourselves in a dining-room meet for any age. It is oak wainscotted, and consequently, rather sombre; but the windows, which open into the court-yard, are of very good size, and the sideboard, of carved oak, is of exquisite beauty. From this dining-room one enters a magnificent saloon, lighted by three large mullioned windows, also looking into the unromantic safety of the court below. The ceiling and decorating of this room were done under the direction of Pugin, we were told, and are of rare beauty. Medallions in plastic-work make the ceiling gay with bright and graceful colouring, and the pretty

green paper is partially covered and wholly enlivened with paintings of price. A pretty emblazoned card gave us the key to the pictured history of the walls. The pictures are many of them portraits. One especially interested us, being a likeness of that Countess of Warwick who was the wife of Addison. It is a proud, and not very pleasant face, but lovely enough to justify the great essayist in forgetting the risk of marrying above one's degree. We could not help thinking how little the haughty lady would have believed the soothsayer who might have told her that it would be for her *husband's sake* only that the eye of the stranger would linger on her portrait.

The furniture and ornaments of this room are all of the age of Francis I., and the chamber itself is sixty feet long by thirty broad.

From it we passed into a drawing-room thirty feet square, furnished and decorated in the style of the same period. A door on the right hand conducted us into a gallery, which finishes this range of apartments. It is worth more than a cursory visit. Very broad, and a hundred feet long, there is something in its stately and massive gloom which makes it the link, as it were, between the present—in the shape of the gorgeous drawing-rooms—and the past, in that of the south-west wing, the watch-tower, and battlements. A billiard-table, and an ancient spinet, stuffed leopards, and cabinets of the seventeenth century, continue the mingling of times in this singular spot. One of these cabinets is well deserving of notice. It was given by Charles II. to that game Sir Thomas Myddelton who is so absurdly found besieging his own dwelling, but who, repenting of his disloyalty, returned, as we have seen, to his allegiance. This cabinet is a marvel of taste and skill. The silver ornaments of the exterior are very chaste, but when the doors are open we find the interior far superior to it. It contains a series of doors—opening into a small shrine—every one of which, as well as every part of the cabinet, is painted exquisitely, the subjects being all taken from Scripture—the story of Abraham, the miracles of our Lord, &c. On each side of the recess or shrine there are a number of drawers—doubtless some secret ones also—all painted in the same exquisite manner.

A door, invisible to stranger eyes, opens in the wall on the right-hand side of the gallery; passing through it, and descending a few steps, we find ourselves in a suite of bedrooms, which are literally 'guest-chambers,' of great antiquity as to furniture. Small and dark, and with those old thin-posted bedsteads which give one such dismal notions of want, from their attenuated appearance, we were not much charmed with the sleeping-apartments of other days, though one ought to be very dear to all of 'cavalier' tendencies, for in it slept King Charles of blessed memory! The ceiling is ornamented with painted and plaster ciphers of C. R.; and by the chimney hang framed the proclamations, &c., of the time. The bed is the very one on which the royal and care-oppressed head rested, and the sanctity of misfortune hallows it even now.

A flight of stairs leads from these rooms to the domestic apartments of the castle, which are far superior, we think, to the state-rooms. An elegant anteroom leads into the most charming of small drawing-rooms. The fluted arches of the Gothic roof are brilliantly painted, and give the idea of Alhambra splendour; and the thousand little elegant appliances of female life add an air of comfort to its elegance. There is a charming dining-room attached to this suite of rooms, lighter, and at the same time more cosy-looking than the first we saw. The dressing-room of the owner of the castle (Colonel Myddelton Biddulph) is formed in the *depth* of the wall, and is sixteen feet square!

The south-west wing has been left in entire antiquity, and presents a strong contrast to the luxury and comfort we have described. It contains small rooms, with loopholes for windows, doors moving on huge hinges, with heavy bolts, underground dungeons, &c., &c. In every tower is a narrow winding staircase; and thus, by a thousand significant mementoes, is the age of might united with the age of civilisation, at Chirk.

The expense attendant on the 'keeping up' this feudal house is immense. We were told that thirty-six female servants scarcely suffice for the household work; that the yearly repairs consume L.1000 of timber annually; in short, that the gloomy magnificence of Chirk costs four times as much as a modern dwelling-place of the best possible description to support.

It is not, therefore, an enviable possession; but we are glad that good and high family feeling has preserved it to us as it is; and not unpleased, perhaps, to be assured of the great step made by the human family in comfort, beauty, and kindly affections, by the silent testimony of the last of the Welsh castles.

BILL FUSTIAN ON THE TEMPERANCE OF THE UPPER CLASSES.

We are occasionally told that intemperance is, in our age, peculiarly the vice of the working-classes—and goodness knows we are many of us bad enough; but how can it with any face be alleged that devotion to the inspiring cup has ceased to characterise the middle or upper classes? Granted they do not now go and get drunk in taverns, as they once used to do; but if they still have jollities of a high kind, and many of them, at home, what matters the desertion of the bar-room and coffee-house?

Now, I do not go out of my way to inspect or censure the habits of those who are called my betters. I altogether repudiate the idea of prying into such matters, either in the way of retaliation—though some might think that all fair—or as a means of indulging a pharisaic spirit. I only wish to ascertain whether this common remark as to the temperance of the middle and upper classes is entitled to entire faith, as a trait of the state of society in our age. And I take for this purpose evidence supplied voluntarily by the parties themselves as to their habits.

When a gentleman dies, we generally get a notion of what sort of man he was from the effects he leaves to be turned into cash by his representatives. When he leaves a huge library, and nothing else particular, we naturally infer that he was a lover of books and a man of intelligence and learning. When he leaves a fine gallery of pictures and sculptures, we conceive him to have been a man of taste. When his chief effects turn out to be horses and dogs, we believe he must have been a sporting character. If he leaves a large stock of wine, there is an inference from the fact, analogous to the preceding deductions, and apparently as reasonable.

It will not be denied that sales of the stock of wines belonging to deceased gentlemen are about as common as sales of their libraries. Every now and then, the newspapers advertise the approaching sale of such and such a gentleman's cellar, containing rare and valuable wines, and in large quantity; and when it is past, we are sure to have paragraphs giving an account of the flocking of connoisseurs to the auction-room, the interest excited by this and that particular old port or delicious sherry, and the unheard-of prices at which some of the lots were sold. I naturally infer from this, that for gentlemen to keep large stocks of wine for their own and friends' use is the rule amongst those who can afford the

indulgence; consequently, that abstemious habits are not, as alleged, a peculiar virtue of this portion of the community. Another inference may, I think, be reasonably made. The advertisements and catalogues of such sales never fail to announce the name of the deceased proprietor. It becomes evident that there is nothing presumably unusual or discreditable in being possessed of a large stock of the elements of conviviality. Were it otherwise, the friends of the deceased would of course conceal the name, or cause the wine to be disposed of in some less public way.

The newspapers of a certain city lately announced several sales of large private stocks of wine, with a full blazonment of the name of the proprietor in each case. In one instance, there were five hundred dozen—a prodigious quantity truly. All valuable wine, too; the aggregate sum received for it amounted to about two thousand five hundred pounds. In another instance, there were eleven hundred dozen, comprising wines described as 'of the highest class, fully matured and in splendid condition, extraordinary care having been taken in the selection.'

Eleven hundred dozen of wine required as a stock by one gentleman! One might doubt the fact, for eleven hundred dozen is thirteen thousand two hundred bottles, or a bottle for each working-day for forty-two years; but the auctioneer is careful to inform us that the wines in this catalogue had, without exception, belonged to the cellar of the gentleman specified. The point is further verified by extracts from a cellar-book which the proprietor kept, and in which he had entered all desirable information respecting each kind of wine he possessed. Thus he states of one kind of port, of which there were fifty-five dozen and a half: 'A pipe selected by Mr A. Cockburn from the hill-country as the finest port from the best grapes, and of the *old true character of port*; bottled in 1846.' Of certain sherry, he speaks thus: 'Very rich and singularly soft wine; five years in wood in Calcutta; brought home in 1827; kept by me in wood till 1829, when it was bottled.' Of another kind, of which he had forty-five dozen and a half, we get an elaborate character: 'The proceeds of a butt and hoghead of the finest sherry Cockburn could select, which were sent out to Madras in 1828, and kept there for me by Arbutnot's house, for five years in wood, remaining till February 1835. Fifty-four dozens were all that remained after the evaporation, when the butt was filled up by Arbutnot. This probably is the most extraordinary sherry, and the finest to be met with anywhere. None ever received the same treatment—one year of Madras being equal to two of Calcutta. Mr Robert Cockburn shewed some of it to Cadiz merchants in London, who said they had never seen wine of such flavour.' And so on of almost every parcel, amounting to a hundred and thirty in all. The historic accuracy is most remarkable—Hockeimer of vintage 1756: 'From Barenfeld of Hanau, with whom Mr Skene lived before the Revolution; got in 1823.' 'Claret, Château Margaux; vintage 1844—*The best I could select after repeated trials: bottled January 1848.*' What nice speciality, too, as to antecedents—'one year of Madras being equal to two of Calcutta.' The trouble taken by the owner about all these wines, marks eminently in how important a light gentlemen hold such things—first selected in Spain, then sent to the East Indies to be mellowed, care taken of it there for years—filled up—bottled—then sent home: what elaboration—what forethought and provision! Well, we do take a bouse at the Cat and Bagpipes now and then of a Saturday night; but not one of us, I dare say, ever gave a thought for a minute beforehand as to what we were to drink.

To give further verification to the wines as those of the proprietor named, we find specifications of the

particular bins of the cellar in which they were stored; and the highest number of these bins is No. 101. Think of a hundred and one capacious receptacles containing wine, as an appendage to a gentleman's dwelling! And think of the amount of money thus expended. I have learned through the newspapers that the port sold at five, seven, and nine pounds per dozen—a small parcel so high as ten guineas. The forty-five and a half dozen of East India sherry sold at twelve guineas a dozen; and the rest at nine, five, and four pounds, or thereabouts. Claret sold at six and eight guineas a dozen. One parcel of Johannisberg brought the astounding price of L.17, 6s. 6d. per dozen! We are often lamented over by philanthropic souls on account of the large proportion of our wages that we are said to spend in ale and whisky; but it is evident that we have good examples for what we do in that respect among our so-called betters. Why, this one gentleman could not have laid out less than five thousand pounds upon that prodigious bacchanalian battery of his, not to speak of the value of the time and trouble he bestowed upon it.

The general conclusion at which I arrive is, that the upper classes, while continually maundering over our doings in this way, only differ from us in the appearances they preserve. No one sees them now-a-days in taverns, as we are seen; but they meet in each other's houses, at grand dinners, during and after which they consume no inconsiderable amount of wine. It is rather odd, however, that when a poor man indulges in any degree, there is such a howling at him, and such a wailing over him; whereas, when a rich man is found to have been never so much of a wine-worshipper, there is nowhere a remark to be heard upon the subject. During the late celebrations of the birthday of Burns, there were good souls who expressed themselves loudly in sorrow over his social indulgences; but what could be the errors in this respect of a poor gauger with seventy pounds a year? What was the 'peck o' maut' among the 'three merry boys,' compared with the thirteen thousand bottles of wine which, as we see, formed the store of one rich man?

MR RIVERS TOPPER IN EXPLANATION.

My name is, I grieve to think, sufficiently known to the British public. A very large body of my fellow-countrymen are accustomed to execrate me in no measured terms. One considerable section of the community, remarkable for its wealth and influence, has gone so far as to have me burned in effigy, and perhaps there are some of a poorer order, who, feeling that they have been deprived by me, even of their bread, would willingly repeat the process, with the slight, yet to me important alteration, of inserting my real person instead of the mock one. Scientific associations have stigmatised me in language that would be only applicable to the inventor and introducer into this country of the small-pox or other deadly epidemic, and have afterwards kindly forwarded to me a copy of their proceedings; while, I regret to say, even the wearers of my own cloth have not hesitated from their pulpits to make me the subject of special diatribe.

The voice of conscience—which is unfortunately 'still small' as ever—is indeed the only one that has not rained upon me the cruelest reproaches, the vilest accusations. If there be, however, any eyes which can so far bear with me as to read what I have here to urge in my defence, I do not despair of eliciting a tear from some of them; for it will be shewn that the mischief which I have committed was done

unwittingly, and simply caused by the too great cultivation of my mind.

Two years ago, the sun did not shine upon a more inoffensive being than myself. I think I may truly assert that, with the exception of a peculiar insect which affected the moss-roses in my garden, I had not a single enemy in the world. It was the only serpent in my Eden, and even him I treated tenderly, and suffocated anæsthetically with the best tobacco-smoke. My Moss-roses (*Centifolia muscosa*) were my peculiar joy; next to those, perhaps, I prided myself upon my Early Dwarf tulips (*suaveolens*); and third in the scale of my affections floated upon my little fishpond the *Nymphæa lotus* or Water-lily of the Nile. The pond was not much bigger than a foot-bath, but it accommodated its sole inhabitant—for there were no fish in it—and yet had room to spare. I was a clergyman, but without a cure, so that not even the dissenters had any cause for bitterness against me. I hope I did my duty to the poor; I know that not a flower drooped its head, but that I was by its side at once with a little stick for it to lean upon, and a strip of matting to tie round its delicate neck. My greatest cause of quarrel with any of my fellow-creatures at that time, was some chickens that would come over my wall from the neighbouring farmer's to dine upon nasturtiums and piccatees.

I live at Sticton-in-the-Marsh, in the centre of the fen-country, which to me is not without its beauties. I do not speak of its picturesque advantages, which are few, but of its various and prolific varieties of water-plant, which are many.

'The plains are grassy, wild, and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which has built up everywhere

An under-roof of doleful gray;

But the tangled water-courses sleep,
Shut over with purple, and green, and yellow,

And the creeping mosses, and clampering weeds,

And the silvery marish flowers that throng
'The desolate creeks and pools among,'

are of a very peculiar and interesting description.

To botany, in fact, and especially to the study of water-plants, was my highly cultivated mind directed, and there was no reason whatever why it should not be so. I had three hundred pounds a year of my own, and 'neither chick nor child'—yes, I had chicks, by the by, as I before mentioned, but they were only occasional incumbrances; and why should I not spend some of my surplus revenues in dried specimens of *Conferva*, *Hydroctyon*, *Mougeotia*, *Tyndaridea*, *Oscill*—but I forbear, from a sense of the (unjust) popular objections to these scientific epithets. I had a whole room fitted up for the reception of these things, where the different classes rescued from the watery deep were exhibited, as in some botanical *Morgue*. All day long, in the summer-time, I was out by the side of the great canal (which supplied, by a large iron pipe, my fishpond with water), or upon the banks of the Sticton, which emptied itself after many miles into a still larger and more navigable river. The bargemen recognised me, with my little dredging apparatus and waterproof bag for containing the specimens, while they were still a great distance off, upon the horizon of 'the level waste, the rounded gray'; and as they came up, hailed me, with a somewhat irreverent jocularly, as Parson Tadpole. But what did that matter? They were not disobliging, and often tore away for me with their punt-poles vast specimens of the *Gigantherium absurdum*, which I could not by my unassisted exertions have obtained.

Pardon me, if I seem to dwell upon these reminis-

cences of bygone joys with a somewhat tedious persistence; I dread to withdraw my mind from the pleasant past, and to approach the narration of the misery of the last two years, the misfortune of a life, the curse of an entire district; nay, as some persons aver, the future ruin of perhaps every inland port in the United Kingdom. All which mischief has arisen, it will be seen, from the indulgence of an over-cultivated mind.

It was in the early summer of 1856 that Professor Redschild Fellah of Alexandria concluded his somewhat acrimonious discussion with me upon the nature of Egyptian water-plants, and acknowledged himself, in a Coptic letter (which my ignorance of that language prevented me from discovering was ironical), completely vanquished.

'By this steamer,' he concluded, 'I send you a small specimen of the *Growforevva Aquatilis*, at present unknown in England; may its shadow never be less, and may you yourself live a thousand years to watch its growth, and receive the thanks of a grateful nation for its introduction.' Who would have thought that, under the pretence of a scientific gift, the wily oriental was planning the destruction of my beloved country?

In due course of time, the *Growforevva Aquatilis* arrived at Sticton-in-the-Marsh, in a small air-tight vessel with the seal of Redschild Fellah impressed upon its lid. The instant that this was opened, there leaped out, like a Jack from his box, a mass of stem and foliage that half-filled the little lobby of my house; not from one root, but from a thousand which had affixed themselves in a wondrous manner to the sides of the case, wheresoever any portion of the plant had touched them. It had, I knew, a most rapid and prolific growth; but that within the limits of its air-tight prison it should have acquired such gigantic dimensions, far exceeded my expectations. A brother savant (who lived in a pretty villa by the canal sides, mainly, as I believe, for the convenience of studying the *Algæ*) was with me when the precious present was unpacked, and declared that it seemed to grow before his very eyes; and this statement, which I set down at the time to enthusiasm, I have since been led, been dragged to believe was only too true. He was about to leave home for a few days on pressing business for London, but would, I think, have delayed his departure to contemplate more particularly this rare and exquisite specimen of Egyptian water-plant, had I not prevented him, by my ridicule, from indulging a cultivated taste to so absurd a degree.

'It will be time enough three days hence,' said I, 'for you to see how he gets on in my fishpond with his fellow-countrywoman, the Lily of the Nile.'

Alas, how lightly will we weak mortals converse when ruin is threatening! Nay, how pleased are we with the glow of the volcano before the wide-sweeping red-hot lava rolls down and sweeps over us all!

Within five-and-thirty minutes of my remark, the Lily of the Nile lay a mangled corpse upon the pond's surface; the constrictor folds of the *Growforevva Aquatilis* had done their work, and the new arrival had hidden every inch of water, and was striving, as it seemed to me, in an eastern and hyperbolic manner, to grow over the entire lawn.

It had fixed its roots in every portion of the circular bank; its stems were like the handle of a carter's whip, rather than, as when it had arrived, like the lash of it; and as for getting it back again into the little tin box, the Jin in the *Arabian Nights* might as easily have been compressed into his little spirit-bottle by the mere brute force of the Fisherman. I went to bed in a fervour of delight, but not unmixed with dread. I began to think that I had rather, too much of a good thing, and might spare some cuttings

for my friends. I did not pass a good night, by any means, but it was the blessed repose of an infant compared to anything I have experienced since. When my servant brought me the hot water next morning, he told me that one of my friends the bargees had called an hour before with a new specimen of water-plant which he thought I would like to purchase, and that he would bring it again later in the day. But that information, which a few hours before would have filled me with pleasure, no longer excited me; for what was even the rarest of the English genera to the *Growforevva Aquatilis*, now in my proud possession, and a sprig of which I had made up my mind to present to the Royal Botanical Society!

There was a letter upon the breakfast-table, in the handwriting of my friend the savant, and superscribed 'immediate,' which, as I had parted with him so lately, I was exceedingly surprised to see. I tore it open with eagerness, but without alarm. I put it down, when read, with the cold numbness of despair at the core of my inmost heart. It ran thus:

'DEAR TOPPER—I advise you to look out for that precious specimen of yours, lest it should bring you into grief. [My friend was rather a vulgar man, and must have picked up some of his coarser expressions, I think, from our mutual allies, the bargees.] It's a beggar to grow, let me tell you, and if you are not very careful, may do a tremendous lot of mischief. I was reading about it after I left you, in that scarce work—of which, if you remember, you tried to get a copy and couldn't—and this is what is there said of it: "This plant (the *Growforevva Aquatilis*) is perhaps the greatest scourge in the whole vegetable kingdom; its rapidity of growth, its tremendous generative powers, and its tenacity of existence, combine, wherever it has taken root, to make it an almost ineradicable curse. Lower Egypt has been greatly devastated by it. The river Nile itself is only kept free for navigation by the multitude of its alligators, of which this plant is—providentially—the favourite food." So you look out that it don't get into the Sticton, my Rivers Topper, or else you will become a *River Stopper* indeed. [This man, it will be seen, was a rude as well as a vulgar man.] And by the by, be very particular that it don't get up that iron pipe of yours, and so into the canal'—

When I had read thus far, there was a knock at the door, and the servant, as was usual when any such person came, introduced the bargee who had called in the early morning. He bore in his hand a considerable bunch of green stuff, about the size of a misletoebough, an unmistakable specimen, which filled me with horror, of the abominable *Growforevva Aquatilis*.

'Me and my mate,' said the fellow, pulling his forelock, 'found this here on the canal this morning, sir; and there seems to be a good deal more where it came from'—

'Well, to be sure,' interrupted my servant Peter, who, with the licence of a favoured domestic, had remained in the room, 'it do look main like that ere plant, sir, which you got from Hlegyp yesterday.'

'Hold your tongue, sir!' exclaimed I, in as bold a voice as I could compass. 'You are far too officious, sirrah, for your station; and besides, you are a fool. It's the—the—the—*Watunecallum commune* an English water-plant; and thank you, my man, here's a shilling for you.'

As soon as they had quitted the room, I rushed into the garden and down to the fishpond, with the air and celerity of a determined suicide. If suicide, however, had happened to have been my object, it would have been quite unattainable: the execrable stranger had sucked up almost all the water. I tore away the clotted leaves and interlacing roots which grew about the mouth of the iron pipe,

and bent down hastily over the spot to learn the worst. Alas, the orifice of the pipe was barely distinguishable; scarcely a drop of water could find its way through it, and the whole subterranean channel was in the occupation of that noxious weed. A scintillation of hope still gleamed within my bosom as I ran hastily over a quarter of a mile or so to the canal, with which the other end of the tube was connected. 'Surely, surely,' thought I, 'the *Growforevva Aquatilis* cannot have made its way along this enormous distance in a single night!' I even took with me a gigantic bung, to stuff into the opening of the tube, if the mischief were not already done. Vain and superfluous precaution! The prolific vegetable, like the bean-stalk in the nursery tale, except that it grew horizontally instead of upward, was spreading from the pipe's mouth in all directions, and as luxuriantly as from a cornucopia.

I severed the main trunk of it with my garden-knife; but it had taken root in a thousand places, and was growing all along the bank as far as I could see.

All that remained to me was to put the bung in the mouth of the pipe, to drag backward the quarter of a mile of stem that traversed it, to destroy the parent plant which still polluted my premises, and to protest that I had never had any connection with the *Growforevva Aquatilis* whatever. But, alas! had not Peter seen the specimen from the canal, and expressed his suspicions? and if even I could quiet him by any means—and surely almost any means would have been justifiable—was there not my brother savant, who would by this time have babbled my secret to half London. What irreparable mischief might my scientific fancies have unwittingly led me to commit! What public ruin might have been wrought by this caprice of my cultivated mind! And oh, what a hideous revenge had Professor Redschild Fellah of Alexandria wreaked upon my innocent head for having overcome him in botanical argument!

Seeing, therefore, that concealment was useless, I spared the loathsome vegetable, and shut myself up in my once peaceful home, awaiting events; nor had I to remain long in suspense. The *Sticton-in-the-Marsh Gazette* of the next Saturday had an interesting paragraph, headed 'An Anonymous Visitor,' and describing with a hideous accuracy the curious and novel water-plant which the present spring (!) had produced in the canal as well as in the river Sticton. 'It bears no resemblance to any of the marsh-plants with which we are hitherto acquainted, and the best botanical authorities who have been consulted are quite in the dark upon the subject.' The next week the *Gazette* inserted a furious rejoinder from my friend the savant, who begged to observe that 'the best botanical authorities' were in no doubt at all about the matter; that the plant was the *Growforevva Aquatilis*, a well-known Egyptian river-weed; and that this country was indebted to that celebrated naturalist, the Rev. R. Topper, for its recent introduction. 'To give your readers,' he concluded, 'an idea of its astounding vigour and fecundity, the canal in front of my house is now entirely overspread by it, as with a carpet; and I only trust that when the sun begins to shine down upon it in summer heat, that no wide-spread malaria may be the result—as generally happens at that season in its native climate.'

All this time my friends and neighbours carefully avoided the subject—a silence arising, I do not doubt, from motives of delicacy, but which, although I did not like on my part to break it, almost drove me distracted. At last, I took courage to remark in a tone of jocularity to Peter, that the bargees seemed tired of bringing me any more specimens.

'Lor bless you, sir,' responded my unsensitive retainer, 'why, doant ye know what a happened?

That ere plant in our fishpond yonder ha been and stopped it up.'

'Stopped *what* up?' asked I indignantly. 'You must have got it in your head, I think, instead of brain.'

'Well, not quite *that*, sir,' remarked Peter sullenly; 'though they do say it'll get in everywhere in time. But the canal be stopped up at all events; and never a bargee ha been along it these four days.'

'I beg your pardon, Peter,' said I, thoroughly humbled; 'is there any other news regarding the—the (I could not pronounce the hated name)—the Egyptian stranger?'

'Well, sir, there be surely a great sight of water a spreading over Doddington Plain, as it cost sixty thousand pounds to reclaim from the marshes a year or two ago: the draining-pipes is all stopped up of course, sir. And all the water-mills, as you will be likely to have heard, sir, ha stopped work, because as this here plant gets round their wheels, and' —

'Thank you, Peter,' interrupted I, almost in tears; 'that'll do for the present; you shall tell me something more about it to-morrow.'

Alas, with the morrow there came a lawyer's letter from the proprietors of Doddington Plain.

• Another from the Water Millers' Association.

A third from the Canal Company, giving notice of action for damage done to their property, which had brought down their shares to zero.

A fourth from the Commissioners of the Sticton Navigation, charging me with preventing the opening and shutting of their lock-gates, and consequent interruption to the traffic.

And a fifth—which made me angrier than any—from a scheming quack, who pretended that he could make paper out of my 'novel and interesting importation,' and requested to know if he was at liberty to make use of the *Growthoeva Aquatilis*, or if it was my private patent:

But why should I dwell longer upon these distressing incidents? These five, out of some five hundred instances, will suffice to give an idea of the light in which I began to be held by the commercial community.

I only stood one action, and that was decided by 'a mere legal accident,' as the judge was good enough to observe, in my favour. If the jury had had anything to do with it, I should have become indebted in the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds (out of a life-annuity of three hundred) to one of the great River Companies, into whose property, some seventy-six miles away, the *Growthoeva Aquatilis* had strayed.

I was saved by the simple circumstance that no law had ever been provided to meet my case. The Lord Chief Justice directed a verdict accordingly, and added these additional remarks for my private edification and improvement:

'Rivers Topper, you have been acquitted by a jury of your fellow-countrymen of an act which will yet cause your name to be held in detestation where-soever there exists a necessity for water-carriage. You may congratulate yourself upon an escape from justice, if you please, but you will carry about with you, I hope, the inner sense of' — My brain began to reel when his lordship had got thus far, and I only recovered consciousness about a quarter of an hour afterwards, and just in time to hear his concluding sentence: '... and by this terrible example let us learn, that there are no evils produced by ignorance and brutality so gigantic in their effects as may be the mischiefs of an over-cultivated mind.'

Two years have passed since my once untarnished name began to be held in universal abhorrence. I am not callous to a sense of my situation, but I am thankful to say a sort of despairing calm pervades me. When the wind brings ever and anon to my ear

the whirring of the wheels from the steam-engines always employed on the neighbouring canal in the fruitless labour of cutting away the hydra-headed weed—an importation of alligators having failed from the circumstance of their having eaten one another on the voyage from their native land to Gibraltar—I feel an occasional spasm of unutterable disgrace; but that is all.

The bitterness of man has done its worst: my back has been denuded to the cat-o'-nine tails of Public Opinion, ever since the Royal Society for the Cultivation of Water-plants caused the name of the *Growthoeva Aquatilis* to be erased from their Encyclopædia, and that of the *Topperonia Pestifera* to be substituted in its stead.

VISITS OF THE PLAGUE IN OLD TIMES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

ALL have heard of the plague, as a terrible contagious disease which long ago used to visit various districts of our country, and carry off great numbers of the inhabitants. The people of almost every place have their traditions about the sufferings which this malady inflicted, and can shew retired spots where those who died of it were buried, for it was thought improper to inter them in the common church-yards, under an impression that a re-opening of the graves of the victims at any distance of time afterwards would be sure to occasion a new breaking out of the disease. But, though the plague is still a frequent theme of remark at the fireside, so long a time has elapsed since it was actually present amongst us, that very few persons have any clear idea of what it was.

It was simply a very violent kind of fever, expressing itself outwardly in pustules and carbuncles, and attended, as fevers usually are, with a complete prostration of strength. Sometimes, however, the eruption did not appear, and in those cases the fatal result was commonly more sure, as well as more speedy. The disease is still of constant standing in Egypt, and it occurs frequently in most countries around the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. In all those countries, the governments feel it a duty to take precautions by quarantine and otherwise to prevent the plague from being communicated. In England, however, there has been no visit of the pestilence since the year 1665, when it occurred with extreme virulence in London, carrying off 68,000 victims in the course of four months. From Scotland, it has been still longer absent, namely, since the year 1645. There has not been even a threat or alarm amongst the British people on this subject since the year 1720, when the plague got so far westward as Marseille in the south of France, and proved very fatal. We have had here typhus fever and other contagious maladies during the last two centuries, and down to very recent times; but, happily, from this most frightful of all contagions we have long felt quite secure.

It is with a curious and not uncomfortable feeling that, in the midst of safety, we recall the memory of so great an evil. Perhaps the recollection is fitted to produce or encourage a sense of content, since it shews us that, however we may regard the evils that still in the course of providence rest with us, we are exempt from at least one of a very dire character,

which used to fall with terrific severity upon our forefathers. And it is not only in being free from the ailment that we are better off than they; but when we learn the public regulations that were taken with the plague long ago, and the treatment afforded to the sick, we find that our ancestors must have suffered much more than we, in the like circumstances, would have to bear.

In Scotland, long ago, whenever it was known that a case of the Pest, as it was called, had occurred in a town, the magistrates issued orders to cause every afflicted person to be carried out to some muir or common in the neighbourhood. The citizens were enjoined to make known any case that occurred in their houses, that the ailing person might be instantly removed, or the house closed up, sick and well together—for such was the regulation: if a man concealed the illness of a wife or child, the punishment assigned to him was instant suspension opposite his own door. Meanwhile, the people of the neighbouring towns drew a guard round the affected town, or closed up their ports against ingress from it, keeping it as far as possible isolated, even though its inhabitants should thus be brought to the borders of starvation. Public attention was everywhere directed rather to the preservation of the untainted than to the recovery of the sick. The poorer class met with exceedingly little regard. People seemed to become detestable to each other. The rich fled to their country-houses, thinking little of what might become of the mass of the wretched whom they left behind.

When the plague occurred in Edinburgh in the year 1568, the afflicted were sent out to live in huts hastily erected on Bruntisfield Links. As the golfer now pursues his ball over that pleasant green, he may yet trace the slight mounds formed by the ruins of the lines of low hovels which, three centuries ago, gave shelter to these unfortunate people. They were allowed to be visited here by their friends after eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and any one going earlier was liable to be punished with death. Meanwhile, their houses in town were subjected to being 'clengit' by proper officers. Caldrons were also erected on the Links, to boil and purify the clothes of the sick. All of these regulations were under the care of two citizens selected for the purpose, and called *Bailies of the Muir*; for each of whom, as for the cleansers and bearers of the dead, a gown of gray was made, with a white St Andrew's cross before and behind, to distinguish them from other people. Another arrangement for the disposal of the dead was, 'that there be made twa close biers, with four feet, coloured over with black, and [ane] white cross with ane bell to be hung upon the side of the said bier, whilk sall mak warning to the people.' Many of the dead were interred in the church-yard of St Roque's near by—a burial-ground devoted to the purpose, St Roque being the especial patron saint of people ill with, or victims to, the plague. The place is now occupied by a pretty villa, the proprietor of which had much of the ground turned over a few years ago when rebuilding his house. Many of the remains found were in such a confused arrangement as shewed that little ceremony had been used in shovelling the bodies into the ground.

It is stated that the mortality of Edinburgh on this occasion, during about four months, was two thousand five hundred, which could not be much less than a tenth of the whole population. While the plague lasted, nearly all public business was at a stand, there being no sittings of the Court of Justiciary in particular from August till March. There is just one relieving circumstance connected with this visitation. There was a young man of good connections in Edinburgh, named George Bannatyne, who had a great taste for poetry. Having withdrawn from the plague-stricken

city, with a great number of poems in manuscript, the production of Dunbar, Douglas, Henryson, and other versifiers of the preceding hundred years, he employed himself while the pestilence lasted in transcribing these into a fair volume, which he probably designed to be thenceforward his favourite book. This volume has survived, and is now in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, while other copies of most of the writings of the early Scottish poets have perished. It is reasonable, therefore, to infer that we should have lost much of that valuable portion of our national literature, had not George Bannatyne been enabled by the forced leisure which the plague gave him, to devote a winter to its transcription. It is believed that his retreat while writing the volume was the manor-house of Newtyle, near Meigle—a neat little old-fashioned dwelling still inhabited, and kept in good order.

Speaking of a retirement from places afflicted with the plague, I may remark that it was not always an effectual measure, for sometimes the fugitive would carry the seeds of the disease along with him, and we may be sure would be a very unpopular visitor, and meet with little sympathy from the people among whom he came. It is very natural in such matters to seize upon exceptional cases, and make a rule out of them; and we may therefore not be surprised to find King James remarking, in one of his works, that 'the pest-always smites the sickarest [that is, surest] such as flies it furthest and apprehends deepest the perils thereof.' And it is perhaps equally natural for those who have taken this view of the matter when the plague was not at hand, to act on a different principle when the danger approached in all its dread reality. King James was hunting at Ruthven or Huntingtower in September 1584, when 'word came that there were five or six houses in Perth affected with the plague; whereupon his majesty departed the same night with a very small train to Tullibardine, and next day to Stirling, leaving his whole household servants enclosed in the place of Ruthven, with express command to them not to follow, nor remove forth of the same, until they saw what became of them upon the suspicion.'*

Fireside tradition and song have consecrated an instance of flight from the pestilence which was destined to be in a striking degree vain. It was probably at the last remarkable visit of the plague in 1645 that two young ladies of the vale of Almond in Perthshire, joined in building a bower on Lednoch Braes, in which they might spend some time in retirement, in the hope of thus escaping the disease by which so many were falling around them. As the ballad says:

Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonny lasses,
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,
And theekit it ower wi' rashes.

You can still have the spot pointed out to you, not far from Lyndoch House, for alas! the fate of the two maidens has given their history an indelible tragic interest in the hearts of the people thereabouts. The story is, that a lover of one of them was accustomed to come from Perth to see his mistress, bringing with him various articles which they required in their simple solitude. With him came the infection. They both were smitten and died, and their parents buried them together in the Dronoch Haugh near the Almond. Major Barry of Lednoch, more than a century afterwards, cleared the spot, enclosed it with a wall, planted it with flowering shrubs, and raised a stone with the names of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray.

We find in the works of old medical writers that

* *Moylis's Memoirs.*

the pest was generally regarded as arising from a corrupted state of the air. It was thought to be connected with cloudy seasons, and in a minor degree with the effluvia of stagnant water and putrefying organic substances. Having thus been engendered, it naturally spread from person to person, and from place to place, often communicated by a mere piece of clothing; but it was admitted to be more ready to seize upon a poor than a rich, upon a weakly than a robust person. It was believed in many instances to be brought from foreign countries in merchants' vessels. When a ship approached our harbours with a case of pest newly broken out in it, there was no immediate help to be had from the shore, no escape for those as yet uninfected. The vessel was warned off, or, at the utmost, the inmates were permitted to land on some uninhabited isle, such as Inchkeith or Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth, there to stay while any sickness remained amongst them; no matter for the hardships to which they might thus be subjected, or the hopelessness of cure. We hear of a ship coming from Danzig to Leith in September 1580, with seven Edinburgh merchants on board, besides upwards of thirty other people. All were doubtless full of pleasant anticipations of the homes they were approaching, when the pest broke out amongst them. With some difficulty, they were allowed to land on Inchcolm; but before the disease had exhausted itself, the greater part of these poor people had perished.

There is great reason to believe that, while the communication of pestilence from abroad might be accidental, the spread of the evil over the country depended much on the conditions in which the people lived. The want of cleanliness in their houses and persons, the keeping of putrescent matters near their dwellings, and a poor style of diet, were all standing evils of old times, favourable to the diffusion of any kind of pestilential fever. When there was any unusual failure of the fruits of the earth, so as to throw the people upon the use of roots, grass, or other substances unsuitable for human food, then the plague was sure, if it occurred at all, to take a great hold, and to have many victims. For example, in the year 1515, the crops having failed, there was a severe dearth, and next year came a pestilence attended by such mortality that, in the words of an old writer, 'the people living were scant so many in number as were able to bury the dead.' To quote an original and very curious *Chronicle of Scotland* under the year 1439, 'there was in Scotland ane great dearth, for the boll of wheat was 40s., and the boll of ait-meal 30s.; and verily the dearth was sae great, that there died a passing number of people for hunger. And also the *land-ill* or *wame-ill* was so violent, that there died mae that year than ever there died owther in pestilence or in any other sickness in Scotland, and it was called the *Pestilence but Mercy*, for there took it nane that ever recovered; but they died within twenty-four hours.' The plague which occurred in Edinburgh in 1568, already alluded to, was preceded by 'an exceeding dearth of corns,' and an extensive mortality of cattle, the consequence of a great drought in the preceding year. Another remarkably sore visit of the pestilence, which occurred in the year 1624, was heralded by a famine of great severity. We learn that the harvest of 1621 was miserably deficient, inasmuch that there was a scarcity even of seed-corn for the ensuing year. On this occasion, says a contemporary chronicler, 'every one was careful to ease himself of such persons as he might spare, and to live as retiredly as possibly he might. Pitiful was the lamentation, not only of vaiging [that is, wandering] beggars, but also of honest persons.' The famine continued in 1623, and to such a degree that people would come into the towns, lie down in the streets, and die. It was in the next year that the severe pest above mentioned came

upon the people. So universal was the desolation it occasioned, that the Court of Session was unable to keep its usual sittings. It must be admitted that there were instances of pest unpreceded by famine, and of famines unfollowed by pest; but the general bearing of the facts is certainly such as to countenance the modern theory of Dr Alison, as to a connection between destitution and pestilential fevers. It may be remembered that this respected professor brought forward a pamphlet in 1839, to prove that the severe typhus fevers which were then of such frequent occurrence, arose in a great measure from the extreme poverty in which certain portions of the inhabitants of large towns were accustomed to live. And his reasonings on this subject had an effect in bringing about the liberalisation of the poor-laws which soon after took place. It is certainly remarkable that since that time—partly, no doubt, through the good effects of free trade—there has been comparatively little destitution, and scarcely any typhus fever.

There was another condition apparently very favourable to the spread of pestilence, and this was a depressed state of the public mind. Modern physicians in general admit that cheerfulness and stout-heartedness have a great effect in beating off the assaults of disease. That portion of King James's remark which adverts to a deep apprehension of the danger of the plague, was just. Such an apprehension is really calculated to make the attack of the disease more likely. We all remember how general the observation was in the times of cholera morbus, that to be much afraid of it commonly acted as a predisposing cause. Now, it is remarkable of several of the most noted occurrences of plague in Scotland, that they happened at times when, owing to political troubles and disasters, the public mind was much harassed and depressed. The pest of 1568 came immediately after the battle of Langside, when Queen Mary was dethroned, and when there could not but be considerable anxiety about the future. Another of the great pests took place in the summer of 1585, when the people were in great apprehension lest their favourite religious institutions should suffer under the profligate government of the king's favourite, the Earl of Arran. On that occasion Edinburgh was so desolated, that Mr James Melville and his friends passed through it from the Watergate to the West Port at mid-day, and in all the way—a mile—did not see three persons; so that, says he, 'I miskenned Edinburgh, and almost forgot that I had ever seen sic a town.'* At the beginning of November, an army of sound Protestants, including a number of Annandale men, made their way to the king at Stirling, banished the Earl of Arran, and put public affairs on a good footing. The pestilence, as we are assured by a contemporary historian,† then ceased, 'not by degrees or piece-meal, but in an instant, as it were; so that never any after that hour was known to have been infected, nor any of such as were infected before, to have died.' He remarks that the lane in Stirling through which the army came, was full of sick, and yet none of the army was infected. Nay, the Annandale men took to their natural vocation of pillaging in the pest-lodges, even donning the clothes of the sick, and yet they remained free. The historian denounces those who would not believe that this was a special interference of God in behalf of those who had the soundest views of Protestantism; but, with all deference to his well-meaning enthusiasm, we may surmise that the exultation of mind attending this *coup d'état* had a great share in banishing the disease, and saving the army from catching the infection.

We see a still more remarkable support to this

* James Melville's *Diary*.

† David Hume of Godscroft.

conclusion in the circumstances attending the last great visit of the pest to Scotland in 1644-45. New-castle at that time stood a siege of many months by the Scottish army, and, according to a Scotsman's account, there was such scarcity of victuals among the inhabitants, that it could not have held out ten days longer unless they had devoured each other. Tynemouth was also besieged and taken. In this desolated district, the pest very naturally broke out, and the Scottish soldiers, returning to their own country, brought the malady along with them. It spread over all the southern portion of the kingdom, and was in such force at Edinburgh in the summer of 1645, that the victorious army of Montrose was prevented by it from taking possession of the city. Now, let us here mark the conditions of our unfortunate country. It had had a dearth in the winter of 1642-43. Throughout the latter part of 1644, and the early part of 1645, Montrose had swept round and round the skirts of the Highlands, cutting armies of militia in pieces, and ravaging every district in which the people refused to rise for the king. There had been civil troubles for six years, with a ceaseless high-strained anxiety regarding the national religion. To give this an assured permanence, and put down popery and prelacy in England, the Scots had sent a large army across the border, about the welfare of which they were extremely solicitous. Contemporary writers reveal to us incessant harassments from the levies of troops, frequent free quarterings and plunderings, a severe excise for the regular support of the army—joined to all this, almost unintermitting preachings, prayings, fastings, and *thanksgivings*, inferring something like a total suppression of all the ordinary sunshine of life. If we consider all these circumstances, we may well believe that the community was in an unusually depressed state at this time, and when we hear that there was a frightful invasion of the plague, spreading from Kelso to Edinburgh, from Edinburgh to Glasgow and Perth, and lingering two or three years in the country, even after it had cut off great multitudes, we can have little hesitation in believing that the malady had found a ground only too well prepared for its reception.

The traditionary feeling of the people of Scotland regarding the plague is a sufficient proof of the extreme severity of the sufferings which it inflicted. It is desirable, nevertheless, that we should know what it was, and how it was felt, from authentic evidence. We have already seen, in part, what steps were taken by the public authorities, when the malady broke out in any place, or when its arrival from foreign countries was apprehended. It still remains to give a few further traits of the affliction and of the public arrangements regarding it.

We learn from the works of Ambrose Paré, the eminent French surgeon of the time of our Elizabeth, that the cure and prevention of the plague engaged a full share of medical attention in that age. He tells us that there was a great plague in France in 1565, and it had been treated very generally by depletion of the system; but, travelling to Bayonne afterwards with the king, he had an opportunity of inquiring into the success of this practice at many places, and he everywhere found that the patients so treated by blood-letting and drastic medicine, had waxed weaker and weaker until they died, whereas a great number of those who had been supplied with cordial antidotes, taking them inwardly and applying them outwardly, recovered their health. Removal to good air and spiced cordials may be said to constitute the sum of Paré's treatment of the plague; and we find that Dr Burgess, an eminent English physician, afterwards prescribed an antidote composed wholly of wine, sugar, and spices, a half-spoonful morning and evening, when in health, and a whole spoonful when

affected. In regard to virulent carbuncles, the last and worst form of the disease, Paré used medicines calculated to open the pores of the skin, with a view to transfusing the peccant humour; but he informs us, that many patients, almost mad with terror of approaching death, would sometimes cut or burn out these tumours with their own hands, in the hope of thereby saving their lives.

THE OLD CATHEDRAL BELL.

The old cathedral bell,
In its lofty dusty tower,
For ages has its solemn knell
Proclaimed the passing hour,
With its steady song,
'Ding dong,'
Echoing the vaulted aisles along.

On massive oaken beams
Doth the mighty monster swing,
But each a bending osier seems
When the bell begins to ring,
And its echoing song,
'Ding dong,'
Shakes the old tower that has held it long.

'Twas many a year ago
The ancient bell was young,
And with solemn rite and priestly show
In its lonely dwelling hung,
Since then its song,
'Ding dong,'
Hath monarchs' deaths and victories sung.

War, has its voice proclaimed,
And discord's fiery brand,
And battle, rout, and carnage named,
Wide-spreading o'er the land,
When its bellowing song,
'Ding dong,'
Has blanched the weak, and nerved the strong.

Now tolled in midnight deep,
Now rung in noontide ray,
Ushering a king to death's long sleep,
A new-born prince to day,
Still clear and strong,
'Ding dong,'
Unchanged its voice through centuries long.

The old cathedral bell,
It laughs at pomp and power;
Oft has it struck their passing knell—
Vain creatures of an hour—
Obtained by wrong,
'Ding dong,'
All full of care, nor lasting long!

The beggar in the dust,
It raises by its voice:
'In God thy Maker trust;
Rejoice in Him, rejoice—
Be firm and strong,
'Ding dong,'
Trial is short, and victory long!'

A lesson loud and clear,
It teaches all its days:
'Do steadily thy duty here,
And send to Heaven thy praise!
So shall thy song,
Like my "Ding dong,"
At last be loud, and clear, and long!'

G. H. P.

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‘HOW D’YE DO?’

THE social principle in man is strong and ineradicable. He may be proud, domineering, or all that is bad; but to confine him with Diogenes in a tub, or a Platonic lover in some brilliant satellite, were an intolerable punishment. Solitary confinement is, and ever must be, the keenest corrective trial. A man may rave about his independence, and desire a whole universe to himself, hollow to resound his massive tread, mirrored to reflect his noble form; but therein he stifles the outgrowing inclinations of his own heart, and does not guess how sensibly he would feel the want of the commonest expressions and salutations of everyday-life. Prometheus, chained on his crag, amid the eternal snows, and gnawed by the vulture, and Simon Stylites on his lonely column, are apt types of such a solitary friendless creature. Individual isolation is unnatural and inhuman. Nor is the self-centered existence of nations one whit more possible, or in accordance with the nature of things. No matter how uncivilised a people may be, or how remote in distance or history; in their warm welcoming of strangers impelled to their shores by curiosity or commerce, this sociality, this dormant consciousness of a primeval oneness, seems to burst forth. Our own highly favoured and social land, in an age when steam and electricity have done their best to promote universal brotherhood, has been making a mighty clamour, lest Earth should be the only inhabited orb in the universe. Our social bias would even people the moon and stars with beings like ourselves.

Growing naturally out of this irrepressible instinct, are all those relations and virtues which adorn our common life, and promote good feeling amongst men. This sociality will express itself outwardly, either in actions or common speech. Man will recognise his fellows, and even where there are no positive ties, there will be an interchange of ceremonies and good-wishes. These gratulations are as extended as the human race itself; and the rude savages who have never before seen the white man's face, are as ready to make their friendly obeisance, as are mutual friends endeared by a long attachment, or those whom a fine bright morning makes unusually genial.

There is something peculiarly interesting in these common forms of salutation, current in different parts of the world. They give us admirable evidence of the geniality and good qualities of mankind, individually and nationally, and are the rude poetry of life, which is refined and beautified in the poet's song. In these forms of friendliness and recognition, all the great

features of races seem, in geological phrase, to crop out; and while they are interesting in themselves, they serve to strengthen previous convictions, and indicate much genuine kindness where it was least to be expected.

The term ‘salutation’ is equally applicable to those well-wishes which are current in common life, as to those acts and gestures which are their substitutes or accompaniments. The word itself, which expresses either, exists in very similar forms in several languages. In Latin, from which the others are derived, it is *salutare*, to wish health; in Italian, it is the same word, differently accentuated; in Spanish, it is *saludar*; in French, *saluer*; and in the old English of Chaucer and his predecessors, *salue* and *salwe*.

In the kindly wishes and compliments which have become household words and national inheritances amongst men, there is less variety than will be found in the various mute signs of friendly feeling. The common wish, ‘Good-morning,’ or ‘Good-day,’ is a contraction of the one used by our pious ancestors, ‘God give ye a good day;’ and ‘Good-bye’ is a similar corruption for ‘God be wi’ ye.’ ‘Farewell’ is another Saxon term employed in parting, synonymous with the Latin terms *Vale* and *Valete*—‘May you be in health;’ and the French word *Adieu*, now Anglicised, expresses the beautiful sentiment, ‘I leave you to God.’ In Roman Catholic countries, ‘Praised be Jesus Christ,’ to which is answered, ‘For ever, Amen,’ are the usual daily courtesies. The German miners’ salute, ‘Good-luck to you,’ is expressive of their mingled benevolence and superstition. Amongst the eastern nations, there is a flourish about these tokens of friendliness peculiarly characteristic. The Turk confides you to Allah in the most determined and poetic manner, and blesses you from the crown of your head to the sole of your feet, with quotations from their proverbs and wonderful poetry, until you are almost smothered in flowery sentiment. The Koran enjoins them thus: ‘When ye are saluted with a salutation, salute the person with a better salutation, or at least return the same; for God taketh an account of all things;’ and they invariably manage to outdo the foreigner, however long and ably prepared his sentiment may be. This doubling of the salutation was common also amongst the Jews; the answer to a ‘Good-day, my lord,’ being generally, ‘A good and a long day to my lord.’ The Jews, too, anciently, enjoined the saluting only of friends, and were careful to avoid strangers. Hence is derived the scriptural expostulation, ‘If ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?’ Their ordinary forms were

—'God be gracious to thee, my son. Be thou blessed of Jehovah! May God be with you!' and, to their kings, 'Sir, be your life prospered.'

The Arab, like the Turk, retains the old 'Peace be with thee,' so often rolled out as *Pax vobiscum* from unctuous priestly lips; and the reply is, 'With you be peace.' He addresses the stranger with 'Welcome! What do you wish?'—and a 'God reward you' suffices to remunerate for any attentions at their hospitable hands. The scriptural injunction, 'Salute no man by the way,' is thought by some to indicate this saluting as a hinderance to the disciples' journeying. The African traveller, Hameman, says the better educated the Arab, the more persevering will he be in questions as to your welfare. He once saw a well-dressed Fezzan youth accost an Arab of Angila. The youth detained the old man for some time, and, not content with this, ran by his horse's side for half a mile, ejaculating: 'How dost thou fare? Well, how art thou thyself? Praised be God, thou art arrived in peace! How dost thou do?' and other similar civilities. The Chinese *Yung fo*, 'Happiness is painted upon thy countenance,' is a common salute amongst the men; whilst the women, only allowed to salute their own sex, say *Van fo*, 'May all happiness be with you.' Towards the ladies of Siam, no matter how old or ugly, all the terms of delight and preciousness heaven and earth afford are indiscriminately employed; and the prefix 'young' is, no doubt, very pleasing when coupled with 'heaven, diamond, angel, and flower.' In Paraguay, in South America, when a person returns after a lengthy absence, he enters his home and seats himself; the females walk around him for a time in silence, and then burst forth into all sorts of mournful salutations, and pour upon his ears all the disagreeable incidents that have marked his absence, which he gravely repeats after them; and, this over, they lapse into more joyous tones, and an entertainment concludes the event. 'Wacosh,' 'hoec,' and 'lawlee,' words expressive of friendly welcome, were bawled out with stentorian lungs by the natives when Captain Cook was exploring the north-west coast of America.

The oldest form of salutation in which there is outward action and signs is that of embracing and kissing various parts of the body. When Esau met his brother Jacob, the latter bowed seven times to the ground, and Esau ran to meet him, and fell upon his neck and embraced him. Joab, as we find in the Bible, also took Amasa by the beard to kiss him; and this practice is still current amongst the Arabs and Moors when both parties are friends and of equal rank; and other eastern tribes also take one another by the chin in giving a hearty salute. The kissing of the shoulder or neck was also common amongst both equals and inferiors; but the kissing of the feet, although not unusual with the Jews, is generally deemed an expression of servility, inasmuch as the saluting person generally threw himself on the ground before the object of his real or simulated affection. Pope Constantine I. had his foot kissed by the emperor Justinian II. when he entered Constantinople in 710, and Pope Valentine I., about 827, was the first who required it as an established form of respect. Poles, Bohemians, and Russians are all profuse in these salutes, on the ground, of the knees, hands, and garments of individuals. To kiss the forehead of a Russian lady, is the height of good-breeding; but in Italy and Germany, if against the lady's wish, it is punishable by law. Gentlemen in Germany and France often embrace and kiss each other openly, and many an exiled son of Erin, tramping along our highways, thus welcomes his friend with an amount of affection which is not the least interesting trait in their character. Kissing the hands is a mark of respect that

was very much observed in ancient times. Priam kissed the hand of Achilles in the *Iliad* of Homer, and with both Greek and Jew such salutation was used towards the higher functionaries in the government. The greatest act of politeness with which an Egyptian can salute a stranger, is to kiss his hand and place it upon his head. The members of an English administration kiss the Queen's hand on their first audience, and when a foreign empress is present at court, her hand is generally extended to the kneeling courtiers who are about to kiss her garment. The younger members of the nobility, when presented to the Queen, receive from her a kiss upon the cheek.

The bow, in various forms, seems to be next in antiquity and prevalence. Its general form is merely an inclination of the head or body, but in some cases it is accompanied with many strange and remarkable actions. The old Jewish form was to lay the right hand on the bosom and gently incline the body; but when the person recognised was a superior in rank, the obeisance was much lower. The Turk makes the sign of the cross on his breast with his hands, and then bows. The Hindoo salam consists in placing the right hand on the breast with a profound bow, and then touching the ground and his forehead with the same hand. A Chinese mandarin, meeting his superior in rank, stops his sedan, and bows reverentially; and in their reception of visitors, various bowings and bendings of the knee are gone through in the hall, and many florid and titular compliments passed, ere the visitor is allowed to take a seat and open his communication. When two Chinese friends meet, they join their hands on their breasts, or above their heads, and inclining somewhat, exclaim: 'Tsin tsin'—a complimentary expression something like 'Glad to see you.' If a long period has intervened between their last meeting, they repeatedly fall on their knees, and bend forwards, asking questions, and uttering extravagant gratulations. The Cingalese salute their superiors by bowing the body, and at the same time extending both hands with the palms upwards. In Borneo, the salam is in general use, but they have also a custom of raising both hands above the forehead; and should the person saluted be a prince, they bow themselves to the ground, and retire backwards on their hands and knees. The salute of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands is even still more curious and complicated. They bend the whole body forward, place their hands upon their cheeks, elevate one leg, and bend the knee. The Siamese makes an ungallant bow by throwing himself on the ground before his master or superior. The latter then sends one of his attendants to see if the inferior has eaten anything of a disagreeable odour, or is otherwise unfit for audience. If such be the case, he is unceremoniously kicked by his superior, and makes his exit much more hastily than he came in; but otherwise, he is lifted up by the attendants, and opens his business. The Egyptian salutation consists in the extension of the hands, or pressure of them against the breast, and an ordinary declination. The bow is the polite form of salutation with both the French and ourselves, although undeniably more cultivated, and better executed, by our gallant neighbours. Yet our ancestors were firm and constant inculcators of the graces of deportment. Any one who will take the trouble to dig amongst the charters of the endowed grammar-schools that are scattered up and down the country, will find that one of the special purposes of their founders was, the 'teaching of good manners and behaviour;' and in towns where the old routine is unaltered, the well-dressed stranger will meet with bows and courtesies, given with true rank-and-file precision.

The shaking of hands seems always to have been an act of good-fellowship wherever it has been current.

With what people it first came into extensive practice is unknown, although its use amongst the early converts to Christianity, in conjunction with the 'holy kiss,' would indicate its employment in place of the older form of embracing. Pythagoras, the founder of the great intellectual school at Crotona, held that friendship was imperishable, and that it therefore behoved no man indiscriminately to conjoin right hands, and thus give the highest pledge of fidelity and friendship to unworthy persons. Ritson, the old English ballad-antiquary, has a verse in one of his collections, very emphatic, respecting it as a true test of feeling; for they were unquestionably hearty hand-shakers in olden times:

For the hand of the heart is the index, declaring
If well or if ill, how its master will stand;
I heed not the tongue, of its friendship the swearing,
I judge of a friend by the shake of his hand.

In most civilised countries, the shaking of the hand is the established form of friendly greeting, and it is almost unnecessary to add that Englishmen are eminent for the vigour and cordiality of their grasp. The Arabians of the desert shake hands with friends as many as six or eight times. Many negro races prefer confining their attentions to the fingers alone. Seizing the hand, they pull away at the fingers until the joints begin to crack. The people of Lower Guinea also seize the fingers in an odd manner, cracking them, and calling out: 'Thy servant, thy servant.' In the upper provinces of Guinea, they mutually embrace, and join the fore or index finger of the right hands, until they crack, when bending forward they say: 'Good-day, good-day;' or if the persons be of the upper rank, they exclaim: 'Peace, peace.' The Moors, also, are fond of shaking the right hand.

A variety of other forms of salutation are incapable of classification. The Japanese, in meeting his superior, doffs his sandals, introduces his right hand into his left sleeve, and lets his wrists fall gently upon his knees, when with a rocking, shuffling gait, he quietly passes his superior, jerking out in lugubrious tones the while: 'Augh, augh! don't hurt me, don't hurt me!' A stranger in Morocco has his presence of mind seriously shaken out of him by a Moorish horseman riding down upon him in a furious manner, suddenly checking his horse in front of him, and firing a pistol over his head. The Egyptians, when in their divans, mutually take off each other's slippers, and place them by their sides. The negroes of Sierra Leone bend their right elbows until the hand touches the mouth, the right thumbs and forefingers are then placed together, and slowly withdrawn. The Laplanders press their noses together, and the Tahitian observes the same ceremony, afterwards rubbing the other's hand on his own nose and mouth. Two bands of North American Indians meeting, they throw themselves on the ground before they come near enough to converse, and the two eldest of each party advance with their budget of news. An awful sighing then takes place, ending in a perfect yell; each sex approaches in different groups, and a distribution of tobacco-pipes amongst the men ends the ceremony. In South America, they are unusually pert and laconic. Two greeting, one says 'Thou?' and the other says 'Yes,' and they pass on. The Cingalese women clap their hands, lifting them up to their foreheads. Other customs, equally curious and amusing, are fast disappearing before the intercourse with more civilised nations, which is constantly following upon the extension of commerce; and more refined modes of friendly recognition are replacing those rude and grotesque salutations, which, while they indicate the same common feelings, can scarcely be said to shew the same amount of

culture and intelligence. The spread of knowledge and a more extended intercourse are immediately perceptible in the manners of the outward man; and in the constant attrition of social life he acquires a finish and grace which, if it exhibits less fervour, is still not wanting in sincerity or manliness.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN IN FRANCE.

FRANCE, too, has its Wild Huntsman, and, in truth, one who is considerably older than either of his German colleagues. It may easily be supposed that the German barons Von Hackelberg and Von Rodenburg are but posthumous sons of the French chasseur, or, to speak more plainly, that the German legend is of French origin. It has become incorporated into German life, like many other French legends—those of the beautiful Magellone, Melusine, and others, to wit—and it still flourishes on German soil, long after it has been all but forgotten in France, a country which changes even its legends, as soon as possible.

The French legend of the Wild Huntsman is connected with a historical person, who was born about the close of the ninth century, one Thibault-Tricheur, called also *Le Vieux* (the Old), of the house of Champagne, Count de Tours, of Blois, and other extensive feudal domains. The sins that have procured for him the appellation of *Chasseur Noir*, and doomed him to an everlasting nightly hunt, are not specified, but they do not seem to have been ecclesiastical offences, as in the German instances. The clergy must have been ungrateful, indeed, if they took any part in his condemnation, for 'Thibald the Rogue' built them many a cloister, and made large offerings to the church. It seems that the people themselves, of their own accord, ranked him among the evil spirits, and with good right. Thibald was the prototype of the great baron of the middle ages, and as such was the first on French soil who, availing himself of the ruin of the Carolingian dynasty, declared himself independent, and the hereditary possessor of his fee; and founded the first of those great baronies, every one of which soon became more powerful than the kingdom of France proper, under the early Capets. It was he who took the field against his feudal lord, Louis-d'Outremer, and made him prisoner. His hundred-year-old life, which procured him the cognomen of the Old, he spent in fighting, robbing, hunting, and in taking and breaking oaths. He was cruel, coarse, cunning, greedy, brave, superstitious, and godless. The peasantry on his immense domain he treated with more cruelty than he did his hounds. An old verse thus characterises him:

A homme ne à femme ne porta amitié
Do franc ne de chétif n'eut merci, ne pitié
Ne douta à faire mal œuvre ou péché.

As a penalty for his misdeeds, he is doomed everlastingly to carry on, in the character of the Wild Huntsman, the sport he had loved too dearly, with the idea, probably, that he must at last get tired of it, and the thing become a punishment.

In former times, this hunt was common through all the interior of France; but at the present day it is confined to Sologne, and the wild woods round the castle of Chambord. The particulars of this chase we are not able to give, inasmuch as it is invisible; but it is heard rioting among the summits of trees, by the sound of horns, the huntsman's cry, the barking of the hounds, the crack of the whip, the neighing of the horses, the groans of the stricken deer, and accompanied by the whistling and roaring of the wind. Equally ignorant are we as to whether Thibald the Rogue has his face in the

nape of his neck, like Baron von Hackelberg, or carries it in front, like ordinary mortals.

In earlier ages, when Chambord and the possessions of Thibault, the castle of Blois, were yet the centre-point of French history, and the residence of the court, the Chasseur Noir was regarded as a prophet of evil. He was heard to howl in the wind when any calamity or great crime was impending. In such cases, he was always particularly noisy in the vicinity of Chambord and Blois. The inhabitants of Sologne, however, can no longer specify the occasions when he appeared as an evil prophet; but it is still remembered that in the year 1750—consequently, at a time when the legend had long been dormant in Chambord—he repeatedly howled round the castle in a very terrible manner; while the events that followed shewed that he didn't make all that fuss about nothing.

Chambord, this fairy castle, this master-piece of the sixteenth century, so rich in art, and, in truth, one of the most majestic buildings that the present millennium has produced, belonged at the period in question to the Marshal Moritz von Sachsen. Louis XV. had presented it to the victor of Fontenoy as a reward for his many successful battles, and for his treachery towards his German fatherland. Moritz, in whose veins ran the blood of Augustus von Sachsen, mingled with that of the adventurers of the house of Königsmark, was addicted to all the pleasures which corrupt princes patronise; and commenced at this time in Chambord a voluptuous style of life that might almost vie with the gaieties there in the time of Francis I. Here was a crowd of noble lords and ladies, just as at the court of Louis XV.; and the forest of Chambord, the dim avenues and labyrinths of the castle, rivalled the gardens and parks of the king. To make the comparison complete, Madame Pompadour came frequently to visit this hero, who inherited the bodily vigour of his father and the beauty of his maternal uncle. A hall of the castle was used as a theatre, in which played the companies of the famous Favard and Mademoiselle Chantilly, whom the marshal loved and the director married. The lavish hospitality of the lord of Chambord was universally appreciated; and the greatest dignitaries crowded around him who was so high in the king's favour through the favour of Madame Pompadour. The Prince de Conti alone was absent.

The Prince was perhaps the only declared enemy of the favourite Marshal von Sachsen. In the battle of Fontenoy, Conti was in dread of the strong columns of the English-Hanoverian army. When they pressed on, he hastened to the king, and implored him to retire and save his valuable life, as the battle was already lost. The king wept, but acted according to the advice of the prince. On riding off the battlefield, he met the Marshal von Sachsen, whom he sorrowfully addressed: 'So we have lost the battle.'

'What villain has told you that?' exclaimed the marshal. 'I tell you, the battle is won.' And the battle was won, and Moritz was loaded with honours and distinctions—so overloaded, indeed, that Conti had no choice but to restrain his feeling of revenge. He had not forgotten, however, that the marshal had called him a villain; and when Moritz von Sachsen had, through his voluptuousness in Chambord, thrust the memory of his victories somewhat into the background, and when it was said that the gigantic constitution of the conqueror of Fontenoy had suffered considerably in consequence of his excessive debaucheries, the Prince de Conti remembered in the liveliest manner that he had been called a villain.

About this time the marshal, with his lords and ladies, resolved on a moonlight ride through the forest

of Chambord. The autumn night was exceedingly mild and bright; the company was full of chat, mirth, and laughter. All on a sudden, a roaring noise was heard above the heads of the company, as if some furious hurricane were blowing over them. The sky became dark, and a strange smell of sulphur tainted the atmosphere. The riders reined in their horses; but suddenly a frightful panic seized the whole company, and noble lords and ladies galloped off in every direction, as though pursued by some evil spirit. The marshal alone, in his invincible courage, remained, though somewhat shivering, on the spot. He spurred his horse, but it did not move. The atmosphere around him now became furious as a whirlwind, and through the whirlwind a strange-looking horseman descended to the earth. He wore an old black iron coat-of-mail. From his closed visor stared forth a pair of eyelashes of extraordinary length, and as white as snow; and locks of hair as white spread over his shoulders.

'Moritz von Sachsen,' said the apparition, 'get thee hence out of my territory, and from my wood. Thou hast nothing to do here. If thou art not gone within thirty days, it will be worse for thee.' 'And who art thou?' asked Moritz. 'I am Thibault the Old.' So saying, he sprang into the air and vanished in the whirlwind.

Moritz rode back to the castle, told his adventure, and laughed, and his incredulous court laughed with him. After the tale and the laughter, the marshal considered it cowardice to heed the warning of the Wild Huntsman, and he therefore remained in Chambord, living in pleasure with Madame Favard, Madame Pompadour, and his own riotous hunting companions.

But on a certain night in the end of November 1750, the Wild Huntsman again appeared over the castle and park of Chambord, and this time with a noise and cry, a howling and whistling, such as had never been heard before. The Ukraine horses which the marshal had reared here, and which were grazing in the park, broke through their enclosures, and with dishevelled manes, galloped off in every direction. The two regiments of Lancers, which he always had with him, quitted their stables and barracks, and in their fright were about to throw themselves upon their horses, as though some awful calamity were awaiting them; but they saw only misty spectres, which seemed to be sitting and whistling upon the broad chimneys of the castle, or leaping from one gable to another. Will-o'-the-wisps were running over the large castle-meadows, and owls were shrieking from the roofs. Towards morning, all was peaceful and clear again, but every one in the vicinity knew that something dreadful was about to happen.

Shortly after seven o'clock, a close carriage, that seemed to have come from a distance, drew up at the entrance to the park, and a courier dashed into the courtyard. A *valet de chambre* took from him a letter, and carried it to the marshal, who was still in bed. The marshal read the letter, sprang out of bed, clothed himself in haste, and summoned his adjutant. The arrival of the courier had awakened the curiosity of the servants; they listened, and observed that the marshal and his adjutant descended a secret staircase, crossed over the castle moat, and entered the park. As they entered the first *allée*, two men stepped down from the carriage that was waiting there. After a few minutes, the strangers again entered their carriage, and drove away; the marshal, leaning upon the arm of his adjutant, returned by the same path to the castle, and went back to his bed. The servants were summoned, and it was soon reported through the castle that the marshal was very ill, in consequence of a severe cold he had taken: on the following day he died.

This, therefore, was the event signified by the

apparition of the Wild Huntsman. It was his last official appearance: with the fates of France, or of public men, he has henceforth had nothing to do; he has sunk down to a mere spirit of the district, of whom the inhabitants of the villages and farms of Sologne only speak when the storm is raging. Even in the city of Blois itself, on whose eminence Thibault the Rogue built his castle, the Chasseur Noir is known among the learned alone as one of their countrymen. By all the rest of France he is forgotten, and the frequenters of the grand Opera know of his existence, only from *Der Freischütz*, which they take to be pure German.

The legends of France have met with the same fate as its songs. The reminiscences of the middle ages were obliterated as far back as the period of Louis XII. and Francis I., by the glory of new times and by Italian influences. The excitement of the Italian war-stories was superseded by that of the religious war; the memory of this, again, was dimmed by the so-called 'great century' of Louis XIV.; and between these epochs and our own times, the great revolution has fixed a wide, yawning, impassable abyss. Most of the myths and legends which seem to belong to the middle ages, and which at this day flourish more among citizens than in true country-life, are the artful productions of some fashionable writers of the last century, who arose and became popular à la *Loreley*. Of the real middle-age myths, the last trace will soon vanish from France. That of the Wild Huntsman is fast fading away; and we have introduced it merely for the sake of pointing out something common among very different peoples, an always interesting exercise.

OUR SCREW-NAVY.

JOHN BULL is sorely puzzled; he cannot tell what to make of it. He is roused out of a pleasant slumber, and finds his old cherished opinions most rudely assailed. He has always had faith in the dictum that England holds her position as the first naval power in the world, and he cannot easily give it up. He insists that what Nelson did sixty years ago, we could do again, if necessary. He points to the eagerness of the British sailors to thrash the Russians in the late war, and to the fact that the thrashing was only prevented by the hiding of one fleet behind stone-walls at Cronstadt, and by the sinking of another beneath the entrance of Sebastopol harbour. He knows that he has paid enormously in the last few years for 'Naval Estimates,' and he feels that in justice he ought now to possess a large, efficient, and well-equipped fleet. And yet, what is he told? Two or three old admirals, who have given and received hard knocks in their time, inform him that our navy is very incomplete, and that unless we maintain a Channel fleet, we shall rue it some day. Two or three eccentric members of parliament, and other eccentrics who are not in parliament, loudly assert that the French are coming—to land somewhere on our coasts; and draw pictures of thirty thousand French soldiers marching down Cheapside, with money-bags taken from the vaults of the Bank of England. All sorts of frightful things are said, and the lady-boarders at lodging-houses on the south coast meditate with mixed feelings on the possible appearance of ferocious foreigners landing on the beach some fine morning.

In this as in most other matters, what John Bull most wants is a correct statement of the actual condition of affairs: give him this, and he will find a remedy for what is wrong. Unfortunately, official pedantry and routine stand much in the way. The Admiralty and the War-office are famous for non-communicativeness; they profess that it might be

dangerous to reveal their secrets to the world; and yet it is pretty certain that foreign governments know what is going on in our arsenals and dock-yards. Happily, the subject has now been brought forward in a way that will set all the facts in their proper light. Whether from the open display of French naval power at Cherbourg, or from any other cause, the Admiralty now demand more ships and more seamen; and this demand has been the cause of much publication of valuable documents. About the middle of December, a long and important paper on the state of the British navy was read before the Society of Arts by Mr E. J. Reed, who, before becoming one of the editors of the *Mechanics Magazine*, was connected with the Royal Dockyard at Portsmouth. In this paper were brought forward many valuable historical and statistical facts relating to the navy, little known before to the general public; and in the discussion which followed, the well-known names of Sir Charles Shaw, Admiral Sartorius, Captain Norton, Mr Naamyth, Mr Scott Russell, Mr Ditchburn, Captain Fishbourne, and Sir Charles Napier, were found amongst those who supplied comments or suggestions. Two months afterwards, the *Mechanics Magazine*—which, after thirty-five years of usefulness, has assumed a new form, enlarged dimensions, and increased importance—gave two valuable Admiralty documents, one signed 1850, and another 1856, which had never before seen the light, but which Mr Reed obtained official permission to print. These documents contained the results of a vast number of experiments on screw war-steamers, made during a period of sixteen years, and tabulated with such minuteness as to be invaluable to ship-builders and engine-builders. About this time, Sir Howard Douglas published an important work on steam-warfare; and about this time, too—partly owing to a sort of rivalry between the 'out' and the 'in' Lords of the Admiralty—valuable official returns were ordered and obtained by parliament. It results from all this, that we now know what we have got, and how we obtained it, in the form of a steam-navy. The reader will not be sorry to have the facts plainly set before him.

The first point is this—our sailing war-ships are things of the past; they have done their work, and are gone; their glory is wrapped up with the glory of Nelson and Collingwood, Howe and Jervis. We are building no more of them. Some are rotting; some are used as block-ships or hulks; some are being lengthened and converted into screw-steamers. The shape, the dimensions, the moving-power, the armament, all are being changed, insomuch that, for all warlike purposes, we must now regard the steam-navy as the navy; and all our future hostilities by sea, whether for attack or defence, must be regulated on a steam-engine basis. The next point to notice is, that our success by sea in the great Napoleon wars was due to the skill of our commanders and the pluck of our men—not to the excellence of our ships. The science of naval architecture was more studied on the continent than in England; insomuch that, class for class, foreign war-ships were better than our own. We overloaded our ships with guns, in proportion to the size, and thus injured their fitness for speed and manœuvring. After the wars with France and America, the Admiralty resolved to enlarge our ships, and to make sundry changes in form and adjustment; and these alterations, during a period of forty years, were carried out by three officers who successively filled the post of surveyor to the navy—Sir Robert Soppings, Sir William Symonds, and Sir Baldwin Walker.

One great experiment has been, to determine whether iron is a good material for ships of war. In 1843, after a few minor experiments, the government

began to build iron ships. They built or purchased eighteen such in three years. It has been clearly ascertained that, for merchant-vessels, iron is superior to wood; they may be built lighter and stronger, of greater capacity, of superior speed, of increased durability, and at a less cost both for purchase and repair. But for ships-of-war, there are two fatal objections. One is, that the bottoms of iron ships get rapidly foul; and that a ship-of-war is often engaged for years together in service, far from any facilities for cleaning the hull below water. The other is, that iron hulls are shattered by shot much more injuriously than those of wood; and no contrivance of an elastic lining—of cork, india-rubber, felt, &c.—behind the sheet iron, has sufficed to remove this evil. So important are these defects, that the government in 1850 ceased to build iron war-ships, and none have since been added to our navy.

But now we come to the great improvement, the great reformer of our century—*Steam*. The readers of *Chambers's Journal* do not require to be informed what were the chief facts connected with the rise and progress of steam-navigation; the story has more than once been told, in different forms. What we have here to do, is to shew how steam got into the royal navy. It was in 1815 that Lord Melville ordered an engine to be built for the sloop-of-war *Congo*, to try the paddle as a means of propulsion. Nothing more was done till 1821, when the small steamer *Monkey* was purchased by the Admiralty. Next, the *Comet* was built; and after this, many other paddle-ships of war—some designed by Sir Robert Seppings, some by shipwrights in the dockyards, some by private persons. Sir William Symonds took up this matter in 1832; he built many paddle war-steamers which were severely criticised both by naval officers and by ship-builders. What would have been the present state of the British navy if the screw-propeller had not been invented, it is in vain to conjecture; we have only to deal with facts as we find them. Very early in the history of steam-navigation, the idea occurred to inventors that an Archimedeian Screw might be used instead of paddles; but it was not until 1837 that Captain Ericsson practically tested the matter on the Thames. In 1840, Mr Smith introduced a screw-propeller of such improved form that our merchants at once took the matter up, and began to build commercial steamers with screws instead of paddles. Impelled by public opinion, Symonds took up the matter also, on the part of the government.

It was in 1840, then, that the attention of the Admiralty authorities was first pointedly directed to the use of the screw as a proposed substitute for the paddle. The *Archimedes* of only 237 tons, built by a 'Screw-Propeller Company,' which was at that time in existence, made a voyage round Great Britain so steadily and successfully, that the Admiralty commissioned Captain Chappell and Mr Lloyd to try that vessel against the *Widgeon*, a paddle-wheel Dover mail-steamer of less tonnage and draught, but greater steam-power. Six competitive voyages were made in the Channel. It was found that the speed of the *Archimedes* was slightly inferior to that of the *Widgeon*, in smooth water or light winds; but that against a strong wind, the screw beat the paddle. Moreover, if allowance were made for difference of steam-force, it was proved that—horse-power against horse-power—the screw took the lead, in fair weather as in foul. The *Archimedes* was a noisy little ship; the shafts and gearing rumbled terribly; but this was an evil quite within the range of engineering skill to remedy. The two judges gave this favourable decision—that a screw-steamer can very easily be used either with steam or spils singly, or with both together; that in carrying a press of sail, a screw-steamer would not be so much affected by inclination of position as a paddle-

steamer; that the backing of a screw-steamer is not less easy, and that the steering is more easy, than in a paddle-steamer; and that, in naval warfare, the absence of paddle-boxes would be an immense advantage, in affording room for a broadside battery, and to allow the steamer to come close alongside the enemy for boarding.

This report was so favourable, that the Admiralty ordered the *Rattler* to be built—the first government screw-steamer; the size and power were to be about equal to those of the *Alecto* paddle-steamer, in order that comparisons might more fairly be instituted. Admiralty people travel very slowly when not urged by a 'pressure from without;' and it was not until 1843 that the *Rattler* was ready. Numerous trials were made in that and the two following years. These trials taught many useful facts concerning the most profitable number of turns in the screw, the weight and size of the screw and shaft, &c.; and the *Rattler* stood its ground well against the *Alecto*. The screw-steamer was afterwards put in competition with the *Victoria* and *Albert*, the *Black Eagle*, and the *Vesuvius* paddle-steamers; and when the gallant but unfortunate Sir John Franklin went to the Arctic Seas in July 1845, the *Rattler* towed the *Erebus* and *Terror* to the Orkneys. Three other small screws were built or bought by the Admiralty about the same time—the *Bee*, *Dwarf*, and *Fairy*; while private companies built the *Great Britain* and other commercial screw-steamers on a magnificent scale.

At length, in the autumn of 1845, the Admiralty determined that *England should have a screw-navy*; and we have now had somewhat more than thirteen years' experience of the mode in which that resolution has been carried out. They insisted on two important conditions—that every part of the machinery for a screw war-steamer should be below the water-line, to be out of the way of shot; and that the screw should be so adjusted as to be shipped and unshipped with readiness, in any weather. All the eminent marine engine-builders of England and Scotland were incited to apply their inventive ingenuity and practical skill to this subject. The Admiralty limited the compulsory conditions to a few in number, in order that the engineers might not be shackled in their movements. Our distinguished firms—Mandslay and Field, Miller and Ravenhill, Robert Napier of Glasgow, David Napier of London, Seaward and Capel, Penn of Greenwich, the Rennies, Boulton and Watt—all responded to the appeal, by sending in plans and suggestions. The Admiralty thereupon gave orders for fifteen pair of screw-engines for war-steamers, and four pair for line-of-battle block-ships; taking care that the above-named engineers should all have opportunities of putting their plans in execution. A block-ship is a sturdy clumsy fabric, suited to defend a harbour, but not swift enough to run out and have a sea-fight; the screw, however, gave to these four block-ships such mobile power that they became available at sea. One of the new screws, the *Niger*, was built in the same lines as the *Basilisk* paddle-steamer, to try their merits; and the result was such as to encourage the Admiralty in the new path marked out. It became more and more apparent that, in addition to its other excellences, the screw would be an auxiliary to sailing ships, and might also be used to facilitate manœuvring or quick movements. Large and small together, there were 45 government screw-steamers ordered between 1840 and 1848, varying from 48 tons (the little *Bee*) to 2384 tons (the *Sanspareil*), from 5 to 780 horse-power, from 63 to 246 feet in length. The engines were of various kinds, according to the plans of the several makers—beam, trunk, vertical, vertical oscillating, horizontal, horizontal trunk, horizontal oscillating, locomotive high-pressure, disc, and rotary. Most of the makers

lost money by these undertakings, but they gained experience which became profitable to them and to the country in after-years.

All the 45 screw-steamers above adverted to were subjected to trials, the results of which were scrupulously tabulated; but such has been the 'red-tapism' of the Admiralty, that our men of science and engineers have applied in vain for a publication of those results, until the 19th of February in the present year, when the public, for the first time, were admitted into the knowledge of experiments commenced no less than *nineteen years* ago, and paid for out of the public money.

The screw now reigned triumphant. Between 1848 and 1856 such screw-steamers were ordered to be built as shewed conclusively the estimation in which they were held. An Admiralty paper was drawn up in May 1850, recording the results of all the earlier constructions and trials; and another, in August 1856, brought down the details to the spring of the last-named year. The advance had been prodigious. The second list contained the names of 91 screw-steamers—some of them ships of such size as had never before floated on the bosom of the ocean. There was the *Duke of Wellington*, of 3759 tons and 131 guns; there was the *Marlborough*, of the same number of guns, but greater tonnage; there was the *Royal Albert*, also of 131 guns; there was the *Agamemnon*, of 91 guns, which Admiral Lyons handled during the Crimean war almost as freely as if it had been a pleasure-yacht; there were the *Albion*, the *Colossus*, the *Conqueror*, the *Exmouth*, the *Hannibal*, the *Orion*, the *Princess Royal*, the *St Jean d'Acre*, the late lamented Captain Sir William Peel's *Shannon*—all magnificent ships, and some of them carrying such armaments as Nelson never dreamed of in his day. These screw war-ships were built at the government dockyards; but the engines came from the factories of the engineers before named, and from those of Scott Russell and one or two others. The greatest speed recorded in the tables is that of the little *Fairy*, a steamer built for other purposes than fighting; but the greatest speed of the majority of the large war screw-steamers does not fall far below 11 knots an hour. The greatest horse-power is not in the largest ship; it is in the *Conqueror*, whose horizontal trunk-engines, made by Penn and Son, have nominal 800 and indicated 2812 horse-power—a tremendous moving force, which must require a vast consumption of coal.

While this was doing, and in the later years to the present time, France has not been idle. An ordonnance of 1846 named 40 as the maximum number of ships-of-the-line; but another in 1851 raised the proposed number to 45—all with steam-power. It was further resolved, in 1851, that there should be 20 steam-frigates à grande vitesse, 20 more with steam as an auxiliary to sails, 20 steam-transports, 50 steam-corvettes, and 80 steamers of smaller character. Most of these recommendations have been carried out; and France certainly possesses a fine steam-navy. One of her steam-transports, the *Calvados*, launched in 1858, can carry 2500 men, 150 horses, and 1200 tons of stores, at one time. Russia, too, has been making great exertions to collect a steam-navy. Her losses were immense during the war of 1854-5-6; but she has since worked hard, and has now fine fleets of war-steamers in various waters. The United States have made progress, not so much in the number of war-steamers, as in the vast size of the guns forming the armaments.

But let us revert to our subject, the screw-navy of England.

We said in an earlier paragraph that some of the recent publications on this subject were probably due to the unwillingness of this or that minister to bear more than his own proper share of blame (if blame

were needed) for delay in bringing up the navy to a due state of completeness. Be this as it may, the late First Lord of the Admiralty, soon after the commencement of the present session of parliament, moved for a return of the number of steam-ships added to the British navy in each year from 1848 to 1858; and for the whole number of steam-ships actually afloat, building, or converting, on the 1st of January 1859. This return has since been produced, and forms one among the recent valuable sources of information on the subject. From this it appears that the steam components of the royal navy were added in the following numbers, in the years named: 4 in 1848; 10 in 1849; 6 in 1850; 6 in 1851; 5 in 1852; 9 in 1853; 49 in 1854; 87 in 1855; 148 in 1856; 15 in 1857; and 15 in 1858—or 354 in all. This certainly does not look like idleness. Of course, the great preponderance in 1854 and the two following years arose out of the Russian war, when steam-gun-boats and gun-vessels were added so rapidly to the navy, to the number of 168. The other return gives us an exact enumeration of all our royal steamers on the first day of the present year, including screws and paddles, and including also those which are now being built, and those sailing-ships which are now being lengthened and converted. The grand total is 463. It will suffice to shew how signally the screw has assumed the leadership; that of this number, 351 are screw-steamers, and only 112 paddles. The list comprises 49 ships of the line, 24 frigates, 9 block-ships, 82 corvettes and sloops, and 4 mortar-ships; the rest being made up of small vessels, gun-vessels, gun-boats, floating-batteries, tenders, dispatch-boats, troop-ships, store-ships, and yachts. No less than 6 of our old line-of-battle sailing-ships are at the present moment being converted into screw-steamers, as well as 6 of the old frigates. Not one ship-of-the-line, block-ship, mortar-ship, gun-vessel, gun-boat, or floating-battery, has paddles, all are screws; the paddle-steamers, with the exception of 9 frigates, built many years ago, mostly take rank among the corvettes, sloops, and tenders. The actual number of line-of-battle screws is 33, there being 10 others building, and 6 converting, to make up the 49. As for our sailing ships-of-war, no one now cares what is their number; the strength of our navy is practically measured by steam.

Now, what is the bearing of all this on the rumours and alarms? It may be thus stated—that if England were suddenly and without notice attacked by all the power which France could bring, it would cost us some trouble to beat off our assailants, because the British navy, having to defend so many colonies and foreign possessions, is rather scantily stationed on our own coasts. We want a few more ships, and a good many more men, to complete a Channel fleet ready for any exigencies; this done, we may safely resume the calmness of conscious strength, though not the indolence of overweening security. How far any foreign ruler, whether despot or otherwise, is likely to be so reckless as to make an irreconcilable enemy of England by sudden invasion, is a political question which each newspaper reader must decide for himself; but, at any rate, it is certain that England was not invaded when weakest—when the flower of her army was away fighting against rebels in India in 1857 and 1858. It is satisfactory to find that our greatest living authority on these subjects, General Sir Howard Douglas, sees no cause for doubt or uneasiness concerning the steady maintenance of British supremacy on the seas. In his new work, *On Naval Warfare with Steam*, he proceeds on this assumption—that whatever foreign nations can do in or with ships, England can do as well, if not better. He admits, and even urges as the main purpose of his writing, that we are now at the commencement of a new era in naval warfare, which will necessarily modify, if not overturn, the present

tactics of war on the ocean. Steam is doing this; and we must bend to the mighty powers of steam. But let us, he says, only give fair-play to our own capabilities, and the ball will still remain in our own hands. In this he differs from certain French writers, who have argued that steam-warfare would necessarily bring down the superiority of Britain *relatively* to other countries. They say that when steam supercedes sails, the old skill and daring of the historic 'British tar' would have less scope to shew themselves, and war on the ocean would assume much of that sort of military precision in which continental nations are so well versed. This to some extent may be true; but Sir Howard disputes the conclusion. He asks: 'Is it likely that our nautical science and mechanical skill will remain stationary, while those of other nations go on improving?' He asserts that our seamen, at the present moment, know more about steam-ships and their characteristics, than the seamen of any other nation; that they continue to be diligently trained in all that relates to naval tactics with wind or steam; that our naval officers are prepared to avail themselves of every improvement that science and practice can suggest for the augmentation of their professional attainments; that our sailors have mostly acquired practice in the mercantile marine before entering the royal navy; that they are thus, almost of necessity, more efficient than the seamen in continental navies, who are taken by conscription from towns or fields, with little opportunity for that intermediate training; that the machinery for British steamers is the best that exists; that British enginemen are so much sought and relied on, that they are found in the mercantile navies of all foreign countries; and that no reason can be given why the skill of our seamen and engineers should be stationary, or not keep pace with their increasing opportunities for improvement. So far from ignoring what France, Russia, and America are doing in these matters, Sir Howard draws particular attention to it; but he does so only that we may be on the alert, and avail ourselves of all the scientific improvements of the age. This done, 'it may be safely affirmed,' he says, 'that the advantages which Great Britain has so long enjoyed in her maritime superiority, will rather be increased than lessened under the new and as yet untried power of motion; and it may reasonably be supposed that other nations will continue to follow rather than lead us in the career of nautical warfare.'

VISITS OF THE PLAGUE IN OLD TIMES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

We do not hear so much of physicians in connection with the plague, as of a set of inferior officials called *Cloggers*, whose business it was to establish and execute all the various sanitary regulations held necessary in the case. There were professional cloggers in all towns of any consideration; and when the pest declared itself in any village or country place, a clogger was sent to attend to it, at the expense of the place affected. For example, on the pest falling forth in 1606, in the valley of the Dee, cases having occurred in the house of Mr Thomas Burnet, minister of Strath-auchan, and in that of John Burnet of S'oway—two places divided by the river, but both on the great line of road leading from the south to the north of Scotland—the country gentlemen met to devise measures for the protection of the public health. One of their expedients was to send to Dundee for two cloggers, for whose payment we find them entering into a bond to that burgh to the extent of five hundred merks, a sum equal to nearly twenty-eight pounds sterling. In 1635, the pest having been introduced by a mercantile

vessel into the little port of Cramond, on the Firth of Forth, two cloggers went thither from New-haven to take all needful measures with sick and hale. The village was completely secluded; all access and all egress alike forbidden. The people, thrown out of their usual employments, were reduced to starvation, and it was not till their sufferings had lasted three months, that the ban of non-intercourse was removed. On this occasion, a strict order was issued to prevent the landing of people out of ships from Holland, or any intercourse with such vessels as might come into the Firth of Forth. The wife of Thomas Anderson, skipper, having gone on board her husband's vessel, and remained there some time, after which she returned to her house in Leith, an order was given that she should remain within doors. One Francis Vanhoche, of Middleburg, had embarked in a ship bound for Scotland, in order to settle his accounts for lead ore; he had been detained by contrary winds, and then landed at Hull, whence he proceeded to Edinburgh, and took up his quarters with Gilbert Fraser, a merchant-burgess of the city. To the surprise of Francis, he was shut up in the house as a dangerous person, and not liberated till the Laird of Jamington engaged to take him immediately off to Leadhills, where he had business to attend to. As to Cramond, it may be remarked that it is the place where we have the last authentic accounts of the plague occurring in Scotland. In fields within the parish there are four graves of persons who died of the plague, two of them marked with tombstones, on one of which is inscribed the date November 1647.

The pestilence of 1606 was an exceedingly severe one. It spread rapidly over the kingdom, and we are told that neither burgh nor land was free. The towns of Ayr and Stirling were almost desolated. The lord-chancellor, writing to the king in October, says: 'This calamity hinders all meetings of Council, and all public functions for ministration of justice and maintenance of good rule and government, except sic as we tak at starts, with some few, at Edinburgh, or in sic other place for a day, to keep some countenance of order.' The unconforming clergy then imprisoned at Blackness wrote a petition for mercy to the king (August 23), in which they describe the state of the country under its present affliction. They speak of 'the destroying angel hewing down day and night continually, in sic a number in some of our congregations, that the like thereof has not been heard many years before.' They add: 'What is most lamentable, they live and die comfortless under the fearful judgment, filling the heaven and the earth with their sighs, sobs, and cries of their distressed souls, for being deprived not only of all outward comforts (whilk were great also), but also of all inward consolation, through the want of the ordinary means of their peace and life, to wit, the preaching of the Word of our ministry.'

Two years later, Dundee had a visit of the pest exclusively to itself, and was so sorely afflicted, that, one of the magistrates being dead, and another ill, and the whole town in a state of disorganisation, it was necessary for the Privy Council to commission three citizens to act as bailies.

It is to be remarked that a visit of the pestilence to a town led to other evils, in consequence of the stoppage it put to business and to work, and its cutting off supplies of articles needful for the support of life. We hear of Dumfries, in the beginning of winter 1598, being, through a late visit of the pest, utterly prostrated, its markets decayed, and the surviving inhabitants on the borders of starvation. One would suppose that, in these circumstances, the Christian sympathy of its more fortunate neighbours would have dictated the taking of some measures for its relief; but nothing of the kind seems to have been either

offered or expected. Something rather to the contrary is found to have taken place. Two of the burghesses unsuspected of infection were sent out from the distressed town into Galloway, with money to purchase cattle. Coming to the burgh of Wigton, they were civilly received by the magistrates, who let them know that they were welcome to purchase cattle, provided they paid for them, and satisfied the town as to its customs. Thus sanctioned, the Dumfries emissaries went into the country and bought thirty-eight nolt, which they began to drive towards Dumfries, looking for no interruption or impediment. At Monygaff, on the Water of Cree, they were met by a large armed party under the command of Patrick Ahannay, provost of Wigton, and John Edgar and Archibald Tailfer, bailies, who laid violent hands upon them, and carried them and their cattle to Wigton. We do not learn what was the motive of this conduct, but may reasonably surmise it was some claim in the way of custom which the Dumfriessians had failed to satisfy. At Wigton the cattle were detained eight days, getting gradually leaner for want of food, till at last they were 'extreme lean;' and it was not till their owners had paid a hundred merks, that they were allowed to proceed with the bees to the starving burgh of Dumfries.

The distresses thus collaterally connected with the plague are illustrated by a story resting only on tradition, but which is so universally told in Scotland, that we may well believe it to be in the main true. It is brought forward here in the narrative of a popular work,* as localised at Dundee, but it is assigned to other places:

'In the woodlands, the black nude slug (*Limax ater*) is a huge voracious creature, herbivorous, feeding on tender plants; fruits, as strawberries, apples; and even turnips and mushrooms; appearing morning and evening, or after rain; suffering severely in its concealment in long droughts, and remaining torpid in winter. In the town of Dundee there exists a strange traditional story of the plague, connected with the conversion, from dire necessity, of the *Arion ater*, or black slug, to a use similar to that which the luxurious Romans are said to have made of the great apple-snail. Two young and blooming maidens lived together at that dread time, like Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, in a remote cottage on the steep (indeed almost perpendicular) ascent of the Bonnetmaker's Hill. Deprived of friends or support by the pestilence that walked at noonday, they still retained their good looks and healthful aspect, even when the famine had succeeded to the plague. The jaundiced eyes of the famine-wasted wretches around them were instantly turned towards the poor girls, who appeared to thrive so well while others were famishing. They were unhesitatingly accused of witchcraft, and had nearly fallen a prey to that terrible charge; for betwixt themselves they had sworn never to tell in words by what means they were supported, ashamed as they felt of the resource to which they had been driven; and resolved, if possible, to escape the anticipated derision of their neighbours on its disclosure. It was only when about to be dragged before their stern inquisitors, that one of the girls, drawing aside the covering of a great barrel which stood in a corner of their domicile, discovered without violating her oath, that the youthful pair had been driven to the desperate necessity of collecting and preserving for food large quantities of these *Limacina*, which they ultimately acknowledged to have proved to them generous, and even agreeable sustenance. The explanation sufficed; the young women escaped with their lives, and were even applauded for their prudence.'

Of the dread with which the pest was beheld in

those old times, we can now form but a faint idea. We may get some little help in imagining what it was, from an anecdote which lets us into private family life in the seventeenth century. Thomas Stewart, a boy, the son of Sir James Stewart, an eminent Edinburgh citizen, was on intimate terms with James Denham, a merchant-apprentice, the son of Denham of Westshiel, in Lanarkshire. It was in 1645, when the pestilence was hovering about the city, but had not yet strongly declared itself. According to the narrative of a descendant of Stewart, the two youths were one evening at a tavern, where they had received change of some money. Next day, that house was shut up as infected with the plague. This created a strong alarm in Sir James Stewart's house. 'James Denham was sent for, and both were strictly examined as to every circumstance. Thomas had received the money in change, and so frightened were all, that none would touch the pocket in which the money was, but at a distance; and after the pocket was cut out, it was with tongs cast in a fire, and both lads were shut up in a bed-chamber, sequestered from all company, and had victuals at proper times handed into them. While they thus stood their quarantine, by strength of imagination or power of fancy, some fiery spots broke out on their arms and thighs, and they imagined no less than unavoidable death. They mutually lamented. Thomas had more courage and Christian resignation than his companion. "James," said he, "let us trust in God and in the family prayers, for Jesus' sake, who, as he cures the plague of the heart, can, if we are infected, cure the most noisome disease of the body." They both went to their knees, and joined in most solemn prayer, had much spiritual comfort, and in a fortnight were set at liberty, and the family retired to the country.'

Our forefathers suffered as much from famine as from pestilence; and indeed these two calamities were remarkably connected with each other. We have seen scarcities in our own time; and some elderly people can remember one or two years at the close of the last century, when dearth produced a sharp and very general suffering in the land. But all modern experiences of this calamity appear to have been gentle in comparison with the famines of old times. It was not, of course, that the arrangements of providence were different in those times from what they are now. There does not appear to have been at that time any larger proportion of unfruitful seasons than what we are visited with. But the arrangements of men were much less calculated to save them from the consequences of a failure of the crops. They acted under a total ignorance of the first principles of political economy; and somehow we always find that ignorance leads to mischief. The master-evil of their situation was that they had to depend for the necessities of life almost wholly upon what they could themselves raise within their own bounds. When their own crops failed, they had no such commercial connections with other countries as might have led to their getting ready supplies from without. They had not, as a rule, either money or goods to send; and though upon occasion they might provide means to purchase supplies, these were not always sure to be had when wanted, other countries not being prepared by any regularity of demand for such a trade. The mere rudeness of things in Scotland did not alone operate here. The government, ignorant even when it meant well, interfered with orders about trade, both in corn and other articles, which had a great effect in impeding a free and mutually beneficial interchange of products. It discouraged the export of our own produce, because that raised prices to the home-consumer; and it discouraged a steady inflow of needful things from abroad, because

* *Land and Water.* By W. Wallace Fyfe.

that, according to their ideas, caused money to be sent out of the country. Consequently, when a scarcity occurred in Scotland, we had little external help to look for. All that the government could do was to issue orders for grain being brought to market, with threats of severe punishment to all who kept it up for higher prices, as well as to all who should presume to buy it up before it came to market, these being called by the generally odious names of *regraters* and *forestallers*. In reality, as is now well understood, these operations of commerce are useful to the community, because they tend to spread consumption equally over the whole time of the scarcity, instead of allowing an over-expenditure at first, with the consequence of making greater scarcity afterwards. But this philosophy was not then understood, and accordingly the holder neither got his fair price, nor was the consumption properly regulated. One fatal result was, that there was the reverse of an encouragement to farmers or landlords to extend the productiveness of their lands, or to keep over any considerable reserve. In fact, by such laws as these, the government simply plundered a particular section of the community for the supposed benefit of the rest; and we all know that where men are not allowed a hope of enjoying the fruits of their own industry, they will be very indifferent about being industrious. The people at large merely prepared future starvation for themselves by interfering, when any scarcity occurred, with the fair course of commerce, and refusing to give the prices which the ratio of supply and demand justified.

Keeping these general observations in view, we need not be surprised that our ancestors suffered much more from famine than modern generations do, and, by natural consequence, were also more severely visited with pestilential disease. A few instances of the two calamities occurring in a connection of time may here be adduced.

In the beginning of 1568, Scotland was visited with 'exceeding dearth of corns, in respect of the penury thereof in the land, and that beforehand a great quantity thereof was transported to other kingdoms.' Exceeding scarcity at the same time prevailed in England, attributed by Holinshed to the singular dryness of the preceding summer, which had parched up the herbage and corn, and led to an extensive mortality among sheep and cattle. This chronicler states, as a remarkable fact, that hay came to be sold by weight, a stone costing fivepence. A pestilence followed, and, as already mentioned, Edinburgh alone lost two thousand five hundred of her inhabitants. A physician, named Gilbert Skeyne, published in Edinburgh, on this occasion, a small tract, from which we learn that he attributed the ailment to putrescent matter, extreme humidity of the air, and the 'great dearth of victual, whereby men are constrained to eat evil and corrupt meats.' He remarks that 'we daily see the puir mair subject to sic calamity than the potent;' but lets us know that the former met with but indifferent consideration from those in better circumstances. 'Every ane,' he says, 'is become detestable to other, and specially the puir in the sight of the rich, as gif they were not equal with them touching their creation.' Indeed, he says he was partly moved to publish his little book, 'seeing the puir in Christ inlaik [that is, perish] withoutt assistance of support in body, all men detestand aspection, speech, or communication with them.'

The winter of 1572-3 was a severe one, owing to the prevalence of north and east winds, and the spring of 1573 was late; it seems to have been a season much like the memorable one of 1854-5. There was consequently a deficient crop in both Scotland and England, and wheat rose to seven-

shillings a bushel. The common sort of people everywhere suffered severely. The harvest of 1574 was sufficiently good to bring down wheat to its customary price of three shillings a bushel; but the plague nevertheless existed in England this year, and in October it appeared in Edinburgh. We find the kirk appointing a fast in December, 'foreseeing the great apparent plague and scourge of the pest, hinging universally upon the hail realm;' this fast to last for eight days, during which the people were to live upon 'bread and drink with all kind of sobriety.' We do not, however, learn anywhere that the pest, on this occasion, was attended with a great mortality.

The crop of 1586 was a wretched one, and so early as January 1586-7, we find Elizabeth issuing a proclamation in anticipation of a dearth. There was in Scotland in 1587 'a great scant and dearth,' with 'a great death of people from hunger.' On this occasion, we have a very characteristic instance of that kind of interference of government with commerce which used to produce such unfortunate results. In June, King James wrote to his ambassadors in Denmark, regarding a multitude of Scottish ships which had gone to Danzig for grain, designing to carry it to certain foreign ports for a profit: he commands that the *tollender* at Elsinore shall not *custom* these vessels till the skippers come under an obligation to bring their grain to Scotland, 'for relief of the puir and supply of the dearth and scarcity.'

In autumn, the pest made its appearance in Leith, by reason, we are told, of the 'opening up of some old kists.' It entered Edinburgh at the beginning of November, and struck great terror into the country generally. At Perth, there was a fast of eight days; in other places, daily prayers. It lasted in Edinburgh and Leith till Candlemas, but from the silence of our authorities, it does not appear that the mortality was great.

The harvest of 1595 having been destroyed in Scotland by rains, there was a dearth from the latter part of the year. 'There was sic famine in this country,' says the diarist Birrel, 'the like was never heard tell of in any age before, nor never read of since the world was made.' It lasted all through the year 1596. In October and November, wheat and malt were at L.10 a boll. 'Through all the harvest quarter of the year, oatmeal gave aught, nine, and ten pound the boll; and in the south and west parts of the country many died.' James Melville informs us that, partly with a view to averting the calamity of famine, there was a renewal of the Covenant, with fasting and humiliation, in St Andrews presbytery in May; and 'after that exercise there wanted not a remarkable effect.' 'God extraordinarily providit for Scotland victuals out of all other countries in sic store and abundance as was never seen in this land before.' We learn from another source* that, between 1st July and 7th August, sixty-six ships arrived in Leith harbour, laden with grain. The price of grain consequently suffered an abatement; but it rose again, and continued to be at a very high rate till the ensuing summer—oatmeal being at 13s. 4d. a peck in July 1597.

How far England suffered from dearth of victuals on this occasion, I have not learned. In this respect, however, the fate of the two countries was generally alike.

The year 1597 was a notable plague-year in England, 17,890 persons being carried off in London. The pestilence was in the county of Durham in May,† and it soon after appeared in Edinburgh, where a fast with humiliation was held from the 7th of August till the end of harvest, 'at which time the pest ceased.' The disease cannot be said to have been very deadly on this occasion in Scotland. Still,

* Birrel's *Diary*.

† Richardson's *Borderers's Table-book*.

its occurring towards the close of a dearth of about eighteen months, is remarkable. It is also worthy of note that the harvest of 1597 was unusually abundant. Coming in the face of a time of abundance, we can see a natural cause, under Providence, for its being checked.

The harvest of 1621 being miserably deficient in Scotland, there followed of course a great famine and even a scarcity of seed-corn for the ensuing year. There was also a deficiency of fuel. A chronicler says: 'Every one was careful to ease himself of such persons as he might spare, and to live as retiredly as possibly he might. Pitiful was the lamentation not only of vaiging [wandering] beggars, but also of honest persons.*' This famine continued in 1623, when it is noted that many poor people died of hunger. Destitute persons came to Edinburgh for succour, and perished for want in the streets.

In the next year, 1624, occurred a pest, so virulent in Edinburgh, that the Court of Session was prevented from sitting down for business at the usual time. There was by this time, however, a general improvement in the condition of the people, as compared with sixty years before; and there was little in the political circumstances of the period to create uneasiness or depression of the public mind. It is therefore not surprising that the mortality was less than on some former occasions. It may be remarked that London was visited by the plague in the ensuing year (1625), with such severity as to cause parliament to be adjourned.

The next fourteen years, being the first fourteen of the reign of Charles I., were not marked by any bad seasons, and it was a time of progress and prosperity in the country generally, little foreboding the unhappy period of civil broil which followed, in consequence of the king's most unfortunate tamperings with our national religious institutions. It is not therefore surprising that the public health seems to have been well sustained during that period. But in 1637 began anxiety and turmoil about ecclesiastical arrangements, and tranquillity was not restored till our country was wholly subjugated by Cromwell in 1651. The winter of 1642-3 was one of dearth, and the scarcity of food increased during the ensuing summer. A large army was mustered and sent into England for the purpose of establishing presbytery there. It was a time of great domestic sacrifices, severe taxation, and constant preaching and fasting, with a sad want of all that tends innocently to cheer the spirit of man. It was in these predisposing circumstances that we had our last grand visit of the plague, as has been already related. On this occasion, it reigned longer in Glasgow than in any other considerable town, not dying out there till October 1647. The general bearing of this double range of facts will be readily apprehended as indicating that destitution naturally leads to pestilential fever.

It would be of little service to relate these particulars of the sufferings of our ancestors by famine and pestilence, if we could not draw from them some general practical lessons for the guidance of living men.

We know that the Scottish people of old times were an earnest, religious people, with all those elements of the industrial character which have since come to a comparative maturity and obtained them a tolerably fair share of respect in the society of nations. They were, however, wholly ignorant of the laws of nature; they did not even know that such matters as scarcity and pestilence depended on natural laws; neither were they aware that our Creator has implanted principles in the human mind on which may be founded just rules for the commerce of nations, calculated to favour and advance the interests of all,

and to form a protection against the worst evils of a failure of the fruits of the earth in any particular country. They consequently did not see any necessity for keeping their persons, their houses, and their neighbourhoods in that cleanliness which is required for health; they saw no reason for taking those measures by which we can now so greatly affect the productiveness of the soil, and shelter and protect its products; they did not even dream that a free liberal commerce amongst nations is calculated to be an effectual safeguard against local scarcity, seeing that it everywhere encourages production, and makes sure that what one country wants at any time, another can supply. On another point, they were wanting. From that very religious earnestness which is usually mentioned so much to their praise, they viewed all the arrangements of providence with very sombre feelings. Every adverse thing they sought to improve as a reason for greater and greater self-humiliation. Even when a better harvest came after a scarcity, and a thanksgiving was ordained for it, they were called on not to rejoice, but to mourn—to mourn for the shortcomings which had brought such judgments upon them, and try by thorough humiliation to avert further calamity. It was well meant; but this gloomy view of things was just the condition of mind most likely to lay them open to the invasion of fresh disease and suffering.

Now, the present generation has science to aid it in tracing those laws of the Creator by which the products of the earth are improved and protected, and also those on which the physical health of individuals depends. Many of us have come to fully know that, with cleanliness, a sufficiency of clothing, simple food, and pure air, the great requisites for health are secured; also that innocent cheerfulness, while not necessarily connected with a reprehensible levity, is one of the strongest sanative powers—the powers which enable us to resist disease. It is also beginning to be generally acknowledged that selfishness in our relations to foreign states is the reverse of a guard to our best secular interests, is, on the contrary, a condemnation of ourselves to poverty, and an exposure of ourselves to the full brunt of every failure of seasons which may happen within our borders. Were all these things universally known, and all reduced to practice, our present earthly condition would certainly be much improved—and not this only, for when the physical state is bettered, the minds of men, as a rule, are opened to moral improvements also. They are as yet but partially known and practised; but the knowledge and practice are extending. Let them be further, and as far as possible, extended. Let every person in this great country endeavour to have some understanding of it, and impart what he knows to others. Let the laws of health and the laws of social economy be everywhere treated with reverence, as the arrangements established by the Divine Author of the universe for the benefit of his creatures, and which we have only to know and to conform to in order to realise the blessings He designs for us. So shall we see peace, and happiness, and true reverence extended over the earth and over all orders of men, superseding the grossness and the ignorance of the past, and all the evils which flowed therefrom.

THE BABY SINGER.

It is the fashion to decry little poets and to despise the little songs they sing; and although we are not without our suspicions that the fashion has been set by little minds, since

The Daisy we love, though the summer has Roses,
And Swallows may twitter though Nightingales sing,
we are not going just now to oppose ourselves to it.

* Calderwood's Church History.

We would venture, however, to remind critics of the 'slashing' and 'ripping' schools, that it is, at all events, not necessary to snub a poet who confines himself to little subjects—inasmuch as a Fieldmouse disturbed by the ploughshare has, in fit hands, been probably the cause of awakening more human pity than the dethronement of any monarch.

Welcome, then, to Mr Bennett, the Baby Singer, whom, at least, the Infant World acknowledge to be the true Laureate. This gentleman has harnessed his Pegasus to many a subject, political, humorous, and classical, and the divine animal has acquitted himself more than respectably in all; but in the Perambulator, in the Go-cart, in the conveyances, in short, which are patronised by the extreme youth of all ranks, its performances have been really unrivalled.

Mr Gerald Massey's *Babe Christabel* has received due honour in these pages before now, and we are well known to appreciate its beauties; but there is, nevertheless, a certain super-celestial air about that young lady which *Paterfamilias*, at all events, shakes his head at, and declines to accept, as consonant with his experience.

In Mr Bennett's descriptions, on the other hand, we seem to hear the very jerk of the cradle breaking the sweet monotony of the mother's song.

Lullaby! O lullaby!
 Baby, hush that little cry!
 Light is dying,
 Bats are flying—
 Bees to-day with work have done;
 So, till comes the morrow's sun,
 Let sleep kiss those bright eyes dry!
 Lullaby! O lullaby!

Lullaby! O lullaby!
 Hushed are all things far and nigh;
 Flowers are closing,
 Birds reposing,
 All sweet things with life have done.
 Sweet, till dawns the morning sun,
 Sleep then kiss those blue eyes dry!
 Lullaby! O lullaby!

In the new volume before us* there are several excellent songs—those which have little children for their subject, as usual, the best—but there is none which quite comes up to our old favourite, *Baby May*. Perhaps some of our readers may be even yet unacquainted with that lyric of the nursery, in which case, we could scarcely do them a pleasanter piece of service than by extracting it. It is a poem with which every woman, and every man with a heart within him, is charmed at the first reading, quite apart from its perfectness as a work of art. It bears criticism, indeed, of the strictest kind; but just as their 'mother's grave' bears the sons who come to 'peep and botanise' upon it. Critics are warned off the premises as trespassers. 'All the place is holy ground; hollow smile and frozen sneer' have no business there. Look at the child!

Cheeks as soft as July peaches—
 Lips whose velvet scarlet teaches
 Poppies paleness—round large eyes
 Ever great with new surprise—
 Minutes filled with shadeless gladness—
 Minutes just as brimmed with sadness—
 Happy smiles and wailing cries,
 Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
 Lights and shadows, swifter born
 Than on the dewy autumn corn,
 Ever some new tiny notion,
 Making every limb all motion,

Catchings up of legs and arms,
 Throwings back and small alarms,
 Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
 Twining feet whose each toe works,
 Kickings up and straining risings,
 Mother's ever-new surprisings,
 Hands all wants and looks all wonder
 At all things the heavens under,
 Tiny scorns of smiled reproving
 That have more of love than lovings,
 Mischiefs done with such a winning
 Archness that we prize such sinning,
 Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
 Graspings small at all that passes,
 Pullings off of all that's able
 To be caught from tray or table,
 Silences—small meditations
 Deep as thoughts of cares for nations
 Breaking into wisest speechless
 In a tongue that nothing teaches,
 All the thoughts of whose possessing
 Must be wooed to light by guessing,
 Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
 That we'd ever have such dreamings,
 Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
 And we'd always have thee waking,
 Wealth for which we know no measure,
 Pleasure high above all pleasure,
 Gladness brimming over gladness,
 Joy in care—delight in sadness,
 Loveliness beyond completeness,
 Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
 Beauty all that beauty may be,
 That's May Bennett—that's my baby.

What naturalness of paternal pride there is in that last line! How easy it is for a father to detect that *Baby May* must have been the author's *First*. Mr Bennett might surely be got to do the 'On the Birth of a Royal Infant' department of Mr Tennyson's office, for half the sack, or—as we almost fancy would suit him better—for a portion of what royal caudle chanced to be going upon the interesting occasion. The great author of *The Princess* is not good at describing Babies.

She felt it sound and whole from head to foot,
 And hugged and never hugged it close enough,
 And in her hunger mouthed and mumbled it,

is a perfect picture of a mother's joy upon her recovery of her lost infant, but the babe itself (*it!*) is dismissed with a single epithet, and that not a highly characteristic one—'soft.' It is fair to add, however, that when the Laureate wrote that poem he was a bachelor, and might, therefore, have shared the belief of that inexperienced race, that whatsoever toucheth a baby, maketh a hole in the same.

Who but a real poet could have made such a subject as the following—which seems to belong, by rights, to the 'Liliputian Warehouse' in High Holborn or elsewhere—awaken thoughts at least deep enough for tears?

BABY'S SHOES.

O those little, those little blue shoes!
 Those shoes that no little feet use!
 O the price were high
 That those shoes would buy,
 Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
 That no more their mother's eyes meet;
 That, by God's good-will,
 Years since grew still,
 And ceased from their totter so sweet!

And oh, since that baby slept,
 So hushed! how the mother has kept,

* Songs by a Song-writer. By W. C. Bennett. Chapman and Hall. 1859.

With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor,
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees,
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair,
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start.

Such pathos is, unhappily, the staple of most songs composed upon babies. As frail as fair, they often bless us with their presence but for a little, and then depart, as though their angels could not spare them longer out of heaven. What slightest records of them then become to one pair of human hearts, or to the mother's heart, at least, 'dread memories for years!' What priceless value does the awful Appraiser, Death, set upon things which were next to valueless before his coming! The picture which was as nought to us while we possessed the living reality, is become a sacred treasure, and preserved in the innermost sanctuary at home.

THE LOCKET.

O casket of dear fancies—
O little case of gold—
What rarest wealth of memories
Thy tiny round will hold:
With this first curl of baby's
In thy small charge will live
All thoughts that all her little life
To memory can give.

O prize its silken softness,
Within its amber round
What worlds of sweet remembrings
Will still by us be found;
The weak shrill cry so blessing
The curtained room of pain,
With every since-felt feeling
To us 'twill bring again.

'Twill mind us of her lying
In rest soft-pillowed deep,
While, hands the candle shading,
We stole upon her sleep—
Of many a blessed moment
Her little rest above
We hung in marvelling stillness—
In ecstasy of love.

'Twill mind us, radiant sunshine
For all our shadowed days,
Of all her baby wonderings,
Of all her little ways,
Of all her tiny shoutings,
Of all her starts and fears,
• And sudden mirths out-gleaming
Through eyes yet hung with tears.

There's not a care—a watching—
A hope—a laugh—a fear
Of all her little bringing
But we shall find it here;

Then tiny golden warden,
O safely ever hold
This glossy silken memory,
This little-curl of gold.

Thus far it will be owned this Laureate of Liliput, this Troubadour of the Bassinet, has borrowed of no brother of his craft; that his lyrics have been original as they have been natural and tender; but before we have done with him, it is but fair to shew how he can hold his own, when entering the lists with some of our older poets. He does not expend his energies, indeed, as some of them did, upon Inscriptions for a Grotto, or Lines upon a Crystal Spring; but the form, intention, and even metre of his lines are identical with many of theirs who have lived thus long, and are even now admired, with a not greater right, as we believe, to the laurel-crown than has Mr Bennett.

Have Waller or Shenstone ever written, in the same manner, anything more admirable than these two *Epitaphs for Infants*?

I.

On this little grassy mound
Never be the dandel found;
Ne'er be venom'd nettle seen
On this little heap of green;
For the little lost one here
Was too sweet for aught of fear,
Aught of harm to harbour nigh
This green spot where she must lie;
So be nought but sweetness found
On this little grassy mound.

II.

Here the gusts of wild March blow
But in murmurs faint and low;
Ever here, when Spring is green,
Be the brightest verdure seen—
And when June's in field and glade,
Here be ever freshest shade;
Here hued Autumn latest stay,
Latest call the flowers away;
And when Winter's shrilling by,
Here its snows the warmest lie;
For a little life is here,
Hid in earth, for ever dear,
And this grassy heap above
Sorrow broods and weeping love.

A SPANISH NOVELIST.

Visions of the immortal knight and squire of La Mancha are conjured up by these words; for, with a few trifling exceptions, Cervantes, until the last few years, has been the novelist of Spain. And is he not so still? the reader may ask. What rival of the chronicler of Dulcinea del Toboso has appeared amid the cork-tree forests and the bright sierras of that sunny land? Not a rival, any more than our Dickens and Thackeray are the rivals of our never-dying Scott. But a novelist, a powerful painter of national manners and customs, has of late arisen in Spain, and, under the pseudonym of Fernan Caballero, has published several very remarkable tales and sketches. As in the case of Miss Brontë, it was for some time a point in dispute whether the author of *The Gaviota*, *The Alameda Family*, and *Honour before Honour*, was a man or a woman; but it is now proved beyond doubt that Fernan Caballero is identical with Señora Bohl da Faber, the daughter of a German merchant who settled at Cadiz, and there married a Spanish lady, distinguished both by talent and high birth. Their daughter married a Spanish nobleman, and

enjoyed such favour at court, that, after the death of her husband, she was appointed governess to the Infants of Castile, and now resides at the Alcazar of Seville. Queen Isabella has lately caused a complete edition of her works to be published at the royal expense.

In many of her stories, Fernan Caballero describes the transition period when Andalusia had begun to throw off some of her ancient traditional manners and feelings. The transformation, as usual, commenced with the upper classes; and the writer says: 'It is amongst the people that we find the poetry of Spain and of her chronicles. Their faith, their character, their sentiments, all bear the seal of originality and of romance. Their language may be compared to a garland of flowers. The Andalusian peasant is elegant in his bearing, in his dress, in his language, and in his ideas.' From *Clemencia*, one of the longest and most interesting of the tales, I will translate the description, evidently drawn from life, of a rich Andalusian landed proprietor.

'Don Martin Ladrón de Guevara was one of those great proprietors of land who are so firmly attached to their villages and to their houses that they seem to form part of them, like figures in bas-relief sculptured on a wall. Don Martin had received no instruction, except in matters of religion; for his parents used to say: "As he will inherit our property, what does he want of education?" He had never in his life opened a book; yet was he by nature and by instinct a true caballero, and he possessed considerable originality and wit, as well as the privilege which rich men in every land have of displaying these qualities, by saying freely whatever comes uppermost. Like a man who has been accustomed to be listened to with deference, Don Martin always spoke in a prompt, open, decided manner; and he would have addressed a king in the same tone which he used towards a beggar. He had always at his service an inexhaustible store of proverbs and dry sayings, which he called his *little gospels*. Don Martin was very charitable; he gave with full hands and without ostentation; setting so little value on his benefactions, and forgetting them so completely, that it used to give him offence when he heard them spoken of or praised.

'In 1804, known in Spain as "the year of the famine," when the poor were dying of hunger, and food was enormously dear, Don Martin had his granaries gorged with the produce of a large crop of garbanzos.* Every day he caused a portion to be distributed to the poor in his presence; each child carried away one cupful, each woman two, and each man three. One morning, very early, Don Martin's majordomo awoke him from his sound slumbers.

"Master," he said, "here are a number of muleteers from Seville just arrived, and in great haste to return with their loads of garbanzos."

"In great haste!" repeated Don Martin—"a pleasant joke! Tell them that I shall get up at my usual hour, then attend mass, and then eat my breakfast. Afterwards, at nine o'clock, they may speak with me."

'And Don Martin turned on his side, and was soon fast asleep again. At the appointed hour, he walked leisurely into the courtyard, where the muleteers and a number of poor people were awaiting him.

"God bless ye!" he said, in his loud, cheerful voice, addressing the former. "So you want to buy garbanzos?"

"Yes, Don Martin; and there shall be no dispute about the price; we have brought money enough to pay for them, almost at their weight in silver."

"And they are worth it," observed the majordomo. "Don Alonso Prieto has just sold his for six hundred reals the fanega."*

"We know it," replied the men. "Señor Don Martin, you will make your fortune this year."

"I am sorry, nevertheless, to tell you that you have come on a bootless errand. I cannot sell you these garbanzos, because they are no longer mine."

"Not yours? Ah, Don Martin, you are jesting with us."

"They are not mine, I tell you. Ought not I to know best?"

"Then to whom do they belong?"

"To these good people here," replied Don Martin, pointing to his pensioners. "Ask them if they will consent to have them sold. My children," he continued, raising his voice, "will you sell your garbanzos?"

'A clamour of mingled cries, supplications, and blessings arose in reply.

"But, Señor Don Martin"—persisted the muleteers.

"What! don't you see that the owners refuse to sell them; so, what can I do?" was the reply of the kind old man.'

The humorous element is not wanting in these tales. In *One in the Other* there is a capital scene, where a lively young lady, impatient of the addresses of a rich blockhead, who is favoured by her parents, tries to scare him away by making pretensions to the most outrageous blue-stockings. She makes verses, she writes books, she has in her portfolio a novel called *William Tell*. 'Come,' she says to her astounded lover, 'I will tell you its plot:

'William Tell was a noble Scottish mountaineer, who refused to salute the beaver-hat which the English general, Malbrook, had caused to be nailed to a post. This brought about the Revolution and the Thirty Years' War, from which my hero came out victorious, and was proclaimed King of Great Britain, under the name of William the Conqueror. But he tarnished his glory by beheading his wife, the beautiful Anna Bullen. In order to expiate this crime, he sent on a pilgrimage to Palestine his son, Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Richard, on his return, because of his religious zeal, was thrown into prison by Luther, Calvin, Voltaire, and Rousseau, who formed the Directory in France, the same revolutionary Directory which sent to the scaffold that sainted monarch, Louis XIV. It was then that, in order to avoid similar troubles in Spain, the king, Don Pedro the Cruel, established the Inquisition, whence he derives his surname.'

The writer adds: 'Nothing could be more comic than the matter-of-fact seriousness with which Casta uttered this string of absurdities; and it was rendered still more so by the fact, that having chosen the historical names and events with which her recollections of operas, sermons, newspapers, and conversations had supplied her, she knew, indeed, that her recital was not exact, but was very far from suspecting the enormity of its anachronisms.'

In *Elia, or Spain Thirty Years Since*, we are introduced to a 'little old gray-haired woman with a face wrinkled like a raisin, and with eyes as small and as sharp as capsicum seeds.' This is Donna Isabel Orrea, widow of the renowned and puissant *Asistente* of Seville, Don Manuel Farsan y Calatrava. The *Asistente*, as she is called, is a Spanish lady of the old school, more royalist than the king, more Catholic than the pope, loving her old mansion, her old furniture, and her old paintings by Murillo and Velasquez, and being a determined enemy to innovation. She has two ancient servants, her steward

* A sort of pea, much used for food by the Spanish peasantry.

* About one hundredweight.

Pedro, and her housekeeper Maria, who are both faithfully attached to her, and devoted to her interests, but who wage with each other a perpetual wordy war. On one occasion, in the presence of their mistress, Maria told her adversary that his figure was like a mattress, and his face like the noonday sun. He retorted by comparing the lady's person to a pruned vine-stalk, and her complexion to the parchment of the Indian archives. 'I wish,' said the Asistenta, half vexed and half amused, 'that you were married to each other.'

'With such a wife, señora,' replied Pedro, 'one would have no peace by day; and I'll wager that at night, instead of snoring, she growls.'

'For my part,' said Maria, tossing her head, 'I'd rather go into a convent at once than take such a lump of dough for my husband.'

'I was once married, señora,' remarked Pedro, 'and I would not take a second wife, if it were the Princess of Asturias herself, on account of a story I once heard'—

'Shut up with your foolish stories!' cried Maria, sharply.

'Tell it me, Pedro,' said his mistress; 'it will amuse me.'

'Well, then, señora, once upon a time there were two friends who were greatly attached to each other, and who agreed that whichever of them died first should appear to the other, and tell him how matters went in the other world. They were both married men, and the first who died fulfilled his promise, and appeared to his friend. "How do you get on?" asked the latter. "Famously," replied the ghost. "When I presented myself at the gate above, St Peter said to me: 'What has been thy life?' "Señor," I replied, 'I am a poor man; I was married'— "Say no more," said his holiness; "pass in; you have gone through purgatory, and now you may enter into glory." Then the apparition vanished, leaving his friend greatly satisfied and consoled. In process of time his wife died, and he married again. When the hour arrived that he was carried out of his house, feet foremost, he presented himself in high spirits to St Peter. "What has been thy life?" asked the saint. "I was married *twice*," replied the new-comer confidently, taking a step in advance. "Back, gossip, back!" cried St Peter, locking the gate in his face: "we have no room in heaven for born idiots!"'

The plot of Fernan Caballero's tales is usually very simple, her forte consisting in the lively delineation of national manners, and in the exquisite discrimination of those subtle traits of human nature common to men and women in every land. Elia is the deserted child of a bandit, and has been adopted by the good old Asistenta, who has had her carefully educated in a convent. The Asistenta has a sister, the Marquesa de Val de Jara, who has two sons, one of whom, Don Carlos, falls in love with Elia. His haughty mother opposes the match, greatly to the indignation of his aunt, who believes that her beloved Elia is quite worthy of him. After many touching and admirably described scenes, Elia, after the death of her patroness, retires to the convent where she had been brought up, and her lover falls in battle.

The two old ladies have a married niece, the beautiful Condesa, Clara de Palma, who, having spent some time in France, returns to her Andalusian home, which she immediately begins to reform. Having got everything arranged according to her wishes, she invites her family to a banquet. The Marquesa was unable to go, but the Asistenta accepts the invitation. On her return, she visits her sister, and gives vent to her indignation. Her first aversion is Don Narciso Delgado, a physician domesticated in her niece's household, and who, she says, 'thrusts his pointed nose into everything.' 'Fancy, Inez,' she says,

'when I entered the court, I saw that the beautiful fountain, with its basin full of coloured fishes, the statue of the armed cavalier, and the magnificent box-trees, which were the admiration of Seville, had all been removed. They had torn up the painted tiles which formed the pavement, and made an earthen bank, which they planted with weeping willows. Clara came out to receive me.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "how *could* you touch that ancient statue?"

"Dear aunt," she replied, "persons of taste considered it defective as a work of art, and disproportionately large. Is it not much more agreeable to see and hear the water falling into these alabaster basins?"

"But the box-trees," I said, "what fault have you to find with them—were *they* disproportionately large? The box-trees, which amongst plants are the type of nobility, which are never found growing wild, or near any vulgar house! The box-trees, whose perfume is so peculiar, which never litter the soil with dead leaves, because the seasons find them as unchangeable as though Time did not exist for them! Dignified plants, which form their enormous trunks only after having lived for centuries in those families who regard them with veneration."

"Aunt," said Clara, "they were growing in horrid old-fashioned blue and white earthenware pots; and, besides, those formal plants cut to shape don't please me, they are so stiff and ungraceful."

'What answer could I make, Inez, to such nonsense? We went into the house, and then I saw that the great saloon had been despoiled of its magnificent collection of family pictures. Clara remarked carelessly that they had been removed to her husband's town-house. The walls were painted sea-green, and were adorned with portraits of celebrated characters—as our niece called them—in mahogany frames. I looked carefully at them all; and I give you my word, Inez, there was not a single Spaniard amongst them. In place of the cardinal, her great-grandfather's uncle, hung an ugly little old man, with a face like that of a hungry fox. As I was looking at it, up comes that forward Don Narciso.

"That excellent engraving," he said, "is the portrait of the incomparable Voltaire."

"Voltaire!" I exclaimed; "that wicked man whose writings have been prohibited, and whose maxims are condemned in all our pulpits! Well, señor, all I can say is, that his face is worthy of his deeds. Niece, you have made a pretty exchange."

'We passed into the second saloon—it was no less transformed. The seats of carved marble had disappeared, and in their stead were light mahogany chairs, without arms. The fine old historical paintings had been removed to the library, and in their places hung engravings which, old woman as I am, Inez, made me blush crimson. There was one of a goddess, as they called her, with very little on her.

"Clara," I said, "how is it possible that you can exhibit such indecent things?"

"The beautiful ideal is raised above corporeal sentiments," said that precious Don Narciso, again thrusting in his oar.

"Señor," said I, "I don't know what you mean by the 'beautiful ideal'; but I know that bread is bread, and that wine is wine, and that a woman with very little on her is indecent. Clara, Clara, if the Inquisition were in existence, you would have to burn all these prints."

"Inquisition!" exclaimed Don Narciso, starting backwards; "señora, that word scorches the mouth which pronounces it, and the eyes which see it."

"Señor Delgado," I replied, "if your conscience were as clear as mine, neither the word nor the thing need frighten you."

'Clara then proposed that we should go into the

garden, hoping that what she had done there might please me better than the changes she had made elsewhere. I determined that I would, if possible, abstain from finding fault; but, sister, I could not. You remember at the top of the fountain, the negro mounted on a crocodile, with a plate of pine-apples in his hand—so natural. Well, I believe she had sent him to Guinea, to keep company with his living brothers. Then the tortoises, the snakes, the lizards, interspersed with such taste amongst the shells and pebbles, had all disappeared. And the box-trees—here, also, they had been uprooted. All sorts of common shrubs were planted in their place, with unpaved walks winding through them—walks where, if it rained, you should either have a boat, or put on leather shoes, like men. What devastation, Inez! enough to break one's heart. Is it not a shame, Don Pedro? The steward made no reply.

'*Caspita!*' exclaimed his mistress impatiently, 'a cannon fired off in his ears would not rouse this worthy man from his apathy.'

'Señora,' said Pedro gravely, 'it would not become me to censure the actions of your excellency's niece.'

'Don Pedro is right,' said the Marquesa.

'He is not right!' exclaimed the Asistenta peevishly; 'every one ought to censure such proceedings.—But to go on with my story. By this time it was three o'clock. "When do we dine, Clara?" I asked. "At five," she replied. "San Antonio!" I exclaimed, "at five! I shall die of hunger first. And my siesta?" Clara ordered a servant to bring me a cup of soup, and then went to dress; but that soup, made by a French cook, was first-cousin to the chicken-broth which Don Narciso is so fond of ordering, and I lay down on a couch to try if at least I could get a little sleep. At five, we sat down to table. There was a man amongst the guests dressed in black, who, the captain-general, who sat next me, said was a celebrated violin-player. "Will you not attend his concert?" asked the general. "I? No, indeed," I answered; "perhaps I should hear the *Marseillaise*, or something equally wicked." The covers were removed—no olla! "Clara," I whispered to our niece, who sat at my other side, "your cook has forgotten the olla." "We never eat it, aunt," said she, laughing. I heard Narciso then say to the violin-player: "A country of routine, *mon cher*—a country of routine! Since the first Spaniard made the first olla, no one can eat anything else." I pretended not to hear, and tried to eat my dinner, but I could not bear the flavour of the French dishes; so I thought I would wait for the second course. When it came, just fancy!—instead of a turkey and ham, what did they serve but a haunch of venison! "Venison, Clara!" I said; "a thing that none but the poor people eat." "Aunt," said she, "I assure you that in London and Paris it is the most esteemed of all meats." The wild-fowl offended my nose with their strong smell, and Don Narciso thrust in his sharp one to assure me that in this their chief merit consisted.'

The old lady goes on to describe how little the remainder of the entertainment pleased her; and her cup of misfortunes, literally speaking, overflowed in the evening, when, instead of chocolate, the servants presented her with tea. "Thank you very much, Clara," I said; "I never drink such stuff except when I am ill." So I took my leave, and here I am, ready, Inez, for a cup of your good chocolate, if you will give it me.'

Historical anecdotes, picturesque and romantic legends, are scattered through these tales, and add considerably to their peculiar interest. In *Honour before Honour*, there is a touching description of a young mother returning from her child's funeral. An old neighbour tries to comfort her.

'My child!' exclaimed the poor mother, 'who, when he was born, looked like a flower. Tio Bastian, you, who have your little grandson strong and healthy, do not know what it is for the tree when its flower is torn from it!'

'Its guardian angel has transplanted that flower to another garden, where it shall never be scorched by the sun nor blighted by the frost. If thy angel had done the same for thee when thou wast born, thou wouldst not have suffered so many troubles, nor shed so many tears.'

'That is true, Tio Bastian.'

'Then, Maria, why do you murmur loudly? you who were always so gentle and so patient.'

'It is,' replied she, 'because I know that if I had not given that soup to my child, he would not have died. Ah, it was that soup that killed him!'

'Hush, woman, hush!' said the old man; 'do children never die without having eaten soup? But so it is—Death is never to blame. They tell that Death did not like the office imposed upon him, and that he presented himself before the Almighty, and prayed that he might be relieved from it. "And wherefore?" asked the Eternal Father. "Because, Lord, all the world will abhor me, and call me a cruel tyrant." "Be content," said the Lord; "I promise that men shall always exculpate you." And so it has since ever been: sometimes we lay the blame on the food, sometimes on the physician; but we never allow that Death can enter unless the door be opened for him.'

In another place our writer says: 'Under the name of *cepa* is known in Spain the peculiar toll of the bell appointed in 1368 by the chapter of the cathedral of Cordova to be rung at the death of the members of certain noble families. It is produced by ringing the great bell with three others; and the privilege is confined to the descendants of Don Alonso Fernandez de Cordoba, Señor de Montemayor, of Don Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordoba, Señor de Aguilar, and of Don Diego Fernandez de Cordoba, Señor de Lucena—in remembrance and recognition of the gallant defence which in 1366 they made of that city against the king, Don Pedro, leagued with the Moors of Granada. It happened once, when a queen of Spain died, that a descendant of one of the above-named heroes heard that peculiar tolling of the bell. He asked the reason. "Señor, the queen is dead." "What, then!" he said: "did the queen belong to the *cepa*?"'

One really feels *l'embarras de richesses* in culling extracts from these charming tales; and, fearing to exceed all lawful limits, I shall conclude.

• DANTE—A SONNET.

Of all Italia's bards the first and best—

Far from the unworthy land that gave thee birth,

By Adria's waves didst thou return to earth,

Uncertain Poet, and art now at rest.

The passions fierce that tore thy living breast,

In that calm sphere no more can agitate;

Thy Love is perfected—and awful Hate

In thy pure spirit is no more a guest.

For thee, on earth, the secret veil was riven;

The realm of Sorrow, and the realm of Peace,

And Mount of Purging, to thine eyes were given.

Now, where the weary rest, where troubles cease,

Again with purer eyes thou look'st on Heaven,

No more to wander from thy Beatrice.

H. H.

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THE ENFIELD RIFLE.

In ancient times, when the bow was the weapon used by nearly every nation, the strength, as well as the skill of the archer, was a matter of the greatest importance. Kingdoms, we are told, were sometimes allotted to that son who could draw to the full extent the bow of his father.

When we observe, even in the present age of rapid progress, the difficulty that there is to make individuals move in any but old grooves, it is not surprising that there was a great struggle before the first rude firearms were preferred to the bow and arrow as weapons of war. With the latter, men were well acquainted, and were able to use them with great skill; the former were rough in construction, and the bowmen naturally looked upon them with contempt.

It is surprising, until within the last few years, how little alteration or improvement was made in the firearms used by the army. Old systems, and the non-expansive natures of those in authority, naturally retarded progress. Many of us may remember the prejudice which existed against the introduction of the Minié rifle, and the partiality which was shewn to Brown Bess. 'It did its work in the Peninsula, and you had better not make any change,' was the remark of many a veteran warrior. Brown Bess is now amongst the things which were, but are not; whilst its successor, the Minié, has also had to haul down its colours to the infallible Enfield Rifle, which may be said to wear at present the champion's belt. How long it will be before the day of the Enfield rifle is past, and 'breech-loaders' usurp its place, is amongst the mysteries of the future.

It is our present business to describe some of the wonders connected with the construction of the Enfield rifle; and we will now ask the reader to accompany us from London to the Enfield factory.

Twelve miles from the Shoreditch station of the Eastern Counties Railway, we reach a dreary-looking station, entitled 'Ordnance Factory.' Quitting the train, and crossing the rails, we at once find ourselves in a muddy lane, on each side of which are flat meadows, separated from each other by four-foot wide ditches. Here the tadpoles are sentimentally reposing at the bottom of the water, as though reflecting upon that vicious state of society which requires fifteen hundred rifles to be turned out per week from the smoky buildings in that peaceful locality. A quarter of a mile of muddy lane, three hundred yards of wooden footpath, a quarter of a mile of canal bank, and we cross the bridge which leads to the Ordnance Factory, Enfield.

Producing our credentials, we are at once handed over to a major-domo, who conducts us into a vast room filled with machinery. Through this we pass, and enter a smithy, where we are introduced to the principal, who is instructed to shew us all in his department, to pass us on to the next superintendent, and so on through the various branches.

'And what do you call the various branches?' we naturally ask.

'There is the Bayonet, the Ramrod, the Lock, the Stock, the Furniture—that is, the brass-fittings, &c.—and the Barrel.'

'And how many processes does each pass through?'

'The bayonet, about forty-eight; the ramrod, about thirty; the lock, about two hundred and twenty; the stock, twenty-four; the barrel, sixty-six.'

'Of how many parts is the Enfield rifle composed?'

'Of fifty-six.'

Three or four days at least would be required to examine thoroughly the machines and their results.

The bayonet first arrests attention; and we observe a stout little cylindrical chunk of iron, about four inches in length, which we are told is the first state of the bayonet. This is merely the iron, which is supplied from Sheffield, and which is to be educated into the deadly weapon, for the use of which the English soldier has ever been famous. Heating and hammering are the earliest ordeals to which the bayonet is subjected. Heavy hammers, swung in circles by strong arms, descend with unerring precision on the required spot. One man, with a pair of iron fingers, holds and turns the metal, while the other knocks it about. To a nervous bystander, this process is very trying; for he who holds will certainly receive the blow of the hammer on the centre of his forehead, if he does not move his head just one inch and three-fourths. The hammer approaches; the man bends back only just in time, and only just the required distance. Again he is in danger—again he escapes; and thus he has gone on, blow after blow, day after day, month after month. Talk about confidence in princes, let us see on earth more confidence than this holder places in his hammerer. We are, however, convinced that sooner or later the final catastrophe must come, and the blacksmith will be killed by his partner. It was here that we saw the water-gauge, by which the amount of iron requisite to form a bayonet is accurately tested—a tube containing a given quantity of water, into which the iron is thrust. When the water reaches the top of the gauge, the correct quantity of iron has been inserted. However irregular the iron may be in form, the right amount is sure to be thus obtained.

Our attention is now called to a curious machine behind us. This looks like some nervous infuriated monster mouth, which is armed with a row of grinders. The creature is evidently in a rabid state, for the grinders are being gnashed together with fearful rapidity, while the water runs over them. A smith boldly approaches this, holding in his hand a red-hot bar of iron, which he places between the grinders. Delight at once seizes them, for they move more rapidly than before; and instantly the bar of iron is chawed out a couple of inches longer.

The bar is then inserted in a fresh place, is again lengthened, and so on until we are shewn a stick of iron not at all unlike a bayonet. A most formidable individual then measures and inspects, gauges and tests, this piece of iron; length, breadth, weight, and colour are examined. Should the bit be below or above gauge, below or above par, 'mulet so much' is the fate of the last workman. Each man thus has his responsibility, from which there is no escape, and for which there is the simple remedy, 'a fine.'

The finishing-room is entered from the smithy, and is about two hundred feet square. Wheels and men, cranks and levers, leather bands and iron, are moving apparently in the greatest confusion, but yet all is regulated with the accuracy of clock-work.

At one end of the room are a set of offices, in which the foremen carry on their duties. In front of these, and commanded by them, are avenues, down which the raw unfinished work is conveyed. Passing from hand to hand, from machine to machine, the bayonet, ramrod, or lock starts 'in the rough,' and returns complete, tested as it travels between one machine and its neighbour, and again as it arrives at its destination. Improvements are frequently being made in the various machinery, by which expensive hand-labour is saved. By means of a huge iron stamping-hammer, £1500 a year has been saved in the formation of the exterior of the lock. The filing of the trigger-guard by machinery has saved five guineas a week. If this rate of saving be continued, the Enfield rifle may soon be made for a very trifling sum.

The machine called the copying-machine is extensively used at Enfield; this was invented by an Englishman some years ago, for the purpose of copying the fine lines of statuary. The Americans were the first who employed it to the purpose of gun-making. It is simply that one instrument moves round an iron model, whilst another moves in exactly a similar manner over the iron or wood which is to be cut. Thus perfect similarity of form is obtained, and a particular part of one lock will fit into the similar part of any other which has been made at this manufactory.

Arrangements are made so that the portion of work which may require the greatest time may be given the greatest number of machines or workmen. Thus each portion is finished at exactly the same time, and is brought to the workman who puts them together.

The execution of the wood-work is even more wonderful than that of the iron, not that the machines are more ingenious, but the results appear more magical, on account of the rapidity with which they are obtained. During the examination of the construction of the lock, we have gradually arrived at the conclusion that the teaching of our early youth

as regards the hardness of metals must have been very false.

We were formerly impressed with a belief that iron and brass were hard; this we now find was entirely a delusion. There goes a piece of brass into a machine, down comes a spike and bores a hole through it as calmly as though the brass were butter. There is another bit having bristles shaved off it far more readily than we can shave off our own bristles on a frosty morning. Here are iron, steel, and brass, in the shape of lock plates, triggers, tumblers, bridges, cocks, sight-leaves, and swivels, being stamped and cut, and scraped as though they were bits of cream-cheese. Quite a popular error it must be to consider that iron is hard—apparently nothing can be softer. So lifelike do the machines appear, and so automatically do they do their work, that we feel as the man Friday must have done when he asked the gun not to kill him; if the opportunity offered, we should much like to have a quiet talk with some of those wise machines. With these ideas we enter the stock-making department, and there we find three machines on which is stamped 'Ames, Massachusetts'—thus shewing that our cousins across the Atlantic have contributed their share to the works at Enfield. From Italy, Belgium, and France, the walnut-wood is sent to Enfield in the rough, just outlined in the proper form, and ready to be handled by these machines. The first machine saws off pieces, and rounds ends and sides, pushing the stock away when the work is finished. The second rounds the ends from the muzzle-end half-way down to the stock; this is done on the copying principle. The third finishes what the second left undone, and these three machines leave very little to be done by hand as regards form. The excavations for the bedding of the lock and other parts are accomplished in a few minutes at separate machines.

The first state of the barrel is that of a slab of iron which weighs 10½ pounds. This is welded and finished in a building separated from the main building. The first process causes this plate or slab to become a tube; it is then drawn out to the required length, the bore being kept hollow by means of a rod of iron; the breech-piece is welded on by means of a nervously excitable steam-hammer, which strikes a series of blows with uncommon rapidity. The boring is then proceeded with, many and various instruments being used. The outside is next turned, and any extra parts are taken off. The viewing then takes place. This is performed by a skilful workman, who places himself opposite a gas-lamp, or where there is a great light. To this he directs the barrel, so as to bring the light down the bore; he then slowly turns the tube, and is thus enabled at once to detect the slightest deviation from a straight line. Should any irregularities be discovered, the viewer taps the barrel with a hammer until the tube is perfectly true. The rifling of the barrel is then proceeded with. The proving is not the least important part of the process, although it is one which requires the least skill. The barrels are proved in a small room apart from the other buildings. The barrels, before being browned, are laid into stocks fitted for the purpose, and charged with 7½ drams of powder and a bullet; the door of the room is closed, and the barrels are discharged by means of strings which are fastened to the triggers, and which can be pulled from the outside of the wall. Four drams are then discharged as before, and the barrels which have stood these proofs are considered sound. Sometimes there appears a flaw in the barrel, and then powder is added and charges fired, until the barrel is burst. We were informed that such a case

had occurred some weeks previous to our visit, and it was not until 20 drams of powder had been used several times, that the desired result was obtained. Our informer stated that he had even then his doubts whether the bursting was not caused in consequence of the bullet not being quite rammed home.

The browning of the barrel is a very delicate operation, and one which must be very trying to at least one of the individuals concerned, for in a room in which the thermometer must stand at about 140 degrees, a man remains upwards of twenty minutes to superintend the drying. Here it is that the mechanic is at last affected by external circumstances. The state of the weather is, in the browning, an important matter. If it should be wet, not more than half as much work can be accomplished as though it were dry. Flaws are more likely to occur during wet than during fine dry weather, and for every flaw, somebody has to be mulcted, for all is contract-work. A very small speck upon a barrel had been detected by the sharp eyes of the examiner; a chalk-mark against it shewed that this would not be allowed to pass; and twopence-halfpenny was the loss which the man who had imperfectly done his work would suffer for this one flaw.

Upon the ringing of a bell, from twelve to fourteen hundred men and boys turn out in the open air; they fill to the ceiling the half-dozen public-houses which possess a monopoly here. Cramped in rooms, seated on benches outside, on gates, rails, &c., these fourteen hundred mechanics take their rough and ready meal. Vainly do a sturdy bar-man and his three assistants attempt, by unexampled activity, to supply the demand for 'pots of arf and arf.' Time is short; in one hour must all these thirsty Vulcans supply their dried-up juices; and around the bar, from pigeon-holes near and far, or even outside, there is a continual cry for varieties of malt. Even the throats of these men are but mortal, and at length they cry enough; and about a quarter of an hour before the period of feeding expires, a partial silence ensues, whilst the fumes of a thousand pipes are wafted over the marshes. A bell rings, and again are the 'publics' deserted, whilst footsteps alone tell of the recent crowd—the bar-keeper having, however, a substantial memento of the recent visit.

The weapon that is at length turned out is, with its bayonet, 6 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long, and weighs 9 pounds 8 ounces. The length of the barrel is 3 feet 3 inches; its weight is 4 pounds 2 ounces; and the diameter of the bore is .577 inch. The bullet is elongated, and takes three-quarters of a turn whilst in the barrel. The general figure of the bullet is cylindrical, its front-end rounded, and its rear-end has a conical-shaped cavity formed in it. The delay which was so great a drawback when the old rifle was required to be used, is now entirely done away with. The wooden plug which is now placed in the bullet instead of the iron cup, greatly diminishes the fouling. The diameter of the bullet is .568 inch; length, 1.0625; and weight, 530 grains. The service-charge of the rifle is 2½ drams, and the weight of sixty rounds of ammunition, including 75 caps, is 5 pounds 8 ounces. The rifle is sighted up to 900 yards, but its practice is good at much longer ranges. A bullet, when fired from a distance of 100 yards, would pass through twelve half-inch planks. The advance which had been made in rifled firearms placed the artillery for a time at a disadvantage; but the recent invention of Sir W. Armstrong will now place matters upon a different footing. Before any more inventions are made with either weapon, it will be necessary to fix upon the guns small telescopes, to enable the gunners to distinguish friends from enemies, before destruction is dealt out. With the aid of the Enfield rifle and the Armstrong gun, we may fairly expect to hold our

own against any or all our enemies, provided that our rulers will take care neither to be caught napping, nor to be lulled by false ideas of security. If England will be true to herself, she need fear no foe.

A ROMANCE OF THE PASSING ERA.

We have a number of strange stories of Scotsmen turning up in distant regions of the world, in positions wonderfully in contrast with their native poverty and obscurity; one, for instance, of a certain vizier at Constantinople proving to be identical with the son of the bellman of Kirkealdy. But perhaps none of these tales, veracious or fabulous, involves a more romantic transition than one which the possession of some rather novel documents puts it in our power now to relate. This new story, moreover, involves a set of alleged powers or susceptibilities more wonderful than any ever laid in the name of Cagliostro, or any of the magicians of the middle ages.

The subject of our sketch is a young man, born near Edinburgh in March 1833, but who was taken at the age of nine by his parents to America, where he has spent the greater part of his subsequent life. When we state that he was, only eight years ago, apprentice to a humble trade in the town of Norwich, Connecticut, and has since been the favoured visitor of several European courts, and was last summer married to a Russian lady of noble birth and large fortune, and all this without the possession of any special talents, attainments, or external attractions, the curiosity of the reader will probably be thoroughly aroused regarding him. The peculiarities by which he has actually been enabled to attain so high distinctions are such as usually render a man an object of suspicion—it is true, but the fact and circumstances of the elevation do not the less constitute a modern marvel of a kind well deserving of notice. The whole case becomes the more interesting to us, from its being strangely involved with that of a living sovereign of equally marvellous history, and the development of whose destiny is yet in the future.

Mr Daniel D. Hume is a slender, fair-complexioned young man, with no peculiarity of appearance beyond that of extremely weak health. He has till lately had no education but that of his original grade. Obligated at seventeen by bad health to quit the humble trade to which he had been apprenticed, he was in some danger of destitution, his father being too poor to assist him; but it chanced at that time that a great number of people of the middle and upper classes in America were interested in a system held by them as a new revelation of the spiritual or ultra-physical world, while condemned by the outer public as a monstrous delusion. Whether true, or partially true,—true in the external facts, and only misunderstood and misnamed—or altogether moonshine and folly—certain it is that thousands of passing-shrewd people, who at first regarded it in the latter light, were brought round to see something else in it, and to enter on its investigation with a portion of the ardour of the national mind. There was such a group of people at Springfield, Massachusetts, and some rich men among them. To them Hume came, penniless and forlorn, for patronage and a livelihood, because from childhood he had possessed the gifts which qualified him to be one of those passive priests of the new temple, named in America 'mediums'—that is, human organisms fitted to bring out the latent spiritual existences, and enable them to hold converse with living persons. More than this, wherever Hume was, spirits worked around him, producing the most singular mechanical results. Thus, when left at three years old to play on the carpet, and too weakly to move about, his playthings were brought to his hands by invisible means. Of things more than mortal, he

had then, as the poet supposes of Shakspeare, his visions. Being thus endowed, he was eagerly received into the 'circles,' or investigation-clubs, as they might be called, at Springfield, one gentleman named Elmer being good enough to give him a home, in which he remained about a year. 'There were,' says a local journal,* 'great stories of the marvels he performed while here, and many of the "solid men" of the city had the honour of riding tables that were lifted and tumbled about by the stress of his mysterious power.' Amongst those who came to a belief in the honest reality of these things, was a young native of Minorca, named Andreau, a printer, who in time favoured the public with an account of his experiences. He professed to have been, while in Hume's presence, touched by invisible hands; bells moved by invisible means round the company; and the floor and furniture shook as if under an earthquake. But at length Hume tired of the life he led at Springfield, and came to New York, with the design of studying medicine as a profession; and he actually entered on such a course under the care of a homœopathic physician, named Gray.

A gentleman signing himself L. J. Worth, lately communicated, through a New York paper, some particulars of an experience he had had in Hume's company, in November 1854, when 'billeted' with him at the village of Ravenswood. 'I proposed to Hume,' he says, 'to allow me to lie down with him when he went to bed, for an hour or two, as I was told that some curious manifestations might be expected. Accordingly, taking off only my coat and boots, I ensconced myself alongside of him under the bed-clothes, first locking the door and fastening the window-shutters, and ascertaining that we were the sole occupants of the room.

'Almost immediately after the light was extinguished, I heard raps all around me—on the floor, on the walls, on the head-board, on my pillow; in fact, everywhere. The sounds varied in intensity from light taps on the pillow to loud, resounding blows upon the floor and walls. I asked many questions, and received intelligent answers by means of these raps. I saw, also, in various parts of the room, nebulous-looking and wandering lights, now and then crossed by dark irregular shadows. Soon I felt soft and gentle touches, as if by a human hand, upon the top and back of my head, followed quickly by the placing of a cool, moist hand upon my forehead, which I was told by means of the raps was the hand of Hume's deceased mother. In a few moments, another spirit came, and after touching me from my feet upwards, also placed a hand upon my forehead, gently pulling and smoothing my beard, and closing up my eyes, and then rapping out answers to many questions upon the closed lid. His hand felt soft and warm. Still another spirit now came, and stepped upon the bed, and began walking over it, feeling to me as if a child had climbed up and was walking over us, stepping carefully over us, and between us, but not upon us, the bed-clothes being indented at each foot-fall. In a few moments, however, the spirit lay down on the outside of the bed, and on us both, pressing with all the weight, and precisely in the same manner that a living child might have done.

'The spirit then wished me good-night by the raps, and apparently departed. The whole occupied about half an hour, and during the whole time Hume and I lay upon our backs covered to the chin by the bed-clothes, and touching each other the entire length of our persons, from shoulders to heel; and during it all Hume did not stir in the least, and made no muscular movement, other than that caused by his breathing.' His health failing him again, Hume was recom-

mended by his friends to pay a visit to England, and supplied by them very generously with the means. He arrived in London in April 1855, and lived for some time with Mr Cox of the hotel of that name, Jermyn Street, where many notable persons visited him, and appeared satisfied with the reality of the alleged phenomena attending him. Amongst the private persons whom he visited, was Mr J. S. Rymer, a barrister residing at Ealing, near London, who has since published with his name an account of what took place. He tells us that, after many such marvels as the liftings of tables, the moving about of accordions, and the playing of tunes on them by unseen hands, had occupied several evenings, the following took place: 'The table, was near the window; it was twilight—my second girl was touched by a hand; sounds were heard; the accordion was played. . . . It was then spelt out by sounds on the table, "Some will shew you their hands to-night." The table was then gently raised and lifted up several times. A hand appeared above the table, and took from the dress of one of the party a miniature brooch, and handed it to several at the table. Hands and arms were then distinctly seen by all at the table, of different forms and sizes; sometimes crossed as in prayer, and at other times pointing upwards.' 'We have not only,' he adds, 'seen hands and arms, but they have been repeatedly felt by all at table as distinctly as though they were the hands and arms of living mortals, and we have very frequently shaken hands with them as really and substantially as one man shakes hands with another.* Most people will revolt somewhat at these recitals; but it must be generally owned that, as the avowed belief of an educated gentleman of good character in our age, they are highly remarkable. It may be noticed that they are accompanied by many expressions shewing the earnest religious impressions under which their author lives.

With pecuniary means supplied by Mr Rymer, Hume went to Paris in July, accompanied by Mr Rymer's son, and nominally as the young man's tutor. Some American gentlemen then took him along with them to Florence, where he spent the winter, and astonished many English residents with his marvels. Here, however, a revolution took place in his mind. He became convinced that the phenomena in America, however veritable, were of a discommendable nature, in as far as they had not in general a religious aspect. The doctrines of the Catholic church, recommended to him probably by the affinity of the so-called miracles of the saints to his own mysterious gifts, were embraced by him. The priests, however, condemned the exercise of his alleged control of spirits, and he soon after announced that the power had suddenly deserted him. On the 27th of March 1856, he was received into the Catholic church. At first, he feared that he should again be thrown destitute; but a Polish nobleman now took him up, and conducted him to Paris, where he remained for several months in low health and devoid of his former power. At length, after a year's cessation—namely, in February 1857—it returned in all its former force, and he was speedily introduced into very high circles, not excepting that of the court. During the ensuing month, Mr Hume and his spirits were the reigning topic of Paris. In the presence of the emperor, the empress, and a very small and select party, many of the marvels previously described are alleged to have taken place, leaving impressions of mingled wonder and suspicion. The emperor beheld all with his characteristic nonchalance, and never allowed an expression of assent to drop from his lips. It has been stated, however, that, on his saying, one

* *Springfield Republican*, November, 1858.

* Mr Rymer's pamphlet, from which these extracts are made, was published by Mr Baillière, in 1857.

evening, that he could not be convinced of the presence of a spirit unless he should receive from one some raps on the shoulder, immediately some hard blows were given him in that quarter. The empress was made to lift a heavy table which at other times she could scarcely move; and such piece of furniture was one night made to float in the air, so high that her imperial husband's arm could scarcely reach its legs. She put her handkerchief, Spanish fashion, under her garter, and desired Hume to ask his spirits to tell where it was. Presently, it is said, she felt a pair of clammy cold hands disengaging it, and it was immediately after seen floating in the air. According to all the accounts of Hume, his demeanour on these occasions was quiet and unimpassioned, the contrary of the usual conduct of a conjuror. Three gentlemen on one occasion played a trick upon him, which was at first rather damaging, because it raised a laugh against him. It was suggested to him to ask the spirit of Socrates to appear, and, when he obeyed, a figure like the Greek philosopher came forward, and passed before the company. Frederick the Great, in like manner, was summoned, and presented himself; but Hume, detecting something inappropriate, became convinced there was imposture in both cases. At his command, the personator confessed the trick. It was unlucky for this attempt at ridicule, that the appearances presented were not of a nature which ever before took place among the spiritualists, or were within the alleged powers of Hume.

Early in the summer of 1857, Hume was enabled, by the liberality of Louis Napoleon, to revisit America, chiefly for the purpose of bringing a young girl, his sister, to Paris, the empress having undertaken to have her educated. While in his native village, he employed a part of the means at his disposal in purchasing a farm for his uncle. Returning in September, he was immediately telegraphed for to the court at Fontainebleau, and there introduced to the king of Bavaria. Soon after, we find him at Baden-Baden, on an intimate footing with the king of Wurtemberg, and other great persons. One cannot but say that, on any theory of imposture, it is most discreditable to all these great folk that none of them have yet been able to detect it.

Not long afterwards, Hume was 'impressed' to go to Rome; by which we suppose is meant, that some of his invisible familiars tacitly impelled him to travel thither. Immediately on arriving, he was met by a friend, who expressed the greatest gratification in seeing him, having for some time been anxious to introduce him to a Russian family of rank, who were interested in his history. He was conducted accordingly, to the lodgings of the Count Koucheleff, where he experienced a most favourable reception, and in three weeks a marriage between him and the count's sister was arranged. In July 1858, he came to London, and thence to Edinburgh, for the purpose of obtaining those certificates of parentage and nativity which are required for a marriage in Russia. The nuptials were celebrated on the 1st of August at St Petersburg, under circumstances of the highest *clat*. The emperor sent two of his aides-de-camp to be present, and gave Mr Hume a diamond ring of the value of three hundred guineas. Alexandre Dumas, the celebrated novelist, made a special tour into Russia, to act as groomsman; and he has given us some account of how this was determined on. As a specimen of the man, it is perfect:

"On seeing me enter, the Count and Countess Koucheleff rose, came to meet me, conducted me to an arm-chair, and then sat down, one on my right, the other on my left. "Monsieur Dumas," said the count to me, "we have observed how fatigued you were when going away at two o'clock in the morning." "I confess to you, count," I replied, "that

it quite deranges my habits." "Well," said the countess, "henceforth, we shall suffer you to go at midnight." "It is very easy to say so, countess." "What could I do?" "It must, however, be attempted, but on one condition," said the count. "What?" The countess undertook to answer: "That you come with us to St Petersburg." I bounded, the thing seemed to me so foolish. "Caper, frisk," said the countess, "yet we confidently expect you." "But it is impossible, countess." "How impossible?" asked the count. "Undoubtedly." "You must set out next Tuesday—that is to say, in five days."

"Countess," said I to her, "I require three days to decide." "I give you three minutes," said she. "Either we will refuse our sister to Monsieur Hume, or you shall be his groomsman." I rose, went on the balcony, and deliberated. I remembered that my resolution had already been formed to set out for Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt; considered that Mazeline, the ship-builder, demanded five months to finish our vessel; still thought that under the circumstances, nothing could be more interesting than a journey through Russia. I reflected that the readers of *Monte Christo*, being my especial friends, would accept what I should give them, quite certain that I would do all I possibly could not to alienate them. I thought at last all this mere madness; and this was, I much fear, the reflection which determined me. After two minutes and a half, I returned to the countess. "Well?" she inquired of me. "Well, countess," I responded, "I depart with you." The count warmly pressed my hand. Hume embraced me. And this is how, dear readers, I set out. Behold me already at St Petersburg.

Whether, contrary to rule, there are to be post-matrimonial chapters to this romance, remains to be seen. It is alleged that the hero undertook with his bride that there are to be no more spirit manifestations. Already, however, the engagement has been broken, for the curiosity of the Russian court was too great to be resisted, and he is said to have given way to their desires.

COLD WATER ON COLD WATER.

Cold water has been having its own way a long time; running like a mill-race over every natural prejudice in favour of warmth and comfort, and swamping every plea for tolerance in its insolent career. Hydrophobia has been keeping the wickets for a good long time, and it is but fair that Hydrophobia should have her innings for a little. For my own part, I detest cold water as I do cold steel. The victim in the German story who is cut in two by so sharp a sword that he only feels a drop of water 'cold at his stomach,' experienced a feeling the converse of mine, whenever what is called spring—which is winter—water touches my epidermis. There is no torture to me so frightful as that of the shower-bath, except, perhaps, that of the three-quarters of an hour of expectation which precede it, when, shivering in that iron frame, I endeavour to screw my courage up to pull the string; but I always pull the bell instead, and get the servant to invoke the deluge at last. Suffocation and a sort of frozen hysterics supervene; but upon the return of consciousness and reason, I leap out, and into bed, undried, indignant, and ashamed. Although I speak of this as my custom, I never voluntarily endured the terrible experience but once, when it shook my constitution to its basis. I would far rather be blindfolded, and run the chance of the seven red-hot ploughshares of the olden time, than venture with my eyes open upon the certain horrors of this modern invention. I believe the sensations of the vertebrae under these circumstances and under those of hanging are almost identical, but

the latter experience is, at least, the shorter of the two. I did not feel myself again, after that shower-bath, for more than a fortnight. The devotees of the superstition affirm that a charming glow succeeds this discipline; but if so, it is a glow of a very peculiar nature, which makes one's teeth chatter and one's flesh creep for days together. That, by long habit, persevering fanatics may inure themselves to this practice, is likely enough; just as they may get to eat fire and swallow swords, without inconvenience; but their pretence that nature is on their side, and agreeable to so monstrous a custom, is an assertion only worthy of a native of the Feejee Islands.

Heaven forbid that I should attack cleanliness, or the use of water for any purpose; but I do maintain that, with the exception of my hands and my face, all portions of my frame resent the use of cold water most unmistakably. Other persons may be otherwise constituted, but I rather suspect that the majority of the human race sympathise with me. That everybody would please himself in this matter, without hindrance or impertinent reflection of any kind, is my desire; but, unfortunately, this they are not permitted to do. The advocates of cold water are perpetually insulting and crowing over those persons whose skin happens to be in a natural state. 'You don't wash yourself enough,' is their delicate suggestion. 'You should have a shower-bath every morning, summer and winter, as I do. Do you know, whether the ice is broken or not, into my tub I go, every day of my life?'

If these people are fools enough to make themselves thus miserable—for I have seen them eyeing those hideous engines of ablation with unmistakable expressions of agony and fear—what is it to me? And why should they boast of it? If it is so very delightful as they give out, why don't they keep the precious discovery to themselves, as their custom is with regard to other matters? If they really have the assurance to think themselves cleaner than other people, they should at least have the modesty to be silent upon that matter of superiority. Even the 'unco guid,' the extra pious, however sanctimonious and spiritually proud they may appear, do not go about with a brazen trumpet, like these cold-water worshippers. 'We bathe,' say these, 'thrice in the day; we use the shower-bath, the long-bath, the hip-bath, the foot-bath; we have horse-hair bands, horse-hair gloves, horse-hair brushes, to scour ourselves withal. All are unclean save ourselves, who are scarcely ever out of cold water from morning to night.' The only reply which we have found to be in the least efficacious against one who boasts himself of these perpetual ablutions, is the following: 'Well, some people do seem to need a good deal more cleaning than others.' It is not a graceful rejoinder, but the discomfiture of the vain-glorious hydropathist is certain.

Everybody knows the story—and therefore, since it is always pleasant to recognise an old friend, I will repeat it—of the bathing adventure of dear stammering Charles Lamb; how, being advised by the doctors to try sea-water for his health, he warned his 'dippers' that they were to pay no attention to his 'coming struggles,' which he knew against such objectionable discipline must needs be tremendous (for, as for going in of his own free-will, the great humorist was not a man to be capable of such an act). As he had expected, there was a great combat between him and his athletic tormentors; but at last they got him in and under water. 'Dud, dud, dud, dud, don't,' stuttered he, as soon as he got back his breath again; but they drowned his remonstrances, before they were articulated, in another plunge. 'Yer, yer, yer, yer, you're hot,' cried he, after the second immersion; but in he was dipped again, without mercy, six miserable times.

'You're not to do it more than once,' was the remark which he had desired to convey to them, the doctors having enjoined upon him the necessity of confining himself, in his delicate state of health, to one dipper diem.

I myself, upon a visit to a certain doctor in Germany (who was once my friend), suffered even worse things than the author of *Elia*. He kept a Hydropathic establishment upon the banks of the romantic Rhine; but although I despised him for it, I went to visit him all the same, since nothing was further from my intention than to let him operate upon me. But alas! upon the very first morning of my arrival—and while the sun had power to light, but by no means to warm—two fiends, in strange apparel, and with gibbering tongue, seized hold of me, and hauled me forth from my warm bed. They carried me to the bank of that arrowy stream, running as usual as fast as possible from Switzerland, and there, despite my screams and vehement defence, they thrust me in. This violence was not of course committed in the sight of gods and men, but within a dreary grating (very like the fish-stew of a Thames punt) through which the river ran. Stopping a few seconds upon this side of drowning me, these wretches then conveyed me to a sort of wash-house, and swathed me round in winding-sheets, dripping wet, until I was as tightly trussed as a mummy. Then they carried me back to my own chamber, and placing me in my bed—little better than the corpse I looked—departed with a grin.

When the man that had been my friend came to see me in the course of an hour or so, and inquire why I did not come to breakfast, I thought I should have burst with impotent rage, consequent upon my inability to assault him. In vain he attempted to excuse his myrmidons, as not understanding the English language, and being used to very violent objections made by newly arrived patients. He had the assurance to state that, after a week or so, the treatment would seem quite pleasant, and instanced the profuse perspiration into which terror and anger had thrown me, as a proof that the system agreed with me. I need not say, however, that as soon as I was liberated and dressed, I shook the dust off my shoes against that establishment, as well as my fist in the face of its proprietor.

The cup of bitterness, which has at different times been forced upon me by the devotees of cold water, was, finally filled, last autumn, in the Highlands. 'I was not there with the intention of chasing the wild deer, or following the roe (nor do I even know the difference between those two diversions), and far less of standing up to my knees in running streams with a rod in my hand, whether with the superstitious idea of penance, or of fly-fishing. No, I was at the picturesque village of Kilmurdoch, N. B., with the sole object of writing a work of the imagination, in octosyllabic verse—when the following circumstance occurred, and put every poetical idea out of my head for the rest of the season. I had been roaming, on one occasion, for many hours, in search of the Beautiful, and thoroughly tired and wet-footed, was luxuriating in the idea of a warm bath; for they had a warm bath in the hotel at Kilmurdoch, although it was not a very good one. It was wanted but 'little' in the establishment, and I should say, from personal experience, that it was not wanted 'long.' It was situated in a sort of passage where four doors (and four drafts) met, through which bare-footed maidens, from scullery and kitchen, might pass at any moment, and did it. Being an Englishman of retiring manners, I insisted upon locking all these doors, although I believe the whole current of communication within the house was thereby disturbed,—the continuity, as the electricians have it, broken—by my isolation of that bath-chamber. I think so,

because of the manifold attempts which were made to procure a free transit during the progress of my undressing, and on account of the difficulty I had of drawing the line of propriety, beyond which no trespass should be made; Scotch manners being as much less fastidious in these matters, as their habits are shorter. At last, however, having declared myself in a state of siege, and declined to admit any one, I proceeded to take my ease in my bath.

'Talk about cold water,' I soliloquised, presenting only my nose and my mouth above the steaming surface; 'give me the water at 90 degrees;' and if I had not been afraid of turning on the cold supply instead of the hot one—for there was nothing in the Kilmurdoch apparatus to tell me which was which—I would have made it warmer still. There was the customary rope, however, depending over my head, with a charming little brazen ring at the end of it like a parrot's perch; and there was also some clumsy-looking machine above it, whose nature I did not comprehend, and which, in my dreamy state of contentment, I did not care to investigate. Presently, when I had had enough of lying, Sabrina-like, beneath the pleasant wave, I thought I would swing by the perch, by way of exercise. I was obliged to raise my neck and shoulders out of the warm water for this purpose; and then I put forth my hand to reach the ring, when, as I did so—suffocation, iciness, hail-stones, a volley of thunder, and paralysis both physical and mental, supervened simultaneously. I held on grimly and unconsciously to this abominable and evilly magic ring until the last drop of that cold shower-bath was emptied upon my devoted body. But I protest, during the first twenty minutes of it—the torrent must have lasted for hours, and the machine have contained water enough for a night's toddy for all Kilmurdoch—I thought it was the end of the world!

THE NEW SOCIAL-SCIENCE VOLUME.*

THE Social Science Conference has brought out its second volume, being the transactions of the meeting at Liverpool in October last. We have had so much concern in the social improvements of the last twenty-five years—may we not in all humility say, had some share in originating them—particularly the sanitary movement?—that we cannot refrain from expressing our delight in seeing so goodly a proof of the extended interest felt in these subjects. Here are some of the foremost men of the land—Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, the Bishop of Chester, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Carlisle, Sir James Stephen—pouring themselves out in earnest eloquent addresses on questions affecting the practical good of the public. Here is a great range of lesser, but intelligent and cultivated men, coming together, each with his modicum of facts, observations, suggestions, illustrating what is done or doing for practical improvements, or pointing the way to further advances of the like nature. We may surely begin to augur something for the cause of true civilisation, when we see such a concentration of enlightened and disinterested effort taking shape from year to year amongst us.

In our narrow limits, we can but propose to cull a few flowers out of this valuable volume—though it is no easy matter to so restrict ourselves.

We learn from the address of Mr W. Cowper, M.P., that, while large means of education have been of late years provided in England, there are nevertheless 2,262,000 children, between the ages of three and fifteen, who are not at school, the greater number

being absent without any necessity or justification. The great evil is declared by another observer—and we must give our full accord to the remark—to be the indifference of parents. Mr Cowper points to the centre of Europe, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, where, under every variety of government, there is a compulsory education of from six to eight years for all children. Why should not such a system, under certain, perhaps necessary, modifications be adopted for England? One thing we can tell our country—a democratic reform of the House of Commons, without an education for the entire community, will be something of a solecism, and one not likely to be attended with pleasant consequences.

Sir James Stephen gives an address on emigration, perhaps the most philosophical effusion in the volume. He reckons among the benefits of having colonies, that we have in them at least firmer allies than in other states. They are also the best customers. In 1856, the ships entering our ports from and for our colonies, were so numerous, that, 'if brought together on any one average day of the 365, they would have formed a fleet of 197 sail,' and, 'on any such average day, their cargoes were of the value of £280,000 and upwards.' The emigration from Ireland in 1847 and seven following years exceeded 1,700,000. Out of terrible calamities have sprung 'fruits for which the sufferers themselves, the land of their birth, and the land of their adoption, should all join in one glad chorus of grateful adoration. Of those adopted lands,' Sir James goes on to say, 'and of the reception of the sufferers in them, the parliamentary witnesses drew pictures usually attractive, and sometimes even fascinating. Some of them extolled the invigorating climate and the cordial society of Eastern Canada; some celebrated the unrivalled fertility of the Upper Province; some dwelt on the exhaustless capital and demand for labour in the United States; and some on the perpetual spring, the interminable pastures, and the mineral wealth of Australia. There were witnesses who graphically described the Irish emigrants as, touching the western shores of the Atlantic, they leaped at once from wages of half-a-crown to wages of a guinea and a half by the week. Others exhibited domestic dramas, of which the half-cleared wilderness was the scene, the Irish emigrant the hero, and a seat in some municipal or provincial council the splendid catastrophe. Many celebrate the fact that, in the person of the redoubted General Jackson, the presidential chair of the United States was filled by the son of such an emigrant. With one voice they all bear testimony to the thrift, sobriety, and diligence, and to the state of comfort in which the emigrants were living. Mr Godley assigns to them three daily meals of butcher's-meat, and clothing like that of a thriving farmer in the West Riding. But Count Strelezki reaches the climax—"In the United States, in Canada, and in Australia," he says, "I saw the Irish living as well as the Anglo-Saxons, acquiring their grumbling habits, and thus continually improving their condition!" Think of O'Connell's "hereditary bondsman," "close-buttoned to the chin—broad cloth without, and a warm heart within," grumbling over his sirlain at the hardness of the times, and fattening as he growls! And warm indeed were the hearts of those noble exiles. We know something, and have all heard much of Irish eloquence; but neither Burke nor Sheridan, Plunkett nor Grattan, Curran nor O'Connell, has left behind him anything so moving as some of the letters laid before parliament, in which the Irish in Canada invited their kindred at home to join them there. To their grammar and spelling, indeed, belongs only the praise of a bare originality; but the tenderness and the pathos, the gracefulness and the gaiety, the quiet humour and the homely wisdom, with which they address themselves to their deserted

* *Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science*, 1858. Edited by George W. Hastings, LL.B. London: Parker. 1859.

villages, bespeak them at once as genuine members of the land, and as pure scions of the stock of Oliver Goldsmith. Nor was theirs a mere lip-rhetoric. Their invitations were accompanied and enforced by pecuniary remittances, which were made partly through private hands, of whose receipts nothing is publicly known, but chiefly through the greater commercial firms and banking-houses of Ireland, who, on accounts spontaneously transmitted to the government, debited themselves with receipts which, in the ten years beginning in 1848 and ending in 1857, amounted—they to whom the fact is new will scarcely hear it without incredulity—to £9,937,000. Thus the remittances made by the Irish emigrants to their families at home from the savings of these ten years, far exceeded the ten millions granted by parliament for the relief of Ireland. Never was a debt more magnificently repaid or more nobly cancelled. Our ten millions ten times told would have been well repaid if it had made us no other return than the knowledge that such are the hearts that are beating in the bosoms of our Irish fellow-countrymen. Where, in the annals of mankind, will you find such another proof of the devotedness of a whole people to the sacred charities of home?

As a variety upon this passage, take Professor Pillans's remark on the way in which history is too often taught in schools. 'History has been well defined, Philosophy teaching by example; but to give the examples without the philosophy, is to reverse the order of nature. For until reason and reflection enable us to draw from history the lessons which it teaches, and to enlarge the sphere of our own experience, by being introduced to scenes in the drama of human life, which occasionally elevate and encourage, but more frequently admonish and warn, and impress us with a humiliating sense of the weakness and the wickedness of former ages—till we can reap such fruits, what is history but a catalogue of the crimes and follies and miseries of our race? Of what use can it be to crowd the child's memory with the minute details of these—with dates and descriptions of battles, the exact number of the killed and wounded on both sides, the lineal descent of all the foolish kings and ferocious tyrants who have afflicted humanity, the day and year they were born and died, and the length of their disastrous reigns? There is, indeed, a way of culling the flowers of history which might agreeably and profitably follow geographical preparation, before the close of the ninth year. The bright points of man's history may be dwelt upon—the biography of great men who, by their intellectual feats, have impressed a character on the age; notices of discoveries and inventions which have improved the condition of mankind; while the dreary wastes of chronology are passed lightly over.'

There is much of a cheering nature from Lord Carlisle, Mr M. D. Hill, Captain Crofton, and others, on the reformation of criminals. Good results from the recent efforts in Ireland continue to be shewn. We have a paper from Mr W. Bayne Ranken, giving an account of a society for the aid of discharged prisoners—a perfectly indispensable adjunct to all efforts at the restoration of convicts to a sphere of honest industry. 'With very few exceptions, the society has received most satisfactory accounts of the well-doing of both the men and women it has been instrumental in gaining employment for, and the loans advanced have almost in every instance been repaid.' On the other hand, Mr Monckton Milnes reports of an Industrial Home for Discharged Prisoners, at Wakefield, that, during two years, of 343 persons admitted, 95 have left without assigning any reason, 73 have been discharged for misconduct, 36 left, having objections to the regulations, 34 to seek employment, while only 67 have been passed from the home into profitable

employment elsewhere. It is a remark of more importance than at first sight appears, that it is easier to replace a convict in society in Ireland than in England. 'The sanguine and cheerful elements in the Irish character are no doubt very favourable to the recovery of a lost position in society, and the law, in that portion of the empire, has not always possessed the force and popular concert which here causes its infringement to entail such life-long consequences.'

There is a laborious paper by Dr Farr on the influence of marriage on the mortality of the French people. We learn that there is considerably less mortality among the married than the single; that between twenty and forty, the mortality of wives is greater than that of husbands, but less at subsequent ages, though not in a great degree; and that 'at all ages widows are more mortal than wives.' It strikes us that one all-sufficient reason for the superior viability of the married is, that they are generally a selection of the comparatively healthy, and do not, as a rule, comprehend so many soldiers, criminals, fatuous persons, and others, who are peculiarly exposed to the causes destructive of life.

The obstacles to sanitary reform are unfortunately very great. It is found that the rural labourer in England cannot afford a cottage fit for the perfect maintenance of health: if he gets one, it must be partly at the expense of his landlord or employer. The building of improved houses for the labouring-classes in towns evidently is not a tempting speculation to builders or capitalists, for it is not entered upon by them, and has only as yet been tried by philanthropists. The Rev. Charles Kingsley, in treating this subject, adverts to the class of owners of property occupied by the poor, as one having an interest in keeping things as they are, and whom nothing but a rigorous system of inspection can control. But how can this be attained? The low property-owners form no small element of that order who chiefly affect elections, and who are the only one now thoroughly represented. 'Their prejudices, superstitions, pride, and theirs alone, must be courted by the man who desires to become a senator; while the man of science or of scholarship, who could and would do battle against our social evils, has practically little more voice in the legislation of the country than the working-man who suffers from those evils, whose children, and too often he himself, are the victims of preventable disease, or of lingering weakness and misery engendered by an atmosphere to which we would not expose our dogs and horses.'

As it does not seem to admit of a doubt that the system of distribution by retail shop-keeping is a cumbrous and expensive one—there being more house-property, and that of a finer kind, and more human beings, employed in it, than are necessary—while the competition unavoidably induces adulteration of goods and other evils—much interest attaches to all rational efforts at a system which shall be more economic. The Rochdale co-operative stores and the Leeds flour-mills are great facts. We here find an account of a very modest, and as yet infantine association for such objects, in Liverpool. In 1851, it had but 34 members, and kept its stores in a press; in 1857, it had 475 members, and had a store constantly open under proper officers, with two branch-establishments. The business for seven years has amounted to £17,115. 'Articles of food and clothing have been secured to the members, of a better quality than could have been obtained at the average retail-shop. Weight and measurement have also been secured, together with protection of the ignorant in their purchases, especially of articles of wearing apparel. These advantages have been obtained at a payment for each article of not more than the average shop-price.'

The providing of innocent amusement for the people, in antagonism to the usually sole entertainment offered by the public-house, is one of the important problems of our age, and we find here some notice, from Mr Samuel Taylor, of what appears as a very hopeful effort at its solution. At Hanley, in the midst of the dense industrial population of the *Potteries*, there are now, twice a week, Literary and Musical Entertainments for the People, lasting about two hours each, and consisting of readings from good authors, alternated by the performances of a band. They are so attractive that great difficulty has been experienced in providing sufficient accommodation for the audience. 'At first, admission was free, the funds being supplied by a few friends to popular improvement. But one evening a working-man from the body of the hall arose, and voluntarily proposed that an admission-fee of one penny should be charged in future. This proposition was received with acclamation, and carried most enthusiastically; and thus, by the act of the people themselves, the entertainments were made self-supporting, for the small sum charged proved sufficient to defray all expenses, and leave a balance in the hands of the treasurer at the end of each session.' Latterly, the plan has been followed in other towns with equal success. 'The literary and musical staff has consisted, in many instances, of persons who, heretofore, have confined the exercise of their talents to the drawing-room; while the amount and quality of musical acquirements amongst the working-class, developed during the proceedings, were both surprising and gratifying. The deep and active interest which persons of all conditions have taken in these entertainments, and the support rendered to them by the clergy of the Church of England, and ministers of all denominations, are not only a guarantee for their future success, but indicate their high moral tendency, and the great desire all classes have to meet together to participate in pleasures which all can share free from political differences and sectarian animosities. Wealthy manufacturers have been seen reading to their workmen, and the delicately trained and accomplished lady has thrown aside reserve, and played and sung to her humbler neighbours; and the people have repaid with interest such instances of kindness by the propriety of their demeanour, and by the most grateful demonstrations.'

Mr Taylor adds the important result, that about twenty music saloons connected with public-houses have fallen before this well-conducted effort. 'Great numbers who have been accustomed to seek recreation at such places, have been remarkable for their regular and punctual attendance at these entertainments, and the marked attention they have paid to the proceedings. Whole families belonging to the working-classes attended them regularly, and husbands and fathers, accustomed to seek amusement in haunts of vice, have learned how great and pure is the pleasure arising from innocent yet cheerful recreation, shared in common with their wives and families.'

MY THREE WOOINGS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

It was a most unjustifiable proceeding! I can say nothing in extenuation of my conduct; nothing even to qualify it; but since confessions are the fashion, I will 'make a clean breast of it,' and relate the whole story, trusting it may prove at least a warning-voice to the few—for I hope there are not many—who have been placed in my strange position—that of the accepted lover of three charming girls at the same time!

Yes, fair reader, you may well shake those silken curls at me; such was the astounding fact.

It was long ago—I will not say how long ago, for I am not going to narrate my whole history; only such passages of it as are connected with what has been defined as 'an episode in the life of man, though it forms the whole history of woman.'

The daughter of my private tutor was my first love.

Where is the man who did not fall in love with the daughter of his private tutor? always supposing he had a private tutor, and that private tutor had a daughter.

Her name was Rose May, and she was like a May-rose, so fresh, so fair, so blooming, so artless.

Of course, all her father's 'young men' fell in love with her; she was used to that; and it was not only her vanity that was flattered by my attentions. Attentions? That was an odd word, for they only consisted in my inattention to everything else. It was no use carving her name upon the trees; I found they were all scored over with it already. It was no use sending her valentines; Dr May saw all her letters. It was no use playing the flute, nor even the key-bugle, for she said she did not like music, though her voice, when she taught the school-children their Hundredth Psalm and their Evening Hymn, was as sweet as St Cecilia's might have been. At last, I found a way to her heart.

Rose was fond of sketching from nature, and so was I. It is true that the gable-ends of her roofs were wandering upward and downward in search of some unknown vanishing-point; and her chimneys had a trick of looking over into their neighbours' windows, like the leaning tower of Pisa; but I gave her some hints about this, and was soon installed her drawing-master.

This insured me many a pleasant stroll with her; and I cut her pencils, and carried her book; and we often sat and looked at the same oak-tree without much progress in its outline. At last I made a discovery.

I took up a drawing-book which I was not intended to see; it was snatched out of my hands, and the May-rose became a blush-rose on the spot; but I gained my point at last. I opened the book, and there were indubitable proofs that the talent of my lovely pupil lay not in gables and in oak-trees, but in portraits. There was I myself, in a variety of attempts, the cravat particularly elaborated; but the profile could not be mistaken (reader, I have an aquiline nose): the nostril was left out altogether; the eye but faintly indicated, though there were long eyelashes, like stitches in netting, round it; the hair made one think of the 'ancient thatch upon the lonely moated grange;' but still it was my hair; and the eyebrow unmistakable.

I turned to the May-rose in unspeakable happiness. I am not sure what I did—whether I kissed my own portrait or her hand, or fell on my knees; but I know that soon after we were engaged—irrevocably engaged. She was sixteen; I was eighteen. We knew our own minds perfectly; we had gone through this bleak world alone, unloving and unloved, except by a few fathers and mothers, and maiden aunts; we had found the one only being who could understand and appreciate us—we loved; we were betrothed.

I went to Oxford, and passed wretched years in anguish and suspense, occasionally relieved by boating, driving coaches—there were coaches in those days—hunting, wine-parties, and a very little reading. I went through my little go creditably. My only wish in life was to have a tolerable living, which my father would purchase for me, and marry the May-rose.

I have promised not to write an autobiography,

and will only touch lightly and briefly on what was anything but a light matter to me: my father failed in some mining speculations just about the time I was to leave college. I had no prospect then of his being able to purchase a living for me; and my dreams of a parsonage and the May-rose grew fainter.

My uncle, the general, took a fancy, though a very precarious one, to me. I went down, at his invitation, to his place in Hampshire. The fancy took root, and flourished. I wonder at it, for I went with a thorough determination to contradict him in everything, lest he should suppose I wanted to curry favour with him. He had made his fortune in India, in the days when fortunes were made there: and he was bent upon one of two things—either that I should accept a writership and go to Madras, or marry his ward, Justina Warner, who was to have three thousand a year, and was just seventeen.

Of course, I resolved to do neither; and in order to clench the matter, finding Miss Warner was expected at the Birches, asked on purpose to meet me, I immediately wrote a most pathetic epistle to the May-rose, accompanied with a turquoise and pearl-ring in the shape of a 'forget-me-not,' renewing my vows of unchangeable fidelity. To this I received a tender reply, written on pink paper, with a stamped border, which found its home in my left waistcoat-pocket; and what delighted me more was a lock of her exquisite fair hair, and a heart's-ease ring, which just fitted my little finger, where I forthwith installed it.

Alas! was it the presentiment of danger that made me thus barricade my heart and guard my hand with that little special constable of a heart's-ease ring? I know not, but I felt that I should be violently attacked by the said Justina Warner, especially as my uncle, who was enthusiastic in her praise, described her as 'a splendid girl; such a horse-woman! Just see her ride Sky-rocket across country, that's all; stops at nothing. Then such a mimic; so clever, she takes off people to their faces. And as to caricatures!'—Here he ended in an admiring laugh, which quite abashed me by anticipation.

The May-rose softly blushed upon my imagination in contrast to this boyden; and I pressed the hand with the ring on its little finger fervently on my left waistcoat-pocket containing the pink letter.

Justina came. Directly the ringing of gate bells, clapping of doors, lifting of trunks, and other notes of arrival, assailed me, I rushed out into the shrubbery—'into the free air' as I called it; but it was not free to me, for there I met my uncle, with a very red face, hurrying in to receive her. He gasped out: 'Where are you off to, you young scapegrace? Don't you know Justina's come?'

I was turned back like a whipped hound, and followed my uncle to the back-door by which he was entering; there, however, I saw a way of escape—the back-stairs which led to my bedroom. Regardless of consequences, I rushed up the steps, overturning a pail and mop in my way, reached my room without further accident, bolted the door, and threw myself on a chair, literally panting with the sense of escape.

My room looked towards the back of the house into the stable-yard. I could not make up my mind to face the formidable Miss Warner at luncheon, and waited till I trusted she would be disposed of, either to go out with my uncle, or retire to her own room; so I remained where I was, beguiling the time with the little pink letter, which I had by heart, and the ring of the dear little writer. Suddenly I heard my uncle's voice close under my window; a groom called, and desired to bring out a newly purchased horse, to shew Miss Warner.

'O no; I'd much rather go in and look at him,' said a high, clear, but not unpleasing voice. 'Besides, I want to see all my old friends. How's Sky-rocket, Thomas? Where do the H. H. hounds meet this week? General, are you up to a run, or will you only ride with me to see the meet? I hope you won't send that nephew of yours with me instead, because I have a strong presentiment that he is a spoon.'

My uncle laughed long and loud, then said: 'No, no; not quite that; but he certainly wants you to put a little life into him. He is a nice lad enough.'

'A nice lad! O yes, I can just fancy. I suppose he walks out by moonlight, and always shuts the door softly, and sits with his feet under his chair, and says: "Yos indeed" and "you don't say so!" A regular muff, I dare say. But where are the pointer puppies? I must see them first, and then the new horse.'

Here the conversation took a canine turn, and relieved my angry blushes. I was violently incensed; indeed, in the agitation of the moment, I actually tore in pieces the precious pink letter I had in my hand. This misfortune rather calmed my feelings—on the principle of counter-irritation, I suppose, for I was much annoyed to lose the valued relic. I got out my desk, and sat down to write to the May-rose, but somehow or other, I could not get on. There was every now and then a loud, but very merry, and not unmusical laugh under my window, that disturbed me, and I began to wonder what this virago looked like. I hated her most intensely, and the very hatred gave me an interest in her.

I began several sheets to the May-rose, and found, that after writing, 'Dearest and loveliest Rose,' or 'Sweetest and fairest Rose,' &c., I had nothing to say to her, but to relate the incidents of Miss Warner's arrival. I tore up the letter in disgust, at my own stupidity, and began to think it only wanted an hour of dinner, and then I could not avoid meeting the detestable Miss Warner. For that hour, I continued my voluntary captivity, afraid of encountering the enemy, if I went out; but I employed the time in selecting what I considered to be the most knowing-looking of my cravats and waistcoats.

I never had bestowed so much time and thought upon my dress before; yet it was not so much the wish to please, as the fear of ridicule. I wondered, as I never did before, whether my long straight hair did not really give me a 'spooney' look, and whether a green or a purple waistcoat might not make me look pale and 'moonstruck.' A white cravat I entirely avoided, for having sported one at Dr May's on a grand occasion, Rose had said—though this was before we were engaged—that it made me look like a footman.

At last the second bell rung, and in spite of all I could do, my heart beat violently, and I felt my cheeks flush as I entered the drawing-room. To my horror and consternation, Justina was there alone. I felt so utterly dismayed, that my first impulse was to retreat, and shut the door again; but in doing this, in my confusion, I shut in the paw of a Skye terrier that had followed me into the room. Nettle began to howl; Miss Warner flew to the rescue, seated herself on the floor, and began to soothe the whining animal, and examine the wounded foot. This she did without taking the slightest notice of me, who stood by rather sulkily, feeling as if I ought to apologise, and yet, as it was my own dog, I did not see why I should, unless I did so to Nettle, who was certainly the aggrieved party.

'You are giving yourself a great deal of trouble,' said I, feeling I must say something. 'He is not much hurt.'

'You might have broken his leg, and perhaps you have,' she said, still intent on the dog. 'I never saw

anything so awkward. Why could you not have come in at once, and not taken fright at me?'—

'I? I was looking for my uncle,' said I, much abashed; 'otherwise I should'—

'Nonsense! Tell the truth at once, if you wish to please me.'

How I longed to tell her I did not wish to please her, but had not courage!

'There, you darling little pet, you'd tell the truth if you could speak, wouldn't you? Is it your dog? What's its name? You don't deserve such a dear dog, and not to care whether you crush it to death or not! I wish you'd give it to me; I have taken a great fancy to the dog.'

Here was a poser! Give her my dog? I would as soon give her my heart and hand—and I mentally resolved on seeing her go through a very unpleasant process indeed, before I did that. Give her Nettle? Why, I could not make up my mind to give the dog to Rose, though I knew she would have liked it above all things. She always said it was 'a duck.' I uttered not a word; and Nettle, who had left off howling, and was now licking his wounded foot and Miss Warner's hand alternately, still sat in her lap, looking up to me and wagging his tail occasionally, in a forgiving manner.

At this juncture, in came my uncle, and the butler followed him to announce dinner.

'What's the matter now?' said he, stopping opposite to Justina, who sat close to the door, Turkish fashion, with the dog in her lap.

'Nothing at all, general,' said she, rising with graceful ease, and still holding Nettle in her arms. 'This poor dog has been hurt in the door; and as a recompense for my skill in doctoring him, your nephew has been so polite as to give him to me. Is not that good-natured?'—

She said this with an air of such genuine delight, and my uncle looked so pleased with me, as he said: 'Upon my word, then, I suppose you have made acquaintance without me?' that I was again tongue-tied, and of course my silence was acquiescence. It was quite a relief to me when seated at dinner with the lights—for I had scarcely had a sight of Miss Warner's features in the dusk of the drawing-room—it was quite a relief to me, that she was *not* pretty. She was small, and slight, and exquisitely formed; her eyes were magnificent—dark hazel, with long black lashes; her hair as dark as night, but its thick tresses were carelessly arranged, and did not shew off the really beautiful shape of her head; her complexion was that of a brunette; her mouth too large for beauty, though her teeth were like pearls: in short, she was one of those women who do not strike at first, but grow into beauty as you learn them by heart. Some might call her plain, and some few might think her beautiful. I was determined to think her detestable, and to give her no encouragement; but as the dinner and evening proceeded without her appearing to take the least notice of me, I was at a loss how to manifest my intention.

The general was bent upon drawing out her talents and accomplishments, shewing her caricatures, and making her sing. She sung admirably; and though I appeared entirely absorbed in the *Hampshire Mercury*, and though my uncle's favourite songs were not mine, yet I could not help feeling a charm in them.

To Justina's singing I was determined to act the 'deaf adler'; but it was no use—the spell was on me: it was *music*, not this song or that, which she sung. There was something in the perfectly trained, though not powerful voice, that gave a promise, a security to the ear that it would not be wounded. It was music that seemed to vibrate to some chord within me—it was music that made me feel almost as if I were singing it myself, so perfectly in unison did it seem

with my inner being. I had leaned back in my arm-chair, and concealed my face with the newspaper. Justina, peeping over the top of her music-book, I suppose, thought me asleep, and half in merriment, half in mortification, suddenly clattered down the music-book upon the keys, making a tremendous orchestral crash. The newspaper dropped from before my eyes, in my sudden start at the shock. Justina saw that I was actually in tears; there was no time to conceal the fact. The general laughed, Justina did not; she looked very red, and very much astonished and disconcerted, and sat at the piano without attempting to pick up her book or resume her playing.

'I—I beg your pardon,' she said, quite humbly.

'Pardon! Indeed, I should think so,' said the general, 'for shocking our nerves in that way.'

'Well, I won't do so any more,' she said, rising from the piano, and giving an odd, inquiring look at me.

'Do you mean to say that you won't sing any more?' said I, eagerly starting up. 'Oh, you must—you will.' I had risen, and was assisting her to replace the music-book.

'I had no idea you were so fond of music,' she said in a low voice, quite unlike her former manner. 'I thought you disliked it.'

'And that was the reason you played and sung, then?'—

'Yes.'

'Well, then, think I dislike it still, and go on playing and singing.'

'Are there any songs you particularly—dislike?'

'Yes; but if you sing them—as I suppose you would, if I name them—I should be sure to like them.' Here she jumped up from the piano, and elapped her hands, running up to my uncle.

'General, general, why did we not have a bet? A compliment; your nephew has actually paid me a compliment—given me his dog, and paid me a compliment. Is not that pretty well for the first day's work?' I was utterly confounded and exasperated.

'Bold, vain, conceited coquette,' thought I; 'but no more worth a serious moment's consideration than a musical snuff-box, which I shall make play for my amusement.'

Let the reader experienced in such matters, which I confess is not even now my case, imagine a succession of such scenes for a fortnight. I was by degrees occupied, interested, curious, piqued, provoked, mortified, flattered, and finally, captivated. Yes, reader with the dark braids and soft eyes, do not look up reproachfully: it was a fact. Of course, it is needless to assure you that I did not succumb without a struggle; the final and conquering blow was given by the appearance of a rival.

My uncle, the general, was too much of an old soldier to encourage any such poachers on his own estate, but there was a county ball, from which Miss Warner would not be absent. I had grown by this time to think her not only pretty, but absolutely beautiful. There was a variety in her dress, her looks, and her humour, that did not seem design, but a kind of adorable caprice, that was quite enchanting. She never did, or said, or looked, as you expected she would.

At this ball there were officers from Winchester, and dandies from London, and squires and eldest sons from the neighbourhood. Miss Warner was known as a fortune, as a capital horsewoman, as a beautiful waltzer, as a wit, and as 'capital fun.' It was not the fashion to call her a beauty; yet, when she came out, looking her best, and perfectly well dressed, people were surprised into saying, she was 'quite pretty' to-night. How often an established beauty, one shade paler than usual, is thought 'looking quite plain!'

Well, this was one of Justina's triumphal nights. She was in white, with scarlet pomegranate blossoms in her dark hair, and looping up her dress. I could not waltz, and suffered an unknown and intense torture in seeing Justina whirled past me in the arms of one man after another through the dance. She evidently seemed to enjoy it.

'Don't you dance?' said she to me, during a pause. 'You have not asked me. But perhaps you would like to be introduced to some other girls.'

'I do not dance,' said I, with dignity; 'and I despise every one, every man, at least, that does.' Her partner here claimed her, and she was again whirled away.

'So Sir William Rycroft is caught at last!' said a sharp feminine voice in the circle near me.

'Yes, so they say,' was the response; 'and a lucky man, too. Rich as he is, and a young baronet, he was looking out for money.'

'But what has Miss Warner? She is much too pretty for an heiress,' said the other voice.

I knew that it was Sir William Rycroft, who was then in the heat of a *deux-temps* with Justina. I watched them with the eye of a hawk. The dance was over, and he was leading her to the supper-room; she turned her head, as if looking for some one. I thought it was for her temporary chaperon, Lady Rycroft, mother of the baronet; but she still looked about till she glanced at me. Her cheek flushed, and she gave me an unmistakable sign to come to her. I advanced coldly and doubtingly. 'O Gerald!' she exclaimed—this was the first time she had ever called me by my Christian name, and it thrilled me like the music of her songs—'where is the General? I so particularly wish you would take me to him—can you?' She almost placed her arm within mine, as she withdrew from the discomfited baronet. He could only bow acquiescence, and look daggers and pistols at me. As soon as we had left him, she said: 'Pray, forgive my familiar address just now. I saw you looked horrified at my calling you "Gerald."'

'No, Justina,' said I; 'not in the least. I am never surprised at any caprice in you.'

'Thank you. But it was not entirely caprice; it was to get rid of that man. I thought you would allow me for once to take the liberty of using your name.'

'Why, they say you are engaged to him, and I have seen you dance with him all the evening.'

'What was I to do if nobody else danced?'

'Everybody asked you.'

'Well, and I danced with everybody; and now I have done—I don't mean to dance any more.'

'I was in hopes you would once, one dull quadrille with me.'

'Why did you not ask me, then? I thought you despised dancing.'

'I only hate those that dance with you.'

The quadrille was forming, and we stood up. She was in no haste to find the general, and never had she so fascinated me. Sir William came up again to take her to supper, and he looked bitterly mortified when she coolly refused.

'You are scarcely polite to him,' said I magnanimously.

'I did not intend it. His mother has most impudently made his proposals to me, and he has taken it for granted they were accepted; so I have set him down and given him his answer; and I wish to goodness, Gerald, you could waltz, and then I should not have any trouble; but to refuse a man point-blank, and then let him clasp one round the waist, is rather awkward.'

'And if I had been able to waltz?'

'Why, then, of course, I should have waltzed with no one else.'

This 'of course' both bewildered and enchanted me. I sat next her at supper—a regular country-ball sitting-down supper. The general was opposite, and her chaperon, Lady Rycroft, completely distanced. I don't know how many glasses of champagne I drank, but I made several puns, and felt witty enough to have written *Vanity Fair*. Then came a sentimental fit, and I quoted Byron, and swore 'there were none of Beauty's daughters with a magic like her,' and that she walked in beauty like the night. I have a suspicion that I must have said something even more tender and 'compromising' still.

Instead of laughing at all this, as was her wont, Justina received it with an air of beatitude; and just as we were making our way to the cloak-room—the general following discreetly in the rear, she said in a low voice: 'You have made me so very, very happy, Gerald, this evening, I must tell you so.'

'Is it possible?' said I, venturing to press the little hand resting on my arm. 'How so?'

'Oh, of course you know what I mean; only you men are such tyrants—you will never be satisfied without making us acknowledge our slavery.'

'What can slavery have to do with you—and me; unless, indeed'—and here I floundered for a compliment.

'Oh, spare yourself the trouble of telling me you are my slave, when all the time, you only wanted to make me yours.'

'What can you mean?'

'O pretty innocence! Why, I mean, if it must out, that it makes me ten thousand times happier to find, after all, you—you love me, in spite of yourself, and though you were determined to hate me, than if you had come prepared to make love *aux beaux yeux de ma cassette*, like all the other men. I was just as resolved to dislike you too; and yet you see.'

How could I interrupt her otherwise than by again pressing the little hand!

She went on: 'But, Gerald, you must not think me very strange and bold (I dare say, you do, though, already!) if I give you one hint: I shall be obliged to tell the general immediately about Sir William Rycroft, as he will be sure to hear of it. I expect to be terribly blamed, unless—unless you or I tell him also what has passed to-night: he is sure to be delighted at that, you know.'

She said this in a hurried, agitated manner. I scarcely know what I said in answer; I was again taken for granted. The general joined us almost immediately, and we stepped into the carriage for a long drive home, which was effectually a *tête-à-tête*, as the general was fast asleep very soon; and as Justina leaned forward to talk to me in whispers, and allowed me to hold her hand in mine, I forgot everything but herself and her strange unexpected confessions, that she had liked me from the very first, though she had been quite determined not to do so.

As soon as we arrived, I hastened to my room, not venturing to encounter the general. In the morning, however, I was doomed: he was alone in the breakfast-room when I came down. I quite longed to see Justina also, but she did not appear. Anything would have been better than an explanation with him. He began by clapping my back, shaking my hands, poking my ribs, and every English equivalent to an embrace—calling me 'Lucky dog,' 'Sly fox,' and other congratulatory epithets. At last I gained courage to ask him what he meant.

'Mean! Why, what the devil do you mean?'

I muttered something about a mistake, and that Miss Warner must have misunderstood me. I will not attempt to describe the explosion that followed, which subsided into the question: 'Do you mean to say, then, you won't have her?'

I could not answer 'No;' I blushed every shade from red to purple, but I could not say 'No.' I thought of the May-rose, and a curacy; I felt in my waistcoat-pocket for the pink letter, no longer there; I looked at the turquoise ring, but I did not say 'No.' 'What a fool the boy is!' said my uncle with an almost hysterical laugh of relief. 'You put me quite in a fright by your confounded shyness.'

With these words, he left me; and while I was revolving some means of escape, I saw Justina's little blood-mare, and the horse I usually rode, led up to the door ready for mounting; and she herself came flying down stairs in hat and habit, a remarkably becoming dress to her, while her clear voice sounded through the spacious hall: 'Gerald! Gerald! are you not ready?'

So I found myself taken for granted again; and against my will, or rather without my will, was soon cantering down the lane by her side, as usual. At first, I resolved to be so sulky that she should be obliged to ask me for an explanation; then I would confess all about the May-rose, and throw myself on her mercy; but nothing of this happened. I could not but be flattered by the change in her manner: all her pert flippancy had disappeared—she was all gentleness and winning softness; so I put off my confession till we turned back. 'When we get upon the downs,' said I to myself. But on the downs we had a gallop; and she had a fight with the little mare, to make her leap over a furze-bush, which incident we talked of as we rode home. I waited in vain for an *à propos* to the May-rose. 'Well,' thought I, 'I am determined to speak as soon as we get into the turnip-field.' In the turnip-field, however, out flew a covey of partridges, which made us both devoutly wish we had guns. I began some bitter remarks upon the cruelty of the wish in her, and my horror of sporting-ladies in general. Instead of being affronted, as I hoped, she said, with great sweetness: 'O Gerald, I shall give up all that sort of thing now. It is just *that* which makes me so sure you really like me, that I am—now, don't deny it—exactly the reverse of all your notions of what "lovely woman" ought to be.'

'I don't intend to deny it.'

'Well, that's candid, at anyrate. Now, describe what your ideal love ought to have been.'

Here was an opportunity. I had nothing to do but paint a flattering likeness of my May-rose—not having a miniature of her in my bosom ready to produce—and boldly declare that was my ideal and my real love—my betrothed. But somehow or other, before we got to the end of the turnip-field, the conversation took another turn, by my admiring the droop of Justina's feather over the broad edge of her hat; and the general on his fat cob coming to meet us, took a load from my heart, as I thought I *must* now put it off till to-morrow.

THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

My object in writing this paper is twofold—first, I would wish to disabuse the world as to the real character of a certain race of beings, most unduly valued by the mass of mankind as their natural friends; and secondly, when my case has been considered, I would fain appeal to the sympathies of my pitying reader, and beg for some advice in this my sore distress.

Let me explain the circumstances.

I am a man of a nervous nature, and disposed for a quiet life. I write a good deal for the press, and, besides pen and paper, own as my worldly goods a little house, a little competency, a little but devoted wife, and two little lively children. The same diminutive may also be applied with truth to a peculiarity

purely personal—I have, too, as my wife would say, 'a little temper of my own;' but Paulina being now accustomed to it, with all these little advantages we get on, as a general rule, harmoniously enough. What did I say?—*harmoniously*? Alas! for more than a twelvemonth past that word has been a hollow mockery in my house. For the last twelve months our domestic peace has been destroyed, our quiet evenings disturbed, our conjugal affection sorely tried, by a certain grinding, wearing worry, a ceaseless agony of sound, that makes me wish the whole science of acoustics—nay, the very sense of hearing—utterly unknown!

About eighteen months since, Paulina told me one morning that our kitchen-range had become too small for the culinary wants of our increasing household; the boiler did not hold water enough for the wash; the oven would not bake bread enough to last the week; &c., &c. I took the information calmly—though a new range was a matter of some expense—having learned during my marital experience that when Paulina wants anything for the house, it is certainly for my ultimate comfort to give in—those little women are so very determined! Well, soon afterwards she again invaded my study, and, with a beaming face, announced that she had found the very thing in her afternoon's marketing expedition with cook to the neighbouring town.

'Such a bargain, Reggie! and with quite the last improvements: the boiler holds twelve gallons, and there is such a love of an oven! and so cheap too.'

'Second-hand is it, Paulina?' I asked, with a warning recollection of divers bargains of my wife's before.

'Yes, dear, second-hand. But just go and see it: there's not a fault in it, cook says. She is quite set on having it, Reggie; and so am I: it's really worth having, my love!'

The range accordingly, after due examination, arrived one fine morning in August, and was fitted into the kitchen fireplace—no easy matter, by the by, for our chimney, country-fashion, is of enormous size, and this range, with quite the last improvements, had been constructed with a view to economise all possible space. However, it was at last fixed in its place, and for several days afterwards I noticed that Paulina made many more visits than usual to the kitchen; on divers pretexts, of course, but really, I knew very well, to admire her new acquisition. Each time she returned overflowing with its praises.

'Oh, Reggie! what do you think?' she exclaimed one day, bursting into my study, whence she had been expelled for talking, half an hour before. 'There is actually a *cricket* come in the new range! Just fancy, love, a dear delightful cricket! Cook has heard it chirping several times, and just now I heard one little note myself.'

'Well, Paulina, what then?' I asked, by no means comprehending her enthusiasm.

'Oh, Reggie, you silly old man! don't you know how lucky it is to have a cricket in the house? Nice merry things! why, a cricket always brings luck, and is such pretty company too:

Little inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my household hearth.

I shall teach Isabelle that pretty piece, Reggie, I think.'

'Don't you think it would be advisable to wait till she can speak, Paulina?' I asked, dryly.

(N.B.—Isabelle, our eldest, was then sixteen months old.)

'Oh now, Reggie! she can say "Papa," and "Pretty," and "Ta" already, you know; and, of course, I mean when she is older. But are not you pleased, Reggie, about the cricket in the range?'

'No, Paulina—bother the range!' I exclaimed, out of all patience. 'I declare I am heartily sick of the word; but there now, don't look vexed, dear—only you really are so childish about your range and your crickets! Can't you be more of a woman, my dear, and let one alone when one is busy?'

Paulina withdrew with a decided tendency to tears in her eyes; and I, feeling I had been cross, was extra snappish to her all the rest of the day, as was natural. Alas! was not this cloud in our sky, occasioned by the first cricket, a warning of the storms his successors were to bring?

For some months, checked by her last rebuff, my wife carefully avoided all allusion to her kitchen experience. I knew in my heart this must be rather a trial to her, though so decided a relief to myself, that I made no remark. At last, however, I began to observe a certain anxious look in my Paulina's face, which, as the children were quite well, I could not account for. I waited and waited an explanation, but none came, and the worried expression seemed growing habitual. I did not like this, so one evening I determined to ask the cause; and then, with a deep sigh, it all came out.

'Oh, Reggie, I haven't liked to tease you; but I am just worried out of my life! Cook has given me warning; and all the cupboards are full, and my pickles are eaten up, cork and all, and I can't keep a thing for them—and, O dear, what am I to do?'

'My poor little wife! there, don't fret so, darling; come here to me, and tell me all about it. Do you know you are quite incoherent, dear, and I don't know now what is wrong one bit? Come—who eats my Paulina's pickles, cork and all; and what ails the cook and the cupboards?'

'They are in such multitudes, Reggie,' she sobbed; 'the kitchen-floor is black with them at night, and the noise—the noise is deafening; and—'

'The noise of what?—of the pickles? My dear Paulina, do be a little more explicit. Is it the cupboards that are in multitudes? and what can be the matter with the kitchen-floor?'

'Those dreadful crickets, Reggie!' But the piteous tone in which the fearful word was uttered, upset my gravity completely.

'Only the crickets, my dear girl? and I thought you liked them so much—such "pretty company," you know! Why, little woman, you really are very inconstant in your affections.'

'Don't laugh, Reggie—now don't, please; indeed, it is not a bit of a joke. The servants won't sit in the kitchen for them, except cook, who must, and she has given warning. Just come and listen yourself.'

I was strongly inclined to laugh at the whole affair; but, seeing she was in earnest, I got up to please her. She led me to the green baize-door which separates the kitchen and back-passages from more civilised parts of the house; and, opening it, finger on lip, whispered: 'Now, Reggie?'

A sharp continuous squeak reached my ears, like nothing I have ever heard but the sound a toy-bird emits when the leather is squeezed. It went on, repeated and evidently answered by scores of shrill voices of the like kind all round us.

'Well, Reggie, dear?' said my wife, when we got back to the quiet dining-room. I thought I detected a certain triumph in her voice and upturned eyes; my manly pride was roused in a moment. I did not immediately see any remedy, so thought it best to make light of the evil.

'Is that all, Paulina?' I asked; 'just that little sound. It is really very needless to annoy yourself about such a mere trifle! Let the poor things be: they can do no kind of harm.'

'But the cook, dear; and'—

'Nonsense, child! the cook's a fool! but manage

her yourself, my dear. I never interfere, you know; and I settled myself again to my paper, despite Paulina's imploring face.

Two days afterwards, I came home wet through; and my careful wife having, of course, coat and slippers warming for me ready, my soaked garments and boots were carried into the kitchen to dry. After breakfast next morning, I rang and asked for these latter needful casings of my lower man. A long delay ensued; then came a knock—'Please, ma'am, you're wanted;' and as a grand finale, Paulina, returning, laid my unhappy boots before me without a word. What a dismal wreck was there! They were a new pair, lacing up the front: each eyelet-hole was eaten away round the brass; the polished fronts were all punctured, dimmed, destroyed. 'How's this, Paulina?' I demanded. 'Mice?'

'No, love; crickets! Jane foolishly left your boots on the kitchen fender all night to get quite dry; and oh, I'm so sorry, dear Reggie; but it's just like them!'

I looked ruefully at the ruined articles; L.1, 16s. 6d. they had cost the week before; the mischief did indeed seem to be assuming a more tangible shape. A few nights after, as I sat writing in my study, a faint squeak suddenly issued from the fireplace. Paulina, with a loud scream, started up; seizing the poker, she began to belabour the bricks with all her pigmy strength; a dead silence ensued, and she returned to her seat with a very self-satisfied look at me. I had been watching her efforts with some surprise, and now the truth flashing on me: 'Is it a cricket, my love?' I asked.

'Yes, Reggie; but, thank goodness, I've killed him, I think;' and she glanced towards the fireplace with a new expression dawning in her blue eyes, an expression I had never seen, in them before; an expression—shall I say it?—of savage, triumphant cruelty! I was shocked. Could this be my gentle, tender-hearted Paulina?

The squeak began again, but I desired her to sit still. Ah! would she had succeeded in her murderous attempt. From that hour to this, I have had no peace, no comfort in my life. That single cricket has become the patriarch of a nation continually on the increase. From my desecrated hearth, I am become the sport of millions. In the midst of my severest efforts at composition, the strident cries of these hordes of invaders rack and confuse my brain. Voices bewildering, derisive, continuous, distract my mind, and work the throbbing pulses of my weary temples, till thought becomes intolerable, impossible. Nor is my sanctum the only room thus infested; all through the mouldering plaster of the old walls, the indefatigable insects have eaten their way. Drawing-room, dining-room, up stairs, every room in the house has in turn become a prey to these desperate marauders; in the nursery, they swarm in myriads, flying against my children's faces with a heavy *thud*, and frightening them with their long feelers and great, staring eyes.

Against this last invasion, Paulina struggled hard, though of course in vain. Often have I seen her, in the small hours of the night, proceed, with stealthy slipped feet, and a jug of boiling water in her hand, to the room where her children were sleeping the sleep of innocence, while swarming multitudes of noisy foes were holding their fiend-like orgies on the darkened floor. Often have I watched her climbing over beds and chairs, to preserve her night-dress from such unholy contact, squirt the boiling water into the holes to which some more timid spirits had fled on her entrance. I have seen all this and more. I have seen the wife of my bosom losing every spark of tender womanly feeling in the excess of hatred; and can I chide her? No. I share

to the full in her abhorrence, her loathing aversion. I myself have tried every means I can think of to second her endeavours. Poisons of various kinds have I poked into their holes, or scattered on the floors, insidiously mixing the same with sugar or crumbs of bread—perhaps thirty corpses were found next morning; but their companions, warned by their fate, ate no more. And what are thirty dead foes out of thirty thousand?

A kind friend suggested a hedgehog, and I put one in the coal-hole; but whether he was alarmed by the numbers he was required to combat, or pined for his native fields, it is certain that after a few days—during which our foes made more noise than ever—he made his escape one morning, and, hurrying down the road, too bent on flight to be cautious, was overtaken by his fate in the person of an energetic gipsy, who skinned him for eating, on the spot, with many demonstrations of joy. But this is a digression. Hedgehog, traps, and poisons I have thus tried in vain; and now, what are we to do? My temper has given way entirely under such repeated disappointments; my nerves can't stand the ceaseless persecution to which they are subjected. I am grown horribly cross to Paulina, peevish to the children, savage to the servants. My literary labours have become impossible; and how are we, then, to live? Must I leave this old house, which I have rent-free from my god-father, and so offend him mortally? and even if, braving his certain displeasure, we should determine to go—among our household stuff, do what we will, *somewhere* a cricket will hide, and go with us.

Good, philanthropic public, I throw myself on your kindness. Help me to a remedy; tell me of some new poison, of some new instrument of death; and oh! warned by my sad example, never, never buy a second-hand range 'with quite the last improvements,' and a cricket in the oven!

LECTURES BY A LADY-DOCTOR.

THREE lectures on physiological and medical science, addressed to women, were delivered recently in London by Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D. This circumstance gave an opportunity to such persons as were either curious, sceptical, or otherwise interested in the subject of 'women-doctors,' to hear the cause advocated by one of themselves. We were among the number of the curious, and on Wednesday, 2d March, we found our way to the Marylebone Institute. A goodly company of ladies were already assembled; and among the number were not a few whom the world honours for good work done in literature, art, and, above all, in charitable labour.

After a brief delay, Dr Elizabeth Blackwell entered the room. She stood with quiet dignity on the platform by the desk, while Mrs Jameson read the address which had been presented to her, requesting her to give these lectures. Dr Blackwell was received with a general expression of sympathy. Many of the persons present were fully aware of the almost unexampled difficulties which had attended the prosecution of her singular career—a career which has initiated women to the possibility of a professional study of medicine. A sketch of this lady's life has already appeared in this *Journal*, but to such of our readers as may be unacquainted with the facts, we will briefly give the following particulars.

Elizabeth Blackwell is an *Englishwoman*, and not an American, as some persons have erroneously believed. Her father was a Bristol merchant, much respected in his native city, but, in consequence of commercial

embarrassments, he went to America some years since, taking his family with him. He had hoped to re-establish his broken fortunes, but disappointments and early death frustrated these expectations. His family of nine children were left without any other resources than those supplied by endurance and perseverance. After many trials common to their position, two of the sisters conceived the idea of entering the medical profession. In 1849, Elizabeth Blackwell received her diploma from the president of the Medical College of the University of Geneva, in the state of New York.

In one of her lectures, Dr Blackwell eloquently and feelingly described the privations, the difficulties, the calumnies, which attended her during the prosecution of her studies; but a high interest in the vocation she had adopted, sustained her in her earnest resolve to pioneer the way for an extended sphere of usefulness to women—a sphere in which, under one form or another, they are virtually more or less engaged in already—but for which their education has left them, if not totally unfit, at least very inadequately prepared.

This brings us to the subject touched upon in the first lecture; namely, the utility and importance of physiological knowledge to women generally. Books without number have been written on home-duties and maternal obligations—the *morale* of all this is accepted and unquestioned. One lecturer, with much point, delicacy, and justness of reasoning, demonstrated the fact that physiology is the basis upon which women must found a knowledge of these special duties. We are all aware of the effects of the general health and equanimity of the mother, upon her offspring. We all know that the management of infancy has a direct and sometimes fearful influence upon the future life of the child. And especially while the physical and moral faculties are in progress of development, is the mother's judicious care and direction necessary. Granted, the important function of woman as the guardian of childhood and youth. Now, let us for a moment imagine a person intrusted with a complicated and delicate piece of machinery, which must, and, indeed, *can* only be preserved by constant care and attention. Imagine that person to be ignorant of the principles of the construction of that machine; unobservant of its workings, its powers of application, its possible derangements; unconscious that certain conditions are injurious, and often fatal to its organisation: imagine, we repeat, such a state of things, and what would be the result? The answer is self-evident, and yet that precious thing called *health*—the health not only of individuals, but of families—is in the hands of women whose education has never included even the most elemental knowledge of physiology.

Be it clearly understood that we are now speaking of physiological knowledge in reference to the *preservation* of health; professional aid is sought when remedial efforts are absolutely essential, but how frequently does it not happen that this state of disease is consequent upon want of foresight, want of judgment, want, in fact, of the application of the commonest hygienic principles.

In the savage state, where nature is allowed free play, it is true pharmacy is confined to some few simple herbs, and professorships are not. But we who are living in an artificial condition, are bound to assist nature out of the difficulties with which we ourselves environ her. Dr Blackwell dwelt at some length upon the laws of health, the fitness of the pursuit for feminine study, and the possibility of improving the general standard of health. There is a homely saying: 'It is easier to prevent than cure,' but it is a saying more frequently quoted than practised—so-called 'common sense' is insufficient

without a knowledge of principles, and surely that knowledge, without being exclusive or pedantic, might be admitted into the general education of females.

The lecturer dwelt on the benefits likely to arise from the cultivation of the science of physiology. The mental and moral progress is so intimately connected with physical conditions, that no person is worthy the name of educator who does not carefully observe the action and reaction of the mind on the body—the body on the mind. We were reminded of several pertinent instances of the power of the will in shaking off disease. We ourselves know of a cure where hydrophobia was arrested by a tremendous effort of the will. The power possessed by man of preventing or controlling insanity, is a subject of the highest importance, and one, we think, deserving of further investigation than it has ever yet received. There is a class of phenomena which, though not yet sufficiently assured, may some day help us to an understanding of the abnormal state of the brain. Any disturbance of the due equilibrium is injurious. The lecturer pointed out the necessity of acquiring or avoiding certain habits of thought, of varying employments, as among the many means of maintaining mental and physical health. Dr Blackwell mentioned the singular fact, that there are two classes of people, the most widely separated by social rank, whose numbers are thinned by death and disease, beyond the average of their fellow-citizens. These classes are represented by the common soldier of the barracks, and the fine lady. For months past, the newspapers and periodicals have been teeming with facts relative to the sanitary condition of the army; fashion yields her statistics more grudgingly; but monotony of life, vitiated air, deficiency of exercise, want of duties and employment, and injurious release from care and self-dependence, contribute, together, to identical results, in cases which at first sight seem as dissimilar as the poles.

Individuals are lost sight of in a system; but no system, however wisely conceived or humanely practised, can abrogate that law of nature which we understand by self-development—hence *all* persons ought to know something of that frame which is so 'fearfully and wonderfully made.' 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,' is the oft-repeated adage of the satisfied ignorant. No knowledge at all is still more dangerous. Would that statistics could reiterate again and again the number who are sacrificed annually to ignorance and neglect, on the one side, and to the omnipotence of fashion, on the other. Social life is ruled by women—let women inform themselves of the evils which lie in and about it.

To women as dispensers of charity, physiological knowledge is essential; and though much has been done by the noble institutions of our country, much special work remains for women—the name of Miss Nightingale is sufficient to endorse this statement with authority.

In a journal of this character, we can only allude to the more purely medical portion of Dr Blackwell's discourse. After receiving her diploma in America, that lady further prosecuted her studies in London and Paris, where she received high testimonials. Subsequently, she established herself at New York as a physician for women and children. She has now returned, hoping to find in her native country a sphere of usefulness, and her due meed of encouragement. She proposes to establish a hospital in London for the diseases of women and children, under the care of herself and a sister, who has likewise obtained a medical diploma. We understand, through the medium of the newspapers, that a lady has offered £8000 towards this object.

It is further proposed that there should be a professorship for instructing women generally in hygiene.

The medical movement in America is successfully progressing. Society there has accepted the fact as one which is full of the promise of increasing utility.

The question of whether the innovation will find favour in England, can only be answered by time and trial. If the female branch of the profession had many such able advocates as Dr Elizabeth Blackwell, we have no doubt that definite progress would be made ere long, and that an assured position would be gained for the lady-professors. At present, the movement is an experiment. If public opinion might be tested by Dr Blackwell's sympathising audience, we should certainly pronounce a favourable augury.

There is one remark we will make in conclusion—that the power of *intuition*, characteristic of the feminine intellect, is admirably calculated to assist in discovering particular forms of disease, especially that class which is connected with hysteria—often so subtle, so complicated in its symptoms.

After the conclusion of the course, Mrs Jameson, in the name of the ladies present, returned thanks to the accomplished lecturer; and so terminated a very interesting, and certainly a very novel gathering, which, we doubt not, will afford subject for much earnest thought.

DE LA Y.

The golden hours are fleeting, Jane;
The summer sweets are on the wane;
With brown is'tinged the waving grain,
Then why, O why delay?
There's danger in the word, my love,
For life must ever onward move;
Its sands this truth too surely prove,
By running out alway.

The fruit is on the bending bough,
But buds were there when first my vow
Was breathed to thee. Then answered thou—
There *shall* be no delay.
Yet feathered broods since then have flown,
The black-bird sings with mellowed tone,
The fir-tree drops its dusky cone,
Full over-ripe to-day.

The soft air rustles through the wheat,
As though to test, by contact sweet,
If autumn will its task complete,
To ripen—not delay.
Amidst the stems, the corn-flowers lie,
Their blue eyes watching poppies nigh;
But neither bloomed, dear love, when I
Confessed to thee in May.

Come, an thou lov'st me, come with me;
The bells shall wake with marriage glee,
The clerk and parson clink their fee,
And both of them shall say:
'Was ever such poor guerdon given
For licensing a man to heaven;
But bless them both, for they have riven
The monster called—Delay.'

AGNOSTOS.

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'PORTRAITS IN THIS STYLE.'

It made a great stir in the small circle of my acquaintance. Everybody said what a splendid thing it was for me, until I began myself to think my fortune was really made at last, and that the good time which had been holding off for so long, had now come upon me with a rush. My sanguine, hopeful friends wagged their heads knowingly and self-congratulatingly, and said they were always certain it would be so. My severe, discouraging friends, whose dumb prophecies, in the way of elevations of the eyebrows, and wide openings of the eyes, had nearly driven me frantic by their portentous vagueness, now thawed towards me, and seemed to hint that they had been quite aware of it all along, only they were cautious and judicious, albeit others were not, and they did not want to puff up a young man with conceited notions; considering depression a wholesome state for the mind, and wet blankets, in general, rather useful applications. How it came about, I never knew precisely. Why it became necessary to paint Blodger, or that being granted, how it was the commission to paint the Blodger Testimonial Portrait was given to me, I have never been able to elicit. I only know that the *Muddlecombe Courier* one fine morning had great pleasure in announcing that the delightful duty of painting the portrait of that distinguished individual, Mr Alderman Blodger, the picture being executed for the behoof and at the expense of the municipal council, had been confided to their 'gifted fellow-townsmen'—meaning me—who, they doubted not, would achieve a work likely to be a remarkable decoration of the Muddlecombe town-hall, and enhancing greatly the art-progress of the United Kingdom. It is true that the *Muddlecombe Independent*, in a sardonic article, headed 'Gross Corruption—Another Job,' denounced me and my connection with the affair in really unwarrantable language; but I have reason to believe that that journal was in the interest of a rival painter, Bister, who wrote its fine-art articles, and expected to receive the Blodger commission, but was disappointed.

It having been decided that Blodger should have a portrait, it was not of course for me to question the justice of the decision, or to seek to disturb it by ploughing up the merits of the case. I may be permitted to state, however, that although he might have been a great, even a good man, he was not excellently adapted for the purposes of art. Blodger was not possessed of those skin-deep, personal charms which are the desiderata of painters. He was not

handsome—emphatically *not*. He had an eminently municipal figure. Strong opinions about local government and vested interests seemed written in every line of his face. He was massy in form, with a great, well-victualled bastion of a stomach, such as a strong army of turtles only could hope to carry. There was quite a natural cravat of flesh about his neck and chin. His little eyes, but for their glittering fierceness, would have been lost in the wide expanse of his face, like solitary pins in a large pincushion. A bush of hair, like a house-broom dyed red, blazed in tumbled grandeur on the top of his head, and was only eclipsed by the surpassing scarlet of his ears, which, from something phenomenal in their constitution, always rejoiced in a raw mutton-chop appearance, as though they had been recently and savagely boxed.

Of me, I think, Blodger took bitter views from the first moment of our acquaintance; but since, as a supreme utilitarian, he entertained degrading ideas of my profession, and even went so far as to denounce the fine arts as 'gammon,' it was not altogether surprising that his opinion of me was uncomplimentary. He always addressed me as 'young man,' frowning with a severe intensity, that seemed to say: 'No levity; the work before you is of vital importance. No joking, if *you* please; the face of Blodger is in your hands, and posterity, even more than the existing generation, demands that you will present to them a faithful effigy of Blodger.' He made a great favour and difficulty of sitting, and nearly worried to death a super-stout footman in purple plush, with continual commands and countermands in the way of messages to me, as to whether he could or could not sit, and the time of sitting. On entering my studio, he produced a large gold watch, which he drew from his fob with as much care and labour as he could have exercised in the landing of a heavy fish, and keeping the hands of his watch constantly in view, he sat for half an hour, and not for one moment beyond. He then rose, slipped off his municipal robes and chain of office, resumed his watch—the restoration of that watch to its particular pocket was like packing away the last article in an overful carpet-bag—put on a hard, tight, and very shiny hat; gave it a blow on the top, like a bang, on a kettledrum; said 'good-morning' with an explosive snort, wheeled round, and marched quickly from the house. He was a fearful man to paint, and had a magisterial way of keeping his eye upon me, as though I were likely to commit some art-larceny, and embezzle one of his features, or defraud his complexion of its proper vermilion, that caused a

culprit-feeling to come over me when in his presence. It seemed to me that it would be quite a natural conclusion to the business of a sitting, that Blodger should detonate: 'Committed as a rogue and a vagabond—old offender—tread-mill—one month—officer, remove the prisoner.' It was hard to be working with this feeling upon me, but, indeed, I couldn't shake it off. It was hard to look up and find Blodger ceaselessly down upon me, as it were. 'You'd better be careful, young man; you may have heard of such a thing as contempt of court. I warn you; we don't stand levity here; and don't waste valuable time. No artist affectations, if you please. Don't lean back in that calm, contemptive way, swaying your head from side to side. It's Blodger you're painting. Don't sweep about your colour; don't curve round your brush in that defiant, reckless way. You're painting Blodger's lips. You're placing the orthodox warm chocolate shadow in the centre of the face for the especial development and throwing up of Blodger's nose. Take heed! No trifling with Blodger's left eye, for, remember, Blodger has got his right eye on you, and no mistake. Look out!'

But at least Blodger sat well when he did sit. He did his work during his half-hour visits. Occasionally, it is true, he had an interrupting habit of loading himself with very heavy charges of snuff, and then firing himself off in loud percussive sneezes, each individual and distinct, like minute-guns at sea. Otherwise, he sat as steadily as a lay-figure. He seemed to have some power of petrifying himself for a prescribed period, within which he stirred not a limb, not a muscle. One might have been tempted to have gone up to him and pricked him with a pin, to ascertain if he were a real, and not an imitation Blodger, but for the terrible life blazing in his eye. But the bodily quiescence which gave such comfort to Blodger during the sittings was not imitated by his wife. Mrs Blodger frequently accompanied him in his visits to the studio, and I fairly dreaded her coming. How I thanked my stars that Muddlecombe had not commissioned me to paint *her* portrait also; for she was an amazing creature, Mrs Blodger—a woman of large calibre, a sort of aldermanic Semiramis. By the elderly gentlemen of Muddlecombe, she was unanimously voted 'a monstrous fine woman'—the peculiar old-gentleman phrase for the class of beauty of which Mrs Blodger was a shining example. I decline to say anything about her age; in fact, I have no distinct notions about it: it was not a subject upon which I dared to trust myself; for soon after I had heard the terrible peals which Purple-plush thundered on my door-knocker—soon after the bang-bang-flop of the carriage steps being let down, the swaying and swinging about of strong satin or velvet skirts on the staircase, the gush of perfume and pomade, and the grand floating entrance of Mrs Blodger, like a frigate in full sail—soon after these, I may say I almost lost consciousness. I have a vision—nothing more substantial, for Blodger's eye was always screwing me down tight to my work—of a parrot-like nose pecking about at me and at everything else in the room, being the property of an enlarged woman looking like a colossal bird of prey in cherry-coloured velvet. She had a way of peering through massive gold-framed eye-glasses, which she was always lifting astride her nose. She insisted on my continuing my work, and then stood over me with her glasses. It was like pursuing a task under terror of the lash. I tried to paint, to concentrate my whole thoughts upon my picture; but when I knew that Blodger's eye was attacking me in front, while Mrs Blodger's eye-glass mercilessly harassed me in the rear; when I felt that she was subjecting me to a searching examination, that she had looked well at my head, and thoroughly

appreciated that portion of the crown where the hair is beginning to thin; that she had seen that my shirt-collar was slightly dingy, and that some little misunderstanding between it and my cravat, from hurried putting on, had rendered their union less perfect than it might have been; that she had now arrived at my coat-collar, and had noted how old and threadbare a garment is the shooting-jacket in which it seemeth good to me to paint; and that she had taken account of my hands, observed the smear of Venetian red on my right forefinger; was wondering how ever I came to possess an opal ring; had contemplated that one of my wrist-bands was soiled by work, and that the other had lost a button; and was now quietly going down my back to discover that one of the buttons behind was missing, and the pocket-hole torn: my nervous anxiety nearly drew my brush from my fingers. And then the wonderful way in which she talked! She alluded to me as a 'painter person,' and referred generally to 'artist-people.' She found everything 'So droll!' 'So curious!' 'So eccentric!' and had an interrogative way of saying 'Really?' 'No?' 'Yes?' 'Indeed?' 'You don't say so?' that was as puzzling as any conundrum I ever heard. She would sweep round the room, whirling about her velvet skirts, knocking down heaps of sketches, cardboards, and canvases, and threatening to destroy utterly, or at least deprive for life of the use of its limbs, the lay-figure in the corner. Nothing was sacred, nothing escaped her superb investigation. Sketch-books, portfolios, even the note-book with the addresses of models, even the unpaid bills upon the mantel-shelf—all received their share of attention. Nay, the awful canvases, turned scrupulously with their faces to the wall—efforts which failure should have sanctified—even these did she turn and examine. Even to my famous studies of that remarkable model, Biceps, in some of his most muscular attitudes; I couldn't stop her, and she would do it.

I may mention that Mrs Blodger carefully abstained from any criticism on the portrait while it was in progress; but the dumb way in which she stood for prolonged periods behind my chair, seemed to me the severest castigations in the critical way that I had ever received. One remark, it is true, she did occasionally give utterance to; it was a sort of lament or expostulation that I had 'not turned Blodger round, and made him looking the other way.' There was really no especial reason why he should look one way rather than the other; but Mrs Blodger had made up her mind that there was; and this strange remark was at intervals recurring in a tone of surprise, that I had not adopted a suggestion the carrying out of which would have led to the whole work being done over again. She appeared to suppose that heads could be turned about, and eyes made to glance in different directions, as easily in art as in nature. Blodger himself expressed no curiosity at all about his portrait, regarding that as altogether my affair: he considered the contract to be, that he should sit, and that I should paint until completion, and that meanwhile we had nothing else to do with each other.

So the Blodger portrait went on. I may avow here—I did not avow it at the time—that it was the first genuine portrait I had ever painted. I had, of course, painted from nature often enough, and copied as accurately as I could; I had even painted a portrait of Charley Blithers, student of the Academy, who had also painted my portrait in return; I had had sittings from Mrs Miffin, my housekeeper, by way of practice; I had painted my mother, my brother, my sister: but these were mere experiments, with nothing depending on the issue. But now I was at work on a real portrait, to be paid for in

hard cash. It was a great event in my art-life; it was like a young surgeon's first operation, not on the dead, but on the living. I was correspondingly nervous about it; but still it went on. The white surface of the canvas, which had had rather a ghostly effect upon my nerves at first, had now become smothered under various pigments. Blodger's face was breaking through the mist of paint, like a coppery red sun through a yellow November fog: he was beginning to rise and shine like an exhalation from a swamp. The portrait was growing out of its immature stages like a plum ripening on a tree. Day by day, art strode nearer to nature; completion was approaching, and the faster it came on, the more my anxieties increased. All day I toiled at it, and I contemplated it carefully the last thing before going to bed. I supped off it, I may say, and wofully it disagreed with me. Blodger invaded even my dreams. In a paroxysm of alarm, I have risen from my couch, and in night-uniform, with re-lighted candle, I have hurried to my studio, to assure myself of the safety of my work; for now it seemed to me the picture had been stolen by a desperate gang of oppositionists, headed by Bister; now that the painting was changing colour, by some wonderful chemical action, and the face assuming a lively pea-green hue; and now again the picture became inflated like a balloon, and getting loose, broke through the roof, and soared away high up, just sufficiently in sight for me to be perfectly conscious that the Blodger eye was still upon me, drilling down from the clouds.

About the background, grave questions arose. I must confess that I was favourable to the old-portrait properties—the Corinthian column, the red-velvet draperies, and the rolling, feather-bed clouds, with a streak of orange-chrome on the horizon, like a gold band on a footman's hat. But, above all, I wanted my red draperies—it was so necessary to quench in some way the fire of Blodger's countenance; to extinguish in a measure the blaze of his hair. Other opinions, however, were rife on the subject. It seemed to be desired that the background should be devoted to a sort of panorama of Blodger's whole career. Some wanted his birthplace in; some the school at which he had been educated. Many urged the introduction of the Muddlecombe workhouse, to which Blodger had added a new wing; many that the pump which Blodger had erected in the market-place should be distinctly visible. The spire of Muddlecombe Church, the lantern of the Muddlecombe Literary and Scientific Institution, the tall chimneys of Blodger's manufactory, nay, even the children of the Blodger Charity, in the costume chosen by the founder, something between the attire of an Elizabethan nobleman and of a post-boy out of his boots—all these, it was insisted, should be found in the background of the Blodger portrait. The result was a compromise. I obtained my red curtain; my lowering sky was conceded; the Corinthian column was rejected; and the spire of the church, the tall chimneys of the workshops, and a distant red blotch, which might or might not be the Muddlecombe workhouse, according to the fancy of the spectator—all these were inserted.

The picture was finished. A frame, gorgeously golden, was ordered for it. The studio was cleared out to accommodate an expected rush of visitors. Charley Blithers was favoured with a private view. He sat down before the easel; smoked out a whole pipe; shook out the ashes into the palm of his hand, threw them into the fireplace; and then said calmly: 'What a guy!'

He repeated the expression thrice, as though it were the result of profound conviction, and could not be too thoroughly stated.

'He is not a good-looking man,' I said.

'Well, he isn't,' in the same tone of conviction.

'If it wouldn't hurt his feelings,' he continued, eyeing the picture in a deprecating way, and bowing his head, as though he, too, had been caught by the Blodger eye, and was acknowledging its influence—'if it wouldn't hurt his feelings, I should say he was downright ugly, and no mistake at all about it.'

'But it's like him?'

'I should rather say it was.'

'Well, what more do you want?' Charley looked puzzled.

'Wasn't I commissioned to paint his likeness?'

'Well, you see, it's my opinion' (in a quiet, thoughtful way)—'it's my opinion, that when ugly people sit for their portraits, they don't precisely mean that they want a picture exactly of what they are, but something like what they might have been, if Nature hadn't thought differently. You see, when a man has a rough draft to be copied, he wants it done in a fair round-hand; he don't care to have all the blots, and smears, and interlinings copied exactly. Ugly people require that the rough draft of their faces should be transcribed in a smooth pleasant way.'

'You think I ought to have flattered him more?'

'We don't so much call it flattery, as making things pleasant. I think you might have made things rather more pleasant.'

'I've done a great deal for him; indeed, I have. You don't know how I've softened him and paled him. There's a good half inch off his mouth; and I've cut away one of his chins altogether! He's an awful subject to paint.'

'Well, he is.'

Charley took his leave, and I was not greatly encouraged by his remarks.

However, there was nothing more to be done; the picture was completed; so I wrote a note to Mr Blodger, announcing the termination of my labour, and requesting that he would call and inspect the painting. An hour after, Purple-plush thundered at the door; Mr Blodger would call directly. He came, with Mrs Blodger slapping about with her heavy cherry-velvet skirts, and armed with her formidable double eye-glass. However, I had attired myself with a scrupulous neatness, and was therefore the less alarmed at her inspective attacks.

Blodger, in loudly creaking boots, marched towards the picture as though he were going to charge through it; but thinking better of it, he halted abruptly. Mrs Blodger followed him. For some time, both gazed speechlessly at the picture.

'Do you think it like?' I asked at length, in a gently respectful way.

'Like? Like who?' retorted Blodger, jerking out the words in a fierce, harsh way, like loud notes blown sharply and suddenly on a savage-minded trombone, and crossing his fat arms on his fat chest in an obese Napoleonic attitude.

The blow took away my breath; I could make no answer. Meanwhile, Blodger's eye dug deep wounds into me; meanwhile, Mrs Blodger raked me fore and aft with chain-shot through her double-barrelled eye-glass.

'Young man,' Blodger went crackling on, 'you may be clever, but I'm not a fool. Do you call *that* my portrait?'

He projected a stumpy forefinger indignantly at the picture.

'That like my B.?' Mrs Blodger was a woman without mercy.

I tried to say something about having done my best, about being sorry they didn't like it, that others had considered it successful, that I should be happy to attend to any suggestions, would make any alterations, &c., &c. I doubt if I made myself intelligible; it seemed to me I was emitting merely a confused

and gabbling murmur. If I was intelligible, I doubt if they heard me.

'Young man, I saw it at the first; you made up your mind to it from the beginning; you were pre-determined to insult me. It is my belief that you are a creature of the opposition—a tool in the hands of the *Muddlecombe Independent*; that your express mission was to endeavour to humiliate me—to make me ridiculous. That is a caricature; it is not my portrait. And let me tell you that you have mistaken your man; you don't know who it is you have to deal with; it is evident to me that you do not know Blodger.'

He paused. His address had warmed him; it had even boiled up into bubbles on his forehead.

'But I'll foil you, sir. Do your worst; I defy you. This insult shall not be inflicted on the municipal authorities, for they are affected when I am touched. They shall not have that portrait; they shall never have it. And once more let me tell you to be careful, or levity and folly will be your ruin.'

He turned away. There was an emphatic indignation in the very creaking of his boots. He banged on his hat. For the last time, Mrs Blodger eyed me with her duplex basilisk glance; she courtesied to the ground in her copious velvets with sardonic civility; she knocked down a chair as she made her exit. Purple-plush gathered them into their chariot. Flop-bang-bang went the steps, and the Blodgers passed from me for ever. Blodger was as good, or as bad, as his word.

The Portrait Committee, in strong terms, refused to receive the picture, and took the commission away from me. It was great joy for the *Muddlecombe Independent*; it was immense triumph to Bister.

Charley Blithers came rushing in. He was in high spirits, and whirled about his wide-awake.

'I've sold my *Jupiter and Antiope* for seven pound ten.'

In his glee, he stuck his hat on the head of the lay-figure.

'Hollo! Why, what's the matter with you?'

I was sitting in a melancholy way before the Blodger portrait. I put him in possession of the sad results of my labours.

'Wheugh!' he whisked. 'Won't have it, eh? What a shame!'

'After losing four months over it—squandering days and nights upon that hideous head. He never seemed so ugly before.'

'He is hideous! If there were a public-house called the Ugly Man, you might sell this for the sign-board.'

'Shall I put my foot through it?' I asked. I was angry, and much inclined to vent my wrath in hacking Blodger to pieces. I took up my brushes.

'Let's make him utterly ridiculous,' I said. I painted a superb moustache upon Blodger's wide upper-lip; I made his eyes start out even more fearfully; I stuck a pipe in his mouth; I caused his hair to bramble out at the sides in an amazing manner.

'Look how well the light falls on that wide-awake,' said Charley; 'paint it in. I should laugh to see Blodger in a Jim Crow hat.'

I painted it, and he had his laugh. More, I placed a gorget round Blodger's neck; I twisted up the ends of his moustache till they looked like tenpenny nails; I put him on a stage property-sword. I was a fair way of painting in every article of still life in the studio.

'Well, how a wonder now,' said Charley; 'he'd hardly know himself, and I'm sure his mother wouldn't. I don't know why you shouldn't turn it into a fancy-picture altogether—a very little would do it now; it

would be better than losing it entirely. Finish carefully those suggestions you've sketched in; stick a feather in his hat, and call him'—

'Maccaroni?'

'No; but Pistol or Bardolph, or something like that.'

'I don't think he looks Shakspearian.'

'Well, Rinaldo Rinaldini, or Captain Rolando.'

'Who was he?'

'The robber in *Gil Blas*, wasn't he? Anyhow, it's a good name, and would look well in the catalogue.'

'What catalogue?'

'Why, the Academy!'

'You wouldn't have me send it there!'

'Why not? You've nothing else done—it's a pity to miss a year.'

'They'll never hang it.'

'Who knows? I send everything I've got. It's a speculation. After a certain time, they give over selection, and hang according to size. Why shouldn't there happen to be just such a gap in the wall as that picture would fit into. I've often had pictures hung in that way; ay, and have sold them too. I'm going to send an odd lot this time; I'll call and take yours down with me, if you like.'

It was a pity, certainly, to waste so much work.

I acted on Charley's suggestion. The portrait was metamorphosed into a sort of fancy-picture. A fine, crusted, old-master, many-years-in-bottle look was given to it by rich glazings of warm brown, and adroit picking-out of high lights. Charley called it a '*tête de veau à la Rembrandt*, served up with a rich brown gravy.'

It was sent in due time to the Academy; it was hung, and in a tolerable place—only one above the line. There was some mistake in the catalogue, however, for the picture was attributed to Blithers, and somehow, a singularly inappropriate verse from the Psalms was tacked to it.

One June morning, Charley Blithers burst into my studio. He was convulsed with laughter, which for some moments mocked at all his attempts to speak, and turned his words into gibberish. At last, in a lull of his mirth, a sentence stole out: 'Captain Rolando's sold!' and then he tumbled back shaking into a chair.

'No!' I screamed.

'Fact! I've just seen it in the list. Your own figure—fifty pounds.'

I began a dance of peculiar character, intending to convey an idea of amazed delight. Blithers was lost in an ague-fit of laughter.

'Stop a bit! you don't know all yet. Who do you think has bought it?'

'Haven't an idea!'

'Blodger!'

What a yell we gave. Mrs Miffin came running up stairs to know what was the matter.

'It's true!' shouted Charley. 'He won a prize in the Art-union—a fifty-pounder. He commissioned a friend in town to choose a picture for him—unconsciously, he's become the purchaser of his own portrait!'

We commenced a delirious *pas de deux*. We shook down my plaster-cast of the Apollo, which was broken into a thousand pieces; the limbs of the lay-figure, in a moment of insane excitement held to represent the defeated Blodger, were strewed about the room. We danced until nature gave in.

I have often wondered how Blodger liked his prize. That he never suspected his own portrait lay *perdu* in the picture—that he never knew I painted it, I can well believe. I am persuaded he has hung it over his sideboard, and while denouncing art as 'gammon,' with a side-wind supports the picture as 'a fine work by C. Blithers.' A promising painter-person, adds Mrs B. I have often wondered that the very

painting has not laughed out fairly, and betrayed itself as it follows Blodger about, sees him butting his red head into the soup-tureen at dinner, and notes Mrs Blodger's double-glass throned on her parrot nose, and contemplates all this *with the Blodger eye*; and I have often longed for a harlequin bat with which to strike the canvas, and cause all the trappings of Captain Rolando to slide off, as the disguise does from the gentleman who is 'afterwards pantaloons' in the pantomimes, and reveal to its astounded proprietor the original Blodger Testimonial Portrait, executed in a style of art utterly without parallel.

A DEAD LOSS.

With the beginning of a new year comes, in every well-regulated establishment, the review of the transactions of the old year—the overhauling of the books and the striking of the balance—so much to the good, so much to the bad; so much that might have been saved here, so much more that might have been gained there: and we do not think we could choose a fitter season than the present for asking our readers to look at one or two items in the accounts of a certain old-established firm, in which they have an interest. The firm is that great one, in which we may all consider ourselves as partners, and which does business under the name of Bull and Co.; and that part of their accounts we would call attention to is the one under the charge of the Registrar-general of Births, Deaths, and Marriages and his legion of assistants, who have a busy time of it taking stock of the company's gains and losses in the shape of human life. From the results at which these indefatigable gentlemen have arrived, and which we find stated in their several reports, weekly, quarterly, and annual, we discover, that while there is an abundant and constantly increasing supply of that priceless commodity, there is at the same time an annual waste of it, quite in our power to check, which would be a revenue of itself for many a less fortunate state.

It is a cheering fact, that during 1856 (the last year for which the returns have been entirely made up) the rate of births in England and Wales was considerably greater, and that of deaths considerably less, than in any previous year since the system of registration was established; but our pride and exultation on that score is not a little diminished when we learn, that of the 400,000 and odd deaths which take place annually, on a rough estimate, somewhere about 150,000 are attributable to causes chiefly sanitary, which, if properly dealt with, might be greatly mitigated, if not altogether removed. In other words, that one out of every four persons who died in England, this last year, might have been living to this day, had society only done its duty, and given him or her a fair chance. Of these 'lost lives,' thousands were cut off, not in old age, when they had not long to last, but in the very spring or summer of their years, so that their premature decease inflicts a double loss on our population—the loss not only of themselves, but also of the offspring which, had they survived and married, they would no doubt have had.

A certain proportion of this preventable mortality is, no doubt, due to such causes as intemperance, want of proper nourishment, carelessness in the use of machinery, and even criminal violence; but, as we have said, the chief cause is the deficiency of our sanitary arrangements, and our systematic and flagrant violation of all rules of health. We all of us know, but, we suspect, few of us bear in mind that every living body is subject to perpetual change; that there is a constant and regular ascent of matter from the earth, through various phases, into the atmosphere, and thence by absorption into the body, and as constant and

regular a descent of matter, given off by the body, through the same phases in reverse order, back to the earth. At certain stages of the process of disintegration, however, the decaying matter emanating from the body assumes a pernicious influence on the living; and hence the atmosphere, unless quickly cleared of it, necessarily partakes of its deleterious character. The great aim of sanitary science is, therefore, to drive this decaying matter away from the air and water before it can impregnate them with its poison, and get it restored to the earth as quickly as possible. Of course, where the population is dense, the denser will be the emanations of decaying matter within any given space, and the more unwholesome the atmosphere; and, accordingly, it may be taken as a rule, that in proportion to the density of the population will be the excess of the mortality. In three groups of districts, where the average number of persons living on a hundred acres of land was 9, 17, and 22, the annual mortality during ten years was found to be at the rates of respectively 15, 16, and 17 in 1000 living; whilst in other two groups, where the density of population was 279 and 693 to a hundred acres, the mortality was 27, and from 28 to 36 in 1000 living; and, generally speaking, the deaths in the town, where multitudes are crowded into a small space, to the deaths in the country, where population is sparse and widely distributed, bear the proportion of 5 to 1. Some notion of the sort of solid atmosphere which the people of our crowded towns are compelled to breathe, may be had from the facts ascertained by Dr Smith of Manchester; that while the organic matter in the air at the Hospice St Bernard is 2.4, and at the German Ocean 2.5, that of the centre of Manchester is 52; its outskirts varying from 44 to 19. The air at the two places first mentioned may be considered as about the purest, in regard to its ingredients, to be found anywhere; and at the other extreme may be placed the air of a foul pig-sty which Dr Smith examined, and found to be at 94.

According to the last census returns, the great increase of the population of England, in the ten years after 1841, was found in the towns; and, as the registrar remarks, the health of the towns may be taken as the gauge of the strength of England. In London, the population has almost doubled itself since 1811; but instead of there being any corresponding increase in the extent of the area over which it is spread, the warehouses have been swallowing up the dwellings; where, in 1811, there were 16,751 inhabited houses within a square mile of the city, there are only 14,580 in 1858, so that some 22 persons must now be huddled into the space that 10 used to have to themselves. Generally speaking, it is calculated that in the towns, in 1851, fourteen persons were living in the same space as one in the country; and, of course, the packing in the towns must be yet closer now. It is clear, therefore, that one of the first steps for guarding ourselves against the heavy loss in human life which the registrar-general has discovered, must be to adopt measures for thinning the population, and distributing it over a wider area.

Fatal, however, as is the crowding of the population, the registrar declares that the cess-pool or midden is still the great destroyer of life. It is estimated that in London there is constantly stagnating under ground upwards of seventeen millions of cubic feet of decomposing matter; every year the poisonous effluvia arising from it carries off 14,000 persons, and may be said to shorten the life-rate by about twelve years, as compared with the rate in healthy country districts. That these noxious accumulations might be got rid of, and the great bulk of these 'lost lives' preserved by proper sanitary arrangements, is not

a mere matter of theory and conjecture, but has been proved by what we learn (from a paper read at the Social Conference) has been done at Ely. At one time completely under water, and even at a comparatively recent period; more a cluster of boggy islands than a tract of land, the fen-country of England has always held a melancholy pre-eminence for its unwholesomeness. The very name is suggestive of ague and malaria; and amidst its rotting marshes and pestilential fogs, the death-rate has for centuries been higher than in almost any other part of England. On one of the old fen-islands stands Ely, a quiet little cathedral town, of some 6000 inhabitants, of whom more used to die every year than even in the surrounding unhealthy districts.

In 1851, the local board of health, aided by energetic Mr Burn, the engineer, set to work to improve the town. First of all, they procured a copious supply of water, and then they substituted for the 'poison-pits,' a general system of self-cleansing drains and sewers, to carry off the noxious matter before it had time to decompose and infect the atmosphere. Directly the new works were set agoing, there was a perceptible decrease in the mortality. From 26 in 1000, it sank to 19, and kept on diminishing, till in the last two years it was down to 17, and even in one part of the town, to 13. On the average, four years of life has been given to every inhabitant!

But Ely is not the only instance, although it is a very remarkable one, from the peculiarly unfavourable ground which it offered for the experiment. In the pleasant little market-town of Croydon, some eight miles from the metropolis, the death-rate, by similar means, has been reduced from 2·857, in 1853, to 1·594 in 1858; and, in fact, wherever the self-cleansing system has been fairly tried, and the middens got rid of, the results have been equally encouraging. At first, of course, the erection of the improved works is costly; but once set agoing, they are so simple in their mode of operation, and so rarely get out of order, that in the course of a few years they well repay the investment, in a mere pecuniary way, apart from the enormous saving of human life.

Leaving the town, and its smoke and bad smells, let us take a run into the country, and see how things are managed there. We come to some pretty little village nestling to the side of a swelling upland, and overlooking a rich tract of pasture-ground and cornfields. There, at least, we say, death will have but an idle time of it. With simple habits, wholesome outdoor labour, plenty of room to live in, and a freshening breeze always at hand to carry off the decaying matter, the people there are sure to be healthy and long-lived. We are charmed with the picturesque look of the cottages, with the quaint lozenge-panes in the windows, and the trellised woodbine at the door; with the clean dimity curtains, inside, and the well-scoured floor. Stepping down to the big farmhouse at the end of the lane, whose white gable we see glistening through the trees, we are in raptures with the scrupulous tidiness that prevails; the dairy, with its bright array of speckless dishes, and snow-white tables, and tiled floor; the house itself, so well ordered and carefully swept, that a little dust would be almost an agreeable relief, by way of contrast. Just out of the sooty precincts of the metropolis, we are fascinated with the beauty and rustic freshness of the scene. We forget to notice that the windows of the cottage are not made to open; that a midden is steaming at the back of it; that here and there the fumes arising from the undrained ground has written its presence in great blotches on the wall; that the farmhouse rubs shoulders with the yard where the refuse of the house and of all the animals is kept month after month undergoing fer-

mentation; and that, instead of being on an elevation, from which the water would flow off naturally, it stands in a hollow part of the ground, and may therefore be said to be almost ankle-deep in water. Did we notice these and other flagrant violations of the laws of health, we should not be so startled, as we now are, to hear that 6426 English farmers die in a year, that many of these are young men, about a half under sixty-five years of age, and that a large proportion of these deaths is attributable to preventable causes.

An eminent medical professor at Oxford gives an account of the breaking out of a fever, which lasted nine months, in just such another village as we have described. It was brought to the place from a neighbouring town; but the people were predisposed to it from their ill-ventilated dwellings and the proximity of noxious accumulations. One woman told the professor, when he visited her cottage, that the landlord would not allow them to have windows that would open. 'Women,' he said, 'are best kept shut up;' and so the poor souls were often half stifled at night, and could not sleep for the choking sensation they felt.

We have run over these few items in the registrar's reports, just to open people's eyes to the heavy waste of human life which is taking place every year from our negligence and mismanagement. The most conclusive testimony, in the way of cause and effect, has been borne by the experiments which have already been made as to the efficacy of the remedies to which we have referred, and we trust that the next year will see a large instalment of the present 'dead loss' transferred to the other side of the account, on the principle that a life saved is a life gained.

MY THREE WOOINGS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

IN the morning appeared another pale-pink and very tender letter from Rose; luckily for me, it was brought up to my room, instead of being laid on the breakfast-table. I grew desperate, and forthwith packed my portmanteau, ordered the coach to be stopped at the end of the lane, rushed down the avenue to meet it, got inside, with a vague fear of being seen and stopped if I ventured on the box, and did not feel safe till I arrived at home—for I had still a home, changed, saddened, humble as it was, and a good, dear mother, and a kind-hearted, loving sister.

'Such fun, Gerald,' said my sister Jane, the next morning; 'your old friend, Hester Dering, is going to be married to Cousin John.'

'What! John Hartland? I never heard a word of it.'

'Yes; but listen. They are all going a tour to the Rhine—the Hartlands and Derings—and have asked me to go with them, and you too. I was going to write this very day, only I was afraid you found it so pleasant at the general's, that you would not come away; and mamma did not much like my going unless you could accompany us. But now you will go, won't you?'

I needed not much persuasion. The Rhine?—I wished it had been the Nile or the Ganges, to have taken me further away from my embarrassments. Thus the cowardly weakness of my nature led me always into fresh troubles, rather than look the present ones in the face.

What a lovely evening it was! how the tints of the sunset lingered on the heights, as we stood upon the 'Rhenish strand!'

Hester Dering was an indefatigable sketcher, and

her *fiancé*. Cousin John, very much preferred clambering to the highest point he could see, 'to look for a view,' to lingering by her side whilst she was drawing; so that, in our rambles, I was constantly left to escort her, my sister Jane and Cousin John taking little excursions here and there, and bringing us word of wonderful 'prospects,' whose picturesqueness they generally measured by their extent.

Hester had finished her sketch in the deepening twilight. 'Now, Gerald,' said she, as she put up her pencils, 'I shall be able to talk to you. I have been very, very much interested in all you have been telling me; I hope you have not thought me indifferent because I went on drawing?'

'No,' said I, offering my arm, which she took directly—'No. I like to talk to you while you are drawing, because you don't look at me.'

'An odd reason,* said she, laughing. 'Have you no better?'

'O yes! Because we are such very old friends, Hester, and I don't feel the least afraid of you. You are not satirical, though you are so clever; and then you are engaged, you know.'

'The best reason of all, you think; and no wonder, modest Master Gerald, considering all the mischief you have done. But seriously, Gerald, what will you do, when we get home again, with these two engagements of yours? Which of the two—for I have tried in vain to discover—do you really love?—I don't say love best, as one would ask a child if it loves its nurse or its sugar-plums best, for there cannot be the least comparison in a true love.'

'Well,' said I, 'you may laugh at me as you will, but I solemnly declare I don't know.'

'Then I fear you love neither the one nor the other. Rose May was decidedly your first love.'

'Oh, as for that, I was desperately in love at ten years old, for a whole holiday, with a certain fairy queen of seven, as perhaps you may remember, Miss Hester.'

'Meaning me, I suppose! Yes, those were happy days, Gerald! Do you remember that tool-house in the garden, which we made believe was an enchanted palace, and the gardener's dog was the dragon to guard me, when I was the enchanted princess, and you the knight-errant?'

'O yes, yes,' said I with a sort of bitterness. 'You see that Rose May was decidedly not my first love.'

'Gerald, you puzzle me,' said she, shaking her head. 'Tell me sincerely—do you, or do you not, wish to marry either of these girls?'

Hester Dering had a way of looking up suddenly into one's face—

Few her looks, but every one
Like unexpected light surprises.

Her eyes were more soft than bright, and more dreaming than penetrating. As to their colour, I never knew what it was—I never thought about it; but those rare looks of hers were like no other looks. They plunged into one's soul; and when she fixed that intent gaze upon you, I defy any one to tell her a falsehood.

I felt myself colour as she looked at me; my eyes sunk under hers; then a sudden thought, like an electric shock, thrilled through me. 'Hester, why do you want to know? Tell me sincerely, how does it interest you?'

It was her turn to blush crimson, and to look down, sideways, anyway, to avoid my eager gaze. She did not immediately answer, and her lips seemed forming inarticulate words, none of which were what she meant to utter. At last, with a little pettish gesture, quite unlike her usual quiet manner, she said: 'Gerald, you are unkind and unreasonable. You have talked to me for all these pleasant weeks with

the openness of an old friend, and now you speak as if my interest in you were mere curiosity, or impertinent interference.'

I scarcely knew which astonished me the most—the unjust accusation, or the agitated manner in which it was made. I knew not how to reply, especially as she took her arm from mine, and walked on quickly. I followed, and exclaimed: 'Hester, dear Hester, what on earth have I done or said to offend you thus? Ask me what you will, and I will tell you. I have no idea of anything but gratitude for your kindness in advising me. No one knows me so well as you, and I am led to tell you things, and talk to you as I can to no one else in this wide world.'

She had slackened her pace, and I walked on by her side.

'Why, then,' said she softly, 'did you ask me why and how I was interested in asking you the question I did?'

'Forgive me, if I for an instant, one single instant, mistook you. Forgive my absurd presumption—be still my sister and my friend.'

'You have a sister,' she replied, slightly smiling; 'and you are, I think, more than provided with young-lady friends; and I'—

'Yes, yes; you, Hester, are engaged, and it is only the more kind of you to have time to think of me at all.'

She smiled sadly, and again gave me one of her sudden inquiring looks; but when I offered my arm, she did not take it, and we spoke no more, but continued silently walking side by side. At a turn of the path, a sudden burst of laughter assailed us from Jane and Cousin John.

'What exceedingly agreeable company you two must be!' said he. 'We just watched you, for fun, behind this bush, and I'll be hanged if you have spoken a word these ten minutes.'

I felt exceedingly irate, and Hester, who had quite regained her composure of manner, said: 'Your surveillance was very well timed, and you were fortunate to escape the proverbial fate of listeners.'

'How severe you are, Hester,' said he. 'Of course, I was only in joke!' He offered her his arm, but she did not take it, while Jane and I followed at a little distance.

'Poor Cousin John!' said Jane, in a sort of half-soliloquy. 'I hardly think they quite suit each other.'

'Why not, Jane?' said I.

'Oh, I don't know! Hester is so clever.'

'And John Hartland is not.'

'Well,' she replied, 'I don't think *that*, but not just in the same way. He is almost afraid she is not good-tempered.'

'Did he tell you so?'

'Not to complain of her, for he believes she is devotedly attached to him, and would not for the world make her unhappy; but she certainly is very odd. Now, John Hartland must be the best creature in the world not to be annoyed at her always talking to you. Don't you wonder he is not jealous?'

'I never thought about it. He knows what old friends Hester and I are.'

'Yes; but still he said that some people would not like it, and that if he had not had me to walk about with while Hester sits drawing, it would have been another thing.'

While my sister ran on thus, I was pondering deeply. I had often vaguely thought so, but it now came over me with a deep conviction, that Hester Dering and John Hartland were as opposite as the poles. Could they love each other? Would they marry, after all? Then, with a longing, aching curiosity, I asked myself, Does Hester love him? I longed to be again alone with her, and wondered

I had never observed all this before. I was entirely absorbed in watching her. Did she, then, neglect me? Had all her interest in her early friend ceased? I thought so, for she grew more and more reserved and distant, and now evidently avoided being alone with me. As for John Hartland, I could see no great change in him, except that he looked piqued and annoyed sometimes after an interview with Hester, at which I felt a quite inhuman gratification. My sister Jane was equally sought by the two, and almost always made a third in their walks. Was the change, then, only in me? Nothing makes time appear so long as travelling; the succession of new images and impressions make us live months in every hour.

It was scarcely a week after the conversation I have recorded, and yet I looked back upon the time of Hester's confidential manner as to some long bygone days. I had taken to sketching now, but she had left it off. It was an excuse to me to go long, lonely walks and excursions: on one of these I had left the party entirely, and was to rejoin them in a few days. During this solitary journey, communing with my own heart, it made me some strange revelations. Hester's questions haunted me for ever: Did I or did I not wish to marry either Rose or Justina? and my heart answered loudly, and without hesitation: No, no. The image that filled my every thought and feeling was Hester's? Why had I not tried to solve that problem which always haunted me? Did she love John Hartland? If not—

Unable to bear this uncertainty longer, I returned to rejoin the party a day before I had intended. They were at Boppart. My habitual shyness prevailed, and I would not go at once to them there, but remained in the neighbourhood; and then, with my camp-stool and sketching materials, I wandered on to a spot where I had last watched the artistic pencil of Hester Dering. I scarcely knew if my vivid fancy deceived me, but there, in the identical spot, sat Hester. She was alone; and till I approached her quite near, she had not seen me. I had no reason to suppose my presence would be such an overpowering surprise to her; and she was too courageous and self-possessed in general for the plea of weak nerves; but when she had started up with a glow of pleasure in her face to greet me, she suddenly grew pale, and trembled so violently, she was obliged to sit down again.

I threw myself on the grass by her, and held her hand. All my variously rehearsed speeches, by which I should probe her secret, all my own confessions, fled. I could say nothing but:

'Hester, I could not stay away any longer. You don't want me; perhaps you never will want me; but you must let me see you sometimes, when you are married; even you must let me see you, though you will not talk to me as we used. I cannot live without that'—

All my fine speeches and searching questions, without committing myself, came to this.

I held her hand to my face, and covered my eyes with it; I did not venture to look at her, as she sat raised just above me on a turf bank. The hand trembled in mine, but she did not draw it away, though I waited in vain till she should speak.

'Speak to me, Hester,' said I. 'Tell me only that you will forgive this vehemence; that you will be to me as you were, and counsel me, and let me talk to you as you did long ago; and yet not so very long ago neither, if one counts by time only. I have been so miserable since you have changed your manner to me. I promise never again to forget that you are engaged—that you are another's.'

'Gerald,' she said—'Gerald, look at me; look up.'

I quite started at the sound of her voice, it was so very sweet and gentle. I met her eyes bending down upon me, softly and timidly, not as she had ever

looked before; and she smiled as I had never seen her smile.

'It has indeed seemed long since you went away—two days ago,' she said; 'and so much has happened that it might have been two years. Gerald, I am free; it is all broken off, and ought never to have been! I am free now to talk to you as before, and help you to find out which of the two'—

I started to my feet, bewildered with the unmeasurable joy of this most unlooked-for change. She had risen too, and her hand was still clasped in mine.

'Free, free!' I gasped out. 'Then, Hester, you are mine, and mine only!'

I clasped her in my arms, and held her like a recovered treasure, never to be parted with more. I did not want her to speak then; I was satisfied to feel her dear head resting on my shoulder, and her heart beating against my own; but she broke from me as with an effort, and said:

'Ah, Gerald, how can I believe you, after all you have told me of others?'

But she did believe me, notwithstanding.

My sister Jane, coming out in search of Hester, was the first to interrupt us. She was by no means astonished to see me back, and did not look much disturbed by the events that had occurred in my absence. John Hartland had left the party, and returned to England. His father and aunt, who evidently suspected something had gone wrong, though it was not yet disclosed, looked anything but pleased to see me again, nor was my reception much better by Mr and Mrs Dering. In short, for a shy man to feel himself so entirely *de trop*, was cruelly embarrassing. Nothing I did was right; and all the little *contre-temps* inseparable from travelling, were ascribed to my bad management, with sundry hints that John Hartland would have contrived things better. The sunshine of Hester's presence, however, supported me, and I did not feel all my impending ills till we arrived at Folkestone, and the party necessarily separated.

Briefly let me pass over the events of the next few weeks. I found the general established in his house in Upper Harley Street. My interview with him was not so stormy as I had anticipated; even when I told him of my determination not to marry his ward, he said I need not trouble myself—that I did not deserve her. He concluded I meant to marry old May's daughter, and in that case, he should cut me off with a shilling, and not even send me to India. I said I had not the least intention of it. So much the better, he replied, for he now had it in his power to give me a capital appointment in India, but not as a married man. I took the plunge at once, and told him of my engagement to Hester Dering. This was too much for his patience, and I must confess that, under the circumstances, it was no wonder. I will not repeat all the abuse he lavished on my adored Hester and myself, for a couple of jilts, the one as bad as the other. He said nothing should induce him to countenance such villainy and such treachery to my own cousin, John Hartland. I left the house under his severe displeasure.

My mother, to whom I confided my distress, could give me no consolation. My uncle, since my father's death and pecuniary misfortunes, was the arbiter of our destinies. Hester's parents would not hear of our marriage, and were exasperated at her giving up John Hartland, whose fortune was considerable. I was taunted on all sides with my three proposals, and not allowed even to see Hester. I wrote to her privately, through the medium of my sister Jane; but in reply to some desperately wild scheme of mine, tending to Gretna Green, living in deserts, working for our bread, &c., she wrote me a letter, which I

thought selfishly cold and reasonable. In it, she advised me to do the only thing left for me, which was, to conciliate my uncle by accepting his assistance in the only way he would give it, and trust to time and constancy for the rest. I was so much hurt by this, as I considered, cold-hearted advice to leave her, and go to India, that I would not answer the letter. I took the advice it contained, however, and accepted the appointment, everything being so speedily arranged that I escaped all leave-takings, except of my mother, sister, and uncle. My heart seemed paralysed, and I scarcely felt even curiosity as to the effect of my departure on those who had lately so deeply interested me. I felt as if a part of my life was over—that it was the past, and I did not wish ghost or shadow of it to mingle with my future. And thus I began my career in India.

CHAPTER III.

Fifteen years of my life in India were over; another 'past' had closed behind me. The incidents of this time were so distinct, and so totally unconnected with the previous years, that it would not be difficult to believe that they scarcely belonged to the same individual. Soon, very soon after my leaving England, the death of my beloved mother took away almost the only link that bound me in intimate associations with home.

My sister Jane had been married not long before this event to John Hartland. Between him and myself there had never been much cordiality; but I was glad that my sister was suitably married and provided for. She wrote to me but seldom, and seemed as resolved not to tell me any news of people who had once so much interested me, as I was not to ask for it. My poor mother had been my correspondent, and I felt her letters were her occupation—that she was with me while she wrote, and her presence seemed with me as I read her letters. But with my sister it was different; hers were shorter letters, and apologies for want of time, and its being 'only half an hour to the post,' and the baby teething, 'and dear John waiting for her to go out'—all, in short, that so forcibly tells the absent he is the last of all to be attended to, that 'time' is to be had for everything but to write to him. This disgusted me at last, and the home-communications were 'few and far between' enough.

It has been necessary to state thus much in order to explain that after fifteen years, bronzed by a tropical sun, and with iron-gray hair, I turned my thoughts homewards, with scarcely the certainty of one friendly face to greet me, or one hand to clasp mine. The desolateness of this coming home dismayed me; my thoughts turned vividly to the past, and I forgot the flight of years. The general—I omitted to mention him—was still living, but almost childish. It was understood that he would leave all he had to the Hartlands, who lived near him. To this I was tolerably indifferent by a singular event, a history in itself. I had become possessor of considerable wealth, bequeathed to me by a native of high caste, to whom I had been enabled to render some services. Then it was that I felt that longing desire for home in the abstract, which in the reality was so dreary to me; and then it was that the singular fact of my triple engagement came back upon me, and I took a somewhat hazardous resolution: I wrote a letter to each of the three women to whom I had been betrothed. Reader with the silken curls, do not smile and shake your head. I did this seriously and candidly. I knew not what had become of either of these women, who had in turn engrossed my youthful fancy. Strangely enough, not one trace had I of their destiny; but giving my simple blushing May-rose

the prior claim, I wrote to each, offering my hand, if they, that is, either of them, chose to accept it!

It was some puzzle to me how to get the letters conveyed to them; but a lawyer friend who was sailing for England, and to whom I confided the delicate mission, furnished with what slight clues I could give him, undertook to find out 'the parties,' and to communicate to me the result.

This was something for me to look forward to; I had put my destiny out of my own power, and that strong life of the affections, in which alone I could live, clung rather to these old associations than to any new ties. I had acquired the habit, too, of waiting, I will not say patiently, but of looking forward as those only can do who live in colonies, and with whom every transaction depends on a distant post; the answer to the simplest question or the commonest decision being a matter of months of waiting. This habit of looking forward to a distant day is only learned in banishment, and perhaps it makes the time pass more quickly. At last a letter arrived from Williamson; I eagerly tore it open, and found two enclosures, sealed, and addressed to me. There was one in a hand I recognised instantly, even though its character was changed: it was that of the May-rose; but a much freer, more careless hand than formerly, with inordinately long tails to the y's and g's. I gazed long on the superscription, remembering all the neatly written notes, on pink paper, that had once so gladdened my eyes; then I looked at the seal, and tried to guess the contents. The seal had a widow's lozenge on it. Next, with a strange perversity to prolong suspense, I examined the other letter. It was not the writing of Hester Dering; that I saw at a glance; it was that of Justina. I held one in either hand, as if weighing them in a balance, and wondered, as I had wondered fifteen years ago, which of the two would decide my fate, hesitating which I should open first. The first love prevailed, and I tore open the seal of Rose's letter. It was as follows:

'Who would have thought it! So you are really and truly in the land of the living, and not entirely used up in that horrid hot country!' (I glanced at the signature, it was 'Rose'—or I should have thought it more likely to be Justina.) 'Pray, come back again,' it went on. 'Je suis enchantée, ravie, delighted, charmed to hear you are likely to be in town this season, which will not be quite over, if you make haste. I did not go out all last year, because I was in weeds, and was in such very bad spirits, of course, after my bereavement. Ah, my dear friend, great has been my affliction, and so very kind of him to leave me so well off. But that will not influence you, I am sure, as you did not know it, and shall not make any difference to me, though I cannot afford to marry upon nothing, as I have my position to keep up, and all that, and don't much like a mere Mr, after being Lady Coddleton, though only a knight. But I remember you very well, and never can forget—and you promised to be good-looking, though such a boy then; and I was very unhappy, and you don't deserve I should forgive you. I am sorry for one thing in your letter, which is, that I must send a positive answer, for who knows what you have turned out? As to myself, I am very much admired, and always taken for twenty-five; so I should not like you to mention to anybody, whether it is off or on, how long ago it was since we met. So, my dear friend, if it must be positive, my answer is—O dear! I can't quite commit myself by saying yes. So, pray excuse me; and with kindest regards, believe me, yours affectionately,

ROSE.

'P.S.—I forgot to mention that I have one sweet little angel-pledge of married life. She is a wild bird, and very tall of her age.'

'Good heavens, how altered!' I exclaimed, throwing down the letter. 'Is this the simple, artless May-rose! Surely more than fifteen years of worldliness and folly must have passed over that heart. She is free indeed, but what a blessing she has not accepted me!'

Before I read the answer from Justina, I turned to Williamson's letter. Vain had been all his inquiries after Miss Dering—all that he knew was that she had gone with her father and mother to live in that very vague locality—'abroad'. Some one had told him that she was dead—another, that she was married, and it was her mother who was dead—then he heard it was her father who was dead—and last, and with more probability, that her mother was dead, and her father had married again; but of herself, personally, he could learn nothing.

Let Justina's letter speak for itself:

'MY DEAR SIR—In alluding to the days of sin and folly which you designate as "happy youth," I see too great a probability that you are still unconvinced of the great fact of man's utter misery. I am surprised at your thinking of so important an affair as marriage without an inquiry into the state of my soul, and it shews me the lamentable condition of worldliness you are in. I am happy to say that till last February twelvemonth I was allowed to multiply my transgressions by living to the world, so that, up to the moment of my conversion, I was misled by no false moral motives. A single sermon from that truly pious minister, the Rev. Samuel Smalley, shewed me the evil of my ways. If you can give me any satisfactory account of yourself, which I much fear, from your letter, will not be the case, I shall be happy to confer with you on the subject you mention when you return. I am still unmarried, but I devote all my time and means to the enlightenment of such unhappy friends who are still groping in darkness, in which I am aided by the truly delightful mind of Mr Smalley. A most interesting case has just fallen under our view—a worldly, beautiful, and rich widow, whose conversion under Providence we hope to effect, and which will be a bright jewel in the saintly crown of pious Mr Smalley and my humble self. The name of this daughter of Philistia is Lady Coddleton, a neighbour of mine in Hampshire. As to that unhappy darkened individual, the general, my late guardian, nothing will induce him to listen to any exhortations to improve his frame of mind, and the Rev. Mr Smalley has submitted to more indignities from him than I can mention without pain. As you ask for a positive answer to your proposal of marriage, I will tell you candidly that I accept it, and shall receive you (*D. V.*) when you arrive as my affianced husband.—I beg to remain sincerely yours,

JUSTINA WARNER.'

I read this epistle through once, and I confess the effect it had on me was to provoke the heartiest fit of laughter I had known for many a day. I read it again, and was rather sobered by the announcement at the end; this was the only part of it that was characteristic—the only part I could realise as being written by the lively, high-spirited brunette. I remembered well the scene at the ball, when she had taken my compliments *au pied de la lettre*, and almost insisted on my 'telling the general' on the spot. The same kind of nervous sensation came over me, and I again wished I had not 'committed myself.' Then I read the letter a third time, and failed to realise its contents. I could not imagine one word of it to have been written by Justina—the Justina of other times. I dwelt upon this so long, that from a sort of vague curiosity grew up a positive anxiety on the subject. I was anxious to see Justina again. I wondered if she had grown old-fashioned-looking and dowdy, and wore bonnets to match her

letter—if she talked like it, and had left off slang. But the interest was of some use; it was a point to look to, in the uncertain, misty horizon of 'going home.' I thought even complacently of her change of ideas; with a little softening down, how delightful a woman might Justina be! Certainly, a dash of seriousness was just what she wanted; and if she had now a little too much, it was a fault on the right side. I felt obliged to Mr Smalley, or whoever had been the cause of it; and visions passed through my mind of some tokens of respect, in the shape of a present—should it be an inlaid writing-desk, or a shawl for his good old wife, or a set of splendid chessmen?

These thoughts engaged me during my preparations for a prompt departure and on the overland journey home. As I got nearer England, the old memories and associations revived more strongly. I told myself again and again that fifteen years had passed, and everything was changed; but all that intervening time with me had been spent among other thoughts and feelings; nothing in my own life had acted upon the previous impressions; it was completely separated from them, and I felt as if the other two parts should fit into each other, just leaving out the intermediate fifteen years of my Indian life, as though they had been only a dream. I had not a single intimate friend in England, and I have related how entirely I was without correspondents. My first visit was to my sister, Mrs Hartland, to whom I had written on arriving. They all seemed very glad to see me, and I soon made myself at home. I asked many questions about old friends, and especially about Hester Dering. All that Jane knew was that her mother was dead, and her father had married again. The step-mother was an atrocious woman. Hester had borne with her long, and yet had refused many good offers of marriage. At last, she went to live with her aunt, and my sister had for many years lost sight of her.

I felt a delicacy in mentioning Hester to Hartland. Nothing should have induced me to name her; but when we were left alone after dinner, he suddenly exclaimed, with all the simplicity of a child: 'By the by, Gerald, what confounded mistake of yours was that about Hester Dering? Why didn't you marry, after all? She was a deuced nice girl, at that time, I remember.'

After this, I did not scruple to try and get some information from him on the subject; but he knew nothing in addition to what his wife had told me, except that her father had had a terrible 'smash' in his affairs, and had died suddenly. Neither John Hartland nor my sister had any acquaintance with Lady Coddleton, beyond knowing she had taken a house in the neighbourhood for the summer months. I found they were not even aware of her identity with the Rose May of my early days, and I did not enlighten them. Of Justina, they told me much; and I soon discovered the information was tinged with a little jealousy of her great interest with the general. They both disliked her in their different ways—Jane, because she had a vague idea that she stood in the way of the preferment of herself and children; and John Hartland, because she had once caricatured him in the hunting-field.

I therefore took all they said with the allowance of a heavy discount for the general's disputed purse; and in my own case, I observed that as soon as they had ascertained I was more than independent (how much more, I did not divulge), and had no designs on the inheritance, they grew quite fond of me, and were delighted to see me back. A rich bachelor-uncle from India is an acquisition not to be despised in a family of growing-up daughters.

Justina Warner had taken for her abode an estate of about two hundred acres, called Whitethorns,

adjoining that of the general. She had at first had a model farm, and kept the land in her own hands, trying every variety of invention in patent implements, and infallible plans for improving the soil; but there was no patent to make the crops come up and the corn ripen three weeks after it was sown; and she got tired of staying so long in the country. She built a school, and for two whole months, persevered in attending to it herself, and actually cut out with her own hands the pattern of the Red-riding-hood capes, in which the girls were to be picturesquely attired. Then her engagements interfered, and it grew to be a Sunday, and not a week-day school. Then the season came on, and she must go to town, so that a schoolmistress was hired to supply her place; and perhaps the little scholars did not lose very much by the exchange, although they were allowed to say *could* and *should*, *i-o*, *toe*, and *p-u-t*, *put*, making it rhyme to *but*; and though their missing *hs* were not always called for.

Fortunately, before her property had become seriously impaired by experimental farming, a tenant was found for the estate; and heartily tired of playing the squires, Justina went to Paris, Rome, Naples, and Vienna, never missing London seasons, and all their dissipation. After an absence of some years, she had returned to Whitethorns, but it was not there that she had received and answered my proposal from India; she had received it during a visit to Cheltenham, which had become a favourite place of resort to her, since she had, as she said, 'given up the world.'

Although I had been very impatient and curious to see my affianced bride, yet strange as it may seem, I continued at my sister's, within a few miles of Whitethorns, for several weeks before I could make up my mind to present myself. I felt that it was inevitable, but I also felt it was very much as if I had to pull the string of a shower-bath, or touch the wire of an electrical machine.

My long residence in India had greatly increased my indolent predilection for 'a quiet life;' and it seemed to me that, in returning to the associations of my boyish days, I returned to my uncomfortable sensations of boyish shyness.

It was rather a relief to me, therefore, that some indispensable business called me to London, from whence I meant to go at once to the general's; and when there, of course, pay my devoirs to Justina. I was escorted to the railway station by a whole bevy of nieces and nephews, and had multitudes of commissions to execute for them all—from riding-hats and feathers of the last wide-awake fashion for the elder girls, to the largest Noah's Ark that ever was made for little Teddy, and a rocking-horse with a real skin for Jem.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER—HOW AND WHY HE ENLISTS.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that never until now has there been a volume containing an authoritative account of the British army, in relation to its strength, formation, organisation, pay, food, dress, barracks, garrisons, encampments, education, hygiene, and general government. True, there have been histories in great number of the achievements of the army; treatises on war, fortification, and gunnery; manuals of discipline, drilling, and tactics; and pamphlets and articles on some or other of these topics—but no regular and systematic book which would shew the internal working of this great and singular system. The nation has supported, by large annual grants, that which has hitherto been but little understood by the tax-payers. All the great countries of Europe—France, Russia,

Prussia, Austria, and even Sardinia, Belgium, and Spain—possessed works of recognised authority on military administration; England was the exception. When Lord Pannure was Secretary of State for War in 1857, his lordship's attention was drawn to the deficiency by Lieutenant-colonel Lefroy, Inspector-general of Army Schools; and at his suggestion, Mr Fonblanque, of the commissariat department, undertook the preparation of a new work. This work being finished, it was submitted to General Peel, Lord Pannure's successor. Mr Fonblanque found, to his surprise, that the volume could not be published under official authority unless he would 'consent to eliminate from it the passages involving criticism, discussion, or censure of existing institutions.' This he very properly refused to do, as being contrary to the spirit of the original instructions given to him by Lord Pannure, and likely to defeat the very object of the book. He therefore published it on his own responsibility, rendering great national service in so doing.* The subject is altogether a remarkable one. 'A glance at a soldier's life will shew how in every stage of his career he is brought under the immediate influence of administration; how it adopts him for its own from the very hour he enlists as a recruit, to the last moment of his military existence. It trains him in youth, it supports him in manhood, it comforts him in age; it watches over him at home and abroad, in peace and in war, and follows him through the varied scenes of his life, in garrison and in camp, on the march and in the bivouac, on the battle-field and in the hospital. To the cares of administration he owes the clothing he wears, and the food he eats, the arms he wields, and the bed he sleeps on. Administration at length conducts the maimed and worn-out soldier into his peaceful and honourable retirement, and performs the last offices over his grave.'

Civilians marvel that men can be found to go 'soldiering,' so small is the pay compared with the sufferings often endured. If we look to the class of men from which British soldiers are mostly taken, the marvel will cease. England can scarcely be deemed a military country, in reference to the prevailing sentiments of her inhabitants. In Europe generally, there are 12 soldiers to every 1000 inhabitants; in Russia, it is as high as 14; in England—or rather the United Kingdom—only 8, even after the great increase of the last few years. We have fewer soldiers in relation to population than any other great European state. Through many combined causes, which John Bull would be very glad to set out, the British army costs *per man* far more than that of other countries; it is, on an average, L.52 per man per annum; whereas the continental average varies from L.38 in Belgium, down to L.13 in Russia. It seems strange to read this, and at the same time to read about soldiers and their 'sixpence a day;' and it has required all Mr Fonblanque's cleverness to disentangle the various modes in which the money goes.

Leaving altogether out of the inquiry the military officers of all ranks, as well as the cavalry, the artillery, the engineers, the military train, and such 'crack' foot-soldiers as the Guards, let us confine our attention to the great body of the army, the privates of the line regiments, on whom, after all, our main reliance is placed. There are just one hundred of these line regiments (each designated by a number, and some by an additional title, such as 7th Fusiliers, 32d Foot, 78th Highlanders, and so forth); some consist of more than one

* *Treatise on the Administration and Organisation of the British Army, with special reference to Finance and Supply.* By Edward Barrington de Fonblanque, Assistant Commissary-general. 1858.

battalion; and as the full strength of each battalion includes 900 privates—besides about 180 officers, sergeants, corporals, &c.—there are now about 120,000 'common soldiers' of the line regiments. True, a great number of these are at present, under exceptional arrangements, serving in India, and are paid for by India instead of by England; but this need not affect the details now under notice.

In what way, the reader may ask at the outset, are the 'common soldiers' collected to form a British regiment of the line? The Queen must not have an army at all, without the annually expressed consent of parliament; and she cannot pay a single shilling to her soldiers without an annual parliamentary grant. Even with this consent, and this grant, she cannot compel her subjects to become soldiers. On the continent, two systems, of conscription and impressment, are adopted, to obtain men for military service. In England, voluntary enlistment alone is tried, with the occasionally exceptional rules concerning the militia, which need not be touched on here. The enlistment being voluntary, it is found by experience that the middle classes furnish scarcely any soldiers for the ranks. Nearly all are humbly born and uneducated, and many are among the 'loose fish' of society at the time of their enlistment. It was found, a few months ago, that of 73,000 privates of the line regiments, only 2000 had acquired a fair knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic; 20,000 could neither read nor write in the smallest degree; 13,000 could read, but not write. The officers and the privates in the British army are separated by a wider social gulf than in any of the continental armies. This arises from a double action and reaction; the poor and ignorant enter the ranks because the advantages are only sufficient to attract members of their class; and the middle classes shun the ranks, through a dislike of companionship with the lowly born. A private may become a corporal, and then a sergeant; but there he stops: the higher grades are 'commissioned'; the 'commissioned officer' is supposed to be a 'gentleman'; and the military 'gentleman' will not associate with non-commissioned officers or with privates. So strong is this social barrier, that the Queen's command has not yet been enabled to break it down. During the Crimean war, when the conduct and situation of soldiers attracted so much attention, public opinion prevailed on the authorities to make this indulgence—to give commissions to sergeants and corporals who had won the admiration of their officers by exemplary conduct in the field and in the barrack. These commissions conferred on the men the grades of ensign and cornet, which are, of course, the stepping-stones to those of lieutenant, captain, major, &c. Now, an ensign or a cornet always takes rank among the 'gentlemen' of conventional English society; the sergeant, when promoted, finds himself among men whose birth, education, tastes, pursuits, and conversation are different from his own; he finds he has no companions, no one with whom he can converse on easy familiar terms; and, even if the other officers do not adopt the cutting process of 'sending him to Coventry,' he nevertheless feels a sort of isolation very difficult to bear. Many experienced men foretold this result; and their anticipations have proved correct. The non-commissioned officers—sergeants and corporals—express no wish to accept commissions; the higher military dignity is to them a small consolation for the loss of personal comfort. On one occasion, a few months ago, five sergeants in succession declined this promotion when offered to them; they preferred such situations as messengers at the Horse-guards, which would not raise them to the perplexing rank of 'gentlemen'; a sixth, who did accept the commission, was afterward heard to say that he was 'perfectly

wretched.' During the Crimean war, while the British army was in Bulgaria, a commission in the Guards was refused by *fifteen sergeants* in succession. 'Surely,' says Mr Fonblanque, 'there must be something defective in our military institutions, when that which should be the soldier's highest ambition becomes to him not only a matter of indifference, but of positive dislike and injury.' The attempt has failed in the few examples of recent years; and it is likely to fail so long as the ranks are filled almost wholly by low and ignorant men. On the continent, the middle classes are more fully represented among the common soldiers—partly because soldiering is a more favourite occupation than in England; and partly through the system of conscription, which takes very little note of the grades in society. There are thus men of good family and respectable connections in the ranks of the French and other continental armies; and to these men there is always a fair chance of rising in social position, seeing that one-third of all the vacant commissions are bestowed upon such non-commissioned officers as are qualified to hold them. Nor does it stop here; if the private may become a sergeant, and the sergeant an ensign, so may the ensign rise to be captain, colonel, general, field-marshal. French soldiers cherish this emulative thought; English soldiers never think on the matter at all—an impassable chasm seeming to them to separate the grade of sergeant from all beyond. So fixed is this state of things, that a very long period of time, and a series of extensive changes, would be necessary to produce a closer and more healthy connection between the officers and the privates of the British army. Many of our energetic reformers assert that the honours, pay, promotion, and privileges of military officers are retained by the aristocracy for their sons and nephews, through the courtly and parliamentary influence of the House of Peers. But this is only in part true. It is not from the higher circles that the officers are chiefly obtained. The upper section of the middle class is the one most fully represented; comprising the sons of the smaller gentry, merchants, surgeons, lawyers, clergymen, and the more wealthy manufacturers. It is only among the petted Household troops—Life-guards, Horse-guards, Grenadier Guards, Fusilier Guards, and Coldstream Guards—and a few other special corps, that the nobility is strongly represented among the officers. It may perhaps be proper to say that the aristocratic element of our army excludes to a great extent from the ranks the incentive of personal ambition, and thus lowers the moral influence bearing on our common soldiers; but then the word aristocratic must be interpreted in a wide sense, as meaning, not the wearing of a coronet, but that system of exclusiveness which, whether founded upon the test of birth, caste, or money, creates a powerful barrier between the governors and the governed.

As an Englishman is not compelled to become a soldier, there must be one or other of three motives to entice him into the ranks—patriotism, inclination, or poverty. As to patriotism, it must not be relied on as a steady resource. If England were invaded, there is little doubt that many men would step forward, urged by a generous enthusiasm to defend the country in a time of danger; but in the ordinary state of affairs, the patriotism of few men would be ardent enough to encounter the cold 'red-tapism' of the regimental ranks. During the Crimean war, when soldiers were much needed, the 'counter-jumpers' of our large towns, the young men employed in selling laces, tapes, silks, and muslins, were reproached for their effeminacy; they were told to leave such small work in the hands of women, and to march to the field with musket and bayonet. The drapers' assistants had, however, a good answer to give—'Patriotism is all very well;

but until you can insure to us the prospect of rising to higher grades in the army by good conduct, we have no inducement to seek companionship with the class of men whom we see following the recruiting sergeant through the streets of London.' Patriotism being too uncertain a resource, the next is inclination. But this, again, is very fitful and unreliable. There are men who have a predilection for a life of adventure—a dislike for settled pursuits and fixed habits—a roving, restless disposition—a taste for the glitter and pomp of war, with its flags and trumpets, its medals and clasps, its glories and renown; and our army always contains some such spirits; but the number is small. There then remains the last and real incentive, poverty. Under the present regulations and organisation of the British army, the ranks would be very insufficiently filled were it not that there are men who are very poor. Their poverty may or may not have been brought about by their own misconduct; but the result is nearly the same so far as regards soldiering. The poor man becomes a recruit, not because a common soldier is well paid, but because he can at least procure food, clothing, and shelter, without much thought, so long as he obeys the orders given to him. Such men, as we know by painful experience, are miserably deficient in education; as a consequence, they would not be fitted for officers' duties, even if our system permitted promotion from the ranks; and thus one evil intensifies another.

Poverty, then, is the great storehouse for supplying British recruits; and the war-authorities measure the influence of this poverty in all their calculations. Their problem is: 'How much can we offer, in order to attract recruits?' They offer to the poor or the reckless man, in the first place, a sum of money immediately on enlistment, under the name of *bounty*; they offer, in the second place, besides food, lodging, and clothing, a small daily sum of money, under the name of *pay*; lastly, they offer a prospective provision, after a fixed period of service, under the name of *pension*; and according to the willingness or unwillingness of men to come forward, so are these offers of bounty, pay, and pension contracted or expanded in liberality. If the need be pressing, and the recruiting goes on slowly, two other relaxations are made—youths are admitted at an earlier age than before, and men of lower stature than are ordinarily taken: a net with smaller meshes is used to catch younger and smaller fish. During one period of the Peninsular war, when the demand for men was great, the 'standard' or minimum for a soldier's height was reduced so low as five feet three inches for adult men; youths were admitted at sixteen years of age; and the bounty rose to £24 for one adult who would consent to serve for life. Never since the year 1812 has the system been at such a high pressure as this.

Under the Adjutant-general of the Forces, there are nine recruiting establishments in the United Kingdom; each comprising an inspecting field-officer, an adjutant, a paymaster, a staff-surgeon, and a superintending military officer detached from military service. Besides these establishments at nine large towns, there are about thirty other recruiting head-quarters. The officers send their recruiting-parties to the different towns and villages, making known the terms of enlistment, and inviting recruits to join the army. On arriving at the head-quarters of the district, the recruit undergoes an examination by the staff-surgeon, and, if approved, he is sent before a civil magistrate to be attested. The paymaster next pays him the amount of bounty agreed upon; and the young recruit is despatched to join the regiment to which he is appointed. Until a few years ago, a recruit was often tempted by the bounty, under the impression that it was all receivable in money; and his first experience of military-life was too frequently

a sense of disappointment, and a suspicion of having been duped, on finding that the bounty was intended to cover every expense connected with his enlistment up to the time of his being sent to his regiment, and further to defray the cost of his clothing and necessities—deductions carefully kept out of sight until the engagement was complete and irrevocable. We have at any rate improved in this particular; whatever be the bounty named, the recruit receives it in cash. Nevertheless, all is not quite candid and above-board. The recruiting-sergeant mixes with the peasantry at country fairs, and with labourers and workmen in alehouses and other places; he descants on the glories and honours of war, and paints the soldier's life in colours far too bright. Many a recruit regrets the step he has taken, ere one week has passed; but the magistrate having attested, and the paymaster having paid the bounty, he is irrevocably a soldier, and will be treated as a deserter if he absconds. Of all the number who offer to enlist, about one-third are rejected for unfitness, in health or other particulars. Of 133 soldiers, considered to present a fair average of the whole British army, it was found that 82 had been husbandmen, labourers, or servants, 41 artisans, and 10 shopmen or clerks. But this ratio is believed to vary, according as distress more heavily attacks the agricultural or the mechanical population at the time of enlistment. Artisans are more intelligent and teachable than country rustics; but they are not as a whole so healthy; and it is found well to have a mixture of both. Ireland supplies more soldiers, in proportion to her population, than England, owing chiefly to the greater amount of poverty; but it is surprising how nearly equal the English, Scotch, and Irish become in soldierly qualities, after being for an equal length of time under efficient commanders.

We shall probably take an early opportunity of describing the arrangements connected with the food, dress, lodgment, culture, recreation, health, pay, and pension of the common soldier.

'THE DOMESTIC INSTITUTION.'

THE 2d and 3d of March 1859 were great days on the Savannah race-course, which is pleasantly situated in a quiet wooded nook about three miles from the city. A great sale came off there on these days, which attracted numerous buyers from all parts of the south. 'There was the Georgia fast young man, with his pantaloons tucked into his boots, his velvet cap jauntily dragged over to one side, his cheek full of tobacco,' and his loaded revolver and bowie-knife ready for instant use, should they be deemed necessary to clinch any argument in which their owner might chance to engage. Rough backwoodsmen were there, loud and violent in speech, quick in quarrel, and sudden in action, swallowing raw spirits with a gusto such as that with which Brown, Jones, and Robinson would drain 'bittah beeah,' could they get it, on the continent. White-neckclothed gentlemen, with spectacles on nose, walked with Christian meekness among the crowd, strange contrast to the surly Legrees with whom they brushed shoulders, and exchanged words of greeting. In short, every type of southern slave-holding character was represented on the race-course, for it was not a horse-sale, as might be supposed from the locality, but one of human flesh and blood. It was a great auction of 'human chattels' which had drawn these varied hundreds from Louisiana, Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, and the Carolinas. Mr Pierce M. Butler, of the free city of Philadelphia, had made 'ducks and drakes' of his available fortune, and his creditors pressing him, he was forced to realise on his southern investments—negroes on a rice-plantation near Darien, in the state of Georgia, and others on a cotton plantation on

St Simon's Island, an appendage of the same state in the Atlantic. In all, Mr Pierce M. Butler was owner of 436 human beings, which his necessities compelled him to bring to the hammer; and as they were all known to be 'likely nigger fellers' and 'prime gals,' the *bona-fide* product of an old family estate, the announcement of the sale created immense interest among the circle of traffickers in humanity. For weeks before the day of auction, nothing was talked of in the hotels of Savannah but Mr Pierce M. Butler's lot of negroes. Several days before the time, speculators began to arrive; and in order to afford every facility for their finding out the peculiar good and bad points of the living chattels, Mr Butler had the latter conveyed from his estates to Savannah some seven days before the sale. They were huddled into a large shed erected for the accommodation of the horses and carriages of those attending the races. No more attention was paid to their comfort than was absolutely necessary to keep them in a fair saleable condition. Their clothes-bundles were the only seats, tables, and beds which were allotted them—all that they had to keep them off the bare boards. Rice and beans, with an occasional bit of bacon and corn-bread, composed their food, while they here awaited anxiously their change of masters. Here, intending purchasers came and poked their ribs, looked at their teeth, felt their muscles, coarsely joked the women, and roughly handled the little children. The majority of the negroes had been accustomed only to rice and cotton planting; but some of them had been taught mechanical labour, such as coopering, carpentering, shoemaking, and smith-work—sufficiently well, at least, for the ordinary jobs required on a plantation; and the negroes did not fail to expatiate on their own good qualities when put through their paces by some more benevolent-looking individual than the others, whom they deemed it would be to their advantage to serve. Here is one scene, type of numerous others transpiring within that dreary shed.

Elisha, chattel No. 5 in the catalogue, had taken a fancy to a benevolent-looking middle-aged gentleman, who was inspecting the stock, and thus used his powers of persuasion to induce the benevolent man to purchase him, with his wife, boy, and girl, Molly, Israel, and Sevana. The earnestness with which the poor fellow pressed his suit, knowing as he did that perhaps the happiness of his whole life depended on his success, was touching, and the arguments he used most pathetic. He made no appeal to the feelings of the buyer; he rested no hope on his charity and kindness, but only strove to shew how well worth his dollars were the bone and blood he was entreating him to buy. "Look at me, mas'r; am prime rice-planter; sho' you won't find a better man den me—no better on de whole plantation; do mo' work den ever; do carpenter-work, too, little. Better buy me, mas'r; I se be good sarvant, mas'r. Molly, too, my wife; Sa, fus-rate rice-hand—'mos as good as me. Stan' out yer, Molly; and let the gen'lm'n see."

"Molly advances, with her hands crossed on her bosom, and makes a quick short courtesy, and stands mute, looking appealingly in the benevolent man's face; but Elisha talks all the faster.

"Shew mas'r yer arm, Molly—good arm dat, mas'r; she do a heap of work mo' with dat arm yet. Let good mas'r see yer teeth, Molly. See dat, mas'r—teeth all reg'lar, all good; she'm young gal yet. Come out yer, Israel; walk aroun', an' let the gen'lm'n see how spy you be."

"Then pointing to the three-year-old girl, who stood with her chubby hand to her mouth, holding on to her mother's dress, and uncertain what to make of the strange scene, Elisha continued:

"Little Vandy's only a chile yet; make prime gal

by and by. Better buy us, mas'r; we'm fus-rate bargain."

And so on went the poor slave, growing terribly in earnest as he proceeded; but the benevolent gentleman remained untouched, and turned on his heel, to drive a closer bargain elsewhere.

But this gaunt, comfortless shed was not without its picturesque features for those who could turn their eyes and thoughts a moment from the great mass of human misery which it contained. The bundles of the negroes, which were of all colours and sizes, were scattered in confusion over the floor. Upon them their owners reclined in sorrowful attitude, or, irritated by suspense, moved restlessly about. Here and there, little groups were engaged in earnest converse on their future prospects, or talking mournfully of their past comparatively happy lives, for they had all been born on the plantations from which the exigencies of their master demanded they should now be sold. Few of them wept, their open sorrow would have been but subject for jest and mockery in such a place. They were dressed in every possible variety of uncouth and fantastic garb, in every style, and of every imaginable colour; the texture of the garments was, in all cases, coarse, most of the men being clothed in the rough cloth that is made expressly for slaves. There was every variety of hat, with every imaginable slouch; and there was every cut and style of coat and pantaloons, made with every conceivable ingenuity of misfit, and tossed on with a general appearance of looseness that is perfectly indescribable, except to say that a southern negro always looks as if he could shake his clothes off without taking his hands out of his pockets. The women, true to feminine instinct, had made in almost every case some attempt at finery. All wore gorgeous turbans, generally manufactured in an instant out of a gay-coloured handkerchief, by a sudden and graceful twist of the fingers; though there was occasionally a more elaborate turban—a turban complex and mysterious—got up with care, and ornamented with a few bits of bright ribbon, or with glass beads. The little children were always better and more carefully dressed than the older ones, the parental pride coming out in the shape of a yellow cap, pointed like a mitre, or a jacket with a strip of red cloth round the bottom. The children were of all ages and sizes, from fifteen days old upwards. The babies were generally good-natured, though when one took it into its little head to yell, the complaint soon attacked the others, and a full chorus was the result.

At length the first day of sale arrived. A dreary, wet, uncomfortable day for the buyers—a more miserable day for the bought. But never did Mr Bryan, the negro broker, a sharp, dapper, fierce, be-spectacled little man, appear in better spirits, as he moved through the crowd, exchanging a quick word to this one and that as he passed; never was the fat, florid, whisky-loving Mr Walsh, the auctioneer, more funny than when he mounted the stand.

The 'chattels,' it was announced, would be sold in 'families'—that is to say, a man would not be parted from his wife, or a mother from her young child, but grown-up sisters and brothers were not regarded as families. Lot after lot was disposed of amid brutal jests and laughter, at what were considered good prices.

Of the subjects of the sale, a few regarded it with perfect indifference, and never moved except to shew themselves at the order of the broker, and when they were knocked off, they descended from the pedestal without caring to look or inquire who was their future master. Others, again, strained their eyes with eager glances from one buyer to another, as the bidding went on, trying with earnest attention to follow the rapid voice of the auctioneer.

Sometimes two persons only would be bidding for the same chattel, all the others having resigned the contest, and then the poor creature on the block, conceiving an instantaneous preference for one of the buyers over the other, would regard the rivalry with the intensest interest, the expression of the face changing with every bid, settling into a half-smile of joy if the favourite buyer persevered unto the end, and secured the property; and settling down into a look of hopeless despair if the other won the victory.

And so the first and the second day's sale went on and concluded, and 429 men, women, and children had changed hands, as if they had been so many cattle. Four hundred and thirty-six had been announced for sale, but seven had been detained on the plantation on account of sickness. One poor woman was sold with her baby only fifteen days old. Six days had she been in the shed before the day of sale. Her journey to Savannah must have occupied at least two days more, so that she must have been hurried from her bed to the market on the seventh day after her confinement!

Only one of the many touching incidents of this great human, rather, we should say, inhuman auction, will the space at our disposal permit us to mention. On Mr Butler's estates had grown up together from childhood Jeffrey, aged twenty-three, and Dorcas, somewhat his junior—in the catalogue of sale set down as chattel No. 319, and chattel No. 278. Well, these chattels had fallen in love, as human chattels cannot avoid doing:

Skills may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same—

and had, in gross mimicry of their white owners, plighted their troth to each other. At the sale, Jeffrey was disposed of first. Hat in hand, emboldened by love, he sought out his young master, and told him the story of his simple passion.

'I loves Dorcas, young mas'r,' said the poor chattel, in tremulous accents, and with the big tear-drops in his eyes. 'I loves her well an' true. She says she loves me, an' I know she does. De good Lord knows I loves her better than I loves any one in de wide world—never can love another woman half so well. Please buy Dorcas, mas'r. We're be good sarvants to you as long as we live. We're be married right soon, young mas'r, and de chillun will be healthy and strong, mas'r, and dey'll be good sarvants too. Please buy Dorcas, young mas'r. We loves each other a heap. Do, really, mas'r.'

But what are Jeffrey's hopes and loves to young mas'r? Nothing, the chattel suddenly remembers, and strikes out on a different tack:

'Young mas'r, Dorcas prime woman—A1 woman, sa. Tall gal, sir; long arms; strong, healthy, and can do a heap of work in a day. She is one of the best rice-hands on de whole plantation; worth 1200 dollars easy, mas'r, an' fus'-rate bargain at that.'

The last remarks tell more on young master than the former appeal; and Jeffrey is requested to bring out his sweetheart, and exhibit her good points, which he does with great glee, in the hope that they are really not to be separated after all. Young master is pleased, and promises to bid; but alas for Jeffrey's happiness, Dorcas is put up along with four of a family, and for them young master has no use. Another hour, and Dorcas sits in the long shed, her head buried in a shawl, and motionless as a statue; and Jeffrey, hat in hand, is once more in the presence of his master.

'I see very much obliged, mas'r, to you for trying to help me. I knows you would have done it if you could. Thank you, mas'r—thank you; but—its—berry, berry hard.' And here Jeffrey, unable longer to

control his great grief, breaks down utterly, and covering his face with his battered hat, turns away sobbing like a child.

And now the sale is over, and a crowd of negroes have gathered eagerly round a white man, who is dispensing to each a dollar. These are the slaves who have just been sold, and the white man is their erstwhile master. Touching proof of the beauty and excellence of the 'domestic institution.' Happy, happy negroes! Kind-hearted, generous Mr Butler! Envious nation, under whose star-spangled banner alone such sights can be witnessed!

At the conclusion of the sale, Mr Pierce M. Butler added up the proceeds, and found that he had realised 303,850 dollars; but never, until the great day of account—human heads indeed would be utterly incompetent for the task—will be summed up the awful loss of these poor black ones by the transaction. And but for the happy audacity of a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, whose interesting narrative we have closely followed, while abridging, this great sale might have gone unrecorded, or been burked in a paragraph.

A PERILOUS HOUR.

I was apprenticed to a decorative painter, but being of a bold, danger-loving turn, I ran away to sea before my time was out.

After some years of knocking about, I got tired of a maritime life, and having married and determined to stick to the shore, I got work with a builder whose peculiar line lay in erecting tall chimneys. I had always a very cool head, and could stand on elevations that made most men dizzy, and so I was soon a favourite hand with my master.

We had on one occasion to fasten a lightning-conductor which had sprung near the top of a very high chimney, and Mr Stanning chose myself and one James Colly to do it, as the most daring of his men. About half a dozen of us went that morning with a hand-cart, containing the necessary ropes, blocks, the kite, and a box or cradle. Having flown the kite, and dropped its line across the top of the chimney, we soon drew up a rope, at the end of which was a block, through which ran the line whereby we were to be drawn up.

Colly had only been married a fortnight; and as we stepped into the cradle, the men banteringly asked him if he hadn't a last dying speech to leave for his wife; and then Mr Stanning having shaken hands with us, and bid us be cool and steady, we were drawn slowly up. It was known all over the town that the conductor was to be fixed, though as the day was not named, I did not expect we should have had many spectators; but as we got higher, and the view opened under our feet, I saw that the streets were already thronged with starers. Colly was very quiet; and when I waved my cap to the people, he said snappishly that this was no time for such folly, and that he thought I might think of better things than how to amuse these gaping fools, who, he dared say, desired no better fun than to see us meet with an accident.

I had come up in the best heart, thinking, indeed, nothing about the danger we incurred; but as we drew nearer and nearer to the top, and had nothing, as it seemed, belonging to this world near to us but this straining rope, I began to see the peril of the undertaking. What Colly thought of it, I don't know—he sat at the bottom of the cradle, never looking out, though I told him he would do better to keep his eyes about him, so that he might grow used to the height.

Good Heaven! what was this? Here we were within a yard of the top projecting coping, and still they were winding away without slackening speed in the

least I guessed in a moment that they mistook our height, and that with the great purchase of that windlass the rope would be broken when the cradle came to the block. I sprang up, and catching the rope, climbed hand over hand to the coping. Colly, too, sprang up and followed me. He, too, got safe; and still they went on winding up, winding up, till the rope sung again with the strain there was upon it.

Then it snapped, and cradle, hauling-line, and the main rope with its block, fell down. Thus were we two poor men left in a most desperate situation.

Poor Colly was completely dazed with affright; and the moment he got on the coping, which was only a foot and a half broad, he called out: 'Where can I pray? where can I kneel and pray?' and so I said, very solemnly: 'Sit down, Jem; God will hear us if we pray to him sitting down.'

The colour of his face was of a transparent blue; and it was distorted and twitching, as if he was in a fit. His eyes were very wild, and drawn into a squint, and he couldn't sit steady, but swayed his body backward and forward, so that I felt certain that he must topple over.

'Come, Jem, lad,' I said, thinking to take the fright off him; 'it's bad enough, but it can be mended. Hitch up a bit, and put your arm round the rod—may be it will steady you.'

'Where are you? and where is this rod?' he asked in a very hollow voice, though he was looking straight at me, and the rod was only a foot or two to his left. By this I knew that he was gone blind with the fright; and self-preservation said, 'Don't go near him; but then I remembered his new-wedded wife, and that taking him all through, he was always a very decent fellow; and I thought how I should have liked him to have done if I had been in his case; so I determined to run a bit of risk in his favour. Of course, I durst not get on my feet; but working myself on by my hands, I got to him, and putting my arm round his waist, and telling him as cheerily as I could to keep cool, I got him with his arm round the rod. It had, however, sprung the stapling for five yards down, and was so loose that it swayed with him, and I expected any minute to see him falling head and heels down, and the rod tearing away with him.

There was great bustle down below; people were rushing round the yard and pushing to get in, but as yet there were but some score of men at the foot of the chimney, and, by close looking, I saw them put somebody on a board, and carry him gently away towards the engine-house. One of the men walked after with a hat in his hand; then I knew that somebody had been hurt with the falling cradle, and that it must be poor Mr Staming, as none of our men wore hats. Not a face was turned up to us. I learned afterwards that our men were so taken up with sorrow that so good a man and so kind a master should be killed, that for a while they had never a thought about us; and the people outside imagined that we had come down with the cradle, so thus were we left in total isolation for full twenty minutes.

While I was watching them below, feeling very sorry for my poor master, I was startled by a wild laugh from Colly, who began making catcalls, and yelling as if he was possessed. Then I knew, of course, that he was gone mad.

Even now I tremble when I think of that time; it was horrible to peer down the shaft, black and sooty and yawning, and scarcely less so to look outside and see a flight of pigeons sweeping round at considerably less height than we were. Then Colly—thank God, he was so dazed that he could not see me—called my name three times, as I sat fairly cringing in dread that his sight might clear, and with a ghastly grin,

and chewing with his mouth, he began working himself towards me. I worked away from him as noiselessly as I could, with every hair of my head standing on end. He followed me twice round that horrid coping, making most hideous noises, and then being come a second time to the rod, he got an idea in his muddled head that I was fallen over, for he never lost a sense of where he was all through this trying time. Then he tried to get on his feet; but, at the risk of my own life, I could not let the poor fellow rush on certain death without one more effort; and I cried out for him to sit down, and he cowered down like a whipped dog all trembling. I suppose it had been put into his head that I was a dead man speaking to him.

That morning my wife had got a letter from her sister in Canada, and as there were parts we could not make out, I had put it in my pocket, intending to get our time-keeper to read it for me. It had a scrap of uncovered paper at the bottom; and by another good providence, I happened to have a bit of red lead-pencil in my pocket. I wrote on the paper, 'Get us down—Colly's gone mad;' this I shut in my tobacco-box, and was fortunate enough to drop just at the feet of a couple of men who were standing by the engine-house door.

Directly all was bustle to rescue us. They got the kite up again, and I watched it mounting slowly—slowly; and when the slack twine fell between Colly and myself, I took it in my hand and could have kissed it. Poor Colly, with his teeth chattering, still fancied I was a spirit, and I did all I could to favour that idea until they got another cradle up to us. Then having got him in, I scrambled in myself; and clutching him fast, I shouted for them to lower; and so we were got down, he wrestling and fighting with me all the way.

He was in a madhouse for some months, and then went to scavenging, for he never could face any height again; and I have never had the same clear head since that adventure.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Before the red camp-fire he slept,
His brother near him lay,
He dreamt of home, but waking found
That home was far away.
'A happy dream I've had,' quo' he,
'Of the days were long ago;
I dreamt we were at home, boy;
Quoth he: 'I dreamt we were at home, boy;
And together home we'll go.'

'Not so,' his brother then replied.
'Ere home we hie again,
Full many a danger must we brave
Of march and battle plain.'
But still the other answer made:
'Nay, brother; say not so;'
Quo' he: 'We're going home, boy,
For I did dream we were at home, boy,
And we'll surely homeward go.'

Upon the battle-field he lay,
His brother bleeding nigh,
His feet were toward the flying foe,
His face was toward the sky:
But ere that noble heart was still,
That life-blood ceased to flow,
Quo' he: 'We're going home, boy;
So, after all, we're going home, boy;
And together will we go.'

J. R.

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CHILDREN'S HOSPITALS.

THE Psalmist lays down three-score years and ten as the normal length of man's life. How strange it seems that, out of every hundred individuals who start together on the journey, in this country, only forty are in some localities able to accomplish more than a fourteenth part of man's earthly pilgrimage—that is, 60 per cent. die before they reach the age of five years. The Registrar-general's Report for the year 1858 affirms: 'Of the 23,420 deaths in the eight towns, 11,290, or 48·2 per cent., were under five years of age. This is a very high proportion, and shews that moral and physical agencies exist in these towns highly prejudicial to infantile life. *That this frightful mortality under five years of age might be greatly lessened, there can be no doubt*, as shewn by the simple fact, that its proportion differs widely in the several towns. Thus, in Aberdeen only 31·3 per cent. of the deaths were under five years of age; in Perth, 36·2 per cent.; in Edinburgh, 40·8; in Paisley, 46·3; in Greenock, 49·1; in Dundee, 49·6; in Leith, 49·8; while in Glasgow, 53·8.' Now, what would be thought if any other young animals died at this rate, and active measures were not taken to stop such a ruinous expenditure of life? The sheep-farmer thinks 2 or 3 per cent. a serious but probable loss among a flock of lambs; but when, owing to some sudden decrease of temperature or other unlooked-for circumstances, it reaches 8 or 12 per cent., the loss is considered ruinous, and scarcely heard of where the necessary attention is paid them. One gentleman who farms to a large extent in the north, has told us, that having on one occasion lost 40 lambs out of 250, he changed his shepherd, as no natural causes could account, even in this bleak country, for that high rate of mortality. Farmers tell us that injudicious treatment and neglect are sure to be exposed, sooner or later, by an unusual number of deaths, as, for instance, in the case of calves. A calf, whose future state is veal, is necessarily doomed to but a brief existence; but many are prevented from completing even this short career, for the injudicious treatment we have alluded to kills them, sometimes at the rate of 30 and 40 per cent. This cause of death, however, is not denied. Treat any young animal injudiciously, and it will die just as surely as a candle would be blown out if you took one with you in your vain search up the street for a policeman. And how sad it is to have this truth, 'uncared-for young animals die,' illustrated by the Registrar-general's Report of the mortality among our own species.

'And are not our young attended to?' you may

exclaim. 'Go into the nursery; see the judicious arrangements laid down, after careful consultation between nurse and doctor; see the little white beds, the blazing fire, the wide window with a cheerful prospect, the meal of wholesome and carefully prepared food, varied from day to day, and every morsel watched as it enters the little red hungry mouths. Are our young not cared for indeed? Why, if, from time to time, one begins to pine, or gets some infantile disorder, how the whole establishment sympathises; the merry laugh and pattering footsteps are missed, and we feel how important an element of the domestic happiness the child was. How its mother lives in the nursery, and her cheeks whiten with watching; how the doctor's visit is longed for, and how exactly are his directions carried out. Our young uncared for, did you say? Why, the most valuable adult life is scarcely so cherished, and for the very reason which has been already given; it is because uncared-for young animals die.'

This, however, is only among the richer sort; uncared-for is a hard word; we mustn't think that our poorer sister's children are not tended to the best of her ability; but while, as a general rule, a child is the anxiety of the well-to-do mother, it is only one of the many which weary the poor man's wife. She has the little room to set in order, her husband's meals to prepare, the floor to scrub, the clothes to wash; she has not only to cheer and soothe the broken spirit of the bread-earner when he comes back at night, but to prepare his breakfast before he goes to work in the morning.

The infant clings to her breast, and hampers her exertions, at the same time as it makes her once ruddy cheek whiten and fall in, and acquire the prematurely aged look of the working-man's wife. While all this is going on, the elder child ceases to play about in the close with its companions, add sits on the little stool at the fireside with its head on its hand. It is noisy at night, and disturbs the father, who has to rise so early. Next day, it remains in bed, and the mother gets a neighbour to fetch a doctor. He comes; he can do but little save order medicine and constant watching, and supply from his own pocket a few little necessary luxuries. But he cannot be there always; he must away to others; he, too, is an earner of bread for little red hungry mouths. But then there is the mother, yes, and the other child and the husband for her to look after. Vainly she strives to give the sick one the share of nursing she feels to be its due, but often must it gape for a drink before it attracts the busy woman's attention, and often pine with some undefined want which our

watchful mothers—mothers who have little to do but watch—would at once interpret.

The neighbours are kind and attentive; but time is precious even to them, and they have little else but attention and kindness to give. When the doctor returns, he sees it all won't do. No, it's of no use, you strong, patient, bread-earning father, your holding the little one on your knee, and trying to coax it with something in that coarse iron spoon. No doubt, she was, as you say, next to your wife in your affections, that watching her development was your study and delight, your one something to look forward to after the day's labour; yes, but she took ill in circumstances where the chances of recovery were as one to a hundred; she did not get the care necessary for a sick young animal; and she will be before morning a unit of the forty per cent. of all children born, say, in this town of Edinburgh, and dying before five years of age.

Now, how is this to be remedied?—how are we to help our poor sister in her difficulties, and be enabled to look her and the Registrar-general in the face? Some have such a vague idea of that functionary, that they seem to imagine his making the statement at all is as much as to say he accepts the responsibility attached; and if he does not mend matters, more shame to him. But there are fortunately others who take a more actively benevolent view of such matters, and endeavour to supply a remedy. Such are the gentlemen who, in various cities of the Queen's dominions, try to establish hospitals for sick children. This class of institutions is comparatively a novelty among us in Edinburgh. The first was set up in London so lately as 1852. They previously existed in St Petersburg, Moscow, Copenhagen, Belgium, Turin, and even Constantinople; two at Vienna, and two in Paris. In London, the Child's Hospital was begun on a prudential scale, as all such things should be: a house was rented, a few beds put up, a staff of doctors selected; and in the seven years of its existence, 1860 patients have been treated in these beds, while 49,100 out-patients have received advice and medicine.

The advantages of such an institution are numerous. First and chief is the alleviation of human suffering, and the reduction of that little account between us and the Registrar-general. Secondly, for giving additional opportunities for the study of infantile diseases, the importance of which is so great. Let us again quote from our severe adviser: 'It is the prevalent notion that the diseases of childhood—namely, measles, scarlatina, and hooping-cough, cannot be got too soon over; the great mortality from them occurs among children under five years of age, which shews how false such an idea is.'

Did you ever try to doctor a young child? How are you to detect the disease? By the tongue. Why, he won't put it out, coax him in the most approved style, and make the most extravagant promises of reward. His pulse—why, the little heart is fluttering like a bird at the sight of that great ugly man—Bogey come at last. Oh, it's of no use; order some gray powder, and call to-morrow. But see, some old doctor who has been studying children's maladies for years, how instinctively, almost, he appreciates the true state of things, as he compares in his mind the case before him with the mass of others in his memory. Now, let a young practitioner study at a hospital for sick children, and he would acquire knowledge which would not only be valuable to himself as property, but make him a 'real blessing to mothers,' and an efficient man of business to act between us and the Registrar-general.

Thirdly, as a training-school for nurses. The difficulty of obtaining good assistants for the nursery is notorious, there being generally a compulsory selection between a young and inexperienced woman and

an ogress, who in years and manners is unsuitable as a companion for youth, and who probably has also some deeply rooted ideas on the subject of domestic medicine. How great a comfort in travelling, or in a lonely country-house, would a woman be whose inclinations had, in the first place, made her take to nursing as a profession, and who, trained in a child's hospital, was skilled not only in the management, but in the detection of disease. What a valuable friend and adviser she would be for a young and anxious mother, and how a few of them would reduce the balance against us at the Registrar-general's.

The advantages of such a charity are not, however, to be classed under a few heads; they multiply even as we think of them, and every year of its existence they will continue to increase. Surely, when vast sums are being spent in experiments upon rifled cannon and patent liquid fire explosive shells, to strengthen Britain against her enemies, this plan for preserving what has hitherto been her strength and wealth—the children of her people—will not want for supporters.

GERMAN LIBRARIES.

We have our library in Hohenbraten—a special English library, where, as I was informed, British periodicals and newspapers, the *Times* included, might be obtained. Having conscientiously got through a considerable amount of bad German reading, and finding the modern French literature of the railways somewhat unsatisfying food, I set out one morning to visit the emporium in question. Mustering my best German, I asked the boy in attendance whether he had any new English magazine.

'Ja freilich,' was the answer; 'wir haben Shamber.' And he triumphantly displayed a six-month old part of *Chambers's Journal*.

'What else have you?' I inquired.

'Dere is Poonch, and Blakvode, and Colbrook, and Deeken.'

The last two titles, I found, were conventionally understood to represent the *New Monthly* and *Household Words*.

'You have the *Times* also?'

'Ja wohl.'

So I paid my subscription, and then, for I was longing with a feverish thirst for news from India, I asked if I could have the latest *Times*.

It was already lent out, Master Gottlieb assured me.

'Then give me the latest you have.'

The boy handed me a quarto pamphlet, which, to my horror, I saw headed *Medical Times*. An explanation ensued. This unlucky paper, very interesting and useful in its way, no doubt, was all that the Hohenbraten Bibliothek had to shew for the mighty, the inimitable *Times*. 'There is but one newspaper in the world,' thinks the Englishman, 'and Russell is its correspondent.' It was a grievous disappointment, when one was longing to know how it fared with dear friends in the far-off land of war, to be put off with accounts of hospital operations—ah, too suggestive those!—and treatises on catarrh and indigestion. However, as the Germans say, 'if one can't dance, one must only play the fiddle;' so I made the best of it, and carried off a bundle of stale magazines. *Blackwood* is very old and polished Ebony indeed, when we get him; for each number has to run the gantlet of a reading-club at Munich before it reaches us; and all the three kingdoms know 'What he will do with it,' three or four months before we adopted denizens of Hohenbraten have any idea on the subject. *Punch*, too, like the liquid favoured by Mr Pickwick, is 'cold Punch' indeed ere we obtain a taste of its quality. But it is something in this far-off land to get it at all; and German periodical literature, of the

newest, if not of the best, one can have in any quantity. Candidly speaking, I find it very inferior to our own, and also to the French. The tales in the German periodicals are usually immensely long, and insufferably tedious. I remember compressing one, which in the original occupied sixty pages, into four of an English periodical, where it formed a readable little story, but one by no means overburdened with incident. This reminds me that in the way of reprisals, any one who chooses is fairly entitled to pick up any stray flowers which he may chance to see gleaming amongst the dun dense masses of fallen leaves in the German literary Schwarzwald. From the Hohenbraten library, I got the other day a bound volume of an exceedingly popular cheap magazine. Looking through it, I recognised every tale it contained as translated *in extenso* from *Chambers's Journal* or *Household Words*, and this without the slightest acknowledgment of the source from whence they were derived, or even an intimation of their being translations at all. Three amongst them happened to be my own; and I must do the German translator the justice to say they were faithfully rendered, and quite free from those grotesque misconceptions of the original meaning which one commonly finds in French renderings of the English. If one's sugar, spice, and plums be stolen, it is some consolation to discover that the thief has had sufficient wit to convert them into a good, and not into an uneatable pudding.

The result of a close acquaintance with the modern light literature of Germany is by no means calculated to raise one's estimate of its value. I do not hesitate to assert that, with a few exceptions, such as *Soll und Haben*, and some of Berthold Auerbach's tales, a German novel is sure to be either dull or wicked, and very often both. That this is recognised by the Germans themselves may be inferred from the fact that translations form the staple commodity of their circulating libraries. 'My daughters have never read a German novel; I give them nothing but translations from the English,' was the speech, the other day, of a German mother; and she was quite right. In one of Miss Edgeworth's admirable tales, she describes a lady asking a French governess to recommend some suitable books for her children's perusal.

'Oh, certainement, madame,' says the instructress; 'il y a *Télémaque* et *Bélisaire*.'

The young ladies, however, had already perused these.

'Attendez, madame: oui—tenez—il y a *Bélisaire* et *Télémaque*.'

No other name was forthcoming from the storehouse of mademoiselle's memory. Something analogous is likely to befall the literary inquirer in the Vaterland; Goethe and Schiller, Schiller and Goethe, are the beginning and end of German letters. Some pretty fugitive poetry they have, no doubt; but is it equal, in either quantity or quality, to ours? There is scarcely an English magazine or journal of the better class, which does not from time to time publish verses regarded by us as ephemeral trifles, but which, in Germany, would make a reputation.

Style seems a matter utterly beneath the attention of the German magazine *littérateurs*. The lumbering construction of their interminable sentences is favourable to long-windedness; and assuredly they do not neglect the advantage. Whatever an English or a French writer of the present time may have to say, he will generally contrive to say it well. Like the Hermit, if he has but little here to tell, he does not make that little long. But your thorough-going Teuton, amid the fumes of his tobacco-pipe, will weave you a web of fiction as cloudily, as unsubstantial, and also as black and unsavoury as those.

Like the clergyman of whom it was said, 'he preached for ten minutes, and then went on for fifty more,' Mein Herr shall compose you a story good for ten pages, but will be brought to a halt only by the end of his octavo volume.

The absence of humour is an essential characteristic of the German nature. We cannot compare for a moment the inane puerilities, the stale Joe Millerisms which move to laughter the solid, pipe-holding lips of Deutschland, with the fresh and sparkling wit of *Punch*.

The Tauchnitz edition of standard English works is a wonderful boon to British sojourners abroad. I purchased Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, in five small well-printed volumes, for 7s. 6d., just when it first appeared in England at the price of two guineas. The English catalogues of the circulating libraries are very amusing. On what principle their selection of literature is made, I cannot say. I know only that amongst the latest additions of new works to my Hohenbraten library are—*The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling*, Butler's *Pleasures of Religion*, Sheridan's *Dramatic Works*, Maturin's *Sermons*, *Evelina*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and Sir Charles Grandison. Some of the titles appear in the catalogue funnily travestied. *Then Tausends a Jear* was tolerably intelligible, and *The Fetch of Bracon* could be understood; but *Sin the Scavenger*, by the author of *Emilia Wyndham*, was a poser. Such an incongruous juxtaposition of coarse and refined, high and low—St Giles and St James with a vengeance—was, more than my philosophy could fathom; so, asking to see the volume in question, I found the title was simply the Teutonic version of Mrs Marsh's clever novel, *Time the Avenger*.

A German comedy is a very ponderous affair indeed—more doleful than a French tragedy, more tedious than a parliamentary blue-book. As to its wit—save the mark!—Sydney Smith himself would have grown dull beneath the soul-chastening infliction. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. I firmly believe that English literature, in its full extent, is the finest and richest in the world; and although it is good and pleasant to study other languages, and become acquainted with the various works contained in them, yet he who knows no other than his mother-tongue, will never, during the course of the longest life, be able to exhaust the treasures hidden in that ancient well of English undefiled.

MY THREE WOOINGS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE I waited at the railway station, a train in the contrary direction to the one for which I was waiting stopped at the station. There were no passengers to alight or depart, and it did not stop half a minute. I looked vaguely in at them as they looked vaguely out—it was again in motion; the hiss and the snort, and the grunt of the mighty animal, all a novelty to me, excited my attention; but through it all I heard a sound, a voice, a sudden exclamation, and my name was spoken in a tone I should have recognised anywhere. A face looked out from one of the carriages—it was *her* face—Hester's! I could not tell if she were altered; I only saw it was herself, and she was gone. The train whirled on, and I stood like one bewildered.

I was roused by the ringing of another bell, and a bustle among the porters; the up-train was arriving. My first impulse had been to start off in the direction in which I had seen Hester going; but the utter impossibility of a clue to where she was going stopped

me.' Still, I had seen her; she lived; she had recognised me, and this was such unutterable happiness, that I thought nothing of obstacles, and almost forgot my ticket and other necessary preliminaries before I took my seat in the train for London.

I had the carriage to myself till we stopped at the next station. There a britzka was waiting, in which sat a lady so muffled in furs and veils that I could not distinguish her features, for I had not yet become accustomed to the desolate feeling that I was unlikely to meet any face I knew. A footman and 'a little foot-page' were busy in bringing luggage; then there entered the carriage where I sat a dapper little French damsel, bearing a load of cloaks and cushions, which she arranged very carefully and daintily on the seat opposite to me, with a smiling 'Pardon, monsieur, si je vous dérange.' The page then handed her a basket, which might have contained a sleeping infant, so carefully was it passed from one to the other, and so warmly enveloped in a satin wadded coverlet. A sharp snarling bark betrayed its inmate—a very small white poodle, that appeared to entertain an 'unequivocal dislike to travelling, however commodiously his journeys were arranged. The bell rang, the dog barked, and the little French abigail was in great trouble.

'Toinette, Toinette, mamma wants you directly,' screamed a child's voice.

'What can I do with Mouton? He'll jump out if I leave him,' said she in veritable distress.

'I will take care of the dog,' I replied.

She scarcely stopped to thank me, but sprung out of the carriage to assist her mistress, whom I expected to find some helpless invalid, and scarcely changed my opinion as I saw the bundle of shawls and veils approach which I had seen in the britzka.

'No time to lose, ma'am; train just starting,' exclaimed the guard.

But the lady did not hurry her languid, haughty pace. I thought, however, that it was only in bravado, for she jumped into the carriage lightly enough. She drew back when she saw me, and said: 'Toinette, did I not desire you to get me an empty carriage all to myself?'

'Yes, miledi; but monsieur is so very *aimable*, and take such good care of Mouton.'

At this moment, my thoughts travelled many years back, and I remembered my first introduction to Justina, and her appropriation of my Skye terrier. I saw her again as she sat on the floor coaxing the wounded animal, and her long wild curls dropping to the carpet. I fell into a reverie, and forgot to observe whether the lady of the shawls and cloaks had lifted her veil. A tall lank girl, about fourteen years old, dressed in very short petticoats and a child's flapped hat, had also taken her place in the carriage by the side of Mamselle Toinette. This young lady was evidently not on good terms with Mouton, and frequently elicited a snarl by sundry sly pinches, an amusement she seemed greatly to enjoy.

'Look, ma—look how cross he is, how he hates me.'

'Zittie, darling,' returned the lady, soothing the snarling favourite—'Zittie, beauty! has zou got a naughty cruel sister!'

'La, ma! how can you talk so! Sister, indeed!'

'Rosamond, child, you are quite beyond me—you are so boisterous. I shall be so glad when your new governess comes. Toinette, have you got my salts? Dere den, sant we be glad, Mouton, zou love, sant we be left in peace?'

It was very strange, but in the tender accents, pronounced in a jargon supposed to be suited to canine comprehension, I seemed to hear a tone that vibrated in the past.

The languid, fine-lady voice in which she addressed her daughter dissipated the illusion, but it always

returned when she talked to Mouton. 'Surely, surely, I had heard that voice.' I became quite anxious that she should raise her veil, and it was not very long before my curiosity was gratified. The thicker veil thrown off, there was a pink bonnet enveloped in a shower, or what, I believe, ladies call a *fall* of blonde; under that there were roses, and a fall of ringlets; under these there was a highly rouged cheek, then there was a double chin, for the lady was fat, unmistakably, unmanageably fat, in spite of staymakers. For one moment, I turned away almost disappointed; I had never seen the face before. My world was a world of strangers—if they were not friends of twenty years' standing, they were nothing to me—I had no acquaintances.

I was soon deep in the past, my thoughts following Hester Dering, whom I had so distinctly recognised, and was determined some way or other to trace. Again I was aroused by the tone of the fat lady coaxing her dog—she was looking my way too, and smiling. Her teeth were white and even; she really was a very fine woman, especially when the knot of her pink bonnet-ribbon rather concealed the double chin. That smile again—the cheek puckered into certain well-known dimples. Yes, I had recognised her! It was the May-rose, very full blown indeed; and the pale stripling girl at her side was her daughter. How strange it all seemed! She had not recognised me, and I resolved not to make myself known, unless she discovered me herself. I had the precaution, therefore, to disguise my voice—that sure and changeless token of identity, and began by making friends with Mouton, who received my advances rather sulkily, and eyed me suspiciously, as though detecting something amiss in my sudden huskiness. Sundry civilities then passed as to the putting up or letting down of windows, the interchange of *Punch* and the *Illustrated News*. Fair Rosamond was reprimanded for indulging in a loud aside to Toinette as to my personal appearance; my brown face and gray hair I heard discussed.

'Rosamond, Rosamond, be quiet. Oh, what a blessing it will be when your governess comes! Won't it, Mouton?'

Then turning to me: 'It is such a difficult age to manage; you would hardly believe how tall she is of her age, and how young she is!'

'I should hardly believe her more than six years old, to look at her mother,' said I.

'Oh, you flatter me: she is only just eleven—such a may-pole. Do you know this part of the country?' she continued, quite graciously. 'That large house on the hill is Sir Lindesay Wolsey's, a cousin of Sir William Coddleton's. Oh, I forgot—with a languid smile—'you do not know me—Lady Coddleton!' and she gave a sort of self-introductory bend. I bowed, and felt I ought to say something; but as I was not prepared with a fictitious name, I said something about honour and pleasure, and then, rather *à propos* to nothing, asked if she knew whether Miss Warner's place was in this part of the country.

'Oh,' said she, 'do you know her? She is a neighbour of mine, and I see a great deal of her in the country. You know, one must patronise one's country neighbours.'

I looked at the portly Lady Coddleton, not at the May-rose, and smiled internally at the idea of her patronising Justina Warner; in fact, I felt rather angry at her presumption.

'When I knew Miss Warner,' said I, 'she did not require much patronising.'

'Oh, they say she was quite gay when she was young; but ever since I have known her, she is just a mere humdrum—no style, no fashion about her. You never saw such bonnets as she wears. And then one meets nobody at her house but missionaries, and low-

'church preachers, and district-visiting old maids, and converted Jews, and that kind of people; nobody one ever saw before, or ever wished to see again. That odious Mr Smalley too!'

'Ha!' said I.

Lady Coddleton stopped, and seemed suddenly to recollect that I was a stranger; but once in the talking vein, it was not difficult to set her off again.

'Perhaps you are evangelical,' she said; 'and if so, of course you have heard Mr Smalley.'

'No,' said I—'no; I have only heard his name.'

'Of course, I dare say, you have heard he is going to be married to Miss Warner?'

'Married!' exclaimed I, quite startled out of my prudence. 'I thought—I fancied he was a married man.'

'Is he indeed? You don't say so!' said the lady, with the eager satisfied air of a gossip who has just got a new bit of scandal. 'Well, I always thought there was something sly and underhand about him; and I am quite sure he wears a wig. But I think, as a friend, somebody ought to tell Miss Warner.'

'Oh, pray don't think,' said I—'don't imagine I know anything about it, or about him. But why should Miss Warner be told?'

'O dear, I thought you knew that it is said she is going to be married to him. Nobody ever knew he was married before. Did dey, Mouton, ittie darling?'

She always softened off the edges of her speeches by a tender appeal to Mouton. I was rather astounded by what I heard, and had a very pardonable curiosity to hear more; but I was afraid of any direct questions, lest I should be interrogated in my turn. Miss Rosamond came to my aid.

'La! ma, it is not Mr Smalley at all that's to marry Miss Warner. Don't you know it's the new parson?'

'Parson! Rosamond, who taught you such a vulgar expression, and what should such a child as you know about it? Mouton is quite shocked at you.'

'Pray, let us have Miss Rosamond's news, however,' said I.

'No, I won't tell you now,' said the precocious young lady, 'though I do know a great deal more. Nurse Andrews told me; and you know, ma, her husband is Miss Warner's coachman.'

'So he is,' said Lady Coddleton with an air of conviction. 'Well, dear child?'

'Why, old Mr Fullerton has got a new curate at Stoke Leigh. Such a nice young man, nurse Andrews says he is; only he likes to be called a priest, and not a curate; and he has church ever so many times a day; and he won't dine out on a Friday; and Miss Warner wanted to convert him—I don't know what for, nor what to; and so Mr Howard de Lacy, that's his name—such a pretty name, is not it?—Mr Howard de Lacy has quite cut out Mr Smalley—and John Andrews is always going up to the parsonage with notes and game, and sometimes little baskets of fruit and flowers; and John Andrews thinks'—

The gossiping came to a sudden end by the stopping of the train. I was so anxious to avoid recognition that, after a very hasty offer of my services, which I scarcely waited to have accepted or declined, I quitted the carriage, feeling a strange sensation of relief in thus leaving the woman who had been the object of my early, and, as I then thought, my unchanging love. There was something humiliating in feeling myself, and seeing her, so altered. The change in her, the loss of the whole identity so complete—nothing left even to interest me. Simplicity and mere prettiness, had these been, then, the only charms she had? Now, she was an empty, vain, and vulgar woman. Oh, May-rose, would I had not seen thee again, thus overblown, thus divested of all bloom. These thoughts recurred, with others not less gloomy, as I sat at my

solitary dinner at the hotel. The account I had heard of Justina was not pleasant, but somehow I was sensible of a certain feeling of relief as I recalled it. One thing was certain—her engagement, if such she considered it, with me was as yet unknown, and the vision I had seen of my beloved Hester made me long to be free again. I was rather annoyed at Lady Coddleton not having recognised me—was I then grown such an old fellow, such a

Grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore,

that I was not to be known again? I was not five-and-forty yet, but then the climate—the climate. A new idea came to me, which I was resolved to work out. I almost laughed aloud as it presented itself in various bearings, and then my constitutional shyness, which seemed to have returned upon me with almost boyish force, or rather weakness, made me look upon it with dismay. My idea was to act upon the change in my appearance made by fifteen years' sojourn in India, and to present myself, like a lover in a vaudeville, to Justina Warner as some other personage than myself. The difficulty was in the personage I should represent. After various cogitations, I resolved on a very matter-of-fact course, which was to write a letter to Miss Warner, introducing an imaginary friend of my own, and pleading indispensable business to excuse my own delay in visiting her at Whitethorns.

All was satisfactorily arranged—'Miss Warner would be delighted to receive any friend of mine,' and had fixed the day for my visit.

Behold me, then, rather nervous and very shy, disdaining a black patch, and trusting to my Indian bronzing for disguise, following the name of Mr John Wood into the drawing-room of Justina's house. There was a sound of many voices, and it was a relief to me to see quite a large party assembled. I gave my name to the servant, and a lady at the further end of the room rose and advanced to meet me. Justina Warner, was it indeed herself? The jetty and luxuriant hair which had been her chief characteristic was closely confined under a cap of almost Quaker-like plainness—there was a sharp angular look in her whole figure, and something alarmingly decided in her countenance. At the time I speak of, the fashion of female attire was full and flowing, even beyond the requirements of the strictly graceful—flounces, furbelows, and hanging sleeves were the order of the day: this made the absence of all such ornament the more conspicuous in Justina's appearance. She wore a black or dark silk dress, clinging close to her thin spare figure, which made her look like a very elderly charity-girl.

She advanced to meet me, and as she spoke, her voice reminded me so strongly of the past, that I was instantly alive to the necessity of disguising my own. There was one sudden, quick glance at my face, but it subsided into a blank coldness. I was provided with an ear-trumpet, and I wore spectacles. I could have wished there had been more feeling in the tone with which she shouted to me her inquiries after my health, and asked when she should see me at Whitethorns. Seeing she did not the least recognise me, I apologised for my own absence with great unction, and gaining courage to look round, I discovered in one of the party Lady Coddleton. This considerably complicated the 'situation;' but a sense of amusement came to my relief, and helped to free me from embarrassment.

Lady Coddleton bowed and smirked, and I took refuge by her side. Justina said: 'Oh, you know my good neighbour, Lady Coddleton, Mr Wood—will you take her in to dinner?'

Of course, I could do no less than bow acquiescence; and found myself with the over-blown May-rose by my side at the dinner-table, rather embarrassed by having to keep up my character of deafness, as she

only required a listener, and I was afraid to trust my voice more than I could help, fearing it might be recognised.

Justina took the head of the table, and at her right hand was a tall, thin, youngish man, who had handed her in. His features were finely formed, and his countenance pleasing, though somewhat melancholy. The peculiar character of his dress made me immediately recognise him as the 'nice' young clergyman who liked to be called a priest.

'Mr Smalley is cut out indeed,' said Lady Coddleton to me confidentially. 'I do wonder which will say grace.'

I affected not to hear this remark, but bowed in polite deafness.

I was intently watching Justina, and observed a tall, stout, florid-faced man, with very black hair, whom I took for the butler, fidgeting behind her chair. She looked annoyed and disconcerted, and turned, as I thought, to give him some particular order about icing the champagne. His reply was in a low tone; and with an air of deference and humility, he laid his hand on his waistcoat, and raised his eyes to the ceiling, all of which I thought was an odd pantomime for a butler; but still more was I surprised to see him take the vacant seat at the bottom of the table, opposite to Justina, looking round with an air of meek triumph as he did so, and waving his hand in a patronising way to the tall thin man at Miss Warner's right, who forthwith said grace, and all sat down to table.

'Well, this is something new!' said my loquacious neighbour. 'Nobody ever sits *there* but the general; and now there is Mr Smalley sitting at the bottom of the table, and Mr Howard de Lacy at the top. Which is it to be, I wonder? How odd my meeting you in the train! But you have not asked after Mouton—poor, dear, little Mouton. I have brought him here with me. We stay till next week. I have brought the child too. Poor dear Miss Warner is always so kind in asking her and her governess too.'

'Soup?'

'No, thank you. You see I can talk while you eat your soup;' and thus she ran on, making me almost wish myself deaf in reality.

'Lady Coddleton,' said Mr Smalley blandly, from the end of the table, 'might I have the honour, the happiness of a glass of wine with you? Which do you take? Champagne?—not that I should presume to dictate.'

As he said this, he bowed over the table, and raised his eyes to hers in a very insinuating manner. I thought I saw a quick glance towards Miss Warner, as if to watch the effect on her; but she was earnestly engaged in talking to Mr Howard de Lacy, and the coquetry of Mr Smalley failed in its effect. Lady Coddleton bowed languidly, and preferred champagne. Still doubling himself over the table, Mr Smalley continued, raising the whites of his great round eyes to hers: 'May I presume to 'ope you are well taken care of? Is there nothing I can assist your ladyship to? and in all humilarty and sincerarty, might I solicit an introduction to your agreeable neighbour?'

Lady Coddleton did not look quite so disgusted at this address as I expected she would. Though a falling-star, Mr Smalley had been a star, so she introduced me to him, which I affected not to hear. I saw him bowing to empty space, while I pretended to be examining the dish opposite to me.

'Mr Smalley wishes to be introduced to you, Mr Wood,' said Lady Coddleton, again raising her voice.

I bowed this time in reply; and Mr Smalley said behind his hand to Lady Coddleton: 'Is your friend serious?'

She elevated her pencilled eyebrows.

'I mean,' he continued, 'is he a Christian?'

'Very fortunately, he is deaf,' said Justina Warner from the top of the table, 'or he might not approve such a question, made in such a public manner.'

The eyes were now thrown beseechingly at Justina.

'In all humilarty,' he began, 'I beg pardon, if I have offended; but I 'oped Miss Warner would have felt and sympathised with my anxiety on meeting a stranger pilgrim in the land, to ask, in all sincerarty, whither he is bound—whether he is a brand—whether he is a sheep or a goat.'

Justina rather sharply answered: 'There is a time for all things, Mr Smalley.'

And I could not help remembering a time when she would have laughed outright at such a speech.

Nothing very interesting occurred during dinner: Mr Howard de Lacy scarcely spoke above a whisper with Justina. When the ladies retired, Mr Smalley took a vacant seat next me, providing himself with two dishes of candied fruits within reach, and helping himself to bumpers every time the bottle passed.

I found De Lacy frank, though timid, intelligent, though with strong prejudices. He interested me very much; and the more so, as I had been prepared for a mere priestly coxcomb—a species of vanity most especially abhorrent to me—because its meanness and littleness appear doubly despicable while sheltered under a sanctuary that is in itself inviolable.

We were the first to obey the summons to the drawing-room, and continued in conversation as we entered. He grew abstracted, however, and I saw him colour as he glanced to where Justina sat. 'That is all right,' I thought. 'I will try and find out if he cares for herself or her fortune.'

Seated at a round table, a fair assemblage of pink cheeks and white muslins, were busily engaged in sewing and making a variety of coarse garments for poor people; nor these only, but an infinite choice of what are called fancy articles for a bazaar. Not that I found this out by intuition, for I was considerably puzzled as to what was the possible object of their employment—the strange-shaped pieces of red cloth I saw cut and stitched, and the small dolls in very unpicturesque nudity. Then the confusion of tongues that prevailed, the constant appeals to Miss Warner. 'Oh, Miss Warner, where shall I find anything to make a sack for my chimney-sweep? He is such a lovely chimney-sweep!' 'Three flannel petticoats and six pen-wipers, a baby's cap and a spectacle-wiper: is that enough for one lot?' 'And the bouquets! we'll make them pay plenty for the bouquets; half-a-crown apiece—shall we, Miss Warner? and take no change?' Justina sat a little apart, and was evidently bored. I noticed all this as we entered the first drawing-room, which opened into the one in which they sat, before our entrance was perceived. De Lacy was standing irresolute, not venturing to approach Justina, when the further door opened, and a voice was heard:

'Ah, my young friends, how lovely is your diligence in the cause of charity! O that the worldly-minded and the scoffers would but consider and bring it home to their own buzzoms!'

How doth the little busy bee?—

At this period of the discourse, Justina rose suddenly, and walking towards the place where Mr de Lacy and I stood—'I daresay,' said she somewhat abruptly to me, 'you have no such things as fancy-fairs in India, and I think our mutual friend told me you had been with him in India.'

I felt myself colour as I said: 'Yes; we were very much together. Our Indian ladies are much too indolent and languid for anything of the sort. To be busy, is quite an unknown word with them.'

'Be kind enough,' she continued, 'to tell me some—'

'thing real and practical as to the state of their minds. I have had it in contemplation to raise funds and send out missionaries among the ladies of Calcutta.'

A glass-door leading to the lawn stood open, and Justina led the way into the garden, leaving her young fancy-workers to themselves and their own counsels.

'But how would you choose your envoys or missionaries, that they should be different from those of the established church, and what authority would they bear among a class much the same as your own in England?' said De Lacy, mildly interposing. He had joined us as we passed out.

'Ah, yes,' said she, 'it would be difficult to choose them. Why should they not be women?'

He laughed outright. It was a hearty laugh, without the least tincture of a sneer, and I liked him for it. The infection caught me, and I laughed too.

'What! you, too, find my notion merely ridiculous,' said Justina, but not angrily.

'Forgive me,' said I; 'but there is something to me, an old Indian, irresistibly ridiculous in your charitable notion of sending out a freight of governesses for the fashionable ladies at Calcutta. Why not send your missionaries to Paris, or Rome, or—charity begins at home—to London or Brighton, or still nearer home?'

I could not resist glancing towards the end of the room, where, through the open window, might be seen Lady Coddleton reclining on an ottoman, dividing her conversation between Mouton and an anti-fancy-fair lady, on a visit in the neighbourhood.

Justina answered my glance by saying: 'You are right; and it is curious enough that she has got just such a missionary as she wants, if she did but know it.'

'Mr Smalley?' said I, glancing towards that gentleman, who was still at the bazaar-table, piously flirting with the silken curls and white muslins.

Justina's brow darkened for a moment, but the shade gave place to one of those gleams of irresistible amusement, that brought her back to me completely as in days long past. Miss Rose, or, as her mother called her, Rosamond Coddleton, had joined the group at the table, and, at this moment, had selected a chimney-sweep doll, which she held up, and made gesticulate in ludicrous imitation of that reverend gentleman's action.

Justina held up her finger, and called Rosamond to her, who came looking very disconcerted, till she detected Miss Warner's involuntary smile.

'No,' Justina replied to me, 'not Mr Smalley, but—Rose, my dear, where is Miss Marston to-night?'

'O dear, I wish you would ask her to come down, dear Miss Warner. She stays moping up stairs, and she won't come down, now there's company. I declare I'll go up stairs again, if she won't, and stay there.'

'Now,' continued Justina to us, 'this young woman, this Miss Marston, is just a specimen of—'

'Woman's mission,' ventured Mr de Lacy.

'No, no! I will not be laughed out of my notion this time. Besides, Miss Marston is perfection.'

'What a dreadful woman she must be!' said I. 'She would never do in India.'

'Now, I am quite determined to introduce her to you,' said Justina: 'you shall see I am in earnest.'

'Call Miss Marston a dreadful woman!' exclaimed Rosamond indignantly.

'Oh, but,' said I, 'I have such a horror of governesses. I always think of my sister in her back-board—'

Justina suddenly, for she was quick in all her movements, left the lawn, and entered the house with Rosamond.

De Lacy looked at me searchingly; then said with a strong effort: 'Forgive me, if I presume too much on our short acquaintance; but there is a question I must ask you: you are the friend of— Tell me, is it true—that is, if it is not a matter of confidence—is it true that Miss Warner is engaged to your friend?'

'I will answer you candidly,' said I. 'A sort of engagement was made while my friend was in India: it rests with Justina Warner to cancel that engagement if—if she has repented it, as one of her hasty decisions. Will you be equally candid with me? You are interested in the question. Do you think, can you imagine, it is Miss Warner's wish to cancel that engagement?'

He blushed through his paleness like a school-girl.

'Forgive my plainness,' I continued, 'but I have strong reasons for urging a decided course. Will you tell me, then, plainly, if Miss Warner were free, would you propose to her yourself?'

He stepped back, quite in alarm. 'Myself! Oh, I should never venture. I never could bear her refusal, and the scorn with which she might overwhelm me—me, a poor younger brother, she would think, seeking to marry an heiress. I have sometimes ventured to wish she were poor.'

'But have you never tried to ascertain—have you no notion how she stands affected towards you?'

'No—o. O no—not the least.'

Yet I saw his pale face brighten up, and a sort of hopeful gleam flit across it, which told another tale.

'And suppose I should try to ascertain it for you?'

He looked at me with doubtful wonder, and then said calmly but resolutely: 'No; you have surprised from me a secret which I never meant to betray—you, a stranger. I do not deny it, I love Justina Warner more deeply than she is the least aware of. She treats me as a friend; she has never seen in me a pretender to her hand; if she did, I might forfeit that position which is now so dear to me. I love Justina Warner, but she shall never know it.'

'At least not through any other than yourself,' said I, turning round, for there stood Justina Warner just behind us.

De Lacy clasped his hands over his eyes, and looked as if he longed to make one bolt over the garden-wall. Justina looked disconcerted, but not displeased: no, I am certain she was not displeased; and though the flush of animation and joy brought back herself in her young days to my fancy, yet not even my vanity could take umbrage. She was turning to go, but I caught her hand.

'Let me take the privilege of an old friend,' I said—'a very old friend.'—There was the same quick look at my face.

'It is!—it must be. How could I be so blind? Gerald! what a silly trick you have played me; I never will forgive you!'

'Not quite so silly either,' I replied, still retaining her hand: 'I have made great discoveries by it. I have found out that I am fifteen years older; that such as I am now, you only consider yourself bound to me in honour, and frankly, and freely, and truly, I give you back your promise.'

'What! you will not have me?' said she, and looked out of her dark eyes with the merry, gipsy smile of the old days. She would have turned away, before I could answer, to join the rest of the party.

What had become of poor Howard de Lacy I know not, but I found myself alone with Justina Warner. She said in her old quick manner, and with a sort of mutinerie that rather alarmed me:

'And so you have come down in this melodramatic fashion to renounce me for ever?'

'Not quite,' replied I, laughing. 'I am quite ready to fulfil our engagement, if—if you do me the honour

to insist on preferring a battered, scorched, gray-haired old Indian, to any one else in the world.'

She glanced at me askance, with eyes that looked very mischievous, in spite of the prim cap, to see if I was in earnest, then she turned her head away.

'Forgive me, dear Justina,' I continued, 'and hear my justification. Since that decision, by which we both agreed to abide, I have ascertained the existence of one—of the one—in short, the only woman—the—I mean Hester Dering.'

'Thank you!' said Justina, with the little reserved manner that belonged to the prim cap, 'for that balm to my vanity. I thought perhaps you had gone distraught by a vision of your first love, Rose May, who, I dare say, exists somewhere too.'

'Do you not know, then,' exclaimed I, 'who Rose May is? And she, too, passes me as a stranger—it is truly heart-rending.'

All this time I was thinking of Hester's exclamation—she had known me at once. Just at this moment, there loomed upon us, at the end of the garden-walk, capacious Lady Coddleton, who had condescended to place the tips of her fingers on the arm of Mr Smalley, who was carrying Mouton on the other.

'There!' said I—'can you conceive it possible that was once my May-Rose! O world! O life! O time!'

Justina was almost too astonished to reply at first; then she said:

'Is it possible, Gerald! And you, too, whom I did not know, and myself—should you not have known me?'

'O yes,' said I—'anywhere. Take off that odious cap, and you will look just like yourself. As you have been talking to me now, I quite wondered I had thought you altered at first. It is the mind that never alters, and now you are your own natural self. You have quite forgiven me, have you not, Justina? And if I may venture any advice— But here comes poor De Lacy again. He will perhaps advise you better than I can.'

'He is so young!'

'And yet you, with that buoyant youthful character, which he so well understands, are younger still. I believe he sincerely loves you; but he is poor, noble-minded, and sensitive: he shrinks from the idea of seeking you for your fortune.'

I did not wait for her reply, but turned down another alley, and left the two together. I felt happy and relieved that I was free, and my task of tracing Hester Dering was now, I thought, easy; though, from the failure of all former efforts, I was at a loss how to commence my search. Pondering on this, I wandered on still in the garden alone, till a bell, ringing from the house, made me turn my steps mechanically that way. A voice near me roused me from my dreams; it was that of Rose Coddleton.

'There now, Miss Marston, there's the tea-bell; and do, pray, come into the drawing-room as soon as we have taken off our bonnets. I shall go in now, and get my hair done smooth. I wish ma would let me have it turned up. I am sure I am much too old for plaits, only ma likes me to look quite a child, I know.'

The young lady darted off, jumping over a flower-bed, and scrambling through the shrubs, leaving her governess to follow; and I could not avoid meeting her as she walked leisurely along the narrow path of the shrubbery. We were close to each other before I looked up to observe her, and there—was it truth? Was it a dream, or the image that had so strangely filled my mind? It was really and truly Hester Dering. She stood not one moment irresolute; her recognition of me was as instantaneous as my own of her; then, with a smothered cry, she fell into my arms, and I clasped her close to my heart, as if I feared to lose her again.

The tea-bell had rung in vain, and the closing evening alone reminded us to return to the house.

Hester had passed through a life of sorrow and suffering since we had parted. I must only here briefly say what had led her to her present position.

Her mother had died, and her father married again, foolishly, a young and frivolous wife. Her own marriage seemed the only chance of escape from a miserable home; but she refused all solicitations on this point, and by so doing, so entirely offended her father, that he made no opposition to her residing with the aunt (for her uncle was dead), with whom she had been before travelling that memorable summer. With her aunt she passed some tranquil years, till she was summoned to attend her father's deathbed. He died of apoplexy, and never spoke after she arrived. His affairs proved to be in the greatest disorder, and except the settlement made on his widow, all that remained for Hester was a mere pittance.

Most unhappily, too, the kind aunt, who had been more than a mother to Hester, suffered as well as herself from the ruin of Mr Dering, all her fortune, at her husband's death, having been placed in his hands for investment. Thus reduced in circumstances, Hester had again to decline the renewed addresses of a very disinterested admirer; but she would not leave her aunt, whose health was in a very declining state; and removing to London, that wilderness where they might be the most unknown, Hester added to their small means of subsistence by selling her paintings and teaching music.

At last, her aunt died; and till then she had never lost courage, nor felt entirely alone. She did not tell me—perhaps she has not told me yet—all she suffered at this time; sickness, poverty, and a despondency that made her unable to use the means that had before supported them both. They had changed their name with their fallen circumstances; and it was through the means of one of her musical pupils that Hester at last obtained a place as governess with Lady Coddleton.

'And so, you knew me directly, Hester,' said I, 'in spite of my brown face and gray hair; and neither of the others did. And you, I don't see that you are the least altered, though you have had a whole life of suffering to wear you down, while they have never had a care nor a trouble but of their own making. How is this?'

'Because, I suppose, we knew each other by the soul, which "the others," as you call them, never did. That never alters, dear Gerald, that never grows old.'

Hester and I were soon after married, and afterwards spent some time abroad. I had desired Williamson to write to me at Florence if any very desirable purchase of 'house and land' should come to his knowledge. He presently wrote accordingly, to tell me that Miss Warner's place, Whitethorns, was to be sold, and, in his opinion, would just suit me.

I hurried to Hester with the letter, in which there was not a word of Justina, nor any reason given for the sale of her property. I then looked vaguely through the English newspapers. They were full of tidings of fearful interest, for it was at the height of the Crimean war—that sudden reality of horror which brought such bitter experiences of sorrow, privation, disease, suffering, and 'sundry kinds of death,' into a class in England with whom all this had before been as mere words. I had but few friends for whom to feel a personal anxiety, and Hester took the paper from my hands to look for marriages. An exclamation of amused surprise escaped her.

'O Gerald! guess who is married?'

'Justina Warner, of course.'

'Oh, you forget that marriage was fixed for the week after we left England. Guess again.'

'No—tell me.'

'Well, then, Lady Coddleton to the Rev. Samuel Smalley.'

I ought not to have been surprised, but somehow the identity of Lady Coddleton with Rose May flashed suddenly across me, and I felt almost personally insulted that she had made so foolish a choice: I felt literally ashamed of her and of my successor. Hester was lenient in her judgment, but could not discuss the subject without laughing.

We had returned to London, and almost the first visit we received at our hotel in Albemarle Street was from Howard de Lacy. He was duly preceded by his card, or I should scarcely have recognised him, so worn he looked, so altered, and there was an ominous hectic in his hollow cheeks. I felt sure there was something wrong, something amiss; yet, with that strange reserve only comprehensible between two shy Englishmen, we neither of us pronounced the name of Justina.

Hester came suddenly in upon us, and at once exclaimed: 'But Justina, why is she not with you? Is she well? Tell me where I shall find her?'

It was some moments before he replied—the two red spots on his cheeks grew redder, and then quite pale. 'Miss Warner,' said he, 'is in the Crimea.'

'In the Crimea!' repeated I

'Not married!' exclaimed my wife.

He wrung my hand, and was quite unable to speak.

At last he said: 'Gerald, she is a noble creature! I am not worthy of her, and ought not to complain. As you have been abroad, and have not perhaps seen the newspapers, it must come on you strangely enough; and the name of Florence Nightingale would tell you nothing. Her story seems, indeed, to belong to the age of saints and martyrs, and to give a touch of beauty and dignity to ours, a glory of courage and devotedness. But of Justina—do not ask me to tell you the details of how it all came about. She is one of the hospital nurses at Scutari.'

'But, after all,' I said, 'your engagement continues? She will return; and then—'

He looked more disconsolate than ever. 'No,' said he; 'all is over between us. The letters she has written to me since her departure have dissolved our engagement.'

I was struck with his pertinacity in refusing every hope drawn from suggestions of caprice or instability in his admired Justina. He seemed determined to think her resolution irrevocable, and was so engrossed with the idea of her sacrifice of himself, that he scarcely wished to see her come down from the pedestal where he had placed her.

'Poor De Lacy,' said I, as he closed the door; 'he will not live long: he looks as if he were going into a decline.'

'I don't think so,' said Hester, and she looked as incredulously hard as Barbara Alleyn herself; 'at least, not for the love of Justina Warner.'

Two years after this, when Hester and I were quietly settled in our English home, Mr and Mrs Howard de Lacy came to pay us a visit of a 'parson's week.' Mrs Howard de Lacy was very fair, very girlish, with the clear transparent freshness and mild eyes of one of Francia's Madonnas. She was a distant cousin of her husband's, and they were so much alike that perhaps it was the only reason they had never before appreciated each other. Howard still coloured at the name of Justina Warner—a name never changed. She has kept a resolution at last!

She returned from her pilgrimage among the last of the brave lady-nurses, 'a sadder and a wiser' woman, but a much happier one. This time, it had

not been the mere spurt of enthusiasm—a simply benevolent amusement; it had been reality; charity, baptised in the fiery chalice of self-sacrifice.

Justina Warner has found at length her vocation, and a worthy aim for her active energies. Her charities are not confined to one department—she helps the poor, teaches the young, and cures the sick. Truth, however, compels me to state that hers is not such a complete reformation from all eccentricity and whim as I should feel proud to present my readers as a moral at the conclusion of this story. There are no such sudden transformations in real life. Yet few acquainted with Justina Warner as she is, would wish her different from herself. You would never even wish her younger—the handsome, cheery, matronly spinster! No husband invented on purpose could possibly have made her happier than she is. She has succeeded to a noble fortune, on the death of the general, and she has learned the lesson how to use it nobly, for she has studied the wants of others.

We are all getting far into the 'middle ages' now, and often talk of these bygone days over Christmas fires and on summer holidays. We also talk of future ones; and there is a marriage on the tapis between my second daughter, Justina's godchild, and Howard de Lacy's eldest son. I did not half like it at first, but it was Miss Warner who insisted on gaining my consent.

THE COMPLETE COURT LETTER-WRITER.

If there be any humble individual, such as the poet describes, conscious of possessing a turn for politics, but debarred by the lowness of his lot from meddling with affairs of state, we should recommend him for his comfort to borrow, if possible, to hire, if necessary, but by no means to expend his scanty capital in purchasing the *Memoirs of the Court of George IV.*, by his Grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.* The title-page of these two bulky volumes looks so magnificent, while their contents are so unspeakably meagre and trivial, that we are at once involuntarily reminded of the cry of the fruit-sellers of Constantinople, who perambulate the streets of that capital with, 'In the Name of the Prophet—Figs!' The ducal editor has been arraigned by many, and pretty roughly handled for having made market of private confidences, and violated the sanctities of friendship, in publishing all this family correspondence; but for our own part, we acquit him very readily of all such crime. We are indeed almost led to believe that the accusations themselves must have been made by his literary friends, to give a piquancy to a somewhat insipid performance, and to swell, by the 'puff oblique,' the sails of a couple of far from clipper schooners. If the relatives of the ancient correspondents of the House of Buckingham have any real cause for anger, it seems to us to lie in this—that their ancestors are now held up to the British public in the disagreeable light of the worst and most twaddling letter-writers of their time. The literary effusions of some of the rulers of England's destinies, thirty years ago, do, in truth, shew most ignobly like the tittle-tattle of elderly females in a provincial town; the only difference being that the scandal, which forms the staple of both commodities, is in the one case the scandal of Bullock Smithy, and in the other, that of 'the Cottage' at Windsor. The sole peculiarity of the court-letters is their affected secrecy (whether original or editorial

we do not know), which reminds us of nothing so much as the mysterious behaviour of Messrs Pike and Pluck towards Mrs Wtitterly, who overcome that weak-minded lady with references to the D. of C., and the C. of B. It is Sir William Freemantle who writes as follows to the Marquis of Buckingham, from Englefield Green—but we could better imagine it to have been Lady Freemantle to the marchioness:

'The K—— has been in this neighbourhood for the last fortnight, living in the greatest retirement; his party consisting of very few—the principal object of course the Lady C——, who is here. They ride every day, or go on the water, or drive in a barouche; the K—— and her always together, separated from the rest, and in the evening sitting alone apart. I have heard of the Esterhazys—who called on a friend here, and said the evenings were *triste à mourir*—no cards, no books, no amusement, or employment of any kind; Sir Benjamin and Lady Bloomfield, Lord C——, Nagle, Thornton, Keppel, and one or two more; I believe the Warwicks for two days; the Duke of Dorset. The secrecy that is preserved as to their pursuits is beyond all idea; no servant is permitted to say who is there; no one of the party calls on anybody, or goes near Windsor; and when they ride, a groom is in advance, ordering everybody to retire, for "the K—— is coming." The private rides are of course avoided by the neighbours; so that, in fact, you know almost as much of what is going on as I do, excepting that the excess of his attentions and *enjouement* is beyond belief.'

It is not too much to say that the person about whom the statesmen of England (including even the D. of W.) seem to have mainly concerned themselves in those days was Lady Conyngham; if the government had been an absolute monarchy, and she the queen, she could scarcely have occupied a more prominent space in these volumes; the terror of her being so great as even to dwarf the grave apprehensions entertained of the schemes of Lord John Russell for the total subversion of the constitution, and establishment of a republic upon its ruins. After the death of Queen Caroline, it appears that Lady C—— was even looked upon as the arbitress of the K——'s matrimonial future; since Goody Freemantle is found writing, as follows, to his gossip of Buckingham:

'The story abroad is, that they are trying to cook up a match for the king with a princess of Tour and Taxis—I believe a sister of the Duchess of Cumberland—and a sister of the Princess Esterhazy. Metternich is at the bottom of it. Query, whether Lady C—— will oppose or promote a match? If her lord would go, other objects might occur to her; indeed, it is hinted that she is trying to push her daughter for the prize. The Duchess of C—— had a long letter from the king a few days ago, full of the highest spirits. *I think I have told you all I have picked up.*

Even when the K—— is ill, it is satisfactory to find that he can at least eat and drink very tolerably; and Goody Freemantle, whom we guess to have had but a weak stomach of his own, has this to tell us. 'Previous to dinner, I thought his majesty looked dreadfully dejected and thoughtful; but when he had dined—professing to have no appetite—and ate as much as would have served me for three days, of fish—but no meat—together with a bottle of strong punch, he was in much better spirits, and vastly agreeable.' The K—— was certainly a gross feeder, as well as 'one who loved the mud, rising to no fancy flies,' in other respects: we doubt whether many of his subjects could have acquitted themselves upon a sea-voyage as he did; upon the occasion, for instance,

when he went over to visit his faithful people in Ireland, of which Goody Freemantle thus writes: 'I don't know whether you have heard any of the details from Ireland, but the conduct of the Irish is beyond all conception of loyalty and adulation, and, I fear, will serve to strengthen those feelings of self-will and personal authority which are at all times uppermost in The Mind. The passage to Dublin was occupied in eating goose-pie and drinking whisky, in which his majesty partook most abundantly, singing many joyous songs, and being in a state, on his arrival, to double in sight even the numbers of his gracious subjects assembled on the pier to receive him. The fact was that they were in the last stage of intoxication. However, they got him to the Park. Lady C—— has been almost constantly at the Phoenix Park, but has not appeared much in public.'

Notwithstanding, however, the carnal accompaniments of goose-pie and whisky, we have the gratification of learning that the K—— had been taught an excellent lesson by a storm which occurred during his passage, although the particular channel of his religious feelings may appear somewhat singular.

'Lady Harcourt told me (Freemantle) his *pious acknowledgment* for his great escape of being shipwrecked was quite edifying, and the very great change in his moral habits and religious feelings was quite astonishing, and all owing to Lady C——.' But, indeed, it was not only courtiers who took these peculiar views of the K——'s favourite and Regnante of the Brighton Pavilion, inasmuch as we are assured that the Scottish preacher, Irving, was wont to indicate her presence among his fashionable audience by a very delicate piece of flattery. 'Lauderdale told me,' says the Lord Chancellor, 'that when Lady —— is there, the preacher never speaks of a heavenly mansion, but a heavenly *Pavilion*. For other ears, mansion is sufficient.'

The true value of this Buckingham Correspondence—for Memoirs of the Court they are not—consists in their exhibition of the character of George IV. He seems to have really had some good and affectionate impulses; and had he not been so unfortunate as to be a king, he would evidently have been a better man. In spite, however, of the title of First Gentleman in Europe, which some of his courtiers gave to him, he had scarcely any of the elements of a gentleman, even to begin with. Coarse-minded and licentious to a degree which we could not make intelligible to now-a-day readers, he had nothing to mitigate his animalism but an outside lackering of Manners, and even this was laid on so very thinly, that the real substance of The Mind was continually shewing itself through it. 'His royal progresses,' says one of the most intimate of his courtiers, 'were like the canvassings of a popular candidate for senatorial honours;' while his fits of dignity, following, as they sometimes did, upon such familiarities as permitting his royal back to be slapped, were by contrast ludicrous in the extreme. The worst feature of his character was his overwhelming egotism and selfishness. His courtiers were always at their wits' end to pamper him and keep him in good-humour. 'I have been *manufacturing* an address from this neighbourhood,' writes one of them, to please the K—— with expressions of sympathy with him against the Q——. The good gentleman succeeded only too well, for his majesty was so delighted, that he insisted upon seeing some of the subscribers at his own table; at which gracious mandate the courtier was sorely distressed, since all those whose signatures he had so loyally obtained were 'perfectly unfit' to be invited.

Like some other indifferent kings of whom we have read, poor George was very sorry for himself when ill, and very frightened at the thought of his brother-majesty, the King of Terrors. His physician became

naturally enough one of his chiefest friends, nor did he ever feel quite easy during his absence.

'MY DEAR FRIEND—For God's sake, come down to me to-morrow morning. The melancholy tidings of the almost sudden death of my poor little niece* have just reached me, and have overset me beyond all I can express to you. Poor William's letter, which is all affection, and especially towards you, refers me to you for all the particulars; therefore, pray come to me with as little delay as possible. I have not time to add a word more about myself. You will be a great consolation to me. Ever your most affectionate friend,
G. R.'

The following letter to Lord Eldon manifests the Father of his People at least as much concerned for the gratification of his private pique as for the good of his country, and is not the only instance in which the K—— is displayed in a somewhat malicious and revengeful light:

* BRIGHTON, January 9, 1821.

'MY DEAR LORD—As the court of law will now open within a few days, I am desirous to know the decision that has been taken by the attorney-general upon the mode in which all the vendors of treason, and libellers, such as Benbow, &c., are to be prosecuted. This is a measure so vitally indispensable to my feelings, as well as to the country, that I must insist that no further loss of time should be suffered to elapse before proceedings be instituted. It is clear beyond dispute from the improvement of the public mind, and the loyalty which the country is now everywhere displaying, if properly cultivated and turned to the best advantage by ministers, that the government will thereby be enabled to repair to the country and to me, those evils of the magnitude of which there can be but one opinion. This I write to you in your double capacity as a friend and a Minister; and I wish, under the same feelings to Lord Sidmouth, that you would communicate my opinions and determination to him. Always, my dear Lord, very sincerely yours,
G. R.'

Of the ostentatious manners, so foreign to our own times, of the days when George IV. was king, there are one or two remarkable examples; but even at that date they seem to have provoked ridicule or apprehension. Mr Charles Wynn gives the following account of the ordinary retinue of Lord Wellesley, then the King's Lieutenant in Ireland—'as he took care more than once in conversation to style himself'—who was visiting at Dropmore with Mr Wynn:

'In and about his carriage were five servants, among whom were two young gentlemen, between eighteen and nineteen, who, by the housemaid's report, made his bed. (I should have thought one would have been sufficient to make or unmake it.) Lady Grenville was cruel enough not to repeat this to me till he was gone, so that I had no sight of them.'

That Mr Hume and the economists were a terror to evil-doers in high places at the period of which we write, we can easily imagine, when we come upon such outrageous disbursements as these: 'Hume has given notice of a motion for a committee to examine into the Coronation expenses, which is most embarrassing. It must, I suppose, be resisted; but true it is that the crown, made up of hired jewels, was kept till within the last three weeks, so that there will be twenty-two months' hire to be paid, which might have been saved, amounting to L.11,000. The charge of L.24,000 for robes is also terrible.'

These robes may now be seen by any Londoner for the small charge of one shilling at Madame Tussaud's

in Baker Street, where also his majesty George IV. is exhibited of the full size of life, apparelled in the said gorgeous vestments, and so fulfilling one of his chiefest missions while in the flesh.

A SETTLER'S HOLIDAY.

I HAD tried many phases of life, but none answered; perhaps the secret of my ill success was discovered by one of my neighbours, who remarked that I was 'Jack-of-all-trades, and master of none.' However it might be, I grew poorer and poorer, until nothing seemed left to me but emigration. The Cape at that time offered great advantages to settlers, so thither I went. Government bestowed on me what was styled a beautiful farm, but I found it a lovely wilderness, on which the hand of civilised man had left no trace. Here, then, was abundant scope for my peculiar talents, and by their diligent exercise, aided by the services of a few Hottentots, I soon succeeded in erecting a house, and bringing under cultivation fields and gardens. Sheep and oxen I was compelled to purchase, but I obtained sufficient of them to dot my hillsides with their snowy fleeces and dappled hides; and at the end of two years I sat down, well pleased to rest from my multifarious labours, beneath the shade of the vines and fig-trees, which were already beginning to spread abroad their arms.

During all this time, I had never enjoyed a whole holiday, and my half ones had been few and far between; and when one day two of the neighbouring settlers asked me to join a hunting-party in the wilds of the neutral territory, I accepted their invitation with the delight of a boy. As my farm was nearest to the frontier, my companions joined me there the night before; and as soon as it was light, we started off for the place of meeting, some thirty miles distant.

Away we cantered through green bowery lanes, perfumed with the starry blossoms of the jasmine, and aglow with the clusters of the scarlet geranium and the flowering laurel. On we dashed through little brawling rivers, and walked our horses up deep rocky gorges, where hundreds of monkeys leaped from ledge to ledge, mowing and chattering at us as we passed, and uttering shrill cries of anger as they sent down upon us whole showers of stones and branches, until at length we reached the wide rolling prairie. Then on we sped again, with the fresh morning breeze blowing through our hair, and exhilarating our spirits; with the cloudless sky glowing above our heads, and the flowery wilds spreading far around us, dotted with herds of bounding antelopes, and here and there with the dark forms of solitary buffalo or gnu, or brace of terror-stricken ostriches.

We had achieved about two-thirds of our journey, when we entered on a district checkered with clumps of trees, beneath whose shade the grass waved long and luxuriantly, and was thickly studded with flowers. Among them was one new to me, a sort of chandelier lily, of immense size and snowy whiteness, and I immediately resolved to obtain the bulb. Promising, therefore, to overtake my companions, I hastily dismounted, and throwing the bridle over my horse's head, to insure his standing, and laying my rifle on the ground, I began to dig for my prize. While I was thus busily scraping away the earth, my eye was attracted by some slight agitation of the

* The infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Clarence.

grass near me, which did not seem exactly the effects of wind: even as I looked, a strange wavy motion became distinctly visible; the next moment, with a sudden spring, an enormous snake rose up before me, glaring at me with fiery eyes and hooded crest, its open jaws emitting that low, yet terrific *hiss*, which, once heard, is never forgotten, and which appeared to agitate every one of the sparkling coils into which he had drawn his immense length.

I was still on my knees, and for moments or minutes, I know not which—for they appeared to me hours—the snake and I remained motionless, gazing on each other; my very heart seemed to stand still, as my eye rested in horrible fascination on his hideous beauty. My blood curdled, and a deadly coldness shot through every limb, as if I were paralysed, and about to yield myself resistless to my fate. Suddenly, a full sense of my danger burst upon me, and uttering a wild cry, which seemed to appal even my fearful foe, I sprang to my feet, and rushed madly over the plain.

That cry of terror soon brought back my companions, but ere they reached me, there was a second shriek, of fear and agony combined; it was from my poor horse, whom, on approaching nearer, we found struggling on the ground, with the huge shiny coils of the same snake wreathed round his neck and fore-legs. The next moment, three bullets were lodged in the body of the cobra da capello, quickly followed by three more, and with all haste, my poor steed was relieved from the remains of his terrible enemy.

But there was a deep bite in the unfortunate animal's lip; and even while we were bringing him water from a neighbouring pond, and endeavouring to aid and soothe him, the venom began to spread through his system, and he rolled and writhed in death-throes that were fearful to witness. I stood by in sorrowful silence, watching life thus ebbing painfully away from my patient and faithful servant, who had so often borne me through darkness, storm, heat, and weariness, and now dying the death I had myself so narrowly escaped. I shuddered as I watched its horrors, and they added deep fervour to the gratitude with which I thanked Providence for preserving me from such a doom.

At length it was over; my good horse had uttered his last moan, and his sufferings were at an end, but I felt his death a mournful episode, that dashed the pleasure of my holiday, and had it been in my power, I would at once have returned home. But my friends would not hear of it, and remembering that there were now but two horses between three, and that I could not very well appropriate one to my own use, I agreed to proceed, being sure at the place of meeting of finding a remount.

Before we again started, my companions resolved to measure the snake, and accordingly began stretching him out to his full length. While they were thus employed, a low hollow groan became faintly audible. The recent occurrence had so shaken our nerves, that we started back in alarm, as if we thought another snake had found another victim; but there was nothing to be seen. The next moment, a second groan floated by us, this time evidently issued from a thicket of brushwood close at hand.

Supposing some wounded animal had there sought shelter, we instituted a wary search, lest our acquaintance should begin with his teeth or claws. Round and round we probed the leaves with our rifles, but without success, until one of my companions kneeling down, and looking among the roots, uttered a cry of triumph, as, lifting the branches, he brought to light the large, muscular form of a Caffre. Nearly insensible, if not dying, the poor wretch appeared to be, with the blood flowing from an

assegai-blow in his side, and a broad bruise in his head, apparently inflicted by a knobkerrie. We at once set to work to bind up his wounds, and to attempt his resuscitation, and as soon as the sufferer was sufficiently revived, began to question him, in a mixture of Dutch and Caffre, as to the cause of his present plight.

The wounded man's dark countenance grew grim and stern as he related how, proceeding with a marauding-party into the colony, he had angered his chief, who with his own hand had thus wounded him; and that he had crept into the thicket, where we found him, to die. A glance of deadly hatred shot from his eyes as he added: 'If the chiefs make good haste, they may yet catch Ketanoo before he reaches the Valley of Blue Lilies.'

The Valley of Blue Lilies! An exclamation of horror rose to our lips, and a pang of agony shot to my heart, for it was that lovely and beautiful valley where I had built my home, and where, but a few hours since, I had left my wife and little ones in fancied security. It was distraction to think that danger, perhaps death, was around those dear ones, and that I was far away, unable to defend them from the assaults of their fierce and pitiless foe, or, if I could do no more, to die with them. Without a second's delay, I caught the bridle of the nearest horse, and sprang into his saddle; but ere I could start, my friends were round me. There was a momentary consultation, when it was resolved that Thornton should hasten on the only remaining horse to demand assistance at the nearest military post, and Staines hurry on foot to bring the hunters to our aid, while I should ride with all speed to Blue Lilies, to share the fate of its dear inhabitants.

Swift as the wind, I swept over the level prairie; but ere I had gone many miles, the sun began to dip and lose itself behind the western hills, and night fell, leaving me with the worst part of my journey unperformed. Still on I went, stumbling over monster ant-hills and into miry ponds, as I dashed on in the dim starlight; then I tore down a steep defile, bristling with the spear-like leaves of the clustering aloes, and saddened by the spectral euphorbias which waved their mournful branches above my head—on through rough, devious paths trodden by wild animals in the jungle, until I at length arrived on the banks of the Kroomkie River. At the same moment, the crescent moon came rising above the trees, casting a silvery light over hill and tree, and gently flowing river, and enabling me to seek for the ford by which I should have to cross. The Kroomkie was a small stream, flowing like a gleaming thread between high banks, whose steep sides were clothed with thorn-trees and lofty canes, compelling me to ride along the bank until I should reach a path leading down to the ford.

As I rode on, even amid my anxiety, it struck me that some unusual sound disturbed the profound stillness of the wilderness. The brilliant stars and the young moon were gleaming in the cloudless sky, and not a breath of wind stirred the leaves; the birds had gone to rest, and the wild beasts had not yet left their lairs; still there was a sound, momentarily becoming more distinct, as of a struggle or contest. Could it be the Caffre onslaught? But I remembered that Blue Lilies was still many miles distant; and that, whatever its fate, no token of it could reach me there. The next instant, a bend in the stream brought the whole moonlit river full before me; and there was also the ford but a little in advance of me, into which two horsemen were entering from the opposite side, their dark forms contrasting with the silvery water, which scarce reached to their horses' knees. They were merry, too, and their echoing laughter came like mockery to the fears

which were wringing my heart, but I hastened forward to meet them, and entreat their assistance.

Meanwhile, that strange sound grew rapidly on my ears, until it became a crashing of trees, and a roar as of a distant ocean. Then the gay laughter changed to a wild cry, as just above the strangers, the whole bed of the river became filled by an enormous wave, like a crested wall of water, rolling along with terrific violence. There was no space for attempt at escape or rescue, for the next moment the death-wave swept over its victims, burying them in its turbid depths.

I stood by silent and appalled, while the torrent rolled by me, roaring, foaming, and bearing all before it in its headlong journey towards the sea. I had often heard of the freshets, which, occasioned by heavy rains among the mountain sources, or sometimes the bursting of a natural reservoir, come down the rivers in gigantic waves, leaving death and desolation in their track; but this was my first sight of one, and truly a fearful scene it was: the late gentle river filled to the brim with a boiling, surging flood, dark, turgid, and muttering, laden with uprooted trees, and tangled branches, and with dead and struggling animals, all tossing wildly hither and thither, now thrown on the surface, now drawn into the eddying depths, as they were swept swiftly by.

The next moment brought with it the remembrance that the freshet rolled between me and Blue Lilies, interposing a barrier stronger than iron, and more insurmountable than mountains. Should I venture, it would not be to aid those I loved, but to destroy my last chance of ever again seeing them; it would be idly casting away a life which might yet do them service, and that thought held me reluctantly back from the brink of the river. My only hope was, and oh! how earnestly I prayed it, that Thornton, who had the same river to cross, only nearer the sea, might have passed ere the wave came down, and so be able to bring aid to the dear ones, from whom I was so utterly divided.

During all the remaining hours of that night, I paced the small open space beside the ford, well-nigh frantic with my detention, now vainly watching the brink for some sign of the river's decrease, now looking up into the sky, fearing each moment to see the reflection of my blazing roof-tree, while I thought with agony of the unsuspecting feeble ones exposed to the ruthlessness of savages. Then, as the night wore on, the voices of the wild animals rang wailingly through the bush—the hysterical laugh of the hyena, the moaning bark of the jackal, and the roar of the leopard, mingled now and then with the despairing cry of some wild animal swept down by the freshet—all tending to deepen my misery, and aiding me in conjuring up harrowing thoughts.

Day at length dawned on the still brimming flood, and on me still watching beside it, while with every hour of forced inactivity my heart grew sadder and more despairing. Towards sunset, the force of the current began to abate, and the eddies to gurgle and mutter less angrily, so I resolved at once to attempt the passage. Owing to the long delay by the river-side, my horse was fresh, and full of vigour and courage; and when I rode him to a favourable spot, a little above the ford, he bounded in readily at a touch of the whip and spur, regardless that I was on his back, and that I held a rifle uplifted in my right hand.

The next moment, the torrent was sweeping us down with all its force, and beating angrily against us, while my gallant steed, undismayed by the turmoil, struck boldly and bravely out for the opposite bank; but where we gained a foot across, we lost a fathom in leeway, so powerfully did the current bear us with it, all the while surging and gurgling loudly, and muttering in my ears hoarse threats that I should

never more tread dry land, but turning and twisting round among the eddies, be swept down, another trophy of the freshet's might.

I think they must have dinned a like threat in the ears of my good horse, for in the centre of the river he uttered a cry of fear, and throwing his head up higher, beat the water wildly with his fore-feet. Bending forward, but still holding my rifle and powder out of reach of the water, I tried with hand and voice to reassure him; but it was with little success; and more than once had the surges foamed over both horse and rider ere my horse recovered his courage and nerve again. Then the struggle was resumed, and arduous it proved; and while the result was yet doubtful, night closed in on the dark waters, adding to our difficulties and danger. Still the good steed toiled on bravely in the darkness, until at length his feet touched ground; the next minute, he scrambled up the bank, wearied and exhausted, but victorious.

One roll on the grass, one minute to recover breath, and my horse was again ready for the road; and on we dashed through the darkness towards Blue Lilies. Every step I drew nearer home, deeper and deeper grew my anxiety and my fears; and when at length I could discern the faint outline of the embosoming hills, my heart seemed to stand still with terror of what the next few minutes might disclose. As I approached nearer the valley, all wore its usual aspect of tranquil repose; and for the first time since I had heard the evil tidings, a glimmering of hope crossed my mind. But when I reached the spot, I found it was the stillness of desolation; my house was a heap of smouldering ruins, my sheep-folds were torn down, my cattle-kraals empty, and it seemed no living creature remained within the valley to tell the tale of rapine, which none had arrived in time to prevent.

Had this calamity fallen upon me without a moment's preparation, I do not think it could have struck deeper than it did now. Slowly and feebly, like an aged man, I dismounted from my horse, and shrunk down beside the still smoking grave of all I loved, while the torrent of grief, and horror, and yearning for vengeance, that rolled over my soul, was deeper and more tumultuous than the waters of the Kroomkie, through which I had so lately struggled.

After a time, a faint sound attracted my attention, and I looked up to see a light flash out from a ruined shepherd's hut, far up the valley. Imagining some lingering Caffres to be there feasting on the spoil, I seized my rifle, and hastened up. But what could equal my surprise, my almost frantic joy, when, sitting around the fire in life and safety, I beheld those I so deeply mourned! A Hottentot herdsman had seen the approaching foe from the summit of one of the hills, and rushed in with the tidings in time for his mistress and her children to find safety in flight into the bush; and when the same Hottentot had ascertained the Caffres' departure, they had returned again to Blue Lilies.

Erelong, there was a trampling of horses in the valley, a lowing of cattle, and the loud voices of men. It heralded the arrival of Thornton and the military party he went to seek. On their way to Blue Lilies, they had crossed the 'spoor' of the abstracted cattle, and dashed on after them; and the freshet having prevented the Caffres crossing the river, they had taken them in the very act, and brought them and their booty back in triumph.

That night, mirth and laughter echoed through the valley, from the camp-fire round which a successful military party and Thornton; and the voice of the roofless and well-nigh ruined settler was not silent. I had begun the world too often to be appalled that I had it to do once more; and all my regrets were lost in joy that my wife and children

were spared to me. The next day, with unflagging industry, I began the work of restoration; and in a few months, not a trace remained, save in my own memory, of the disastrous events of my holiday.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THREE months of real earnest work make the Easter holiday come very acceptable to our scientific and learned societies; and now, having had a breathing-time, they are all busy with work that must be finished before the long vacation. The president of the Royal Society, Sir Benjamin Brodie, has given one of his two soirées to the Fellows and to savans generally; and great was the gathering. Advantage was taken of the opportunity to exhibit some of the newest facts of science—as, for example, Mr Gassiot's important and suggestive experiments with electrical discharges in a vacuum; Mr Wheatstone's improvements in telegraphy, which render it possible to print 500 letters a minute by telegraph—not quite 50,000, as some periodicals have erroneously announced. He calls it the *Automatic writing telegraph*, far easier to manipulate than the instruments now in use—so easy, that even an illiterate person could send a message. Surely eight letters a second will be rapid enough for all purposes. In a paper read before the Society of Arts, Mr Varley shews how the difficulties of submarine telegraphy may be overcome. Another noticeable fact was Mr Warren De la Rue's latest photographs of the moon, which are wonderfully distinct, and completely set at rest the question of rotundity. Looked at in the stereoscope, our satellite presents to us a solid globular face, with all its inequalities strongly marked; and if the gentleman who has lately tried to make the Astronomical Society believe that the moon is only a shadow thrown by the earth—if he will just take the trouble to look at these photographs, he will perhaps become aware of his error. Mr De la Rue has for some time been trying to get a silvered glass mirror for his telescope: should he succeed, we may look for lunar photographs far superior to the present—indeed, truly magnificent, for silvered glass reflects more light than the best speculum metal hitherto produced. Let any one invent a process whereby a perfect parabolic glass mirror can be produced, and we promise him fame and fortune.

In a conversation which arose at one of the evening-meetings of the Royal Society, Dr Tyndall mentioned certain observations which he had made during his ascent of Monte Rosa—namely, that a hole pierced with a stick or axe-handle in newly fallen snow appears of a blue colour. The endeavour to explain the phenomenon involves interesting questions in optical science; but the true explanation appears to be, that light is entangled among the flakes, and is reflected backwards and forwards by the minute crystals with endless repetitions, and thereby manifests itself to the eye of a blue colour. In the discussion which followed, mention was made of the blue colour of the Lake of Geneva, and of the Rhone in its passage by the city, which was attributed by Davy to the presence of iodine; but it is now shewn that the colour is simply due to the minute particles of mica which are poured in at the head of the lake, with all the mud borne from the glaciers; and these, held in suspension, reflect the blue of the atmosphere, and make the water appear of that colour.

Two of these papers on Glycol deserve passing notice on account of their importance to chemical science, in the view which they open into a wide field of discovery. On a future occasion, we shall be able to

communicate particulars.—The demand for glycerine increases so largely, that soap-makers who, from time immemorial, have wasted glycerine with their refuse liquor, have been invited—as they say in Paris—to take measures for the separation beforehand of this valuable product.—Dr Frankland, who well sustains his reputation, is pursuing his researches on compounds of ethyl, and has described the results in an experimental paper, also before the Royal Society: we commend one of his facts to the attention of homœopathists; it is, that the odour of the compound called distanethyl will produce all the symptoms of influenza, lasting for two or three hours, on the person who smells it.

Mr Mallet has read a paper, with a hard scientific title, to the Institution of Civil Engineers, which may be explained simply as an inquiry into the means of knowing when large masses of wrought iron are as strong as they ought to be. The larger the mass, the more liable is it to the occurrence of flaws on cooling; and it appears that overmuch forging is a cause of weakness.—Mr Roper believes that his process for the desulphurisation of coke will benefit all who work in iron, seeing that the purer the coke, the better and stronger will be the iron smelted therewith. The process consists in the using of an oven with a double bottom, through which, when the coke is in complete ignition, a flood of steam is forced, which rising through the smoke, carries off the sulphur. Should this be found applicable on a large scale, millions of tons of coal now useless and absolutely injurious in the manufacture of iron, will become available.—Mr Fleming, a civil engineer, has exhibited and described to the Canadian Institute, what he calls a new compound rail for railways, in which he inserts a core to maintain the continuity, and thereby practically does away with the joints; and as the two sides of the rail are made precisely alike, when the top is worn, it is turned upside down, and so will last for sixteen years.

Cambridge is taking steps to apply the munificent fund bequeathed by the late Rev. R. Sheepshanks—namely, £10,000, of which one-sixth is to be set aside to maintain an astronomical scholarship in Trinity College, while, with the remainder, the study of astronomy and of the sciences required in an astronomical observatory, is to be encouraged.—Professor Piazzi Smyth once more reminds the scientific world that the question of establishing a mountain observatory on Teneriffe ought not to be lost sight of.—For the convenience of shipmasters, the turret-clocks through all the long line of docks at Liverpool are to be united by telegraph, so that a captain watching for the stroke of one o'clock in any dock, will be able to compare his chronometer with the exact time flashed from the observatory.—Besides his astronomical reports, M. Le Verrier, of the observatory at Paris, is publishing daily bulletins of the weather from all parts of Europe; he gets the needful information by telegraph, and prints it, to circulate among meteorological observers; and one of the results appears to be, that those who study the laws of storms, can tell beforehand what changes are likely to occur in the wind and weather.

The question of spontaneous generation has been warmly discussed once more by the zoologists and physiologists of the Academy at Paris. Living creatures, microzoa, have been found generated on a tuft of hay placed with due precaution in other than atmospheric air, and after exposure to the temperature of boiling water. But the most eminent of the academicians doubt the theory and the fact: Professor Milne-Edwards, whose name ranks among the highest, sees no motive for believing in spontaneous generation, while there is every reason to believe that the smallest as well as the largest creatures are subject to the same law; their existence only possible by procreation

from other living beings. He considers that in time, chemistry will be able to form all the parts that make up an animal body, but not to cause a genesis of animated organisms without the concurrence of vital power. Yet, results have been obtained which can scarcely be explained otherwise than by the theory of spontaneous generation.

At their anniversary meeting, the Geological Society gave their Wollaston medal to Mr Charles Darwin, in recognition of the eminent services he has rendered, both practical and philosophical, to geological science; and to Mr Peach, the well-known naturalist, formerly of Cornwall, now of Wick, they granted their Wollaston fund; he being, as Sir Roderick Murchison says, 'an ingenuous, modest, energetic man, and a zealous, active, and sound geologist.' The Society have caused experiments to be made on the coal sent from Tete by Dr Livingstone, and find it to contain but little of sulphur, iron, or gaseous matter, but plenty of ash. It is thought that a better quality will be found below the surface. Among other mineral matters brought before the Society, we notice a tin ore from Greenland, and various specimens of copper, zinc ore, and malachite, collected in the hills near Tabreez, forwarded by the Hon. C. A. Murray.—By the way, geology is not going to sleep, for a rival to the Society has appeared in the Geologists' Association, which already numbers some three hundred members.

Dr Sicard of Marseille has formed an interesting collection of the products derived from the sorgho, the Chinese sugar-cane, which has been much talked of lately. The number 423 is already surprisingly large, and comprises portions of the plant itself, with the spikes and seeds; various kinds of flour made by grinding the seeds, and mixing the meal with other kinds of flour; specimens of sorgho bread; of sugars of different qualities; of the juice; of beer, cider, vinegar, and brandy, all made from sorgho juice; sorghotic acid; various dyes, carmine, red, rose, yellow, lilac, slate colour, and gray; besides other preparations. The doctor has, moreover, written and published two volumes concerning the sorgho, containing a description of the plant, and of the processes by which it is to be utilised.

The Agricultural Society have just published a prize essay on the potato-disease, from which we quote a passage for the notice of those whom it may concern. The author, Dr Lang, says 'the disease is of a fungoid nature, increased in virulence by atmospheric causes. That all manures are injurious, saving only lime and salt. That the earliest potatoes in ripening should be exclusively grown. That earthing up repeatedly with fine earth is the only effectual preventive to the ravages of the disease.'

We take the opportunity to mention here, that a correspondent, jealous for the honour of his country, reminds us that the operation of 'ringing' the branches of vines, as mentioned in last *Month*, has long been practised in England. An account of the operation appears in the first volume of the *Transactions of the Horticultural Society*, published in 1808. And that a fine specimen of the *Poinciana Gilliesii* is growing in the Botanic Garden at Kew.

The Geographical Society, always fertile in attractive subjects at their fortnightly meetings, have had a paper on the Yang-tze-kiang, as illustrated by Lord Elgin's expedition up that mighty and long mysterious river; and while this describes the stream, Sir John Davis, in another paper, gives a description of the valley through which it flows.—The Royal Engineers having just despatched a party for the survey of British Columbia, are required to organise a second party for service on the continent of Europe—that is, to survey and mark the boundary-line between Turkey and Montenegro, and between Turkey and Persia: a task

that will occupy probably three years.—A small sovereignty is going a-begging: the king of Fiji offers to place his dominions under the protection of England, for the sum of L.9000.—Signor Miani, a Venetian, who has resided ten years in Cairo, is preparing an expedition to rediscover the source of the Nile, under the auspices of the French government, who contribute arms, ammunition, and professional assistants. The party hope to explore the river thoroughly, to penetrate to the south till they cross the equator, then turn to the east, and come down upon the coast at Zanzibar. It is said that among their equipments they will carry frightful masks, with which to terrify the natives; if this be true, it does not say much for the common sense of the leaders of the expedition.—Many readers will remember Captain Basil Hall's interesting account of landing through the surf at Madras; that adventurous process is now to be abolished, greatly to the comfort of passengers, by the construction of a pier with screw-piles. Will not the catamaran-men get up a cry about vested interests?—Steamers are built and building in the ship-yards of the Thames and the Tyne for the navigation of the rivers of India; and we hear that a clever engineer in Bengal places a railway locomotive on board a boat, and makes it drive the paddle-wheels.—The Society of Arts have discussed another long and important paper on the Growth of Cotton in India, a subject which cannot be too much ventilated, bearing as it does on the prosperity of our eastern empire.

Interesting alike to artists and savans are the questions now mooted as to site, space, and organisation. The British Museum is overfull; the cellars are crowded with things that cannot be shown for want of room; and it is recommended, not without reason, that the best way of affording relief would be to remove the natural history collections to the Museum at Kensington.—The National Gallery is in the same predicament, so the Royal Academy are to migrate from Trafalgar Square, to a new house which, being wealthy, they offer to build at their own cost, if government will give them a site on the grounds of Burlington House.—The Institute of British Architects have held a practical discussion on Metropolitan Improvements, with a view to discover the best.—Mr Ruskin, in a lecture delivered at Bradford, gave the manufacturers of that busy town a word of advice, which the whole West Riding may profit by. He urged them not to study mere fashion and caprice, but that which is true and elevating; to leave off stealing designs from one another, and seek rather to invent for themselves.

We are promised a series of Nature-printed botanical works by Mr Henry Bradbury. A collection of figures, of octavo size, including every species of British Ferns, is being prepared, and will be issued periodically, with descriptive text by Mr Thomas Moore. Uniform with the above will be published Nature-printed British Sea-weeds and Nature-printed British Mosses. The specimens already issued are exceedingly lifelike and beautiful.

Mr Wiard of Prairie du Chien is employed in constructing an ice-boat, which he is confident will prove successful. The general plan of the boat is set forth by the inventor as follows: 'The boat which I first propose to build will be twelve feet in width by seventy in length, and when resting upon the water, would displace about one foot in depth. It will be propelled by a pair of locomotive engines, acting on a single driving-wheel, to which adhesion is given by various devices. The bottom, ends, and sides of the hull, for about three feet in height, are of iron; the upper part is enclosed and finished similar to a passenger-car, and warmed by steam-pipes, and will accommodate one hundred passengers; it is steered by a pilot familiar with the river, by devices which

give him perfect command over it. A steam-brake is attached, by which its velocity may be perfectly controlled; the boat is supported on skates or runners, so adjustable as to pass through snow five feet in depth without presenting any considerable resistance.' The Canadian and American press are enthusiastic about the probable results of this invention. Their many thousand miles of rivers will become, they calculate, even more practicable and useful in winter than in summer; while they consider the speedy establishment of a swift overland mail from Montreal to Puget's Sound inevitable, since the Mississippi, the Red River of the North, Saskatchewan, and Fraser River—the last two being separated near their sources by a distance of only 317 yards—may easily be made to form a net-work of ice-navigation, broken only by three or four brief portages from the railways of Wisconsin on the east, to the deep waters of Puget's Sound and the Pacific. If the boat breaks through the ice, or encounters an air-hole, machinery is prepared for that emergency. The driving-wheel is near the stern. The inventor calculates the ordinary speed on the ice at twenty to forty miles an hour; while with clear solid ice, he believes the vessel may be made to attain a velocity of eighty miles.

RACHEL'S DREAM.

Why didst thou wake me, Deborah? for I have dreamed a dream
So bright, methinks, that it will make my day the darker seem;
E'en like the rosy, blushing cloud that smiles at early morn,
Smiles to betray the shepherd's trust, and laugh his hopes to scorn.
Wouldst hear the dream, the fleeting dream, that passed away too soon?
Thou knowest where I lead my flocks to take their rest at noon:
Beneath the chestnut's shade I sat, and felt the south-wind blow
From whence the frankincense and myrrh in dropping odours flow;
But sweet as camphire, calamus, spikenard, and saffron are,
I had a blossom pleasanter, a treasure sweeter far.
Yea, Deborah, kind sleep had brought what waking days deny—
A mother's joy, a mother's bliss, a mother's ecstasy.
I nursed a baby on my breast; its hand moved to and fro,
With that sweet, soft, caressing touch which only mothers know.
As, with light stroke of downy wing, some little fluttering bird
Scarce parts the gentle air, and yet the southern wind is stirred,
So seems to me that little hand had stirred within my soul
A depth of longing mother's love that leaps without control.
No bee from red pomegranate's cup such melting honey sips,
As I, when bending down, I kissed those coral-parted lips,
And looked within the soul-lit eyes that mirrored back my own,
And felt soft breath upon my cheek—then woke—my dove had flown.
Nay, chide not, Deborah, my nurse; I cannot help but weep;
I would give a waking year for one such night of sleep.
Nay, ask me not to lead the sheep; I care not now to guide
The tender kids, that they may feed the shepherds' tents beside.

The lowing of the gentle herds, the bleating of the flock,
Seem but a cruel voice, that doth the childless Rachel mock.

I envy every ewe her lambs, and then I weep for shame.
Call me not Rachel, Deborah; call me some other name.
My husband loves me with a love so faithful, dost thou say,

That fourteen years wherein he served seemed unto him a day:

The drought consumed him in the noon, and chilling frost at night,

But still he journeyed on content with me, his goal, in sight.

'Twas even so; and I have nought to give him in return;

No token of the love that doth within my bosom burn.
He never once reproached me—nay, his very silence makes

My grief more bitter, and my soul with deeper sorrow aches.

For, if I had a little son, I know his life would be
Bound with the lad's, as it hath been bound up, kind heart, with me.

Oh, tell me not, the infant's birth might be the mother's death;

Methinks, for such a happiness I'd gladly yield my breath:

For then it would not seem to me that I had loved in vain,

A fruitless dry and withered branch upon the desert plain.

If I were gone, I know they would return to Canaan's land,

Where Jacob with his Rachel's child in Isaac's tent would stand,

And bid the blind man bless the boy, and with his fingers trace

The features of Rebekah in the little Syrian face.

The son of his old age should prove the apple of his eye.
And Jacob he would love the lad—ah, well and tenderly.

And he would guide his tender feet in pastures fresh and fair,

And lead him by refreshing streams, with all a shepherd's care.

For Jacob's God shall be with him, and bear him safe from ills,

And give him blessings that shall reach the everlasting hills.

Then, when my husband's hour arrives, ere, like a shock of corn,

He comes in season to his rest, with songs of triumph borne,

His Rachel's treasured memory shall to his vision rise,
And he shall her see stand again 'neath Padanaram's skies.

Again, in youthful beauty, he shall meet her at the well,

And he shall name the name in death he loved in life so well;

And Rachel's son shall kneel beside, and take his parting breath,

And Rachel's son shall close his eyes when Jacob sleeps in death.

O blessings of Rebekah! on the wretched Rachel rest!

O spring from me, Thou one in whom all nations shall be blest!

I cannot pray—I cry that great, exceeding, bitter cry,
In anguish of my spirit—'Give me children, else I die.'

X.

A Correspondent calls our attention to an injustice inadvertently committed by the contributor of the article Co-operation (*Chambers's Journal*, No. 272), in not having mentioned therein the name of Mr G. J. Holyouke as the author of the work from which his information was supplied.

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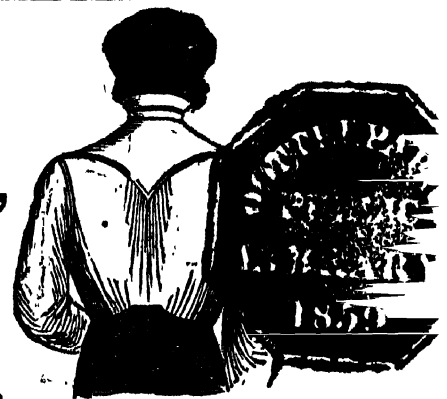
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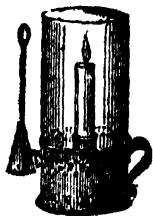


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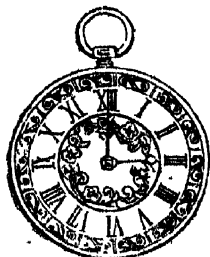
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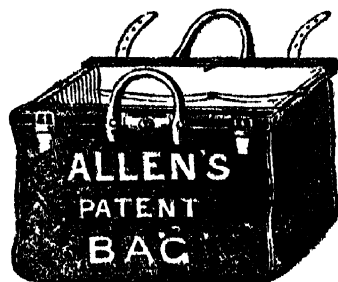
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and are therefore in a position to speak particularly concerning that organ, although we by no means rely upon our friend's account of the manner in which the *Mercury* is conducted.

'I need not say,' remarked this gentleman complacently, when, on a late occasion, we were alone together in his suburban villa, and after he had taken more than one glass of toddy, which I had mixed for him after the northern manner—'I need not tell you that to manage a literary concern of this character, a man must be possessed not only of considerable intellectual attainments, and of an almost infallible judgment, but must have a graceful and sprightly style as well.

'It is not every writer who can pen a eulogium upon chilblain liniment—for instance—which may stand on its own merits as an artistic sketch, and yet be an advertisement as well.

'I flatter myself, I understand these things. When the Messrs Whitebare, hair-cutters here, wished Us to recommend their bear's grease as the only really genuine production of that nature to be obtained south of the Arctic Circle, I believe that I gave them satisfaction. It was quite an interesting paper—that advertisement—beginning with some curious missionary experience among the Esquimaux, and going on to treat scientifically of the Pole, with some humorous remarks upon the human poll, and so, by the easiest and most natural transition possible, to the Messrs Whitebare, High Street.

'I don't like to know too much of these things—especially before bestowing on them this sort of approbation—and I had just as soon not have had that present of thirteen shilling-pots of the mixture from the grateful hairdresser, as an additional reward for my exertions. If I had tried a specimen before I wrote the essay, my pen would have refused its office, or, at all events, performed its functions much less successfully. That's the worst of having such an exceedingly delicate conscience. Now, the editor of the *Mercury* would no more hesitate about praising an article he knew to be filthy as well as deleterious—if he got the money in advance, that is—than he would refuse a new subscriber to his miserable paper, and that he is not likely to get in a hurry, I think. One lives and learns, of course; with regard to all these matters: for example, I shall never forget when I first entered upon my responsible duties, a certain visit which was paid to me by old Druggem, the chemist, with reference to the *Narrowmead Mixture*. He praised it to that extent, when I sat broiling in my little den one summer day, as an effervescent and refreshing drink in hot weather, that I said I was

sure I should do the advertisement better if he were to send me half-a-dozen, and I were to drink them, first.

"Why, no," said he, "I don't think you had better do that, for particular reasons;" and these, with a hideous leer upon his pharmacopoeical countenance, he presently confided to me. The ginger-beer vintage had failed with him, it seemed, that June, and he had about sixty dozen of spoilt "Pop" under his shop-counter: with this he had mingled some mulberry-juice, to impart to it a new tone and colour; he himself had bestowed upon it a name—the Narrowmead Mixture—and he had come to me to concoct for it a reputation. That panegyric was, however, in consequence of this indiscreet avowal, about the flattest thing I ever wrote, although there was an appropriate Persian air enough about the imagery, when I compared the thing to sherbet, and brought in some impressive allusions to the Prophet Mohammed. The concluding idea, indeed, of the United Kingdom Temperance Alliance presenting a medal to Druggem for having superseded, by the invention of this delightful compound, the use of spirituous liquors, was, I am bound to acknowledge, much better conceived than executed.

'Advertisements such as these require taste, and skill, and fancy; nay—if I may say so—perhaps no small amount of Genius; and they are, besides, our most important consideration. But you may well suppose that the *Narrowmead Argus* has other departments likewise. The Muse has a column to herself in every number, and a poet—which, by the greatest luck in the world, my eldest boy happens to be—is literally kept upon the premises. It is quite astounding to observe the remarkable fecundity of that lad in supplying us with works of the imagination. Upon the day we go to press, I have only to holloa down the speaking-tube: "Jack, a sonnet, my boy, as quick as you can," or, "Jack, our meteorological observer has not sent in his copy; we must have a couple of pages from you at least," when up comes the fourteen lines, or the little epic, as the case may be, just as though the lad were a word-organ, and ground his verse to order.

'That meteorological observer of ours, although unpunctual, is exceedingly useful to us, and is certainly a most indefatigable son of science. I have my doubts whether he does not live exclusively out of doors. The way in which he goes about, stooping, and crawling, and climbing, in order to capture the temperature, wherever it may be, is amazingly praiseworthy, and all the more so as he does not get anything for it—except, as I should suppose, unlimited rheumatism. Just look at this report of his, of a month or two back, and then tell me if the man who acts barometer to the *Times* puts himself to half the trouble which our observer takes: "Number of nights at two feet from the ground, at or below 32° F., twenty-one; number of nights at or below 32° F., on the grass, twenty-five; mean amount of terrestrial radiation, 4.8; greatest heat in sunshine, 88°"—where our meteorological observer must have got a *coup de soleil*—"mean degree of humidity, saturation being the unit, .93"—where our observer must have caught bronchitis at the least. The scientific information which was supplied by this invaluable ally to the *Argus* concerning the eclipse of last year, was of a character which required him to correct his own proofs. I can assure you. I hope it was all right at last; but I confess to the editor's being completely in the dark about it; while our compositor and a half—for we keep a man and a boy—were well-nigh frenzied.

'Among the natural phenomena of the eclipse, he observed, he said, these facts—that the pigeons

retired to rest during the temporary darkness; that the cats made those unpleasant disturbances which are commonly confined to the hours of the night; and that the winter-flowers which are accustomed to shut up their blossoms at eve, were taken in by the unusual aspect of the sun. This last remark, however, was not properly in his department, but rather belonged to that of our botanical correspondent, who is also one of the most painstaking of his species. He is much more popular with our readers, particularly with our lady-readers, than his *collaborateur*, since he knows all the banks whereon the wild thyme grows—and, indeed, where everything else grows, from the vernal water-starwort to the hairy bitter cress. Not only does he supply to the various flowers these astonishing names, but he gives to each its local habitation. The colt's-foot is to be found, he says, in numbers on Narrowmead pasture; the common moschatel, in the lane behind Smith's wine-vaults; lords and ladies in profusion upon the race-ground; the cuckoo pint, in the field beyond the Toper's Arms; the ground ivy, in the back-yard of the green-tea establishment of Mixorts & Company; and the lady's smock (a sort of air-plant), very numerous in Scrubben's drying-ground.

'We have an entomologist, also, as an occasional contributor; but the general effect of him, I think, is more to make our readers' flesh creep than anything else.

'Archæology and antiquities form no slight share of the good things we have to offer to our subscribers. Narrowmead in the time of the Druids; Narrowmead under the Heptarchy; Narrowmead during the civil wars—every description, in short, of back-view which Narrowmead has to offer, has been faithfully daguerreotyped from the imagination or erudition of our historical correspondent. Narrowmead Church, it is almost needless to mention, has long been in our columns the home of the literary jackdaw, the hunting-ground of all antiquarian sportsmen; while Narrowmead Tower, which is now put up to auction annually, to be bidden for by enterprising toll-gate keepers, has been proved, in our pages, incontestably, to have been the palace, the prison, the birthplace, or the scene of dissolution of a long array of celebrated characters, from the Earl of Warwick (surnamed the King-maker) to Dr Johnson; and from Mary Queen of Scots to the scarcely less notorious Mrs Manning.

'These comprise the principal literary staff to whom the *Argus* looks for permanent contributions; but we have countless correspondents besides. Of these, *Publicola Junior* and the *Younger Brutus*—ahem!—are perhaps the most remarkable. The former gentleman, referring, only the other day, under the head of "Coming Elections," to the parochial suffrages for a new churchwarden and another constable, used language so indignantly heroic, that he was very nearly getting me horsewhipped, and at this present moment he lies under an indictment for a libel upon the local Board of Health. If I had not given the offender's name up with great presence of mind, at the first hint of danger, the *Argus* itself would be figuring, in the person of its editor, at the bar of offended justice. Both these gentlemen, however, infuse a certain raciness into the paper which it could ill afford to lose; and in the very rare instances where there is nothing of a public nature to be made a target for their noble scorn, they are good enough to attack one another with the greatest acrimony in adjacent columns.

'For sermons delivered for the benefit of philanthropic societies, for lectures administered gratis at our mechanics' institute, the *Narrowmead Argus* has always the most fervid praise. This is, however, partly attributable to the fact, that the preachers and

lecturers are accustomed to send to our columns their own remarks upon their own performances, which are rarely found to be deficient in genial appreciation. The rest of our newspaper is neatly but unambitiously filled up with notices of the times of departure and return of the Narrowmead railway omnibus.

'And the *Mercury*?' inquired we with a smile.

'The *Mercury*,' responded our talented friend, rising from his chair with difficulty, steadying himself with his left hand against the corner of the table, and extending his right in a Ciceronic manner towards the crockery cupboard—'the *Narrowmead Mercury* is, as its classical name implies, were its ignorant conductors but aware of it, a Thievish Eavesdropper, deriving its scanty information from key-holes and the like illegitimate channels, and sapping the foundations of all that we hold great and venerable'—And, in fact, our friend anticipated the best part of a withering leader of his own, which thunderbolt was already set up in gigantic type, and burst forth from the office of the *Argus* upon the ensuing morning.

THE DEATH-BRINGER.

TOWARDS the end of Maria Theresa's reign, when the empress-queen had finished her wars, got most of her family married, and established strict etiquette at court, there appeared among the rank and fashion of Vienna a lady, whose comings and goings were more anxiously watched, and more earnestly talked of, than ever were those of envoy or ambassador. She was neither young nor beautiful, clever nor rich, but a *stift-dame* or pensioner of one of those institutions so abundant in Germany, which were founded by the munificence of early magnates for the education and maintenance of the undowered branches of their family-trees. Madame von Enslar, as the lady was called, though yet in single blessedness—for the madame came with the *stift*—was on the shady side of fifty, of unquestionably noble birth, had been maid of honour to the empress when she was arch-duchess, and could still boast of a place in her majesty's memory; yet no *fräuline*, introduced for the first time to the family of her intended, could have been more amiable. What was still better, everybody believed that Madame von Enslar's amiability was a genuine article. Had her head been detachable, any acquaintance might have borrowed it. Whoever was in difficulties, might count on her help or counsel, and madame was not a bad adviser; but her chosen field of labour, and, it seemed, of delight, too, was the sick-room. Beside the night-lamp or in the darkened chamber, madame was at home in anybody's house. Her quiet ways, her unwearied care, and her unquestionable abilities in the manufacture of soups, jellies, and all other comforts for the indisposed, made her a perfect treasure to all who intended to keep their beds for some time; but, strange to say, there were people in Vienna who would rather have seen the most slatternly hospital-nurse at their bedsides. The morals of the Austrian capital have never stood high, and superstitious terrors are the natural accompaniments of such society. How it originated, nobody could tell; but a whisper gradually crept into boudoir, drawing-room, and down the back-stairs, that wherever madame went to nurse and tend the sick, death was sure to follow her. Examples of the fact might be

heard in every circle. Had not the young Countess Valsenburg been a second Hebe for youth and health, till madame went to nurse her in the cold she caught at her Imperial Majesty's Christmas reception? yet the cold turned to a rapid consumption, and the countess joined her ancestors in the family-vault before Easter. Did not the canoness of Stofenheim look rather too rosy for a lady so nearly connected with prayer and fasting, till she sprained her ankle in the Ash-Wednesday procession, and madame came with that inestimable poultice invented by the doctor of her *stift*. Nobody ever saw the canoness looking rosy after that. One turn of sickness followed another, and her funeral went out with the last leaves of the summer. Did not the old Baroness von Hardenbach belong to one of the toughest families in all Austria, till madame began to make embrocations for the rheumatism she had every winter, and her heirs were agreeably surprised by having to provide mourning six weeks after? Similar instances were on record among the poor whom the amiable *stift-dame* visited. The servants for whom she prescribed, and the tradesmen in whose families she took an interest—doctors, lawyers, and priests—all believed in this bad-luck; but nobody undertook to explain her connection with the King of Terrors. That she had a criminal hand in the business, could not be even imagined. Besides having no motive for anybody's removal, no legacy to expect, no rival to get rid of, Madame von Enslar was a frank, honest, good-natured soul, the very opposite of all who ever dealt in poisons.

Nevertheless, she visited the sick, and the sick died; the whisper was loud in the city, but low in the court. Though Prince Kannitz, that mighty minister who never permitted the decease of anybody to be mentioned in his hearing, had also forbidden the utterance of her name; though Joseph II. had consulted Mesmer on the subject, it was said without effect, the empress-queen would not acknowledge the existence of such tales. Madame had been her maid of honour, and her confessor was the lady's distant relation. To believe anything more than her imperial majesty would have been a decided infraction of etiquette. The Viennese world of fashion was therefore obliged to content itself with retailing those startling facts under the seal of secrecy, and keeping its own maladies from coming to madame's ears; but in proportion as the *stift-dame* was a terror to its brave and fair, when themselves were concerned, so did she become their hope and confidence in the case of old and wealthy relations, troublesome dependents, creditors, obstructors, some said spouses—in short, anybody whom it was desirable to get out of the way.

It is proverbial that those most concerned in a report are generally the last to hear it. Madame von Enslar went on attending masses, making clothes for the poor, and compounding good things for the indisposed, without the slightest idea of the hopes and fears which hung upon her visits. From her youth, which the world now around her regarded as a long past and primitive time, she had lived in the *Stifthouse*—an establishment where young ladies were educated, and older ones dwelt in a somewhat conventual fashion, with daily prayers, solemn observance of fast and festival, and great execution done in

needlework and cookery. Whether it were the practice of stifthouses in general, of madame's in particular, or the lady's own disposition that obtained such credit, certain it was that she had come to the capital after residing the appointed twenty years under the stiff-mother's superintendence, with the neat black dress and gold crucifix of the institution, and no tendency whatever to intrigue, scandal, or curiosity touching her neighbours' affairs. The good woman was congratulating herself on the excellent health with which her friends were blessed, in the third winter of her sojourn at Vienna. None of all her acquaintances would acknowledge that they or theirs were ill, or likely to be so; the poor whom she visited were equally free from complaints; her own and her friends' servants declared themselves in a most satisfactory condition; when a transaction occurred which convinced even the empress-queen, and enlightened madame on the mysterious part of her own history.

The archbishop of Salzburg was one of the richest churchmen in the empire. He had estates both in Austria and the Tyrol, large deposits in the imperial bank, revenues from shrines, bridges, and highways; his vineyards produced the best wine; his park contained the finest game, and his country-house was delightfully situated on a rising-ground overlooking the Danube, and within two German miles of Vienna. There Ludwig Firstenfield lived in princely splendour and high favour with Maria Theresa. Almost forty years before, when a rival *kaiser* had been crowned at Linz—when her right was assailed by all the princes who had promised to maintain it—when the Holy See stood prudently aloof, to see which side should win, he had gallantly championed her cause in and out of canonicals, canvassed the states of Hungary, gave sage counsel in the imperial closet, and advanced money for carrying on the war. The wisdom which the archbishop had displayed in those days of uncertainty, made his advice so necessary to the empress-queen, that he rarely visited his palace in Salzburg, or his castle in Swabia, but resided chiefly at his country-house, within reach of the court, the theatres, and the news. His grace received the best company in Vienna; her majesty and all the imperial family honoured his state-balls with their presence; he had the choicest pictures, the rarest china, the most select conservatories, and his mansion was kept in all sorts of propriety by the administration of Madame Segandorf, his widowed niece, and her three grown-up daughters. Madame Segandorf's husband had been a count of the Austrian Netherlands. His estates were lost partly in the war with France, and partly at French hazard. Mother and daughters had consequently no provision becoming their rank, but they were all amiable, accomplished, and devotedly attached to their wealthy uncle.

The spiritual lord of Salzburg was verging on seventy-five, but still a stately figure at the levée, and a dreaded antagonist at the chess-board. As became an archbishop so high in imperial favour, he was believed to be endowed with every virtue. The court-poets spoke of his canonisation as an event to be expected; the inferior clergy agreed that his residence in the bowets of Paradise was ready. Nevertheless, Ludwig Firstenfield was in no hurry to leave his choice tokay, his first-rate venison, and his elegant country-house, of which he gave a convincing proof by keeping its doors steadily closed against Madame von Enslar. The archbishop did not believe the idle tales that were afloat, any more than his imperial patroness; after her majesty's example, he did not even notice them, and greeted the stiff-dame, when he met her in society, with almost paternal kindness. Yet, while

his hospitalities were extended to rich and poor, home-born and foreign, who had the smallest pretensions to noble blood, madame was never invited within his walls or grounds.

The lady would have been probably content to see herself thus overlooked for life, but it did not tally with another lady's plans. In a moment of amiable weakness, some years before, the archbishop had permitted his niece to learn that his will was made in favour of herself and her daughters. There were none of them growing younger. The grafs and counts to whom the junior ladies aspired, somehow found out that no dowry could be expected till their uncle's death, and were not in haste to propose. Madame Segandorf, being still a fine woman, had considerable calculations on an old prince with heavily encumbered estates and a habit of incessant gambling, and while her solicitude regarding the health and welfare of her dear uncle daily increased, she left no stone unturned to get the stiff-dame invited to his country-house. Even the efforts of widows are not always crowned with success. The praises of madame's piety, humility, and unbounded reverence for his grace, were sounded without effect. Then madame herself was stirred up to make advances. It was a pity the archbishop should neglect her so; somebody must have prejudiced his mind against her; there were always ill-natured people in the world; perhaps they had led him to believe that she was careless of his good opinion and great interest at court. It might be well to get in his way at times, talk of his most celebrated pictures, and hint a strong desire to see them. These stratagems, and many more, were tried, but all in vain. His grace would take no hints, and hear no insinuations. Poor madame, constantly reminded of the fact, began to think it the black cloud of her life that she was shut out from his country-house; complained of it to all her acquaintances, grieved over it in secret, and was thinking of offerings to the most benevolent saints on the subject, when by chance she hit on a more direct expedient.

Passing through the Jews' quarter in one of her missions of charity, she saw hanging in the shop of a noted dealer in second-hand garments a magnificent morning-gown of crimson damask, flowered with gold. Being a woman, the stiff-dame was taken captive by its grandeur. Moreover, it looked perfectly new. The archbishop had a special liking for splendid attire; and if, as Solomon told her, a gift made room for a man, such a present would certainly secure a lady place at his board and in his ball-room. The Jew's price was low compared with the actual value of the robe; it had come into his hands by some chance of trade, and did not suit his customers. Yet decidedly cheap as it was, the cost would leave madame nothing to offer that Christmas at the shrine of Our Lady, who happened to be the patron-saint of her stiff. However, the archbishop's good graces were in prospect. Madame went straight home for all her savings, paid for the magnificent morning-gown, saw it safely packed up, and felt herself an already invited guest, when it was deposited, box and all, in a private cupboard, to be seen by nobody till it was despatched to the country-house, as a Christmas gift for his Grace of Salzburg.

Christmas was the archbishop's birthday, which returned for the seventy-fifth time that year, and he determined to celebrate it with more than usual festivity. The uttermost branches of his family were invited months before, and gladly obeyed the summons of their rich and reverend relative. They came from the hills of Bohemia, and the plains of Lombardy; from the frontiers of France, and the borders of Russia; for the house of Firstenfield was numerously represented; and wherever the Hapsburg

sceptre ruled, there were its boughs to be found flourishing in the law, in the church, or in the army. Gifts came in as well as friends—when did a rich man's birthday lack presents?—but among them there was nothing so splendid, nothing so much to the archbishop's taste, as the magnificent morning-gown, sent just as it came from the Jew's shop, by the hand of a trusty messenger, with a note which it had cost the stiff-dame two sleepless nights to compose. His grace was delighted, and all his assembled relations envied the lucky sender, except Madame Segendorf, who returned to her praises with fresh vigour, hinted that she feared the poor lady had but a lonely Christmas; everybody had not a dear, kind uncle like her and her girls. The archbishop took no notice of these grateful remarks, but as the present had arrived on the eve of the festival, he did madame the honour of wearing it at his birthday levée.

Everybody admired the morning-gown. The sports of the day, the morning mass, and the evening banquet, all went off well. The bishop's health was drunk in old Austrian fashion—good wishes, predictions, and prayers for length of days and increase of dignity, even to the cardinal's hat, were made on his behalf; but before the rejoicings were fairly over, it was observed that his Grace did not look quite well. Next morning, he was decidedly indisposed; his anxious relations, not knowing the state of his will, remained in the house to see what turn the illness would take; but first, Madame Segendorf sickened also; then her daughters, one after another; then the cousins, cousins-in-law, noble ladies, and high officials who had assembled round the bishop's festive board, began to complain, and retire to their chambers. Half the physicians of repute in Vienna were in full action at the country-house. At first, they thought something might have gone wrong at the banquet, and a strict search after poison was commenced; but in a short time it became evident that the disease was small-pox. The dread and devastation which attended that malady over all Europe in the eighteenth century, are matters of history. It was the desolator of palace and cottage, and the plague of preceding ages had no such terrors for men. In the bishop's country-house, its visitation came with a malignity never equalled. All who sickened, died; all who fled were seized on their homeward ways. The prelate himself survived the widow and her daughters, who had been in such haste for his testament, only a few days; and before the new year was a month old, the numerous house of Firstenfeld was so diminished, that its large possessions fell to three poor priests and an old doctor of laws, who, by common consent, built a monastery for the brothers of Lazarus on the site of the elegant country-house.

The court and the public woke up as they seldom wake in Austria. A strict investigation regarding the stiff-dame's present was set on foot, and by the perseverance of the police it was discovered to have formed part of the wardrobe of Louis XV., and been worn for the first time in the attack of small-pox which finished his reign. As usual in those times, everything worn by his departed majesty on that occasion was supposed to have been burned; but the magnificent morning-gown tempted a covetous valet: he saved it from the fire; sold it to a travelling Jew, under a stipulation never to show it on French ground: thus it had found its way to Vienna, and been purchased by the unlucky Madame von Enslar. The sifting of the transaction not only confirmed the public belief in her connection with the last enemy, but induced the empress-queen to command her immediate retirement to her stifthouse, which she never again quitted; and it is said to have given currency to a popular superstition, which still

prevails in Upper Austria, where every out-of-the-way village has some tale regarding the unconscious powers of some old man or woman known as the Death-bringer.

MORAL SKETCHES FROM THE BIRD-WORLD.*

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

Not with the magnifying-glass of science, but with the naked eye of tender sympathy and psychological interest, have I ever watched our domestic singing-birds, and as opportunity offered, I have peopled a chamber with some twenty birds, partly for the sake of observing the innate, essential characteristics of every one of these unsophisticated children of nature, and partly also to discover the influence of civilisation upon them through their living together, and their intercourse with human kind.

If my bird-state has originated very much like the free state of North America, in an involuntary going in and out, without any written constitution, without a monarchical form of government, it has yet formed, through a harmonious understanding, a law of society perhaps just as natural as that of J. J. Rousseau. If sometimes the power of the stronger prevails—if now and then Lynch-law is practised—if almost daily the old contest between mine and thine is renewed, one may yet often feel one's self carried back into the golden past, or hurried on into the millennium, as, though with me the lion does not lie down with the lamb, the starling eats in peace out of the same dish as the turtle-dove, which is almost as note-worthy. If vices and crimes do sometimes appear, they may be found among men also, notwithstanding their civilisation, and are sometimes the fruits of it. Such a discord but rarely interrupts the harmonious concert of sweet voices, if the sun shines cheerfully into the chamber and upon the fir-tree that stands within it, and makes their prison a kind of fairy grotto, with branchy lattice-windows, and a roof of green, sun-illuminated foliage. Let me not be supposed to mean the horrible condemnation of the most innocent hero in the world, whose only fault is his beauty and his voice, to a cage in which he can scarcely move, or at most can only hop from one side of his perch to the other; a condemnation to powder and lead is mercy compared with this lifelong imprisonment in iron. What I mean is bird-houses or chambers, where they can fly about at pleasure.

To give a description of my bird-family, I must attempt it in the form of biographical sketches.

In the first place stands the starling, whom only recently a young raven has sought to rival in human-like behaviour and varied accomplishments. Perhaps I ought to say, rather, that he is most of all influenced by civilisation, addicted to its enjoyments, and infected by its corruptions. The starling, of all the birds of the wood, attaches himself most to men, and among the assembly of his brethren, is the ever-true merry-maker, the buffoon and court-fool of my establishment. As serviceable as he is in the open field in destroying worms and caterpillars, he is just as useful indoors, in clearing men's heads of whims and idle caprices. It is impossible to be ill-humoured or morose when the rogue has taken it into his head to be merry, and he is in his Sunday humour every day. I have often envied him the ease with which he forgets every annoyance, and the Mark Tapley of the feathered race, resumes his good temper and his cheerful song.

He is a gay brother-student, who, with all his display, does not neglect the sciences; of an inquiring turn of mind, and whose erudition is

* From the German.

principally manifested in popular songs. He picks up his best songs in the streets; in these there is nothing artificial, all is nature: the mewing of the cat, the barking of the dog, the clucking of the hen, and the rumbling of a cart-wheel, he imitates with incomparable exactness. Sometimes he undertakes the office of a wind-mill; at others, he helps his neighbour the joiner to file his saws. Out of doors, he is a builder and house-painter; in short, a universal genius. In philosophy, he is an eclectic; he selects all that is good from all sources; there is consequently no book and no sound too insignificant for him, from which he will not extract something. He is also fond of a nice tit-bit; he prefers white bread to black, roast veal to beef; and though an avowed disciple of Priesnitz, in respect of baths, yet, on festive occasions, he dips his head in beer or wine, dances his polka, and rolls his eyes about like a lover. He is very inquisitive, he must thrust his beak in everywhere; but how carefully he touches a strange object. Like a crafty rascal as he is, he first satisfies himself that it is no trap for him; then he falls upon it, and brings it entire to the ground; then he examines it within and without, above and below, in which operation his beak does him excellent service, like an exciseman's gauge.

And he can be angry, too—fearfully angry; with his hair on end, and his eyes flashing, he can avenge himself for every disrespectful treatment he receives from children or grown-up persons, with the most piercing threats; for he is not a little conceited with his singing abilities. When he is standing outside the gate of his cage, on a small platform, turning his beak to all sides, and begins to pipe, he reminds me of the showman at a fair, who stands outside his booth, blowing his trumpet on all sides, before the representation of a piece, with a 'Now, then, gentlemen, all is ready; walk up. He that is not satisfied, shall have his money returned. Children, half-price.'

When, after his first summer, I took him in his cage out of the bird-chamber into the parlour, it was to him like coming home for the holidays for the first time; and how great was my surprise to hear from him a full orchestra the next morning. The black-bird, thrush, the lark, the titmouse, the chaffinch, he reproduced in an incomparable quodlibet; not in a mere insipid imitation, but in the most delicate and minute variations. However nonchalant, mischievous, and prying he may be, he is always at the same time the best-natured and most agreeable companion; he holds himself, it is true, with a certain sovereign hauteur towards his associates, and assumes a kind of superiority, but he has never, even in the slightest degree, ill-treated the feeblest or the smallest. 'Live and let live,' seems to be his motto. He cedes nothing to his equals; but to the attacks of his inferiors, he is very patient and indulgent: the robin, for instance, frequently snatches a meal-worm away from him, but he seems more astonished at the temerity of the youngster, than angry at his loss.

Some time since, I had a starling and a little white turtle-dove, who lived together as man and wife. Every marriage, even the most happy, has at times its family jars; but it is a fact, whether believed or not, that the wife, the gentle, quiet, turtle-dove, was far more quarrelsome and petulant than her spouse, who exercised great magnanimity towards her, and bore her infirmities with exemplary patience. Oft when he has come to sit confidentially at her side, she has greeted him with an unexpected flap with her wing, which has sent him to the ground; and the cases are very rare in which he has replied to such salutations with a poke in the ribs. However, he was not under petticoat government; by no means. One can scarcely conceive anything more comic, than when he, in a particularly good-humour,

though not very gallant, using the patient sitting dove as his footstool, stood with one foot upon her back, and trumpeted to all the quarters of heaven the praises of his much-enduring better-half; and when she was shaking her head hither and thither, as if to decline the undeserved praise, he whispered her to be quiet till he should please to dismount from his improvised platform. That he had a heart, the following incident will testify.

One day the dove had flown somewhat excitedly out of her cage, and sat down in a corner of the room. She might have sat there a quarter of an hour, with swollen feathers, when the starling got uneasy, and flew down to her. At first, he sought to rouse her from her melancholy by some gentle pushes, and as this did not succeed, then, like a second Job, not, indeed, with his head in the dust, but bent down under his wing, he stood alongside her a great while, and from time to time, addressed her in the softest and kindest plaints of sympathy. He probably would not have survived her death; she has, however, been his widow now a whole year, and has not once grieved over her loss.

The starling I now have is a bachelor; and although with a tongue unsurpassed in address, and in the glittering uniform of his variegated robe, he might have made many respectable matches, he has yet declined doing so: whether it is that he was unwilling to marry out of his family, or that he was terrified at the cares and crosses of matrimony, as he saw them in a pair of thrushes, I know not, but he seems fully resolved to spend his days gaily, and close them in single blessedness.

These thrushes I reared from the nest; and they are a sort of example of how birds of the wood live in the chamber, with their natural life not crushed out of them by their captivity; their married state, if it cannot be held up as a model of what it ought to be, is yet a pretty accurate image of what often is the case in the civilised world. He had whistled to her the tenderest strains, had sung of spring and love, till her foolish heart, caught by the sweet charms of his protestations, believed him, and thought that the golden hours of the first love would remain eternally young. But 'all males are egotists.' Even when they first began to furnish, and she was labouring industriously the whole day upon her dowry, he used to sit idly by, watching her, smoking his straw cigar, or paying his court to others, in trying the bewitching power of his song, and had to be forcibly warned off, and kept to his duty by the black-bird, who seems to play the part of a policeman among the birds. After the young pair had furnished their house, and were established in it—a self-made nest on a branch of the fir-tree—the honeymoon passed off tolerably well; he remained pretty much at home, and peace continued, except now and then a small scene occurred in respect to the cooking, which was not altogether to his mind. Once also, friend starling sneaked into the house, and as the faithful wife gave no heed to his insinuations, he maliciously overthrew her nest for her. After repeated complaints, he was punished, his wings were cut, the police kept an eye upon him, and he was confined to the floor of the room. Domestic jars, however, soon broke out again; the husband was not satisfied with the household arrangements; on these they often differed, and with open bills, and necks outstretched, they used to hurl words of defiance at each other; and very often from words they came to blows, in which the wife, as the weaker combatant, was often worsted, and lost many feathers. But generally the peace-officer, the black-bird, came to the rescue, and without uttering a word, as quick as an arrow, rushed between the combatants, and put the heartless wife-beater to flight.

Greater unity was hoped for when there was a

prospect of the marriage being blessed with children. Four sky-blue eggs, with black spots, and of remarkable beauty, the wife had laid, and she almost grudged the time she spent in getting her food, so eagerly did she sit upon them. But a luckless fate seemed to hover over the house. Scarcely had the faithful mother had a few days of parental bliss, and provided her brood with the best of nourishment, when she was plunged into deep sorrow. Every one of the young birds vanished, one after the other, no one knew how; and the sorrowing look with which the poor mother, standing one day upon the wreck of her blessedness, the empty nest, appealed to me as if to ask assistance in avenging her on the miserable child-murderer, is not to be described. But who had done it? After I had looked a long while in vain all round the chamber for some hole or crevice through which a depredator might have broken through to attack the defenceless, I was obliged to look for the Herod within the precincts of the room. It could only be one of the larger birds, for whom the mother was no match in a fight for her young ones. It could not be the timid quail; just as little could it be the black-bird, the guardian of peace and order: there remained only the starling, and suspicion fell all the more strongly upon him, as he had already made one disturbing inroad upon the peaceful household. He must, therefore, in the growth of his wings, have escaped from his confinement. Somewhat summarily was he, then, in spite of his protestations of innocence, condemned to prison. Well secured by lock and key, he was obliged to look on, while new parent-joys sprang up for the thrushes, which he could not again disturb.

After three weeks, five young necks were stretched out towards the nourishing mother; but the tender cares of a mother's love were once more cut short in the morning of life. On the second day there were only three, and at mid-day only one young one in the nest. Now, I hid myself, and kept watch through a hole in the door, determined not to withdraw till I had found some clue to this strange disappearance of the little ones. And, lo! I had not long to wait, before I saw—what? It was the very father of these birds, who, with unnatural thirst for blood, raged against his own offspring. The father drove the mother, after a hard conflict, from the nest, and before I could come to the rescue, he had strangled and torn the only remaining young one to pieces. It was fortunate that capital punishment had not been introduced into the bird-state, otherwise a judicial murder had been perpetrated upon the poor starling, while now some compensation could be made to the falsely imprisoned one; for before the real culprit could be apprehended, he was at once set free, and, like the Prodigal Son, had a feast prepared for him, consisting of a dozen meal-worms. The child-murderer was, of course, confined in his place in the cell, which only opened when the placable wife, after a few days' mourning for her slain children, again ravished and befooled by his specious promises of repentance and amendment, applied for his release, and sought herself to open the doors of his prison. How he kept his promises, the future will shew.

Among the other birds, also, love played a great part. Two bull-finches sustained the tragedy of the *Bride of Messina* in an imitation but too faithful. One of the duellists was left dead upon the ground; the other, blinded by the wounds he had received, sickened to death; and this after they had been the best of friends, and each had always hastened to help the other in any fray he might be embroiled in with the robin.

The robin, a neat, little, lively creature, was the sauciest rogue in the whole company, and without respect for any, even the greatest, but had managed

to lift himself into a position of undeserved importance. Upon the leaf of the table, where he used to take his food from my hand, durst no other bird shew himself, not even the starling or the black-bird; quick as an arrow, he was at the intruder with his pointed beak; upright as a dart, he drew himself up before him, with a 'Will you go away or not?' Only the wren could rival him in the ease and gracefulness of his flight. He always insisted on his right of primogeniture over his younger brother; though the latter, gentle towards all others, maintained a continual opposition to him. At first, he was always a loser in the fight; but by degrees he became stronger, his powers increased by exercise, and he acquired some amount of toleration from the elder. Like a couple of fighting-cocks, I have often seen them staring at one another with malicious menace; suddenly, with a twitter that sounded like a summons to attack, they fell upon one another, rolled round each other like two butterflies in irritating sport, until one fell to the ground, whereupon the other, with a movement of his neck downwards, and tossing his head aloft as quick as lightning, with his tail spread out in the form of a fan, stood still in his triumph, a real man, as though he would say: 'Come on now, if you have not had enough.' The elder robin is beginning to get old; his head is bald, he hops upon one foot, and he has his favourite spots where he rests or sings. The leaf of the table is his reception-room; whenever I go into the room, he awaits me there, and looks at me with his large cunning eyes, as much as to say: 'You know my favourite dish.' If I hold a meal-worm dangling in the air, without letting a flap of his wing be heard, and without touching my hand, he snaps it off; and with incomprehensible quickness of sight and movement, he anticipates every other bird, when such a worm is thrown to him, snatches the dainty bit from before his mouth, yea, even out of his beak, carries his booty about in triumph for a while, with inimitable grace, as though to shew how sweet stolen fruits are, and then eats it up.

PERILS OF THE BUSH.

THERE are few more interesting scenes, to the lover of the wild and picturesque, than an 'outspan' in the African wilderness. The outspan is the colonial term for the bivouac. It is here that the party of travellers, or hunters, assemble of an evening, partake of their rough fare, and pass the quiet hours of the night.

An outspan is a motley group, for it is usual to find in one company English sportsmen, Dutch farmers, Caffre and Hottentot servants, and half-breeds between these. Of all sizes, colours, and languages are the men of the party. The horses and oxen are either fastened to the wagons, or are allowed to graze near their owners. Dogs of all varieties, whose genealogy would puzzle a canine herald, watch anxiously the culinary proceedings, whilst the white tilted wagons, and two or three tents, make up the exterior of the group.

Even in the far desert of Africa, the difference between man and man is not lost sight of. There is the small shrivelled-up Hottentot serving with all due humility the fat, prosperous, but illiterate Dutch boer. Yonder is the Caffre or Fingoe receiving his directions from a Hottentot. It would be difficult to say how a scale of rank has been thus established, but each individual appears to yield a ready obedience to his almost self-imposed bonds.

We will visit an African outspan, at which a party of hunters are assembled, and hear some of the tales which these men, whose lives have been passed amidst the wildest scenes, may relate. The evening has closed upon the party, who, having feasted upon

their well-earned venison, have assembled in one of their tents, from which the solacing pipe is sending forth its fragrance upon the desert. Only the elite of the party are here assembled; for it would be little short of sacrilege were a 'Totty' or Caffre to presume to enter these sacred precincts, or to join in the conversation of the master. Books are not much read by these Dutch boers, but each individual carries in his head anecdotes sufficient to form an interesting volume of personal adventures. Instead, therefore, of passing their evening in scanning the pages of a book, the hunters or travellers relate those incidents of their lives which may be unknown to the majority of their hearers. A Dutch boer past the middle age shall first tell his tale, to which we will now act the part of relater, as we have more than once acted that of listener.

When I first went into the country near the Bay of Natal, things were very different to what they are now; there were not nearly so many Caffres in the country, and there were no white men except our own party of 'Mensch.'

Game was in plenty; bucks and elands were on the hills where Pietermaritzburg now stands; elephants browsed at Eusdoris; hippopotami swarmed along the banks of the Umganie, and in the Sea-Cow Lake; and many a monster which has now sought more secure retreats, was then to be seen in the neighbourhood of the bay.

I built myself a beehive-shaped hut, like one of the Caffres, on the open ground near the Umbilo, and cultivated a little piece of ground near it; but having a span of five oxen and a wagon, I did not care to remain quiet in one spot. To trek, and to shoot and trek again, was what I always liked. Those men who like being shut up in your houses or towns, scarcely know what it is to live. Give me a fine open plain, a good horse under me, fifty miles of turf all round, and then I feel free.

Well, I had lived about three weeks near the Umbilo, when my Hottentot Plâchè came one day to me in a great fright, and told me that he had seen 'the biggest snake that ever was;' that it had crossed the Umbilo river, and had entered some long reeds about half a mile from my hut. He said that the snake's head was on the land on one side, whilst the tail was on the other side of the Umbilo. Now, this river is not very broad; but if what the man told me were true, the snake must have been over thirty feet in length. I knew that a species of boa-constrictor was to be found about here, for I had shot one sixteen feet long as I was coming from the old colony to the bay.

I did not trouble myself to look after the snake, for there was a large swamp with long reeds extending for more than a mile along the banks of this river, with cover enough to conceal five hundred snakes.

About a month after Plâchè's interview with the boa, there fell a vast quantity of rain, and the river rose and flooded the whole of this swamp. The nearest piece of dry land to the river was the little rising-ground which I had turned over and sowed with mealeas, and on which my hut stood.

One evening, during the time that the flood was out, I came back from shooting just as the sun was setting. I had shot a riet buck which I had found out in the open ground, behind the Berea Bush. Plâchè was with me, and I left him and a Caffre to bring in the buck, whilst I returned home, alone, to prepare a fire, and get ready the cooking-pots.

I noticed that the water was very high, and had not left more than a hundred yards clear round my hut, which was, however, still some ten or twelve feet above the level of the flood. I placed my gun

outside, against the hut, and crawled into the doorway of the kraal. You must know that the only light that enters these buildings is by the doorway, so when I blocked up this, the only aperture, the interior was rather dark. I knew that my flint and steel-box were stuck up in the thatch of the roof, and these I could use to obtain a light, in case the embers were not smouldering in the centre of the hut, where I usually maintained a fire.

I could not see a sign of a spark amongst the ashes, when I first entered the hut; and as the evening was closing in, I thought I might have difficulty in making a fire, as the dew was so heavy that all the wood became damp, even inside the hut; so I lay down, and blew amongst the white-wood ashes, to try and rouse a flame.

Whilst I was thus occupied, I fancied that I heard something move amongst the blankets that lay by the side of the hut. I looked at the spot, and there, to my astonishment, saw a gigantic snake, which appeared nearly as large round as my body. The animal was coiled up amongst my bedding, but had about three feet, head and neck, stretched out and pointed at me—its forked tongue now and again shooting out some inch or two from its mouth.

The instant that I saw the monster, I jumped on to my feet, and looked round for a weapon, but there was not one at hand. My gun I had placed outside; my large knife I had left with Plâchè, to enable him to cut up the buck, and, in fact, I was unarmed. A cold shudder came over me when I realised the state of affairs; the door of the hut was only two feet high, and to escape, therefore, I must crawl out, and I felt certain that if I stooped down, the snake would instantly dart at me.

I was not at all aware what power these snakes might possess; I had heard that they could kill nearly full-grown calves, and could crush and swallow a buck; and therefore, I believed a monster like this would make short work of me. I might fight and struggle, but, unarmed, what could I do?

How long I stood looking at the snake, I do not know, but it could not have been many seconds, although the time appeared minutes; suddenly I remembered that my Caffre had, a few days before, asked me to allow him to place an assagai in my hut, because the night-dew caused the blade to rust when the weapon was exposed. Here, then, was a hope for me, for I knew that the man had not taken away the assagai with him.

I scarcely dared take my eyes off the snake, lest the brute should dart at me; but giving a glance round the upper part of the hut, I saw the handle of the assagai protruding from the thatch, and nearly within reach of me. Something seemed to tell me that the instant I moved, the snake would spring at me. I, however, raised my hand and arm very slowly towards the assagai, and at length, by bending over a little, managed to grasp the handle. As I did so, the snake, which had gradually uncoiled during my movements, darted towards me. I jumped aside, and pulled out the broad-bladed assagai, which had been sharpened to the keenness of a razor; but the snake moved like lightning, and although he had missed me in his first dart, he recovered himself instantly, and sprung at me again. Before I could make a cut at him, his teeth caught in my leather trousers, and he thus obtained a strong hold, and with a pull as sudden as his lunge, he dragged my feet from under me, and brought me to the ground; a big fold of his body rolled over his head, and fell upon my legs, which it weighed to the ground as if a loaded wagon were on them.

He managed all this in a very short time; but I was not idle, for I knew that if he could once manage to press down my chest, or my arms, he might kill me.

Now, the feeling that first came upon me was certainly not a pleasant one, because I was without a weapon; but as soon as I grasped the assagai I knew that I was safe; consequently, when he really attacked me, I felt as though it were a piece of impudence on his part, for I never expected the affair would have been as dangerous to me as it proved to be. These things take some time to tell, but they do not take long to happen, and a struggle for life or death is frequently decided in half a minute. So it was with me. The instant the snake's body came over on my legs, I twisted round, and sliced it with the assagai. I gave two terrible gashes, and the monster, releasing its hold of my leathers, sprung at my face. I raised my arm instinctively to protect myself, which saved me from being bitten; but I was knocked down flat, and the brute was again on me; but this time I caught him by the neck with my left hand, and in an instant had nearly severed his head with the assagai. I scrambled away from the monster, which was writhing about in its agony, and escaped from the hut. Then I began to examine how I had fared in the fight. To my surprise, I found that a few deep scratches near the ankle, and a bite near the wrist, neither of which was of very great importance, were all the wounds which I had sustained. For some days afterwards, however, I suffered a great deal of pain in the legs, where the snake had pressed me.

I do not think that I should have escaped to tell this tale, if I had not found the assagai, as the boa, although unwilling to attack you when he is in the open country, is pugnacious enough when shut up with you in a circular hut about eight feet in diameter.

We soon hauled the snake from the hut, when my Hottentot arrived, and found it to measure twenty-eight feet in length, and nearly a foot in diameter in the thickest part. The Hottentot thought it must be that which he had seen, as its markings appeared the same. It was evident that the floods had driven the snake from its usual concealment in the reeds, and the animal finding a warm hut, in which were blankets and the remains of a fire, had taken up its position without ceremony, and had been probably much irritated at my sudden intrusion upon him. I never wish to have such another battle, for although I should not be afraid of the result, still the thoughts which come upon us afterwards are not pleasant. Man has an instinctive horror of serpents, and when I dreamed, for many a night afterwards, it was usually about a snake, or some other horrid reptile, which had hold of me.

'Ah!' says another of the party, 'these sort of fights are not pleasant; but your case would have been worse, if your visitor had been a four-foot cobra or puff-adder, instead of an eight-and-twenty foot boa-constrictor. It is not the biggest creatures that are always the most dangerous. It's the vice of some of them that does the mischief. As it is with animals, so it is with men—the biggest are not always the most dangerous. Jan there, who takes his brandywyn so quietly, is more dangerous than Karl beside him, although Jan is small, and Karl very big.'

At this sally, 'Jan,' a small, compact, dark-eyed Dutchman, with a long black beard, and sharp twinkling eyes, attracts the attention of the party. Jan is a celebrated hunter, before whom Caffres and Bushmen, elephants, lions, and other *feræ* have bowed and yielded their lives. Many a wondrous tale can Jan tell, and yet avoid drawing upon his imagination. Thirty years of a desert-life have not been passed without a variety of incidents and of hairbreadth escapes which appear marvellous to the denizens of civilised countries, but which are by no means unusual amidst the wilds of South Africa,

where the savage nature of man is too frequently left without control and where the strong arm and the ready spear often raise a man from the lowest to the highest grades amongst his fellows.

The Dutch boers have been the pioneers of civilisation in that country, and have often had to combat against the ferocious biped and quadruped, before they could even rest upon the land which they had purchased. It must be owned that these men were not unfitted for their work; hardy and bold, they stood not for trifles; were the disputants lions or savages, it mattered not much—the first were slain as wild beasts, which must be got rid of; the second would be shot in self-defence, or as a warning to others; or all for the glory of God. In the earlier days, the savages paid no great respect to treaties, and liked the music which an assagai made when insinuated between a white man's ribs.

Jan shall now tell one of his adventures.

'When we are young, we have many treats before us, for there are plenty of amusements of all sorts to which to look forward. When we get older, we tire of these, and want change. Too much of the same thing does not do. Now, I always think that the first time that we do anything is that which is always the most strongly impressed upon our memory, whether it be getting on a horse, driving a team of oxen, firing off a gun, killing a buck, fighting an elephant, or any other performance.

'Now, as many of you who know me are aware, I have done some one or two acts that men may be proud of. In my house there are the tails of two hundred bull elephants, all shot by my own gun, discharged from my own shoulder; ten lion-skins, each with but one bullet-hole in it; and if I had taken all the skins and all the tails that I had assisted to deprive the owners of, I might have possessed ten times ten. But never mind that, I will tell you now of the first time that I was ever in battle.'

'You have not yet told us half that you have done,' remarks one of the party; 'tell us what all these little crosses on your gun-stock mean.'

'These,' says the first speaker, 'are for Caffres—some Amakosas, some Zooloo, some Matabili.'

'What are the larger crosses?' asks the inquirer.

'There are three of them; these, and I am not ashamed to own it, are for Englishmen.'

'What!' asks one of the English visitors, 'are those marks to indicate the men you have killed? Why, there are three or four dozen small crosses, and three large.'

'Ja, there are fifty-two small crosses and three large, that is, with this roer. I've another with a few more on it, but they are only Bushmen and frontier Caffres—skulkers, they are. But all here are warriors, fighting-men, killed with their faces towards me, and many of them shot when so near to me, that it was either my life or theirs. Oh, we have led a hard life in the plains, and have had to maintain our grounds by the strength of our arms, and the accuracy of our aim. What your father left you, wasn't yours, without you were able to pull your trigger against those who tried to snatch your property from you; but quieter times are now coming, I hope.

'But now, to give you an account of my first battle, which I was led to fight as follows:

'I was living with my father over on the west side of the mountains, when we received the intelligence of the massacre of Retief and his party by the Zooloos, and also of the slaughter of the wives and children who were found unprotected around the Bay of Natal.

'Messengers were sent to all the Mensch about us to ask that we would assemble and revenge the murder of our friends and connections. Nearly every man amongst us, whether old or young, responded to the

call, and we assembled to the number of about three hundred and eighty, under Piet Uya.

'Dividing our force into two parties, we advanced against the enemy, and opened fire upon them. When we had penetrated some distance up the defile on each side of which the Zooloos, some eight thousand strong, had stationed themselves, we heard a noise, which came from behind us, and we then saw that a body of nearly a thousand picked men, who had been lying in ambush, had now cut off our retreat, and were closing in upon us. There was something awful in the sight of these savages, stained as they were with the blood of hundreds of our connections or friends. The training which the men had received now told to advantage, for they came on at a steady run, shoulder to shoulder, and three deep, brandishing their assagais, beating their large black and white ox-hide shields, and singing their war-songs. One of our divisions, under Potgeiter, was at once thrown into confusion, for the horses became frightened and unmanageable, in consequence of the noise and the appearance of the Zooloos. The other division under Uys thus had to sustain the shock of the charge, whilst at the same time the enemy who had been on the hills closed in on both sides. A heavy fire was kept up by all of us, and the Zooloos fell fast all around us. As we mowed down one line of them, more charged up in their place; and if by chance any of our party became separated from the main body, these stragglers were at once surrounded, some of the Zooloos actually clinging to the legs of the horses, and holding on even in their death-struggles, whilst others dragged the rider to the ground, and stabbed him with their broad-bladed spears. It was a fearful sight, and on me, who had never before seen a man shot dead, the effect was still more powerful than on those who had witnessed such scenes many times, for amongst our band were boers who had fought several times with Moselekatsé's warriors; but none, they afterwards told me, ever equalled these Zooloos in determination and fierceness. We shot them down by hundreds, but more came up immediately in their places. Our chief, Uys, was surrounded and killed, and several others of our party; and now our only endeavour was to force our way through the enemy's ranks, and effect our escape: we therefore advanced quickly upon the rear division, fired a volley, and then charged at the opening which our bullets had made for us. It was not without the loss of several lives that we escaped from our dangerous position, for the warriors did not give way, and our road was made over the bodies of the slain or wounded. Many of the latter caught hold of the horses' legs as the animals passed near them, and thus prevented the riders from escaping. When the country became more open, our party was able to manœuvre better, and then, although the horses were nearly knocked up, the Zooloos were allowed to come within a convenient distance, when the boers fired a volley, and galloped away to load. This proceeding soon stopped the pursuit of the black warriors, who returned to their stronghold, after having received two or three volleys, and having suffered severely thereby.

'This was the general outline of the battle; but now I will tell you my part in the performance. When we charged through the ranks of the Zooloos, I happened to be on the outside of the line, what the Rodiebashes call "a flanker," consequently, I was more exposed than those who were nearer the middle of our line. We dashed along at full gallop, and pretended that we were going to fire every moment, but our guns were not reloaded; this, however, the Caffres did not know. As we passed amongst the thickest of the enemy, half-a-dozen men rushed at me, but only two were able to reach me. One of them threw his

spear, and wounded me in the thigh; the other slashed my horse, and nearly hamstringed him. Before we had journeyed half a mile, I found that I should soon have to stop, for my horse bled freely, and could scarcely canter. It was an awful thought to think that I might fall into the hands of these blood-thirsty savages; but there appeared to be no other result likely to happen, for in a few minutes my horse sunk under me, and I then saw that he had received two or three stabs in the belly, probably from the spears of those wounded men over whom we had ridden. I called to some of the Mensch who were near, and asked them to stay with me, but a panic appeared to have seized upon them, and they either did not hear, or did not heed. Knowing the danger of remaining in the open part, I ran along beside some bushes, until I found a thick forest of thorns; into this I dashed, and having found a quiet, dark corner, I stopped to consider what I should do. The prospect before me was not cheering, for I was fully sixty miles from the bay, and I had no doubt that my party would not halt until they reached this spot, and also that the country between would be overrun by the Zooloos. First, I thought of lying concealed until night, and then attempting part of the journey; but the improbability of finding my way through the bush, and the certainty of being discovered and captured by the Caffres if I followed the beaten foot-paths by which we had entered the country, soon caused me to relinquish this idea.

'I was in a very excited state when I thought over my difficulties, and could not resist the wish to peep out on the open country; so I crept to the edge of the bush, and looked all round. At first, all appeared quiet, and no person could be seen; but shortly after, I saw, at about a quarter of a mile from me, three Zooloos, one of whom was leading a horse. They were walking slowly, and appeared to be describing one to the other their respective performances. A thought at once entered my head, and set me planning. In the country between me and the Caffres were several clumps of bush, and I at once determined to risk an attack upon these men, and to endeavour to capture the horse.

'The plan was a dangerous one, but my case was desperate. Even if I did gain a victory, and possess myself of the horse, there was still no very great chance of escape, for I must pass alone over many miles of country in which strong parties of the victorious Zooloos were sure to be on the lookout for stragglers; still there is such a feeling of strength comes over us when we are mounted on a good horse, and I saw at once that this was the *schimmel* of one of our men who had been killed early in the day.

'There is something in my constitution—I do not like to call it courage—that makes me, when I am in positions of great danger, become very calm and calculating. Some other men I have found affected in a similar manner, whilst others become nervous or imprudent.

'When the thought struck me to attack these men, I made all my plans in an instant. I saw that they were approaching some rather tall trees, which appeared near a river, and between me and this river the cover was tolerably good. I waited until the party were hidden from view, and then ran towards them.

'I looked about me, and fully expected to see a party of Zooloos chasing me, but no man was near. I could hear the shrieks of women in the distance, probably over the bodies of the slain on the battlefield, but fortunately for me, every one appeared too busy elsewhere to be examining this part of the field. Twice I dropped on to the ground, as the Caffres crossed a little open patch of grass, and once I

crouched behind some bushes, and feared that all was lost, for the horse recognised my dress, pricked up his ears, and turned his head to look at me. I was scarcely two hundred yards distant then; and had the Caffres known the nature of a horse, or had they not been so much occupied in talking, my surprise, which I knew would be half the battle, would have failed. Again they passed between thick bushes, and again I ran on. I passed them at about a hundred yards' distance, but well concealed, and pushed on in advance, and lay down near the stream, at about thirty paces from the path.

'I was very hot, and my hands were shaking with excitement, for the struggle would now take place in a few seconds. I cocked my roer—fortunately, it had two barrels—and waited. On they came; I could hear their voices, then their footsteps, and at length they stood within forty paces of me. I allowed them to advance a few paces, then took aim at the man who led the horse, fired, and saw him instantly fall to the ground. I then covered the second Caffre, and dropped him.

'Now, if the third man had known that I possessed no weapon other than an empty gun, which I did not like to stay to load, he would probably have closed with me, and stabbed me with his assegai. I knew that if I shewed a sign of fear, he might suspect that my gun had power to throw two shots only, but I knew that these Caffres possessed such a slight knowledge of firearms, that they were not certain how many times we could fire without loading; so, instantly after firing, I jumped from my concealment, and pointed my gun at the remaining Caffre. He did not stop for inquiry, but jumped about from side to side like a Duiker, and rushed down the path up which he had just come.

'Having got rid of these men, I knew that only a small part of my work was done, for I was not certain that the horse would allow me to catch him; and if he were to gallop off, or shew himself shy, I should be in a more awkward position than before, because now the Zooloos knew that there was a dismounted white man near them, whom they could easily surround and kill. I knew that the only plan to adopt to catch the horse was to approach him very slowly, so as not to cause any alarm, and this was the most trying work for my patience that I ever had to do. Each minute was now of importance. The report of my gun must have alarmed the men at the village; the Caffre who had escaped would inform them of my solitary position, even a delay of a few seconds might cause me to be unmercifully tortured, and then slaughtered, and yet I knew that hurry might spoil all.

'When the Caffre who was leading the horse fell to the ground, the animal trotted off to about fifty yards' distance, and commenced grazing. When I approached him, he lifted his head, and moved slowly away from me. I stopped instantly, and walked round so as to appear by no means anxious to catch him. After two or three times walking round him, each time getting nearer, I at length ventured on approaching him.

'Now, I had often noticed that if you went up to a horse very slowly, and continued saying: "Ah, now, good horse," and all that, the animal usually appeared to suspect you meant some mischief, and would move off; so, trusting that the schimmel was a good shooting horse, I loaded my gun nearly close to him, and then walked straight towards him, as though we were old friends, taking care to advance from the left side. To my joy and delight, he raised his head from feeding, but stood perfectly quiet. I seized the bridle, jumped on his back, and, with a hearty "trek," galloped off.

'Whilst I was loading my gun, I could hear the

conversation of some Zooloos in the distance: these men were shouting to one another from the hill-tops, and I knew that this would entail hard riding and a watchful eye, to enable me to escape from the parties which were already out endeavouring to secure possession of all the crossings of the rivers; whilst the less fleet of foot would watch me from the hill-tops; but now, on the back of a horse, I felt safe. The schimmel galloped strong, and felt like iron under me, and I had soon passed over three or four miles; but now I had a bad piece of bush to pass through, and I suspected that the enemy were there in wait for me.

'When within about a quarter of a mile of the bush, which I saw was only about a hundred yards in extent, I pulled up, as though to look about me, but, in reality, to note if any path other than that by which I was approaching led through the bushes. I saw another some distance to the left; so I rode down towards this, as though I purposed passing through over this path. My plan succeeded, for I instantly saw several black heads moving along very quickly, from near the path where I appeared to be going, to that by which my passage was now expected.

'I rode on very slowly, and as though I had seen nothing; but when I approached within about fifty yards of the dense bush, I turned my horse, and rode full gallop towards the other pathway, and dashed through the bushes, fortunately without interruption. A savage yell, from at least fifty disappointed Zooloos, greeted me, when I appeared on the other side; for I had drawn their ambushade from the one pathway to the other, and thus escaped. I rode hard for the next two hours, but did not see another friend or foe, until I came up with the party of Mensch, who were hastening down to the bay to save what they could, either by trekking or going on board a ship; for we knew that the Zooloos would be down upon us in a couple of days at farthest.

'I have been in many a sharp and hard fight since that day, and some not the most pleasant to look back upon; but, as I told you at the commencement, the first battle, like the first of everything, is that which we remember the best, and so I can recall every circumstance attending my first fight, and am thus able to tell all that happened, without forgetting one incident, or even the feelings which I then experienced.'

NAIADS OF THE SEINE.

I NEVER could understand how it happens that among French ladies, who have, as a rule, a dread and horror of those ablutions, partial or entire, to which every English woman is accustomed, should be found expert and habitual swimmers; but so it is.

French people do not know the value of either plain wholesome food, out-of-door exercise, a free circulation of air, or the free use of cold water, as preservatives of health. Paris, moreover, is ill supplied with the last-mentioned element: a few conduits are seen here and there, but there is no general provision for furnishing water to houses, much less to apartments; hence it is a luxury, being purchased from the water-carriers, who perambulate the streets with casks full of 'Eau de Seine,' which they retail at two sous (or one penny) a pail; not too much, when we consider that they are often called upon to mount five or six flights of stairs with a heavy pail depending from either end of the yoke on their shoulders, to fill the kitchen fountain, the only receptacle for water provided in the majority of Parisian houses.

I know many ladies who would on no account 'wash their faces,' as we understand the term. The end of a towel dipped in water, stretched over the tips of the fingers, and thus passed over the face,

suffices for some; others think that a bit of cotton dipped in a quarter of a tea-saucerful of equal parts of spirits of wine and water, or of brandy and water, is a very good contrivance for cleansing and improving the skin; others, again, consider a morsel of flannel indued with 'cold cream,' and smeared over the face, as a sure method of arriving at the desired result. Warm water is patronised by a few.* But when we English tell the women of Paris that the freshness and bloom of our English complexion is preserved by the healthful and copious application of cold water, they laugh outright, saying they see we will not tell our little secret.

In striking contrast to the ladies who follow these and similar devices, are those who disport in the river like amphibious creatures.

Quarnier's *Ecole de Natation pour Dames* (Swimming-school for Ladies) opens in the month of May, and it is difficult to imagine a more novel or prettier scene than it presents on a warm afternoon, for even the swimmers eschew the water at an early hour of the day; it must have been well warmed by the sun to please them.

Neither at concert, race, nor ball in Paris have I beheld so many beautiful faces as at this school; one reason perhaps being, that many girls, from ten to fifteen, are visitors to the bath, who are excluded, by their age, from sharing in public amusements.

The young ladies of the 'Noble Faubourg,'† the daughters of the wealthy 'financiers,' the families attached to the emperor, all meet here with the same intention—namely, to swim; and all who are able, gambol, race, and laugh in the water, forgetful of party and social distinctions. The costume is generally of some dark material, gaily trimmed with red or blue worsted binding, which does not lose its colour. The upper part of the dress resembles a boy's blouse; the lower, a pair of trousers. It is all in one, and a tunic is sewn to the waist, and falls to the knee. Some of the girls go in without any kind of head-dress beyond their own fine hair, neatly plaited; others wear nets of gay colours, or a slight-netted scarlet or blue scarf gracefully arranged. The greater part of the swimmers are, as we have intimated, young; but ladies of all ages and sizes swim in the bath, which it is time we described.

It presents to the eye a basin about 150 or 160 feet long, and about 25 or 30 feet broad, surrounded by a broad platform, enclosed by the dressing-rooms, and screened alike from the sun and from public observation by an awning stretched over all. The bottom of the boat is an inclined plane, not more than 2 feet below the surface of the water at one end, but 12 or 13 feet below its level at the other. The bed of the river is artificially deepened, so as to allow the bath to rise and fall according to the quantity of water. The machine is so arranged that the powerful current of the Seine rushes through it; it is, in fact, a large cage sunk to the required depth.

* Infants and children do not fare much better in this respect than their parents. I have often been present at the washing and dressing of a fine baby, say of three or four months old: a small vessel containing a very limited quantity of warm water, and a bit of sponge, is all that is employed in place of the ample bath, common among us. In vain you expatiate on the benefits of the English system, and suggest that the child should be immersed daily; beginning with warm water, and gradually lowering the temperature, so as to reach cold in the course of a week. O no! mamma says she does not wish to bring her child up 'à l'Anglaise.'

Mamma and children profit at rare intervals by the numerous and cheap warm-baths; in these they have no objection to remain for an hour at a time, either at the public establishments or at their own houses, where the expense of the bath itself, the hot water to fill it, and the labour of the men who bring it and take it away, is covered by the small sum of from thirty to thirty-five sous—fifteen to eighteen pence in the rich neighbourhoods, and about half that price in a poor one.

† The Faubourg St Germain.

That part of the basin which is from four to five feet deep is crossed by a bridge; and the smaller portion thus indicated is used by those who wish to bathe only, or who are not sufficiently good swimmers to exercise, as yet, in the larger one. A flight of steps leads down to the shallow end of the basin, for the convenience of those who like to walk in; other flights go down on each side of the bridge, for the use of those who know just enough of swimming to give the few strokes necessary to take them a little way down the smaller basin, or across it.

But the large basin is the centre of attraction. At the end where the water is deepest, flights of steps lead down for those who like to swim smoothly and quietly off; but far the greater number prefer leaping in, either from the platform, or from the little fanciful construction, half arch, half temple, raised at the end of it, and which gives a descent any height you please—between ten and twenty feet—to the surface of the water.

Fearless, gay, and graceful, they plunge beneath the flood to reappear almost instantly, gliding down the stream without any apparent effort; floating, swimming on the back, &c., vary the amusements, which more than a hundred ladies may sometimes be seen sharing together, their evolutions being watched and stimulated by as many lookers-on—their mothers and female friends, who are seated around. But, alas! swimming is like every other acquirement—before the art is mastered, some disagreeable training must be gone through; many a gasp must be given, many a splashing and floundering enacted by the neophyte, in the small basin, before she is qualified to attempt a performance in the large one.

Little did I think, when I inscribed myself on M. Quarnier's list, that I should be hung on a hook at the end of a line, and then thrown into the water with directions to imitate a frog to the best of my ability; but it was even so.

I had never seen swimmers except at a respectful distance, and fancied their heads were kept above water by some fin-like movement of the limbs, which movement the swimming-master would jump into the water and teach me in a minute, just keeping me by his side, and supporting me a little at first.

The plan followed I found to be this: the stranger being duly invested with the *costume de bain* (swimming-dress), is informed that there are three movements, afterwards condensed into two, that when the arms are stretched forward and outward, the legs must be closed and drawn up, and *vice versa*. The movements of the *maître nageur* (swimming-master) cannot fully realise this on dry land; so he puts a broad girdle round your waist, and by means of a hook and line, drops you gently on to the surface of the water, in order that you may carry the theory into practice.

O dear, how helpless you feel!—how you wish you had never thought of learning to swim! But you are ashamed to say so; you know you cannot be drowned; the man adjusts his line so nicely to the level of the water, you feel quite sure of that; so he counts 'One, two, three,' and you perform Froggy awkwardly enough, putting out your hands when you ought to keep them in, stretching your arms forward when they ought to be close to your body, kicking in anything but measured cadence, bobbing under water, and getting a good mouthful, notwithstanding you, silly creature, stiffen your neck, and try to keep your head up by that means. Thus ends the first lesson. When you come out of the water, they tell you, if you should feel a little stiff next day, not to mind it, and that the only way to get rid of the inconvenience is to take a lesson the next day, and the next. A little stiff? Your neck and shoulders ache again—nothing for it but to recommence the exercise of yesterday. You feel less tired

this time, when you come out of the water, and have comforted yourself less clumsily when in it. In fact, after three or four lessons, you are handed down the steps on that side of the bridge where the water is four feet six inches deep; the swimming-master holds a long rope in the water at the distance of three or four feet from you, and requests you to make the movements you have been taught. If they do not enable you to clear the distance between you and the pole, he hastens to advance it to you. You return to the steps, try again; and as soon as you can manage a short distance, the pole is held further from you; till, after two or three lessons more, you swim off from the steps at the end, where the water is deepest, the man on the platform preceding you with a pole as you attempt to make your way down the large basin. When you can go no further, you grasp the pole, and are gently drawn through the water back to the steps, to renew your efforts.

When the pupil can accomplish the whole length of the great basin under the eye of the master, she is left to perfect herself in the smaller one, where there is no danger. And when she feels she can rely on her powers, she returns to the great bath, where her first essays are made easy by the assistance of a ledge for the feet which surrounds the bath at a depth of about three feet below the surface, and which being surmounted by a rail a little above the water's edge, permits the swimmers to take rest at any point. This large basin is constantly watched either by Quarnier himself or by the swimming-master; these are the only individuals of the male sex ever present. Madame Quarnier is, as may be expected, a perfect swimmer, and takes an active interest in all the proceedings.

THE PORTRAIT OF A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.*

It is quite in vain that critics and readers both constantly repeat that the biography of a man of letters is almost always uneventful and unentertaining, and that we can hardly expect it to be otherwise. Whatever we expect, or have any just cause for expecting, there is, and always will be, an incurable curiosity to know something of *the man*, wherever the *writer* has succeeded in interesting us.

Other great men, the great captain, the great statesman, write their lives in their deeds; the very career which ennobles and distinguishes them, is also their biography. We see them in their actions. Their lives, too, are written in the history of their country; they hardly need a separate memorial. With the man of letters, it is otherwise. He has written a book, and put it there on the desk before us. The hand that placed it is unseen. He has revealed himself to us by his thoughts only; unless some friend will tell us, we can know nothing of his destiny. We have in him an object of esteem, perhaps of some degree of veneration, and yet our hero remains, even to the mind's eye, obstinately invisible. We desire that he should take human form, and be seen like the rest of us, moving amongst the realities of everyday-life. Under what circumstances had he those thoughts which have so interested us? He was not thinker only; he, too, suffered and enjoyed before he passed away. 'How lived, how loved, how died he?' It may be a common-place story, but in this instance we must have the common-place.

Mr Burgon is the very friend we would, if we

might, have chosen to tell us about the inner and outer life of such a man as Patrick Fraser Tytler. There is throughout the work a tone of delicate and discriminating appreciation of moral graces as well as virtues; there is also a something of old-world simplicity and loyalty pervading the volume, from its dedication to its close, of chivalry formal, indeed, but lofty and tender, which is in excellent keeping with the character portrayed. Mr Burgon has also been fortunate in receiving most able co-operation. The details given of Mr Tytler's youth, as well as some relating to his London life, are put together by his sister's graceful and practised pen—the pen to which our children owe so many pleasant hours.

Patrick Fraser Tytler had a hereditary claim, it would appear, upon talent and goodness: his grandfather and father were both eminent for these. The former was William Tytler, the well-known defender of Mary Stuart. His *Inquiry into the Evidence against the Queen of Scots* was declared at the time to have formed an era in literary history; was reviewed by Dr Johnson, lauded by Lord Hardwicke, and chafed at by David Hume, who appears to have departed on this occasion from his usual mildness towards literary opponents. But in this case, what the man *was* has more permanent interest than what the writer *did*. In his healthy nature, fervent affections and love of harmless frolic lasted unimpaired till the age of fourscore. At seventy-five, we find him writing of the wife he had lost two years before, as fondly as he might have done fifty years back: 'She is the first idea that strikes my waking thought in the morning, and the last that forsakes it in sleep.' Truly, a glorious old grandfather for any man to have had. Patrick Tytler's father, too, Lord Woodhouselee, was equally distinguished for talents, culture, and domestic perfection—the word is not too strong. Nothing can be more attractive than the picture given of the scientific lawyer, the learned Professor of Universal History, the popular author at his own home, and surrounded by his family. 'My dear father,' writes his daughter Ann, 'when did he ever find out a fault in any of his children? We were all perfection with him, yet we were a wild unruly set; we scrambled into a sort of uncertain education, I scarce know how. My dear mother in vain endeavoured to check my father's unlimited indulgence. "I do it on principle," he would say; "I know they are the kind of children with whom it will answer best." And it did answer marvellously well, as it always will when "done on principle," not from indolence or mere impulse; when, consequently, it is steady and constant, to be leaned on confidently, not fitful and uncertain, to be taken advantage of while it lasts. Miss Ann Tytler gives us many a charming peep into social life at Woodhouselee. Walter Scott, most lovable of all the sons of genius, came often there for many days at a time. 'It was a beautiful feature in his character that he required no audience of the learned or the great to draw out the charm of his conversation; he seemed in his element equally with old and young.' What walks they had with him in the mornings! up towards the green hill of Castlelaw, with Carnethy rising behind. There 'he would begin his delightful stories. Sometimes they were legends of the old Covenanters; for at no great distance from where we were seated, had been discovered several Covenanters' graves; and a report was current in our village that on one day a funeral-procession by torch-light had been seen slowly wending their way amongst the hills towards this ancient burial-place—no one knowing whence they came.'

Could anything be better than such mornings as these? Yes; still more delectable the thrill of 'the ghost-stories of the autumn evenings, when we used to entreat my father not to ring for candles after

* *Memoirs of Patrick Fraser Tytler, author of the History of Scotland.* By his friend, the Rev. John W. Burgon, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College. Published by John Murray.

dinner; but drawing round the clear wood-fire, we listened with such excited feelings of terror and of awe, that very soon, for any of us to have moved to ring a bell would have been impossible. How could we dare to doubt the truth of every word, having ourselves our own legitimate ghost to be believed in, celebrated by Walter Scott himself in one of his ballads, "To Auchindinn's hazel shade and haunted Woodhouselee?" How indeed? There was the 'big bedroom' with tapestry hangings, and 'a mysterious-looking, small, and very old door,' from which, as might be expected, 'the ghost was wont to issue.' An old nurse, who, with a young daughter, Betty, 'took charge of the house during the winter,' had faced the haunting vision—Lady Anne Bothwell—so often, that familiarity had bred contempt. "'Deed," she would say to her young auditors, "I hae seen her times out o' number, but I am in no ways feared. I ken weel she canna gang beyond her commission. But there's that silly, feckless thing, Betty; she met her in the lang passage ae night in the winter-time, and she had nae a drap o' bluid in her face for a fortnight after. She says Lady Anne came sae near her, she could see her dress quite weel. It was a Manchester muslin with a wee flower."'

In the early days of his married life, Walter Scott was not only, as we have seen, a frequent visitor, but a near neighbour; his pretty cottage at Lasswade, with 'but one good sitting-room,' yet 'every appearance of taste and cultivation,' being within a walk of Woodhouselee. Thither, too, came Dugald Stewart, 'no deep philosopher to the younger branches of the family;' Henry Mackenzie, not so thoroughly the 'man of feeling' as, indeed, to shrink from the excitement of, or fail to find 'intense enjoyment' in, a cock-fight, but kind-hearted, and always a friend at need; Sir James Mackintosh, who was related to Mrs Tytler; Leyden, the insatiate student and marvellous orientalist; Lord Jeffrey, with his brilliant conversation; and best and brightest of all possible guests, Sydney Smith, with his 'straightforward, generous, benevolent character and sparkling wit.' It is pleasant to read how that, on a stormy evening at Woodhouselee, when rattling windows interrupted the conversation, Sydney Smith, ready-handed as he was ready-minded, asked for knife, screw, and a bit of wood, that he might 'cure it in a moment;' how that the little bit of wood was christened Sydney's button; and how that, after a lapse of fifty years, with their vicissitudes of paper and paint, 'amidst all the changes of masters, time, and taste,' Sydney's button has ever been respectfully preserved. It was amid this charmed circle of the good and gifted, that Patrick Fraser's childhood and youth were passed. He was born in Princes Street, Edinburgh, in 1791, and educated first at a lady's reading-school close at hand, and then at the High School, where he was more beloved by his school-fellows than distinguished in his class. Those were exciting days for school-boys. There was a long-standing feud between the High School and the University, which now and then reached a height at which a *bicker* became necessary. The parties were 'drawn out in battle-array, facing each other, each with a mountain of small stones by their side, which they hurled without mercy at the heads of their enemies, till one or other gave in.' Into these strifes, Patrick Tytler, gentle as he was, would throw himself, heart and soul; his sister remembers his 'darting into the room one day with his face all bruised and streaming with blood, exclaiming: "Wash my face; quick, quick—put a cold key down my back, and let me out again to the bicker."'

Lord Woodhouselee was too sensible to be wroth about a boy like this—gentle and brave, to be happiest of all combinations—merely because he did not head his class. He declared that Patrick was 'a

wonderful boy'—pointed, in confirmation of his paternal estimate, to the expression of countenance with which he listened to conversation far beyond his years, and prophesied that, despite his preference for 'amusing stories' above 'improving books,' he would 'read grave enough books by and by.'

But, indeed, Patrick's 'amusing stories' appear to have been 'improving' too; and it is pleasant to think of the boy stretched on the library carpet with Percy's *Reliques*, the *Fairy Queen*, the *Arabian Nights*, Shakspeare, which he knew by heart, and chief favourite of the embryo historian, De Salis's *History of the Moors*, 'a very old-looking book, a thin quarto, in very large print, which he had poked out from some odd corner in the book-case.' We do not wonder that when, in 1808, young Tytler was sent from the freedom of his happy home to a school near London, he 'should have had a hard battle to fight with his home feelings.' However, this was, according to his own account, the turning-point of his life; he became a most assiduous student. 'What should I not do to please such a father?' he writes. Greek he soon feared he should be only too fond of, and every leisure hour was devoted to English reading, especially to history. 'In September 1809,' writes his sister Ann, 'he returned to us again—a joyful day for all; yet soon after his arrival, we missed his youngest sister from the room, and found her weeping. "What! in tears," we said, "and our Patrick returned to us again; and is he not delightful?" "O yes, yes," she answered; "he is delightful, but he speaks English."'

There were other changes too—a 'touch of seriousness,' signs of an over-anxious temper—of a scrupulousness which he himself called 'worretting;' in short, 'the only fear now was that he should study too hard.' For the next three years he lived at home, attending classes at the college, diligently preparing for them, and enjoying the closest and happiest companionship with his beloved father.

Lord Woodhouselee had been an invalid for some years; but his mind was bright as ever, and his sufferings were borne with so calm, nay, cheerful a resignation, that when, in 1813, the end suddenly came, the loss to his family was inexpressible and abidingly felt. Not to quote the fervent language of his early sorrow, six years after we find Tytler writing of his own bereavement thus: 'My heart must cease to beat, my memory become a blank, my affections wither, and my whole being change, before the love and goodness of my father, and the uninterrupted happiness of our life when he dwelt surrounded by his family in this earthly paradise, shall fade from my recollection.' But to return to 1813. Patrick Tytler's studies had for some time past taken a legal direction, and in this year he was admitted into the Faculty of Advocates. The following spring, accompanied by three intimate friends, he went off to Paris, and beheld that constellation of remarkable men that shone out there for a brief season during Napoleon's exile to Elba. His life was bright and exciting. 'Only think of seeing the Apollo Belvedere one morning, and the Emperor Alexander the next;' but in the midst of it all, he could find time for long letters to those at home, and his commonplace-book shews that none of the temptations and distractions with which he was surrounded, ever lowered his lofty standard of theory or practice. After only three years' standing at the bar, Mr Tytler was made junior crown-counsel—an honourable appointment, which he delighted to ascribe solely to the respect paid to his father's memory. The next ten years of his life passed peaceably and pleasantly. Law and literature divided his studious hours. He attended the northern circuit with a fair promise of professional popularity; but his biographer admits that in his inmost heart Mr Tytler loved the law only as

a branch of literature—believes that, as a profession, he never really loved it at all. However, for several years he did his best to like it.

Pleasantly alternating with the business of his life, we find summer visits and wanderings, an expedition to Norway, much social enjoyment at the Bannatyne Club or with the Mid-Lothian yeomanry—of which club and corps Tytler's exuberant spirits, ready faculty of song-writing, and beautiful voice in song-singing, made him a conspicuous and popular member. He tried his pen, too, in the early pages of *Blackwood*, and what with study and society, he must have lived only too fast, for, at a very early age, we find him recording that his friends often told him that his brow was already wrinkled and marked with furrows, and that for so young a man it 'was a shame that this should be so.'

It was about the year 1823 that he began, according to Mr Burgon, to exemplify what was with him, in after-years, a favourite literary precept—namely, that an author, instead of frittering away his energies on a multitude of subjects of minor interest, should, as soon as practicable, take up some large inquiry, and then make it the business of his literary life to prosecute that inquiry with exclusive attention; making his other studies subsidiary to his own great master-study, and reading every book with a constant reference to this one ruling object of his ambition. Tytler had a hereditary love of history; his legal studies had familiarised him with that of his own country; he began to feel that 'law, too jealous to brook the presence of a rival,' and evidently a rival preferred, was fast forsaking him, and that he was capable of fuller development and worthier success in another department of enterprise. So much for predisposing causes; but it was 'an evening at Abbotsford' which decided his fate. It was Sir Walter Scott who suggested to him the scheme of writing a History of Scotland, remarking that he knew his tastes and favourite pursuits lay so strongly in the line of history that the labour would not fail to be congenial to him . . . and that, having the advantage of youth on his side, he might live to complete a work which would confer a lasting benefit on his country.

At first, Tytler seems to have been a little daunted by the formidable character of the undertaking; but its labours all lay in a congenial direction, and he was not a man to shrink from labour. In the summer of 1826 he appears to have entered upon his work in good earnest. But this year had for him a still more sacred interest. He married in its spring a beautiful and accomplished woman, to whom he had been deeply attached for two years, and they settled in Edinburgh. Perhaps, if there be any point of fair criticism as to the manner in which Mr Burgon has executed his task, any 'dilemma' between the fear of withholding or revealing too much, out of which his 'instinct' has not extricated him to the satisfaction of all, it is with regard to the extracts he gives us from Mr Tytler's correspondence with his wife. Letters such as these should have been sacred to the one to and for whom alone they were written. They display no talent, they do not even individualise; they are just what any warm heart and graceful mind might have written to its dearest and nearest. We should have believed just as profoundly in Mr Tytler's conjugal devotion had they not been inserted. Letters they are to be read and re-read through happy tears, to lie upon a loving heart, to be couched over and over again, with a deepening sense of their meaning and their charm, by the one—not letters to appear in print thirty years later—not fitted to meet or to reward the perusal of the general reader. With that bliss no stranger should intermeddle. In 1828, the first baby was born, and Tytler's lot had fallen indeed upon pleasant ground; yet we already presage the quarter in

which the cloud will gather. The health of the beloved Rachel, delicate from the first, grew more and more so; symptoms of consumption came on. But such love as Tytler's must of necessity cast out fear—the insupportable fear of losing. He hoped on, and therefore had energy to work indefatigably at his *History*, the first two volumes of which appeared respectively in 1828 and 1829, and were very impartially reviewed by Sir Walter Scott in the *Quarterly Review*. In the spring of 1830, Tytler found it necessary to visit London, for the purpose of consulting some of the invaluable manuscripts contained in that rich treasure-house the State Paper Office, and in the British Museum. His visit appears to have been successful as to its main object, to have introduced him to many a delightful circle; but nothing could make up for the separation from his Rachel, and as he pleasantly expressed it, he 'soon began to feel like the old gentleman who, when he lost at cards, used to say: "Baaby, I'm no diverted." ' The month of June, however, restored him to his happy home. The following winter, owing to the change of ministry, Tytler lost his appointment; but he was beginning to gain by his works. The *History* went on prosperously, and two volumes of the *Scottish Worthies* were ready for publication. But the cloud—the one cloud—gathered more dark than ever. Mrs Tytler's health could no longer endure an Edinburgh winter. Torquay was the shelter fixed upon; and it supplied to every member of the little party what they most wanted: to Mrs Tytler's delicate constitution, a mild air; to her husband, literary leisure. The summer was spent in London, in daily visits to the State-Office; the next winter, in Bute.

Early in 1835 Mr Tytler appears to have felt increased anxiety respecting his wife's health; but he little knew how hopeless its state was. He thought that it would be very delightful if they could all settle for some years at Rome. Alas! his Rachel was taken from him that very spring. Her death seems to have been holy and beautiful like her life; and, sustained by the memory and the influence of her 'lofty piety,' in the extremity of her husband's anguish, 'the language of pious resignation ever swallowed up the language of heart-broken grief.'

His three children were now his constant companions; and they seem to have felt for him as he did for his excellent father. 'There is but one word,' writes his daughter, 'that can express the whole method and extent of his teaching, so powerful, so winning, so lovely to us his children; that word is love.' After his severe affliction, we find that Tytler returned to live with his family, and that they settled in London. He went on uninterruptedly at the State-Office and daily revelled in 'new facts.' Could he, he writes, but have had permission to work from ten till four, instead of from eleven to three!

In 1836, Dr Gilbes, historiographer for Scotland, died, and Tytler had anxiously hoped to succeed him. Political interest, however, turned the scale against him; and he bore his disappointment with his usual unflinching sweetness of temper. It was about this time that Mr Burgon first became acquainted with him; and congenial pursuits, tastes, and manners soon led to their intimacy. About this time, too, we read with interest that Tytler was examined on the Record Commission before a committee of the House of Commons, and that the measures he recommended for rendering the immense mass of information there buried in state-papers available to the country, are now—after an interval of twenty years—being strictly acted upon. Hence Mr Burgon expects a new era in the historical literature of his country; and to illustrate the reasonableness of his expectation, he gives the following fact. Tytler's suggestion was, that the first efforts should be exclusively devoted to

the formation of catalogues of historical materials existing in England—catalogues containing a brief analysis of the documents they embraced; whereas the plan adopted was that of printing the documents themselves; or, rather, this was attempted, for the task proved impossible. In 1830, the publication of the correspondence of the reign of Henry VIII. began, was brought down to 1852, by which time eleven quarto volumes had appeared. There are *seven hundred folio volumes* of manuscripts belonging to that same reign. Who has a clue put into his hand to find the way through these manuscript catacombs, may well bless Mr Tytler's memory. We, with our lack of Dryasdust tendencies, turn away from them with a certain sense of relief, to the pleasant glimpses Miss Tytler affords us of family-life. Charming people have always charming servants. The Tytlers transported to London, spite of Sydney Smith's humorous denunciations, their Scotch furniture and an old Scotch woman—Allen. They could not get on without Allen. No wonder. 'The other day,' said Miss Tytler to Sydney Smith, 'we desired her to buy a large earthen pan to keep the bread in—she returned in high indignation.'

"Would you believe it, leddies! I asked in ane o' the shops if they had a big brown pig for keeping our bread, and no ane o' them could make out what I meant. O but they are a far-back nation! And when I priced a haddock this morning in the fish-shop, they telt me eighteenpence. I thought I would hae fainted."

Allen was evidently a thorough patriot, and had her misgivings about English things in general. The house in Devonshire Place might look 'all very weel,' she is not to be taken in. She can see 'that, in point o' substantiality, it's naething like what we hae left.' She discerns 'a hantle o' things that will soon need to be repaired.' And having been told that the houses in London are only built to last so many years, 'only hopes we hae nae connected ourselves wi' a frail tenement.'

Frail or not, it was a happy home. Mr Tytler's enchanting playfulness made his every return to it from the State Paper Office or elsewhere a very rapture to his children. Spite of his engrossing pursuits, of the irreparable loss his heart had known, there was ever about him a 'spirit of delight,' a healthy pleasure in little things—'the buoyant child surviving in the man,' which is one of Heaven's choicest gifts, and goes indeed further, perhaps, than any other towards brightening everyday-life and insuring affection.

But we must not omit to notice what Mr Burgon impressively conveys, that Tytler's *true* life was spent neither in the State Paper Office nor among his relatives and friends. It was a hidden thing. So religious, so cheerful, so useful, so happy a career would leave us nothing to regret, did we not find that excessive application impaired bodily health, and led to a slight paralytic seizure two years before the close of his great work in 1843. In 1844, a letter from Sir Robert Peel announced that a pension of £200 per annum had been granted to the laborious historian, who forwards the welcome intelligence in his own playful way to Mr Burgon; and we would willingly have quoted this letter, as well as many of those to his children, had our limits allowed it. In 1845, Tytler went into second nuptials with a lady he had long known, 'of great personal attractions, fine abilities, and many accomplishments.' He was at this time contemplating a History of the Reformation; and thus, with unimpaired devotion to study, and a renewal of domestic happiness, his life seemed about to brighten into a second summer. But the incessant labours of years past had not been pursued with impunity. When will good men learn that, with

regard to our physical health, it is decreed that as a man soweth, so also he shall reap? When will their conscience plead for the more strict observance of the great laws that apply to the care of these temples of the soul, and denounce their violation as disobedience to the will of God concerning us? Tytler's physical and mental energies broke down suddenly and completely. The remaining years were years of wandering from place to place in the vain search for health; of inaction and despondency, over which it were painful to dwell. He died in 1849.

Our short sketch can convey little notion of the charm of the character the biographer has so well portrayed; nor can a pen-and-ink outline give much idea of a Vandyck. But no one can, we think, have had even thus much insight into the nature of the book, without heartily agreeing with Mr Burgon that the life of a *good* man may be more instructive, and better deserving of attention, than many a more stirring biographical record.

BENONI.

SWEET earth, that holds my brightest prize,
Be wept upon by gentle skies!

Blest grave, that keeps the lovely thing,
'From his sweet dust let violets spring.'

Dear winds, that sweep the tiny bed,
Breathe lulling music o'er his head.

Hush thy wild voice of fear, great storm!
Fright not the little sleeping form.

Beat not the turf to cause him pain;
Weep quiet tears, soft summer rain!

Weave thou a fairy shroud, dear snow,
For the bright flower that sleeps below!

Drop richly here, sweet sunset light,
And dress my boy in raiment bright.

Green leaves make whisper o'er his rest,
And soothe his dreams on earth's cold breast.

O gentle water, running near,
Murmur sweet comfort to his ear.

Build here thy nest, O ringdove mild,
Talk softly to my lonely child;

Dear dove, make, too, a plaintive moan,
For the sad mother left alone.

O white-winged angels, softly bear
My darling up heaven's golden stair!

Dear God, who lov'st the little child,
Take to thyself my undefiled!

Sweet Christ, who hear'st the widow's cry,
Make haste to hear me, lest I die!

J. B.

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OLD LONDON SHOPS AND SHOPKEEPERS.

WHEN 'Ogier le Danois,' as the ancient romance tells us, returned from his two hundred years' sojourn in Faëryland to the court of his old lady-love, the French queen, we read how he stood all amazed and utterly bewildered—not at the new objects he saw around him, not at the changes which two hundred years, we should have thought, must have made in everything, but only at the unaccustomed faces that looked so wonderingly into his own. Only by the absence of those features which of yore he had so loved to look upon, only by the many strange and marvelling eyes that gazed upon him, did the aged Danish hero discover that more than six generations had passed away, and all that he had loved had long been dust.

A strange romance of two hundred years does this seem to us. Only think of a sober citizen of the Protectorate walking along the Cheapside of to-day; only imagine an Ironside pausing before the Horse Guards, or visiting the United Service Club! Nay, reduce the long period one-half, take the hundred years of the Sleeping Beauty, and picture to yourself the wigged and ruffled gentleman of George II.'s reign, with his views of Mr Pitt's ministry, and French policy, and the Pretender, and the battle of Minden, riding along Regent Street—what street could that be? and on the top of an Atlas omnibus! Or the lady with flowered brocade and little chip-hat, taking her wandering way along St Paul's Churchyard, or down King William Street, seeking in vain after Great Eastcheap and Crooked Lane—where smuggled French fans were once sold, as well as bird-cages—and looking anxiously around, almost expecting to find that the Monument itself had taken its departure too! But wherefore go back a hundred years? Reduce the period to half, to less than half, and still changes sufficient to have scared the venerable sojourner in Faëryland out of his wits, might 'Ogier le Danois' have found in the streets of London.

So I thought, passing along Cornhill the other day, impeded by alterations and 'improvements,' which seem as though they would never come to an end; and I thought on the changes that had passed over it since those Saxon times when the hill received its name from 'the Quern,' the mill that crowned its green summit. Not one of the most suggestive of London thoroughfares is Cornhill: no graceful cross ever reared its delicate pinnacles there, no 'fayre conduyte' gushing forth sweet water daily, and on high-days and holidays red wine; never did royal procession pass that way, scarcely ever civic; still Cornhill has its memories. Here—after 'the Quern,'

we suppose, had been pulled down—stood the mansion of Reginald de Cornhill, that sheriff to whom King John and his son addressed so many precepts, commanding him to provide luxuries on a right royal scale for the Christmas or Whitsuntide feasts—the many pounds of costly spices, the fifty pounds of pepper, the hundredweight of almonds, and the 'thousand ells of linen' for table-cloths! What became of Reginald de Cornhill's mansion, we know not; but we next find the locality had become a general mart for 'household stuff' and apparel; and that towards the end of the same century, Henry Waleys, the lord mayor, with laudable zeal, built a structure called 'the Tunne,' which supplied the inhabitants with a double advantage, it being both a conduit and a 'cage' for disorderlies. The necessity for the latter, alas! seems to have been soon apparent, for during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Cornhill had but a bad name. Much stolen property, if undiscoverable elsewhere, was to be found here; and Lydgate, in his very curious poem of *London Lyckpenny*, tells us that here he discovered his hood, 'set to sale, other stolen goods among,' which had been snatched from his head at Westminster. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, Cornhill seems to have improved; and when, in the following century, Sir Thomas Gresham chose that locality for the site of his famous 'Bourse,' and royalty deigned to visit it, its character rose. Then substantial citizens took possession of their little shops, and their tall apprentices cried aloud: 'What do you lack?' and from generation to generation, still they kept to their little shops; and even when the great fire of London swept them all away, and there certainly was space enough to build larger, still the taste for little shops continued.

Those little low-browed shops—what a contrast to the lofty plate-glass windowed 'establishments' towering four and five stories high! What would the hooded 'fathers of the city,' some five or six hundred years ago, have said to them? What would the sober citizens of Elizabeth's days—nay, what would our own grandfathers, accustomed as their forefathers to little shops and homeliest of fittings up, have said too?

Very few readers are aware of the very recent era of 'shop improvements.' The old original 'schoppé' was really a booth, constructed of wood, and very probably, in size as well as appearance, the counterpart of the best kind of booths still to be seen at a country-fair, or the covered stalls in the old market-places. In these early times, only dealers in more durable articles or more valuable

commodities kept a schoppe, homely as it was; for, from the ancient records of London, we find that fish, meat, and bread were always sold in open market. Thus, Fish Street Hill and Old Fish Street still mark the site of the old London fish-markets, even from Saxon times; and there the 'stock-fishmonger' sold his 'baconed herrings' and dried stock-fish to the lower classes during 'Black Lent;' and his pickled barbel and porpoise, and perhaps sturgeon, to the wealthier; while the fishmonger proper spread out on his ample board mackerel, whiting, mullet, the highly-prized 'Thames salmon'—unattainable dainty now—and the huge conger eel, that chief delicacy of the convent feast. We may remark in passing that our forefathers were remarkably well supplied with fish. In the lists preserved by worthy Master Stow of the various kinds sold in the thirteenth century, we find every kind now sold; and although the taste which could fancy 'porpoise' seems coarse, still, we find our forefathers were also extremely fond of roach, dace, and smelts. The chief market which supplied old London with meat was that which has survived every one of its less ancient competitors—Newgate Market. It is suggestive enough to walk into that close, crowded, provision-crammed little quadrangle, and remember that full seven centuries ago, ere half the capitals of modern Europe had existence, this market, beside St Nicholas of the Shambles, near the New-gate—it extended, however, more towards Westcheap—had its regulations for buyer and seller, its penalties for 'forestalling and regrating;' and that one of the earliest London ballads represents the butchers standing there in their blue frocks, with pole-axe in hand, selling their meat. The ancient market for bread is still designated by the name Bread Street; and here the bakers brought their bread, hot from the oven, in tumbrils, or baskets, and took their standings in the open street. Very dainty were our London forefathers as to their bread. There were numerous kinds of the finer sort—cocket, simmel, wastel—the last, so well known by name, was, we think, sweet, and frequently flavoured with spice or saffron. But the other kinds were not mere huge loaves, although white—the reader will remember the many old sayings which refer to the eating of *brown* bread as a most severe privation—but fancy bread, and in a number of really pretty shapes. Indeed, so general was this taste for delicate bread among our forefathers, that in above a score of Saxon and early English illuminated manuscripts that we have looked over, we have never once found either the huge loaf or the slice of bread. At the guest-table, the little roll, round or shuttle-shaped, is placed beside each plate; and in a marvellous illumination of Elijah fed by the ravens, his feathered purveyors are represented with what very much resembles the modern French roll.

In passing, we may remark that poultry and vegetables were also sold in the streets—the former in the markets, but the latter from street to street. The supply of poultry was large; and every kind, except the turkey, was obtainable. That bird's place was, however, well supplied by the peacock, which, so far from being, as has been generally supposed, an aristocratic dish, was sold in the London market as early as the thirteenth century, and very probably earlier. There has been great misapprehension as to our forefathers' scanty supply of vegetables; but in one of the most interesting portions of the late Mr. Turner's work on *Domestic Architecture in England, from the Conquest to the End of the Thirteenth Century*—his account of our horticulture at this early period—this notion is thoroughly disproved. From contemporary documents, he proves that every vegetable now in common use, except the cucumber, and of course the potato, was well known to our

forefathers; and that their supply of fruit, too, was far more abundant than might have been supposed. Apples, pears, cherries, currants, gooseberries, were in common use in the twelfth century; and peaches, quinces, medlars, and apricots, among the higher classes; while there were few of the better class of houses during the middle ages with a sunny wall against which a vine was not trained.

But where were the 'schoppes,' and what was sold in them? Well, good reader, taking you by the hand, and leading you through London streets—London streets five or six centuries ago—need I tell you there were many articles, in common use now, for which you might look in vain. Tea and coffee, cabinet-ware, fancy stationery, of course you would not expect to find; nor glass, nor china; but it is curious to note how many things there are for which even the poorest send to a shop in the present day, that during the middle ages, were made at home. Candles, both wax and tallow—except those of beautiful white or coloured wax, called 'Paris candles'—were of home manufacture; so was soap, when required; but the housewives of the middle ages, like their descendants in many parts of the country, chiefly used lye made from wood-ashes. Brooms and such-like household appliances were also home-made, and the coarser kinds of linen cloth; for weaving as well as spinning was a female domestic employment. Still, the streets displayed a goodly array of 'schoppes,' not only along the main thoroughfares, but in the less frequented streets. In the curious list of property belonging to 'the almonry' of St Paul's, and which bears the date of 1345, we find 'houses, with shops adjoining,' in Bread Street; and in Sermon Lane, 'three shops;' and the rent for these 'tribus schoppis' is the large sum of six shillings per annum each! Multiplied, to bring the sum to its present value, this would be only £4, 10s. apiece; these must, therefore, have been the mere wooden booths before alluded to. But even along the chief thoroughfares, down to the days of Queen Elizabeth, such were the shops; and on the slanting board in front, the goldsmith of Westcheap, and in after-times, of Ludgate, placed his tall drinking-cups, and his delicately chased salt-cellars, and the enamelled spice-plate, and brooches and clasps of costliest workmanship; and along the 'Mercery' the mercer displayed rich damasks and velvets, and precious 'gold baudekin;' and the 'Milaner' or haberdasher of those days, his miscellaneous collection of inlaid knives, and gold-wrought purses, and brodered gloves, and hawks' bells of filigreed silver. No wonder that the proprietor and his 'prentices tall' walked constantly up and down in front, keeping guard over this precious store.

It could not be because our forefathers were but half-civilised, as we have been gravely told, that they occupied such homely 'schoppes.' With the beautiful conduit of Westcheap, and the still more beautiful cross constantly before their eyes; with the fair windows of the chapel of St Thomas reflecting the sunlight, surely the wealthy traders of Goldsmith's Row and the Mercery might have managed to construct a comfortable shop with glass windows; but they evidently did not care to do so. 'Good wine needs no bush' was a favourite proverb with them; and we think that they really considered that the beautiful and costly goods they proffered for sale required no setting off. The plate-glass window, the brass fittings, the French-polished counter of the nineteenth century, we doubt if they would have cared for; and, indeed, the utter trash sometimes to be seen within these splendid shop-windows would have made them stare. 'Flowers, 2½d. a spray,' heaped up behind a square of glass that could scarcely have cost less than twenty guineas!

Towards the close of the fifteenth century, John Wood, citizen and goldsmith, caused a row of houses, richly decorated, to be built at the upper end of Westcheap for the brethren of his guild. But here, although quaint ornaments covered each story, and the lattice-windows extended along the whole width of the house, each shop was unglazed; and the penthouse, from whence hung the sign, alone protected the precious store from the weather. Perhaps our forefathers' love of fresh air might also have some share in continuing this fashion of unglazed shop-windows; for even after the fire of London, and when these tall, red brick-houses in Cheapside were built on the site of the Mercery, the shops, although intended for some of the chief city traders, were made open, exactly as though for a fishmonger. It has often been remarked how long old habits and old customs linger in remote places; for our own part, we have often remarked how persistingly old customs linger among inhabitants who have been long settled in cities—as though the antiquity of the place communicated its influence to those who had long dwelt there; and thus has it doubtless been that generation after generation of London traders went on quietly in their little unglazed shops, keeping to the thrifty motto, 'Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you,' and looking forward to the time when they should retire from business; perchance to a country-house, there to enjoy the 'otium cum dignitate' of the citizen a hundred years ago, that of smoking a comfortable pipe with an old friend in the little summer-house perched on the wall. Very slowly indeed did the glazed shop-window make its appearance. An aged relative of our own well remembers some eighty years ago being taken to a first-rate glove-shop in Sweetings Alley for gloves; she used to tell, when remarking upon the costly fittings-up of modern shops, how this was a mere wooden booth with a penthouse; and behind the wooden counter the proprietor, wearing his hat, and well wrapt up in winter, used to stand, while a broad bench fixed against the wall was the only accommodation for his customers. This was the genuine 'schoppe' of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; but scarcely superior were the booksellers' shops in St Paul's Churchyard and Little Britain, with the broad shelving board in front, on which the newest publications of the seventeenth and the earlier part of the eighteenth centuries were laid. A pleasant arrangement this for the poor scholar, who might thus, like 'Alton Locke,' glance at a book which the glass-window would have effectually kept from him. Perhaps the old fashion of the unclosed window lingered latest in this vicinity of any. Even some twenty or thirty years ago, most of the clothiers' shops in Cloth Fair were open to wind and weather.

Among the earliest traders who adopted shop improvements, were the mercers and haberdashers; but what they gained in outward appearance, they must have well-nigh lost in the deteriorated appearance of their goods. How dull must the scarlets and orange-colours have looked, how faded the lilacs, behind those thick dingy, green glass panes, enclosed in their clumsy wooden frames. The reader may see the little shop of some hundred years ago and its wiggled proprietor 'to the very life' in Mulready's pleasant 'Choosing the Wedding-gown.' And just such a shop was 'Lavie and Garth's, at the Blackamoor's Head, Cheapside,' when, in the year 1758, the young lady purchased her wedding-dress of 'white enamelled ducape,' as the bill, yellow with age, in its faded ink, before me records, with flourished capitals, and a marvellous feat of penmanship intended to typify 'received.' Those mean-looking shops, not worthy even to stand afar off in some by-street of the present day, did, however, a good

business. Forty-two pounds is the amount of the whole bill; for white sarsnet, and black paduasoy, and a 'pink-spotted lutestring,' aided to swell the sum-total; and then in how gentlemanly a way was business conducted. Among the smaller articles are two pair of embroidered satin slippers, at eight shillings the pair; one pair of these is charged for, but against the other is a dash, to shew that the well-pleased proprietors of the 'Blackamoor's Head' begged the young lady's acceptance of them. Talk of modern shops with their 'dreadful sacrifices,' and all manner of things 'to be literally given away'—when did the reader ever obtain even the odd half-penny there?

There was much formal politeness among these old-fashioned shop-keepers. A story was told me in my childhood of one of these, who, being at Bath, was actually mistaken for a dancing-master, so unexceptionable was his bow, until one of his old customers recognised him as Mr Somebody in Fleet Street, of whom she had bought her much-admired brocade. A story too was current among the London 'prentices of a rather older date, of how a silversmith's apprentice so charmed a charming young lady with a fortune of ten thousand pounds—which was the 'regulation' sum with our great-grandfathers—that, although she was brought to his master's shop by her intended, to purchase the plate previously to their marriage, she found the apprentice so much more 'a gentleman' than her fox-hunting admirer, that she broke off with the squire, and bestowed herself and her money upon the fortunate young man.

Well, this politeness, formal as it was, was pleasant; and as past times were not go-ahead times, but the buyer bought, and the seller sold, with due deliberation, there was time for the low bow, or the courtesy, and the quiet remark about the weather, and some opinions about the spring-fashions too; and thus the purchase of half a yard of 'book-muslin' might fill up a pleasant half-hour; or the choice of a ribbon occupy—interspersed with a little gossip—almost an hour. People certainly must have taken both shopping and shop-keeping fair and softly in those good old times; for how deliberately did the old couple—the last of the ancient shopkeepers, I think they must have been—whose shop was the first I ever entered, welcome their customers, and inquire what they wished for, and open the drawer, or take down the box, while a modern white-neckclothed assistant, in some 'Crystal Palace Emporium,' would have sold half-a-dozen 'desperate bargains.' What contrast was that little, low shop, nestling under the old church-wall, like a martin's nest, to any of modern times! Some eight feet wide, it was with its little window of greenish glass, and its little counter of painted deal, and the old man in a bob-wig and brown coat, and his wife in a clear-starched muslin cap, bound round with a blue ribbon, and her gown of brownish colour, and the neckerchief fastened with the little gold pin—a quiet, worthy couple, who welcomed you with a pleasant smile, and fetched a chair out of the parlour for you, though you might only have called in for two rows of pins, or to match a skein of silk. How leisurely, after you were duly seated, would they put on their spectacles, and after some passing remark on the weather, at length ask what should they have the pleasure of serving you with. There was not much to serve, one might have thought, in that little shop, for small show was there in the little window. Some half-dozen pieces of galloon, some tapes peeping out of their dark-blue papers, pins in shining rows, some silk handkerchiefs, and a little shawl, hung cornerwise, to the serious darkening of the already dark shop. Still, somehow, there were few things you might ask for but from some unsuspected nook or corner they were forthcoming. It was a pleasant sight to me, as I sat on

the counter, while my nurse, dear good Susan, had a pleasant bit of gossip with the old people, to see a whole drawerful of ribbons taken, as it seemed to me, out of the wall, or a roll of flannel produced from under the counter, though almost as large as the counter itself. But one day, what a beautiful sight was provided for me from the inmost recesses of that magical counter! How well do I remember the old lady stooping down, and drawing forth from that inexhaustible receptacle a huge wash-leather bundle. Dingy enough, unattractive, enough was it outside; but oh! when the bundle was opened, and silks of every shade and colour were spread out before me; and the coy sun, who did not too often visit that little shop, peeped in, giving a brighter tinge to the greens and the blues, and intensifying the rose-colours and crimsons—what 'a vision of fair colours' was that—what a feast for the wondering eyes of the child not three years old! It seemed as though the rainbow itself had been brought down, to be not only looked at, but to be touched and handled—to become a child's very plaything! Never has that 'vision of fair colours' faded from my mind; and heartily do I join with Mr Ruskin in his most eloquent denunciation of all drabs and stone-colours, and browns of every shade.

And that worthy old couple—there they continued, almost until the introduction of plate-glass windows, quite contented in their little shop, and laying by money, too, even although some years afterwards a large new shop—no, 'emporium,' for so the handbills, with a splendid vignette at the top, displaying bales of Irish linen, and rolls of silk, bound together with wreaths of roses, designated it—was opened hard by. Marvellously were the two shop-windows decorated—ribbons, lace, scarfs, and flowers; the last but seldom seen then, except at a milliner's, and great was the crowd outside. If only one-third had gone in to buy! Some ventured, but the result seemed scarcely satisfactory. It was 'a shop on the new plan;' and the old-fashioned people of this locality, accustomed to quieter doings, were 'put out' with the wide shop, and its two counters, and the staff of assistants, male and female, who bustled about, and asked if you wanted 'anything more,' before they had served you with what you came to purchase, and teased you with 'wonderful bargains' of gloves and flowers, when you were inquiring the price of flannel. So the old folk soon went back again to the little old shop for their haberdashery, and to the 'old-established shop,' with the sign of the Golden Sun, huge as a cart-wheel, over the door, for their linens and calicoes; and a speedy end might have been put to the 'emporium,' but for a bright thought of the proprietor, who just before Christmas half filled one of his windows with Berlin wool 'at reduced prices.' 'Berlin wool,' and the artistic abominations perpetrated by its means, were just then beginning to turn half the young ladies' heads. So to the 'emporium' they flocked, purchasing Berlin wool 'at reduced prices,' but all manner of other things at prices rather increased for the occasion. A capital hit was this; so the proprietor gave a ball at Christmas, and began to calculate how rich he should be by the end of the next year. But competition is a game that many can play at; and one fine spring morning he was startled by the apparition of workmen at the large house over the way—that huge, dirty house, which had belonged to the dyers, and which had been long shut up; and there were the old windows taken out, and new put in, and a splendid mahogany counter soon made its appearance. Another 'emporium' was evidently about to be opened, and so, shortly after, it was, with 'wonderful bargains'—the days of 'dreadful sacrifices' were not as yet—and little boys stood on the foot-pavement thrusting lists of these bargains into everybody's hands. From henceforward there was

bitter strife between the rival shops—strife that would have awakened the astonishment and indignation of the old London shopkeepers, who saw in each member of the same trade a brother, and who, in recognition of that brotherhood, feasted with him in the hall of his guild, and aided him in sickness, and duly followed his remains to the grave.

Meanwhile, the worthy old couple died, and were laid to rest in the adjoining church; and ere long, on both houses, 'These Desirable Premises to Let,' told the neighbourhood the result of that reckless game of competition. The neighbourhood has altered since then; most of the shops have become wholesale houses, but the little low-browed shop still nestles against the old church-wall; and never do I pass that way, but I look with pleasant reminiscences upon it, for brightly again rises to my mind that child's 'vision of fair colours.'

A WIFE'S DISTRESSES.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born an heiress. The day I entered the world, my poor dear mother left it. I was her first and only child; and my father, who loved her passionately, was sadly grieved at his loss. The very light of his eyes was gone, and in her place he had only me—a sickly, irritating baby, so poor a comfort, and so great a care. Mamma's property was secured to me, and till I came of age, papa was to enjoy the interest of it. Dear papa, how faithfully he carried out all the implied conditions of that will; how tenderly he loved me, not surely for my own sake, but for hers that was gone. He spared neither time nor expense to make me the most accomplished of my sex; everything that could possibly tend to improve me, mentally or physically, was freely granted, and I grew up fully prepared to support the position that came to me by birth. But as the sunshine seldom lasts through the day, my good, dear, self-sacrificing papa was taken from me when I was on the eve of womanhood, and at the most critical period of life. He did his best to secure me from my inevitable dangers; he left for my guardians his two cousins and former companions, who were honest above suspicion, and only anxious to do their duty to me. Under their care I continued my studies, and still lived in seclusion, spending only the interest of the interest of my fortune; and so I grew and grew, and lived on in an ideal world, dreaming rather than acting, and feeding an already too active imagination. But there are few lives so quiet that have not some gay occasions, and so it happened to me when I was somewhat past twenty. I was staying with my aunt at Horngrave, which happened to be the head-quarters of the Wessex militia. Wherever there are military, there are sure to be music and dancing. A ball celebrated the conclusion of the period of annual training, and everybody in Horngrave was going. I protested to all my acquaintances that I did not care for balls—that I had never danced much—and that my guardians, I knew, did not think well of those promiscuous meetings in country towns. But flattery soon conquered all my scruples. I could not resist being told that with my beauty and my known wealth I should be the pride of the ball. And why, thought I, have these advantages, and not enjoy them? It was a mischievous spirit that urged me to such an exhibition of vanity; but who that has felt the pleasure of being admired, can refrain sometimes from indulging in it? I went to the ball with some friends, and dressed, I felt, to perfection; I wore some of my family jewels, which were valuable enough to shew every one my wealth, even if it were not known.

How brilliant, how gay, how unlike everything else in our quiet monotonous lives, a well-lighted ball-room is—how fairy-like and bewitching the elegances of costume, how joyous the atmosphere, how inspiring the music of the dance. I had not been in the room ten minutes before I felt how flat and tame my life had hitherto been as compared with the enchanting present. I was not wrong in the anticipation of my success. I was eagerly sought as a partner, and engaged for every dance of the evening. I used to fancy young men were much alike; tall or short, dark or fair, they always appeared to say the same things, to have the same ambitions, objects, and thoughts; to be, in short, uniformly uninteresting. I came back from that ball an altered being. One there was who had danced more often with me, who seemed to say precisely what I cared to listen to, to think precisely what I felt, and to meet my ideal of a man in some unaccountably wonderful way. I do believe in love at sight; and I am convinced that I could no more help loving that man, than I could have felt a passion for any other of my partners. He was a Captain Norman. His father I had heard mentioned as a cold, stern, hard-hearted aristocrat; while the son was as kind and generous as if all his ancestors had been professional philanthropists. I fancied he was pleased with me; otherwise, why did he dance again and again with me, and why did he hope, when we parted, that we should meet again? I heard him answer to some question put by a bystander, 'Very, very charming.' Was it I?

But now the ball was over, there was a reaction, and I felt sadder and duller than I had ever been before. But my pride was roused. I would display my wealth in some way, and not live on as if pinched by poverty. I was fond of driving. I would have a pair of ponies, and drive them myself; there would, at least, be some excitement about that. I was quite right, and enjoyed myself exceedingly; but was it not partly in the hope of meeting Captain Norman that I acted thus? At any rate, I did meet him, and, of course, as opportunities will occur when hearts are willing, we improved our acquaintance. I was soon desperately in love. I believe I would have given up all for that man, even then. He was no less ardent; and seeing, as he must have done, my disposition, he was not slow in breathing his vows, and asking my love. It had been given long before, though in secret; and now there had been mutual confession. How smoothly everything went in the dreams of that happy hour—nothing was wanting but my guardians' consent, for I was not yet of age, and for that I impatiently waited. At length their answer came; it was written in the joint-name of both, and was as kind in expression and feeling as their letters had ever been. It made me feel very, very sad, and almost wicked in my love; and yet, in what they told me, there was no appearance of ill feeling; their honesty was unimpeachable, and what purpose could their warnings serve? Still my betrothed husband, my beau-idéal, was, in their language, a very doubtful, even dangerous character. 'His family is aristocratic by birth, but seldom visited, and there is a hereditary danger in the blood; he is known to be fascinating, and very clever, an admirable actor [this cut me to the heart], but changeable, violent, unreliable.' They warned me to beware of letting my feelings be too much engaged, as such an alliance could not result well. This letter was the first great shock I had ever had; my life hitherto had been so calm, that I was quite unprepared for such a blow. It seemed to me that all the world opposed our union, and combined to make me wretched; but this feeling, in itself, only drew me closer to Arthur. To his

impatient pleadings for our union, I urged my present dependence, and the impossibility of marriage till I was of age, which would occur in three months. This interval passed in a mixed state of anxiety and pleasure; delight in the society of Arthur, but with a constantly irritating remembrance of the warning I had received. At length, my birthday drew so near that I determined to see my lawyer, and make my own disposition of my property, to be signed when of age. Arthur nobly asked nothing from me, though he must have known my wealth, and I knew his comparative poverty. In a feeling of generosity at his noble disinterestedness, I determined to give him the half of my property irrevocably, but to reserve for the day he should call me wife to tell him what I had done. On the evening before my birthday and our wedding-day, I received a large packet of papers from my late guardians—kind, pensively kind, but unaltered in expression. In resigning their charge, they said that my conduct had been exemplary during the whole period of their duties; they had never had any difference with me, and every recommendation save one had been dutifully attended to. 'Now I was my own mistress, and although they must deeply regret the step I was about to take, they earnestly trusted that their former anticipations might prove incorrect, and that my future lot might be as happy as my merits deserved.' I wrote them a grateful answer, and thanked them from my heart for all their services. The next day, I was married. The wedding was quite private; neither Arthur nor I cared to have it gay; to me, he was all in all, and no numbers could have given me additional pleasure. A small party at breakfast, a few tears, and then we left for a long wedding-tour, that had been arranged previously.

CHAPTER II.

For the first few months our lives were as happy as it seems to me possible for human lives to be; indeed, after such happiness, we must expect to have much that is desolate and sad, or our lot on earth would not be what we know it is. I will not say that I did not discover in Arthur some signs of a naturally impetuous temper, in fact, some faults; but he was not at all the less charming than before marriage, and his love for me seemed firm and strong. We made a great tour of some seven months or more, and visited in succession everything that is worth seeing in Europe. We travelled in great state—Arthur had his own valet, I, my maid—and we engaged the most accomplished courier at, I must confess, rather an extravagant rate. His salary was as large as the most gifted man of his age could have earned by any occupation other than that of music; but he was 'unique.' I forget how it was that we stayed so long at Baden-Baden on our return home; but I had not been so well, and Arthur thought rest would restore me. However, it was there that Arthur's manner first altered to me; he was less attentive, less devoted than before. I sometimes fancied that he stayed away to help on my recovery, as his presence always excited me. One evening, I know not why, after passing the greater part of the day in filling up a sketch made in Rome, I felt an unusual wish to join the gay throng in the Kursaal. I waited, thinking Arthur would return, intending to ask him to take me there. I waited some time—it was rather late—and he had usually returned before. I determined to go and seek him myself; and hastily changing my dress, and somewhat concealing my features, I set forth on my search. I looked for him in vain in many a well-lighted saloon; he was not among the dancers. I thought he might possibly be detained in some more than usually fascinating waltz; but no. I was afraid of being

recognised by some of our numerous acquaintances, but fortunately I was not. At length I reached that room of rooms which makes Baden-Baden a Vesuvius of danger—that crater of excitement which swallows all its victims—the gambling-table. As I entered, a pang shot through my frame; Arthur surely could not be there. The old doubtful warning flashed before me, and I felt fearfully wretched, but it was but for a moment. Before my eyes were the tables, and seated round that mixture of every age and country, to whom alike, savage and civilised, gambling is the common pleasure. I stood half-concealed in the crowd that surrounded the players. The stakes were evidently high, for little gold was passing, and memoranda on paper were mostly exchanged. The game must indeed be exciting, for although a perfect stranger to it, even as a spectator, I was interested, almost bewildered, in watching it. Opposite to me was one of the players, who soon absorbed my attention, to the exclusion of all the others. I followed his play with all my attention, though I could not tell why. In my absorption, I forgot the motive that brought me there. There was a striking resemblance to some face I knew well that riveted me, and yet my brain whirled to such a degree I could not tell whose image it was. His hair was dark and curling, his forehead clear and high, the whole face intellectual, while a rather heavy moustache detracted from the otherwise open expression. His dress was peculiar. The excitement of the game played in every muscle of his face. He was evidently a habitual gambler: he received his gains and paid his losses with a manner that proved his habits. But to-night how fearfully was he losing! Time after time, fortune went against him, and check after check left his hands. His manner, though still restrained, was becoming violent. At last he lost once more: I felt it was his ruin, for he rose—a burning spot on each cheek—and stood with glaring eyes, looking before him. Our eyes met: his face glowed with the reflection of a furnace, and then turned deadly pale. Oh, agony! that moment had revealed all. In those eyes, in that burning face, in that marble reaction, I beheld—I knew it at once, despite the false moustache and deceptive costume—my husband, my Arthur, my adored—false to his honour, for he had promised me not to play! Oh, that fatal warning—too late, too late! I had no time to think, for in an instant he was beside me. ‘You dare,’ he said, ‘to pry into my amusements, to follow me in disguise;’ and, madman that he was, he gave me a blow that bore me to the ground.

I remember nothing more. When I awoke in the morning, after a distressing, restless night, I was in a raging fever: the doctor pronounced me in a very critical state; nothing but perfect quiet could save my life, and how was that to be obtained when my anxieties must be permanent? But where was Arthur? Was he ashamed to appear, or had he returned desperately to his ruin? I implored his servant to try and find him, and was in agonies till he came back. No; he was not at the Kursaal. I felt at least a thrill of delight. At length I gained some sleep, and felt more composed, when I was again disturbed by the sound of footsteps: I asked who it was. My maid, Emma, went out to see. I heard expostulations, and excited language, and then a groan. What could it mean? Had Arthur, in despair, attempted—I was out of bed in an instant, and was on the stairs beside the bearers and the body. Yes, it was he; but oh!—blood, blood—he had done it. I was the murderer of my husband. I fell helpless into the arms of the attendants, and remember nothing more, till I found myself in bed, doctors beside me, my hair cut short, my lips parched, my head burning hot. ‘Where is he?’ cried I.

‘Arthur, forgive me.’ They covered my lips, and enforced silence. He is better, much better: thank Heaven, he lived; then I was forgiven. By unremitting care, I grew daily stronger, and in a week I was safely delivered of a girl. I never expected to recover, but nature, so strong and beneficent, supported me. I was not allowed to hear much of Arthur, but I felt easy about him, and his recovery, like mine, was quick. The little darling, unconscious of these troubles, was lively and happy as a princess. Three weeks after, I was allowed to meet Arthur. He was much altered; his gay manner quite gone, his face wan and haggard, his eye restless and nervous. But for the voice, and some other characteristics, I could not have recognised him. What mingled feelings of joy and pain I had at seeing him again! I loved him devotedly still, but respect, the conscious feeling of duty, was gone. We talked little. He appeared to like our baby. Soon the doctors ordered us back to our rooms: there, in weariness, I asked Emma to give me the Baden paper, which I saw lying unopened on the table. I turned it over, looking restlessly over the announcements of new gaieties, which did not at all interest me; but my eye caught this paragraph: ‘Duel at Baden.’ I thought duelling had retired from good society long ago. ‘A duel was fought about three weeks ago between an English gentleman and a German baron: the affair and its cause have been hushed up, and we have not been able to arrive at particulars, but the Englishman was severely wounded.’ There could be no mistake. Arthur was the Englishman, and Baron de Gronold, in defending my sex’s honour, had fought my husband for striking me a blow.

Misery—utter desolation: what can equal the agony of those moments! Ill as I was, I resolved at once to return with baby to England. Never, never again could I live with Arthur. I was degraded, deceived; and fiercely as my love had burned, my passion raged. I would see him once more, demand an account of his pecuniary position, and then leave him for ever. His broken appearance nearly overcame my resolution, but I would not be deceived any more. He had spent every farthing of what I had given him; besides this, his debts, old and new, amounted to thousands. It was nearly all I had. Then there was my child; my duty to that, and my submission to my husband. No—all should go to pay his debts. I would earn my livelihood, and he should at least be clear. All was realised, and flowed in a golden stream to relieve his necessities. At last, every claim was satisfied, and, with my child, I bade him a last farewell. Not a vestige of his former self remained. The hereditary malady of my guardians’ warning had seized him, and he was fading fast away: nature and life were fast killing him. I spared all I could to leave him the comforts of life. Weak as I had been, I was now determined to act energetically. Arrived in England, I returned to Horngrave, which I had left so happy—a humble lodging my dwelling, my child all my joy.

CHAPTER III.

Seventeen years passed over—years spent in close economy, in careful thought over every small outgoing, and anxious attention for Ellen, now growing up. Nothing more had I heard of Arthur. Since the day we parted, my life had been calm, but it had been the calm of melancholy. The blow I had received could not be effaced—there were dreams, visions that beset me night and day, and destroyed my rest. Still young, I was broken in health, and needed comforts my means could not now procure. But I had truly learned the lesson of adversity, and felt how much more our happiness depends on our internal resources,

than on outward means. As far as my circumstances would admit, Ellen had received a good education; it was my boast that at least she was brought up as a gentlewoman, and that, let the worst come, she was worthy of her hire as a governess—she was qualified to earn a livelihood. I heard little of the few surviving members of my family, and that little not to their advantage. One uncle I knew was very rich, but I had neither the necessity nor the desire to ask his bounty. He lived mostly in Ireland, and was reputed popular among his tenants. It was the beginning of summer—I remember well the evening—Ellen and I were sitting in the full glory of the sunset, when a letter was delivered to me, containing the startling intelligence of my uncle's death, and the discovery of a will giving all his property to me. I was not—I had not been for seventeen years greedy for money; but the power, the influence, the resources of wealth were not lost on me, and in that moment I was overcome with thankfulness. Half my anxieties and cares these long years had been pecuniary, and now, thank Heaven, they were past. The lawyer's letter recommended an immediate departure for Ireland, to secure my possessions. Ellen and I speedily prepared for our journey, and were soon *en voyage*. Killigreen, my uncle's mansion, was a perfect type of an Irish residence—a village attached to the estate—a park in neglected condition—a large rambling house, bearing marks of its open, universal use and accommodation—its furniture decayed—its retainers and servants out of number—dogs and horses breeding and increasing in its paddocks and kennels—every sign of profuseness and neglect; and yet the real value of the estate was large—£4000 a year, free from any drawbacks or deductions. There was no doubt about the bequest—the will was clear and distinct—'To my niece, Mrs Norman, I bequeath all my estates, lands, and hereditaments.' Our reign commenced. The local newspapers teemed with the accounts of the great rejoicings at the revived fortunes of the present possessors. All the neighbours of importance did us the honour of a visit. For months, Killigreen was a scene of festivity and rejoicing. Everything about the place, as far as possible, was kept as it was. It was about six months after we had been in possession, as Ellen and I were examining some old books in the library, I observed Ellen pick up a paper that fell from an old volume, and read it with apparent interest; suddenly, she uttered a shriek, and fell fainting on the carpet. I was naturally alarmed, and anxiously raised her from the ground: 'My darling, what is the matter?'

'The will! the will!' was all she uttered; and taking the paper from the ground, I read our doom in a moment. This deed was of a later date than that acted upon, and reversing all former bequests, bequeathed the entire estates to a Hospital for the Blind. I could hardly breathe—I could barely understand where I was. Was it not a dream?—a phantasy of the night? Surely I was at Horngrave, in our old cottage; and Killigreen and all its wealth a midnight fancy. If otherwise, how could I return to the rightful possessors what I had spent—the lavish expenditure of the last few months? Here is the paper, but what is to prevent me in a moment from destroying all evidence of an altered intention? And indeed the temptation was strong. I held in my hands the destiny of myself and daughter—the title-deed to fortune and happiness, or to distress and care; but, thank Heaven, in that moment my better angel preserved me from a sin I dare not think of. Ellen and I, though bathed in tears, were resolved not a moment should be lost to place the recovered will beyond the power of destruction. We wrote to our lawyer, enclosing the document, and praying him to act as quickly as possible; we wished to retire

from our false position at once. Judge of the morality of the man when we received for answer his advice to keep the matter secret! There was no moral necessity for us, he wrote, to injure ourselves; it was the *duty* of those whom it concerned to urge their claims. Seeing his obtuseness, I wrote to the secretary to the hospital, telling my story, and praying for immediate action. It was not long in taking place. An order to surrender the house and estate came within forty-eight hours, and not long after, a claim for the rents received. Then I felt the bitterness of our lot—to resign all voluntarily, and then to be called on to reproduce what was gone. My lawyer, after the surrender of our claim, abandoned all attention to our cause, and left us to the hands of our successors. As a public body, they had no individual feeling, and acted on so-called disinterested grounds: suffice it to say, that we quitted the estate impoverished more than when we came there. My annuity, small as it was before, was eaten up by the law-expenses and other charges on surrender. One month later, we were again in our old quarters at Horngrave. No longer independent, Ellen was now forced to earn something to complete our livelihood, and doubly thankful was I that she could do so. She bore bravely up against our misfortunes; the very necessity for action seemed to brace her. But my cup was not yet full.

We had hardly returned to our old quiet life before it was fearfully disturbed. One day I had been out alone for a walk, while Ellen was at home with her pupils, engaged at a music-lesson. On my return, I was surprised to see a male figure in our sitting-room, to see him bending over her as she played, and then actually to clasp her to his breast and kiss her. I could only see his back, and my heart beat so violently I could hardly breathe. What more was I to hear? To see the affection of my only blessing won from me by a stranger; to see him embrace her before my eyes, and she too to submit. I was hardly sensible, but I managed to enter the room. As the door opened, Ellen burst into my arms, and cried: 'Papa, papa has returned! He is here—he is here!' I knew no more till I awoke upon my bed; and saw standing at the foot, the man who had ruined all my hopes and happiness, still, in his corrupt beauty, faded as it was, and beside him, our daughter, more like him than I had ever conceived. Oh that I had lived to see the day! Had the news of my late fortune brought him back, like a vulture, to the prey? Or was he penitent? Was he to return as a prodigal, and were we now at last to be happy?

My illness was very severe; the recent shock coming upon my already weakened frame, made it even critical, and for days I was unconscious; and what my unrestrained tongue gave vent to, I cannot tell, but they were burning words—the pent-up thoughts and troubles of years—strange combinations of the past and present, all clustering round one centre—the man who wronged me, who had so broken all his vows. But as I mended, the lowering clouds that so disturbed me cleared away, and I saw, day by day, and hour by hour, although without fairly realising it, Arthur, the cause of all my cares, ever about my bed, and, with Ellen, anticipating my every wish. I never missed him; he seemed to live in the room, and, weak as I was, I saw an expression of deep anxiety and interest in his face which was new indeed. They seldom spoke to me, for the doctor's orders were for silence; but in my drowsy state I saw them often talking together, and he reading to her while she worked. Little as I could realise all the blessedness of the change, it wrought a wonderful effect on me; it gave the healing peace of mind I chiefly needed, and worked the cure. Soon I was convalescent, for,

the crisis past, nature hastened to restore itself, and then with joys bright as the fresh beauties of the rising sun, life seemed young again, and with a horizon still that promised happiness. The tale were long to tell of all that happened in those weeks of illness: to me they had been lost time, but to my child and husband they were indeed momentous; and happy was the suffering that bore such joyful fruit; for Ellen told me that when I lay unconscious and hardly breathing, her father, struck with the memory of former days, touched by the old love that once burned within him, knelt by my side, and gazed steadfastly in my face. He spoke not, but the working of his features told the mind within. Noiselessly, Ellen came and knelt beside him, and, placing an arm round his waist, claimed him as her parent. Flesh and blood could no longer resist this fresh call on his sympathy. In a voice hoarse and broken with emotion, he cried: 'I have been a villain—a base villain! Your mother was an angel; she gave up everything for me. No, Ellen, I will go—I will not darken your life, as I have hers. Tell her, only tell her, when she recovers, that I have gone, never to forget this day. She may hear of me again, but not as of old. If it is not too late, I will yet do something worthy of her love.' And here he rose to go.

Ellen flung herself upon his breast, and told him all the strange vicissitudes of fortune, the close economy of Horngrave life, the bright prospect of Killigreen, the noble self-sacrifice, and how that I loved him still. She was sure that my life was desolate and dreary; as her tale was telling, his eye brightened, his colour came; and when she ceased, he clasped her to his heart. 'Your mother has been, and is, a perfect woman. I will reform, by the love I once swore to bear her, by the vow to cherish her; and you, Ellen, shall be my monitor—you shall restore me, and be the mediator between your mother and me.' As he spoke, he knelt by my bed, and kissed me with an earnestness he had never known before. From that moment, the promise was fulfilled. But I had something yet to hear, and bitterly at the moment did it affect me, though now the recollection of it is a great comfort. My troubles had been partly my own causing. After the wretched night when Arthur lost so much, I had acted wildly and imprudently; gambling had been a passion with him, and he had generally been successful; in fact, he looked upon it as a certain source of income, and, poor as he was, he did not like his dependence upon my fortune. Attempting to win by cards and fortune wealth for himself, he lost nearly all that belonged to me by right. In the agony of loss, he had struck a blow he could never forget; he was mad at that moment; the fiend had him at command. The duel, and his and my illness, maintained this deplorable state of mind: he was jealous of the baron, and even doubted my faithfulness. My subsequent coolness hurried things to a crisis; he was persuaded that the baron and I had leagued together to destroy him, and in this conviction desperately plunged into dissipation: then I left him for England; and soon after the baron left Baden too. For months he had been ill; an old friend of his family had found him in great distress, and left him money sufficient for immediate need. On his recovery, despairing of ever regaining my love, and, hating his own country, he determined to go to India and begin life anew. He had powerful friends there, who procured him such an appointment as he was in need of. He was appointed resident at the barbarous court of Oude, and there his reckless courage gained him vast influence over the savage chiefs and nobles. By careful management, he gained a considerable fortune; and then, sobered and more content to live, thought of returning to England to satisfy his conscience about me; for at times he had

thought that his suspicions, strong as they were, might be wrong, and that even then I might be waiting in faithful poverty for his return. He journeyed to Calcutta, and took passage in a homeward-bound vessel, with his property in gold and jewels on board. By a singular fatality, the vessel was lost, and he was the only passenger who escaped. After much hardship, the passengers and crew were saved by a passing vessel, and he at length reached England with a heart almost broken by misfortune. Casually, he read in an old county newspaper the account of our Killigreen fortune and subsequent loss; and with a heart bursting with mingled feelings, he hurried to Horngrave, and found Ellen alone, as I have described. Then came my illness; in the long weeks of watching, his better feelings gained the victory; and, emboldened by misfortune, he found at length the happiness he had long deemed as lost.

His services in India soon procured him an appointment at home, and though we are still poor, we have enough for all our wants. Arthur, no longer young, no longer handsome as he was, seems to me more beautiful than ever. Our trials are over; he has done all he promised: he is faithful, and our happiness is secure. We do not own a Killigreen; but we married Ellen from a happy home, and her children now delight their grandmother's heart.

MORAL SKETCHES FROM THE BIRD-WORLD.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

A YOUNG black-cap is, next to the nightingale, the loveliest and most melodious singer. He is modest and coy, yet confidential, gentle, and lively. He swells his little black cap into a crest, turns himself in a semicircle, hops and flies about at short intervals, and utters at the same time his peculiar clacking sounds. Just as in the beginning, he is very confidential towards us, and receives his food from my hands; he knows so well the time and manner of our employments, that he never fails on a morning, when the coffee is on the table, nor at dinner-time, to hop out of his cage—whose door is always open—and perch upon the table, where he takes a sip out of a coffee-cup, or nibbles at a lump of sugar, or attempts to swallow a whole round of bread. If the latter be lying on the edge of the table, he firmly seizes hold of it with his beak, and rather than let it go, will allow himself to be dragged to the ground by its weight. He is particularly fond of taking his food out of my mouth; he sits upon my shoulder, kisses me, pulls my hair, sings to me, and allows me to carry him about the room without attempting to fly away. It is remarkable that though he will not allow me to catch or touch him, he suffers my child both to touch and stroke him without resistance. Much as he likes meal-worms, he is anything but particular in respect to his food; he takes whatever is given him—black bread and cakes, potato-parings, ant-eggs, gnats, and even lucifer-matches. Once he put me in fear of his life by eating a half-burned lucifer; but he managed, though with difficulty, to swallow, and happily to digest it. His method of bathing is most comic. He is fond of taking air-baths as well as water, and in these, the movements of his whole body—his head, wings, and tail—are the same as when he is refreshing himself in water; it is as if, like a true poet, he would bathe his whole soul in the pure element. Timid towards all other birds, he has formed friendship solely with the titmouse. When the winter is over, all the birds in cages come into my room, and once a week, have a day's holiday in the open air. If another

bird, say a starling, comes through the open door into his cage, he flies off in real terror of death, with screams of agony; only when the titmouse comes, does he shew any pleasure. She greets him with her lively rattling voice, hops into his cage, pilfers his food, and then perches herself by his side. Here she keeps up a true perpetual motion; she is off and on all the wires of the cage, clambers hither and thither, slips out between the bars, and then in again at the door, as if playing at hide-and-seek.

The titmice—smaller, indeed, than robins, but more lively and active, and always shy and wild—are somewhat difficult to rear in their imprisonment. I have two of them, however, which have adapted themselves very well for a long time to their place and companions. With these, as with a tomcat, I have observed the peculiarity that, though they are generally so timid, there are certain seasons when they become ailing and tame, when they fly to me, and hop in restless agitation round me, and cast upon me a look, as if they would implore some special help. They then despise all their ordinary food. I have made several attempts to cure them with other diet, and found that sometimes they would eat only meal-worms; then, again, ant-eggs and guats; then, despising all these, only spiders would suit them; and, as if I had now found the right remedy for their complaint, a few days on this diet seemed to restore them, and they became as wild and lively as before. I have heard it said that tits do not behave well in a room with other birds, and that they peck the heads of the little ones with their bills. I have never found such to be the case; on the contrary, they keep themselves aloof from all others; and if another bird came very near them, they fly away, startled and terrified, uttering their rattling sound, with which they express anguish as well as joy: in this way, the robin has plundered them of many a worm. Only with the goldfinches has one of them ever associated in the bird-chamber, and then only in occupying a modest backward place upon the edge of a window-frame, where sat in front the crested hybrid of a goldfinch and canary, his canary-hen, and the three goldfinches. The creatures used to sit there motionless, like so many stuffed birds; but if one of them began to sing, all joined in the chorus; if the leader ceased, all became dumb, as at the movement of a conductor's wand; if one of them flew away, the whole window-frame was empty; and after a short excursion, they all resumed their places, like school-boys after a brief interval of study.

The most beautiful of all these is the hybrid. He has the figure of a goldfinch, and the colour of the canary. Being a king among all the birds of the finch species, he plays the part of one, and wears his crown upon his head, which he has, notwithstanding all Salique law, inherited from his mother. He always claims the lion's share in everything; and none dares approach a salad-leaf or an apple till he has had his fill; unless it be the canary, with whom he has lived for nearly two years. They are really the model of a married couple; they fly together, and sit together, day and night; and unlike the women, who have generally to complain that the husband discontinues the attentions of the lover, she has rather too much of delicate devotion. Without being altogether jealous, he watches her like an Argus. Woe be to the goldfinch who comes into the presence of his mistress; and upon the tree where their nest is, none ventures to remain long; yea, if one only fly past, he chases him with angry screams, and then returns triumphant to his tree, and bowing his head to his better-half, gives her looks of love, and utters exclamations full of pride, which she answers with praise and thanks. Even in building the nest, he is quite as busy as she. Stalks of straw six times his own length, whole bales

of cotton, fallen feathers, he carries thither in his beak; occasionally, also, he stalks majestically about with a long thread in his mouth, like a young apprentice-boy with his first pipe in his mouth, after shop is shut.

My tame raven, a year old, is a true marvel of cleverness, an original in cunning rogueries, a genuine wag. If one could believe in the transmigration of souls, it might be supposed that he is the metamorphosis of a street-boy, or rather, that he has a whole dozen of such stuffed under his black robe. Most remarkable is his gift of imitation, with which he can ape the speech of a naughty child, and raise such a scene down stairs and up stairs, that one might suppose two or three children were violently quarrelling. Sometimes, he bursts out into a cock-crow, then barks as a dog, or mews like a cat, or springs a rattle to frighten the birds off the corn-field. Suddenly, all is still; then a child of two years cries out 'Jacob;'; a boy of ten years answers with the same word, at first in a deep tone, then five or six times up the whole scale, in ever higher tones: the cry is as if he expected an answer, and got none—always sharper, shriller, angrier. Then, again, there is stillness, and a man seems to be knocking at the door; and if one open the door, in rushes Jacob, runs a few times up and down the room, and then goes to the table. Spoons, knives, forks, dishes, meat, bread, salt, in fact, everything he can lay hold on he seizes, makes for the door, and hides his stolen goods in some hole or corner. If one gives him several pieces of bread or meat, he crams all in his throat, till it will hold no more, and then he is off to his feeding and store chamber, where he stows them all away, piece by piece, in some secret hole. Then he repeats his visits so long as there is anything to be had. If one will give him no more, but drives him off, he behaves exactly like a spoiled child, snatches the first thing he can get, upsets something else, and, in short, makes a general disturbance, attacks the dog or cat, if they are in the way, and then makes off in loud laughter at his exploit.

In the streets, he always finds amusement and companions. He plays with the children who gather round him, tears their clothes, eats their bread, attacks them when they attempt to beat him with a stick, and wrenches it away from them; if a grown-up lad comes, he prudently gets out of his way. Little children he allows to touch him, but not the big ones. Whenever he has been making his toilet at the brook, he takes a round of the village, calling out Jacob or Juhu, having the whole herd of children at his back. Then he goes to the field, where he constitutes himself a sort of overseer to the labourer who is working at the plough or spade. If he be digging potatoes, he gathers them into a heap, covers them with earth, and flies off; then he comes again to see if the store is still there, or watches till a maggot or worm is thrown up, upon which he rushes devouringly, fearless of the spade. This kind of occupation sometimes employs him for hours. If a cat be making at him, he lets her come within a few paces of him; and when she is ready to make a spring, he flies off a little way, sets himself down again, and continues the teasing sport till she, wearied with the thriftless chase, gives it up. Unless he happen to be home earlier from his excursion, he never fails to present himself at the house-door by six in the evening, makes his evening-call in the parlour, and then goes to rest in the shed.

Out of the house, he is just as mischievous as within; and another human peculiarity he possesses, is his fondness for everything that glitters, especially new money. Pins and needles have a similar attractive power for him. One of our neighbours, who was a washerwoman, used to hang out her linen near our

window, and pinned them to the line. Perseveringly, he used to pull out the pins, and while the woman was uttering her anathemas upon him as she picked up her fallen clothes, he would fly away into the garden, uttering a most malicious croak, and here I one day found the thief's depository under some wood, filled with needles and pins.

He lets out, however, his whole jealously wicked or wanton humour upon a small setter-dog, and in this disposition reaches the climax of the comic. If some one at dinner, coaxes the dog towards a dish of bread-and-meat fragments, the animal, taught by past wrongs, first looks anxiously round, to see whether Jacob be in the mind to share it with him; but the latter pretends not to see the dish, and goes on with his toilet, or commences a few staves. Slowly and softly, the dog sneaks to the dish; but scarcely has he begun to eat in supposed security, when up comes Jacob behind him, pulls him by the tail, draws him off from the dish, and then himself falls upon the crumbs, which he carries off piece by piece, and hides them wherever he can find a hole. The dog who, in the meantime, has taken refuge under a sofa, observes attentively where he hides his booty, and as soon as Jacob's back is turned for a moment, he hastily fetches out the deposits, and eats them. When Jacob has cleared the dish, he mounts the stairs with a shout of joy, but soon comes back to see whether his hid treasures are still undiscovered. He goes regularly from one hiding-place to another, and if, after the first or second, he finds no more—while the dog, in the meanwhile hidden under the sofa, anxiously watches his movements—then he stands still a while in the middle of the room, considering where it is possible his meats have gone. Suddenly, it occurs to him who the thief is, and he sets upon the dog, who, if he have not fortunately found refuge in my arms, gets unmercifully toused. This game they play almost every day. Last summer, the raven met with a mishap from my neighbour's brood-hen; the latter, who may have taken the raven for a bird of prey, dangerous to her chickens, chased him whenever she got sight of him, and sent him home each time badly handled.

One day I was standing in the garden, the dog and the raven being near me. While the latter was playing with some gooseberries, all on a sudden the hen rushed over the wall, and fell foul of the dog first, threw him to the ground, and was pecking him cruelly. As soon as Jacob had recovered from his first fright, he made off, shrieking terribly. This reminded the hen that she had made a mistake, and had missed her mortally hated foe: she left the dog, and pursued the fugitive, sprang upon his back, threw him to the ground, and inflicted some painful wounds on him before I could rescue him from her claws. A hawk also once fell upon him in the field, but Jacob's screams drew another raven to his aid, by which the assailant was beaten off.

Like many a good-for-nothing lad who has passed through the schools, he understands a little Latin. Aqua he can distinctly pronounce; but he unhesitatingly prefers wine for drinking, which speaks much for his higher training. One day my wife put a glass of red wine upon the table; in a moment, he was at it, let himself down quietly on his stomach, dived his beak into it, and let the precious drink, drop by drop, roll down his distended throat. When my wife, fearing he might break the glass, removed it, he crept on his stomach after it; and when she took it away altogether, he flew in her face, in a real furious attack. If three glasses be placed on the table—one of water, another of beer, and a third of wine,—he leaves the first two, and confines himself to the wine; from which it may be observed that the animals are not so absolutely wedded to the

provisions which nature offers as to be insensible to the comforts of the kitchen and the cellar; and if they themselves can neither cook nor distil, they can yet enjoy the products of these arts.

The curtain falls. The representations of our bird-theatre, which, in a certain sense, stands for the world, are for this time closed. It is hoped that the feathered actors will not be hissed off, if they have not sung according to the rules of art, but only according to the capacity of their beaks.

MYSTIFICATIONS.

NEARLY forty years ago, great merriment was excited in this northern metropolis by certain personations performed in the highest Whig circles by a young lady, to the perfect deception of all who were not in her secret. In concert with one or two persons, she would leave a drawing-room, and return as a stranger suddenly arrived, having meanwhile assumed the dress of an old lady, and then she would act and converse for hours in her assumed character, without being recognised by a single person not previously aware of the scheme. What added to the piquancy of the performance, her old lady was what is called a *character*—full of whimsical ideas and oddities, and professedly maintaining the language and dress of a former generation. Of course, such deceptions could not be long kept up in so limited a society; yet it is remarkable how often she imposed upon persons who well knew both her and her tricks—even upon individuals who had expressed a wish to see her in some of her characters—the cleverest people being always the most easily imposed upon, and children and dogs the only detectives.

Miss Stirling Graham—for such is the lady's name—has at length been induced by her friends to print, for private circulation, a small volume containing a selection of her most distinguished 'mystifications;' and, a copy having come into our possession, we feel called upon, by a principle of benevolence towards the public, to break through the restraint which the modesty of the author has imposed, and give, at least, one example of her personations. It shall be one in which the victim was no less eminent a person than Francis Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*:

'At the theatre one Saturday evening, in the year 1821, Mr Jeffrey—afterwards Lord Jeffrey—requested me to let him see my *old lady*, and on condition that we should have some one to *take in*, I promised to introduce her to him very soon. Accordingly, on the Monday, having ascertained that he was to dine at home, I set out from Lord Gillies's in a coach, accompanied by Miss Helen Carnegie of Craigo, as my daughter, and we stopped at Mr Jeffrey's door in George Street between five and six o'clock. It was a winter evening; and on the question, "Is Mr Jeffrey at home?" being answered in the affirmative, the two ladies stepped out, and were ushered into the little parlour, where he received his visitors.

'There was a blazing fire and wax-lights on the table. He had laid down his book, and seemed to be in the act of joining the ladies in the drawing-room before dinner.

'The Lady Pitlival was announced, and he stepped forward a few paces to receive her.

'She was a sedate-looking little woman, of an inquisitive law-loving countenance; a mouth in which not a vestige of a tooth was to be seen, and a pair of old-fashioned spectacles on her nose, that rather obscured a pair of eyes that had not altogether lost their lustre, and that gave to the voice as much of the nasal sound as indicated the age of its possessor to be some years between her grand climacteric and fourscore. She was dressed in an Irish poplin of silver gray, a white Cashmere shawl, a mob cap with a band of thin muslin

that fastened it below the chin, and a small black silk bonnet that shaded her eyes from any glare of light.

Her right hand was supported by an antique gold-headed cane, and she leant with the other on the arm of her daughter.

Miss Ogilvy might be somewhere on the wrong side of twenty; how many months or years, is of no particular importance. Her figure, of the middle-size, was robed in a dress of pale blue, and short enough in the skirt to display a very handsome pair of feet and ankles. On her head she wore a white capote; and behind a transparent curtain of pure white blond, glanced two eyes of darkest hazel, while ringlets of bright auburn harmonised with the bloom of the rose that glowed upon her cheeks. Her appearance was recherché, and would have been perfectly ladylike but for an attempt at style—a mistake which young ladies from the country are very apt to fall into on their first arrival in the metropolis. Mr Jeffrey bowed and handed the old lady to a comfortable *chaise longue* on one side of the fire, and sat himself down opposite to her on the other. But in his desire to accommodate the old lady, and in his anxiety to be informed of the purport of the visit, he forgot what was due to the young one, and the heiress of the ancient house of Pitlyal was left standing in the middle of the floor.

She helped herself to a chair, however, and sat down beside her mother. She had been educated in somewhat of the severity of the old school; and during the whole of the consultation, she neither spoke nor moved a single muscle of her countenance.

"Well," said Mr Jeffrey, as he looked at the old lady, in expectation that she would open the subject that had procured him the honour of the visit.

"Weel," replied her ladyship, "I am come to tak a word o' the law frae you."

"My husband, the late Ogilvy of Pitlyal, among other property which he left to me, was a house and a yard at the town-end of Kirriemuir; also a kiln and a malt barn."

"The kiln and the barn were rented by a man they ca'd John Playfair, and John Playfair sublet them to another man they ca'd Willy Cruikshank, and Willy Cruikshank purchased a cargo of damaged lint—and ye widna hinder Willy to dry the lint upon the kiln—and the lint took low and kindled the cupples, and the slates flew aff, and a' the flooring was burnt to the ground, and naething left standin' but the bare wa's."

"Now, it was na insured, and I want to ken wha's to pay the damage, for John Playfair says he has naething *ado wi' it*; and Willy Cruikshank says he has naething *to do it wi'*; and I am determined no to take it off their hand the way it is."

"Has it been in any of the courts?"

"Ou ay, it has been in the Shirra Court of Forfar; and Shirra Duff was a guid man, and he kent me, and would ha' gien't in my favour, but that clattering creature Jamie L'Amy cam in, and he gave it against me."

"I have no doubt Mr L'Amy would give a very fair decision."

"It was na a fair decision when he ga'e it against me."

"That is what many people think in your circumstances."

"The minister of Blairgowrie is but a fule body, and advised me no to gae to the law."

"I think he gave you a very sensible advice."

"It was onything but that; and mind, if ye dinna gie't in my favour, I'll no be sair pleased."

Mr Jeffrey smiled, and said he would not promise to do that, and then inquired if she had any papers.

"Ou ay, I have a great bundle of papers, and I'll come back at any hour you please to appoint, and bring them wi' me."

"It will not be necessary for you to return yourself—you can send them to me."

"And wha would you recommend to me for an agent in the business?"

"That I cannot tell; it is not my province to recommend an agent."

"Then how will Robert Smith of Balharrie do?"

"Very well—very good man indeed; and you may bid him send me the papers."

Meantime her ladyship drew from her pocket a large old-fashioned leather pocket-book with silver clasps, out of which she presented him a letter directed to himself. He did not look into it, but threw it carelessly on the table. She now offered him a pinch of snuff from a massive gold box, and then selected another folded paper from the pocket-book, which she presented to him, saying: "Here is a prophecy that I would like you to look at and explain to me."

He begged to be excused, saying: "I believe your ladyship will find me more skilled in the law than the prophets."

She entreated him to look at it; and on glancing his eyes over it, he remarked: "That from the words *Tory* and *Whig*, it did not seem to be a very ancient prophecy."

"May be," replied her ladyship; "but it has been long in our family. I copied these lines out of a muckle book, entitled the *Prophecie of Pitlyal*, just before I came to you, in order to have your opinion on some of the obscure passages of it. And you will do me a great favour if you will read it out loud, and I will tell you what I think of it as you go on."

Here, then, with a smile at the oddity of the request, and a mixture of impatience in his manner, he read the following lines, while she interrupted him occasionally to remark upon their meaning:

EXTRACT FROM THE PROPHECIE OF PITLYAL.

When the crown and the head shall disgrace ane anither,
And the bishops on the bench shall gae a' wrang thegither;

When Tory or Whig
Fills the judge's wig;
When the Lint o' the Miln
Shall reek on the kiln;
O'er the Light of the North,
When the Glamour breaks forth,
And its wild-fire so red
With the daylight is spread;

When woman shrinks not from the ordeal of tryal,
There is triumph and fame to the house of Pitlyal.

(The Light of the North was Mr Jeffrey—the Glamour was herself; but we must give the Lady Pitlyal's own interpretation, as she appeared unconscious of the true meaning.)

"We hae seen the crown and the head," she said, "disgrace ane anither no very lang syne, and ye may judge whether the bishops gaed right or wrang on that occasion; and the *Tory* and *Whig* may no be very ancient, and yet never be the less true. Then there is the Lint o' the Miln—we have witnessed that come to pass; but what the '*Light of the North*' can mean, and the *Glamour*, I canna mak out. The twa hindmost lines seem to me to point at Queen Caroline; and if it had pleased God to spare my son, I might have guessed he would have made a figure on her trial, and have brought 'triumph and fame to the house of Pitlyal.' I begin, however, to think that the prophecy may be fulfilled in the person of my daughter, for which reason I have brought her to Edinburgh to see and get a guid match for her."

Here Mr Jeffrey put on a smile half serious, half quizzical, and said:

"I suppose it would not be necessary for the gentleman to change his name."

"It would be weel worth his while, sir: she has

a very guid estate, and she's a very bonny lassie; and she's equally related baith to Airlie and Strathmore; and a'boddy in our part of the warld ca's her the 'Rosebud of Pitlyal.'"

'Mr Jeffrey smiled as his eyes met the glance of the beautiful flower that was so happily placed before him; but the Rosebud herself returned no sign of intelligence.

'A pause in the conversation now ensued, which was interrupted by her ladyship asking Mr Jeffrey to tell her where she could procure a set of *fause teeth*.

"What?" said he, with an expression of astonishment, while the whole frame of the young lady shook with some internal emotion.

"A set of *fause teeth*," she repeated, and was again echoed by the interrogation, "What?"

'A third time she asked the question, and in a more audible key; when he replied with a kind of suppressed laugh: "There is Mr Nasmyth, north corner of St Andrew Square, a very good dentist; and there is Mr Hutchins, corner of Hanover and George Street."

'She requested he would give her their names on a slip of paper. He rose and walked to the table, wrote down both the directions, which he folded and presented to her.

'She now rose to take leave. The bell was rung, and when the servant entered, his master desired him to see if the Lady Pitlyal's carriage was at the door.

'He returned to tell there was no carriage waiting, on which her ladyship remarked: "This comes of *fore-hand payments*—they make *hint-hand work*. I ga'e a hackney coachman twa shillings to bring me here, and he's awa' without me."

'There was not a coach within sight, and another had to be sent for from a distant stand of coaches. It was by this time past the hour of dinner, and there seemed no hope of being rid of his visitors.

'Her ladyship said she was in no hurry, as they had had tea, and were going to the play, and hoped he would accompany them. He said he had not yet had his dinner.

"What is the play to-night?" said she.

"It is the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, again, I believe."

'They then talked of the merits of the actors, and she took occasion to tell him that she patronised the *Edinburgh Review*.

"We read your buke, sir!"

"I am certainly very much obliged to you."

'Still no carriage was heard. Another silence ensued, until it bethought her ladyship to amuse him with the politics of the country.

"We burnt the king's effigy at Blairgowrie."

"That was bold," he replied.

"And a pair of dainty muckle horns we ga'e him."

"Not very complimentary to the queen, I should think."

'Here the coach was announced, and by the help of her daughter's arm and her gold-headed cane, she began to move, complaining loudly of a *corny toe*. She was with difficulty got into the coach. The Rosebud stepped lightly after her.

'The door was closed, and the order given to drive to Gibb's Hotel, whence they hastened with all speed to Lord Gillies's, where the party waited dinner for them, and hailed the fulfilment of the "Prophecie of Pitlyal."

'Mr Jeffrey, in the meantime, impatient for his dinner, joined the ladies in the drawing-room.

"What in the world has detained you?" said Mrs Jeffrey.

"One of the most tiresome and oddest old women I ever met with. I thought never to have got rid of her;" and beginning to relate some of the

conversation that had taken place, it flashed upon him at once that he had been *taken in*.

'He ran down stairs for the letter, hoping it would throw some light upon the subject, but it was only a blank sheet of paper, containing a fee of three guineas.

'They amused themselves with the relation; but it was not until the day after that he found out from his valued friend Mrs George Russell who the ladies really were. He laughed heartily, and promised to aid them in any other scene they liked to devise, and he returned the fee with the following letter:

"Letter from Mr Jeffrey to the Lady Pitlyal, returning the fee of three guineas."

"DEAR MADAM—As I understand that the lawsuit about the malt-kiln is likely to be settled out of court, I must be permitted to return the fee by which you were pleased to engage my services for that interesting discussion: and hope I shall not be quoted along with the hackney coachman in proof of the danger of *fore-hand payments*. I hope the dentists have not disgraced my recommendation, and that Miss Ogilvy is likely to fulfil the prophecy, and bring glory and fame to the house of Pitlyal; though I am not a little mortified at having been allowed to see so little of that amiable young lady.

"With best wishes for the speedy cure of your corns, I have the honour to be, dear madam, your very faithful and obedient servant,

F. JEFFREY.

"92 George Street—April 21, 1821."

To have imposed upon Mr Jeffrey only two nights after he had told the young lady that he would like to see her in character, was certainly a brilliant stroke. One cannot, at the same time, but admire his gentlemanly patience during the visit, and his good-humoured letter returning the fee.

Imposture or personation has doubtless its laws like everything else. Mr William Clerk, advocate, had been completely taken in with the old Lady Pitlyal at an evening-party, and spoke of nothing else for a week. At length a friend hinted that it might be Miss Stirling. That he said was impossible, 'for Miss Stirling was sitting by the old lady the whole of the evening.' There must have been a latent or unconscious impression of the actual person in his mind, all the time that the ideal was occupying it.

At the end of her 'mystifications,' Miss Stirling Graham gives a few anecdotes of persons she calls 'worthies,' and one of these strikes us as an admirable hint at a character for a novel—indeed, a person little inferior in her attributes to Jeanie Deans.

'Looking,' says our author, 'through the long vista of the present century, and far down into the past, I see myself, a little girl of five or six years old, sitting on a *creepy* at the feet of a remarkable old woman called Meg Matthew.

'Meg sat at her wheel spinning flax with both hands from the waist, while I gazed on her dear, homely, wrinkled face, drinking in the old-world tales of her past life; her dress, a short-gown, woollen petticoat, a striped wincey apron, a close white mutch with a black hood over it.

'She had been a servant in the family of the minister of Kinnel. The minister and his wife both died during her service, leaving three children, two boys and a girl, totally unprovided for. Upon which Meg engaged an attic room in the Marketgate of Arbroath, and carried the orphans there with her, where she span to maintain them, and she begged or extorted from those she thought could afford it, their schooling and clothing.

'She did not ask like a mendicant, but said she *must have* such and such things for her bairns; and when the boys were to be fitted out, she would call at

various places, tell the lady that she must have linen, and that the young ladies must set to work and make so many shirts for Jamie or Willie.

Situations were procured for the boys—one settled in the West Indies, the other in Montreal, and after the lapse of years, Willie returned in good circumstances, and died in Arbroath. James married in Montreal, became affluent, and sent his daughter home to visit her aunt, and the friends who had known Meg. She was an accomplished, ladylike young person.

Meg went herself to London with the boys, to see them fitted out, and witness their departure; and she saw King George III., whom she described as being "like only ither husbandman wi' a stand o' blue claes."

Betsy obtained a lady's-maid's place in Hopetoun House, where she remained till her marriage with Mr Haldane, a stocking-manufacturer in Haddington. He left her a widow, in comfort; she was much respected, and died in a good old age.

Meg was the theme of many conversations among the young ladies of Hopetoun and their attendant; her name and fame were even well known among the servants.

One day a house-maid ran into the room calling out: "Miss Cruickshank, if your Meg be in the body, she is now coming up the road, dress't in her Sabbath-day claes, and her plaid ower her head."

It was Meg herself, arrived on foot from Arbroath, and rapturously she was welcomed by the whole family. She would remain only a few days, declining all favours for herself; and when they offered to shew her through the house, replied: "Na na; I'm no gae to big the marrow [that is, the like] of it."

She returned home to her spinning-wheel in her solitary little room, and from her rather unsocial manners, she was looked upon by coarse-minded people, in the light of a witch, or one who was in compact with the devil.

I remember her last illness, and seeing her laid in her coffin.

Her dust rests within the cemetery of the old abbey of Arbroath.

Embalmed in memory with things that are holy.

The volume contains also some specimens of poems and songs, of a degree of merit adding much to the claim which we now feel inclined to advance, that there should be an edition of *Mystifications* for the service of the public.

PORT NATAL.

A FEW facts concerning the colony of Port Natal, which has lately begun to attract a share of public attention as a new field of emigration, may be interesting both to intending emigrants and to readers generally. There are three things currently believed throughout this country to be detrimental to Natal—namely, the heat, the unhealthy climate, and the very inadequate supply of labour. Now, such remarks, which I have often heard made, only shew the great want of correct information which exists regarding the colony. According to government statistics, the thermometer on the coast during winter averages 72 degrees, and in summer 80 degrees; further up and above the capital (Pietermaritzburg), the climate is very much the same as in England; at D'Urban, and along the coast, the sea-breezes cool the atmosphere.

Hot winds, as in Australia, are seldom felt; so much so, that when one does come, people go about

very much surprised, informing one another that it is 'actually a hot wind!' When warm in Natal, it is always dry; few and far between are those close, humid, sultry days, so much felt in India, in which men go about as if the exertion of dragging one leg after another was too much, and when the only comfortable position to be in is up to your chin in cold water; when to eat is a nuisance, and to drink is a necessity. The rains in summer are constant; scarcely a day passes without a shower, and when it rains there, it does rain—not as it is in Britain, an unpleasant drizzle, but an evendown-pour. So much, however, is the earth parched by winter droughts, and so great the evaporation, that no rain, however heavy, lies on the surface more than three days; and of course fever and all diseases arising from decayed vegetable matter and stagnant water are unknown. Now, in what is called the Amatonga country, about 250 miles from D'Urban, the decayed vegetable matter and stagnant swamps are so great, that it is death to any European to venture there. Miles upon miles of flat country, in fact, one great rich swamp, covered with game, is there inhabited by a people civilised in comparison to their neighbours the Zulus; but where death or disease is sure to attack any white man who enters. Great is the contrast within so short a distance! For Natal is a country without one virulent disease peculiar to itself, where consumption and scrofula are unknown, where health is, in fact, rampant, where the ladies are all in despair about getting so stout and strong, and where many have saved their lives from the grasp of those fearful diseases so prevalent in the old country.

The colony of Natal contains a population of about 10,000 whites and 225,000 blacks. Now, with this immense number, the most credulous cannot believe the assertion that labour is scarce; for, allowing one servant to every white man, woman, and child, what an immense number there remains for future emigrants! It may be said that the greater portion of the 225,000 are women and children; but it is they who, at their own homes, labour most. The women hoe, plant, and reap, carry water, cook, and, in fact, do everything except build the huts, milk the cows, and hunt. Where, also, would you get better pickers of cotton than Caffre children? Such is the increasing fondness of the Caffres for money, and the articles which it will procure, that they are fast overcoming the prejudice about letting their women and children go out to work. It is also plain that, as they begin to feel the advantages and security of being under British government, the chances of any outbreak are constantly lessening. I have heard many people say: 'Oh, but your natives are a very bad set, are they not?—always warring and plundering;' but they have been confounding the Caffre war in the Cape Colony, a place 700 miles away, with Natal. Every Caffre in Natal knows well that, were the white men gone from the colony, the surrounding nations would at once make a clean sweep, so envious have they become of their accumulations of cattle and other riches; and at the same time the Europeans are well aware that, should any of the surrounding nations attempt anything against Natal, there are Caffres enough in the colony, combined together under a European leader, to 'eat

my brother to his last home, twenty years ago, I helped with my own hands to set his father's coffin straight; and the old man, I know, had in his time done a similar office for his predecessor. Now, mark me, I am not going to scratch and fumble in the dark until I am smothered. Will you see, therefore, that the people bury me in quicklime?"

"I had had too many patients in my time to be in the least surprised at such a request as this; and Sir Reginald was, moreover, just that description of sceptic who will grovel at the foot of a family superstition; and I of course promised to do what he desired.

"And, doctor," added he, in the dogged tone in which a man endeavours to conceal his consciousness of his own shame, "you may as well keep these keys which open the vault in your own possession; and give the undertaker fellows five pounds apiece, will you, to hold their tongues? I should not like it to be said that a Cureton—and the last of the Curetons, too—was ever afraid."

"Within a few days of this conversation, Sir Reginald died; and although there is nothing more contemptible in my own eyes than such a fancy as he had expressed, I had at once a private interview with the undertaker, and paid a ten-pound note out of my own pocket to insure the dead man's wishes being complied with. The baronetcy was extinct by his demise, but a long train of expectant connections, all unknown to me, followed his body to the tomb on the next day. I myself was sent for in the morning to a casualty case at some distance off, and was therefore unable to attend the funeral, but I returned to Cureton Hall the same afternoon. I had to transact various business matters with the executors after dinner, and retired to rest thoroughly fatigued with my day's exertions. What was that not loud sound, then, that woke me, on the instant, out of a deep sleep, and in the dead of night?—that caused me to sit upright on my bed in profuse sweat, with every hair on my head standing, as it seemed, on end, with my sense of hearing strung to the utmost, and my heart beating so loud and strong, that I was fain to press my hand upon it? A rat in the wainscot? No. There were no rats in Cureton Hall. And yet there was something close beside me, *scratching and fumbling in the dark!* Sir Reginald's dying words flashed upon me directly I heard it; and within five minutes I was making my way, half-dressed, along the eastern corridor to the room wherein I knew the undertaker was still lodged. The noise was still in my ears, and accompanied me with perfect distinctness as I walked. I pictured to myself only too faithfully what must needs be happening all that time in the vault beneath the chapel. So panic-stricken a face did I wear, that the undertaker himself, used as he was to ghastly spectacles, was terrified.

"Get up," cried I, "get up at once, you liar. Come with me to the place where you have put Sir Reginald, or I will brain you with these keys. Bring hammer and chisel, villain. That man, I tell you, you buried, was buried alive."

"Sir," said he, trembling in every limb, "what would you have me do?"

"I clutched him by the collar of his night-dress by way of answer, and had him out upon the floor in an instant. With his dressing-gown twisted round him the wrong side out, his teeth chattering with cold and terror, and holding in his unwilling hands the instruments of his profession, the unhappy wretch accompanied me to the chapel. In vain he expostulated and reasoned. I was listening to those fearful sounds which he could not hear, and which seemed to increase as we neared the consecrated building. Once he endeavoured to turn back and make his escape, but I was too quick for him, and gripped his

wrist like an iron handcuff. The moon shone full upon the door of the great vault, which was without the wall, but I was long in getting the key to open it, since I did not dare to leave hold of my struggling prisoner. At last the huge leaves creaked upon their hinges, and the pale moonlight overflowed all that solemn place, touching with unearthly splendour the silver nails and plates and handles which adorned, so vainly, the narrow homes of the departed Curetons. *The scratching and fumbling in the dark* had now entirely ceased; but there was a dark something standing up at the entrance, at sight of which the guilty officer of the dead gave a scream that set many a candle glimmering in the hall-windows, and brought us speedy help. The coffin of Sir Reginald was standing before us absolutely *on end*; nor when we opened it was there found a trace of that quicklime about which the unhappy baronet had been so solicitous.

"I know full well," continued my poor friend, "every one of those arguments which common sense as well as medical knowledge can apply to a case like this. Pray, spare unnecessary talk upon this awful subject. All the reasoning in the world cannot save my nights from being passed in agony, my days in miserable apprehensions, with fits such as that you were witness to just now, when I seem to be, myself, in the place of my wretched patient, and to *scratch and fumble in the dark* until I suffocate. My health has quite given way under these repeated visitations; still, there will be a load taken off my mind which may do me good even now, a horror subtracted from the dread idea of death, if you will promise me one thing."

"I promise you, dear Bob," cried I, "upon my sacred word."

"Then you will do me this last kindness: before I am buried, you will decapitate me with your own hands."

Directly my poor friend had obtained the desired assurance, his spirits seemed to rise in a very extraordinary degree. For the first time since that scene in Cureton vault, he passed the ensuing night without any sensations of a painful nature; and he is now at the sea-coast, picking up flesh, as well as sea-anemones for his vivarium. Still, it is of course quite possible that Bob may not live so long as myself, and the knowledge that I am bound in that case to perform the office of his executioner, does certainly—to an unprofessional person like myself—give an interest to our friendship not altogether of a cheerful kind.

TO THE WIND.

With fearful voice, he rushes down our street,
Making the signs creak horribly. At night
(When peace should reign), he mostly doth delight
Upon the window-panes strange tunes to beat;
I've lain abed and fancied restless feet
Were dancing on the staircase, sounds so wild
Created he for wonder-loving child,
In whose fresh soul fine awe and fear did meet.
His wailings oftentimes so plaintive seemed,
I gave him human passions, and felt sad
For that deep mourner who beneath the shade
Of pitying Night his soul's keen anguish named
In language suited to the troubled hour,
When bells were trembling in the crazy tower.

J. E.

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GOD'S ACRE.

VERY recently, a melancholy duty directed our steps to the great Eastern Cemetery of London; and so singular and so touching did some of the appearances connected with this vast resting-place of the people seem to us, that we are inclined to think a brief account of it may not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Journal*. The walk thither from the city parsonage at which we were staying, is through one of the meanest and poorest parts of the metropolis—one of those tremendous contrasts to the west end which strike so painfully on the heart. The approach to Kensal Green is through a city of palaces; one smells sweet odours and hears sweet sounds, till the wide country-road is gained leading to the far-away garden of the dead, where the sleepers repose amid flowers and sculptured marble till the final waking. But *here*, in the east, one traverses miserable, comfortless-looking streets of grim dwellings, hollow-eyed and gaunt-looking, like their inmates; while, outside them, children, ragged beyond all imagination, play about, or huddle together in groups. It was on a Saturday that we passed through this miserable portion of the town, and, to our astonishment, it seemed something of a gala-day, for flags were hung across the streets from house to house, and the whole contents of the small shops were literally turned into the streets, where they impeded our passage on the pavement, but were supposed to facilitate the Saturday purchases of the people. The greater portion of these commodities consisted of such trash, whether of food or clothing, that a universal clearing of it appeared the most desirable fate. Wretched old clothes—accounting for the costume of the ragged boys—lean, dry-looking pieces of meat, and, greatly preponderating in quantity, baskets of dead-looking, withered cabbages, the languid leaves of which drooped mournfully over faded radishes, and dull-looking oranges. Everybody seemed busy; but it was not with a joyous, living life; it was all alike—dull, though noisy—a wretched present, without either past or future—a scene to make us more fully comprehend the beautiful significance of the old Saxon name for a burial-place—God's Acre. And there it was at last!—the final resting-place, which human care and love have here made a pleasanter dwelling than its frontier-land of life. We entered it by handsome carved iron gates, opposite which stood the only large and well-furnished shop we had yet seen—a stone-mason's and grave-maker's; and we walked down wide paths, bordered by the graves of the dead—some few with

little flowery enclosures above them, some with crosses and other sad heraldry of Christendom, but none bearing that look of brightness which at Kensal Green reconciles one to the great sleeping-place. One fact which struck us particularly was, the *immense* number of infants and very young persons buried there, as the inscriptions testified. It is a perfect Golgotha of innocents. There are at least *five* infant records to one of mature years.

At last we came to that strange feature of the place, which gave it, in our eyes, a charm beyond all the brightness and elegance, even of a Père la Chaise. We reached that portion of God's Acre which emphatically deserves the name—the spot appropriated to the poor; the resting-place of those weary and wretched ones we had just left behind. Afar off, the singular appearance of the spot struck us; nearer, it was the most touching blending of love and sorrow, with all that a high civilisation denominates ludicrous, that we had ever seen, and of the existence of which, in London, only our own eyes could have convinced us. The graves might have been graves of the Sandwich Islanders! Our thoughts flew back to Robinson Crusoe and Whittington, and the old, far-off days of London and its merchant-sailors. The maritime element of our people could not be doubted there. It was a wide, flat piece of ground, glittering with *shells*! The graves, narrow and small, were formed and bound in by a low twisted lattice-wood of boughs. They were not covered with turf—at least, not many of them—but in the earth, small white glittering shells were stuck, forming letters which told who slept below, and sometimes made a text or a homely farewell. On others, very large and handsome conch-shells bore on the tender pink of their rounded bosoms, the name, age, date of death, &c., cut in black letters into them. Some had a conch-shell at each end, and the shell inscription between them. One, an infant's grave, was carefully and lovingly decorated, and at the head, the broken playthings of the poor little one were stuck in the earth—a shattered cart, and a tiny china-plate, with a painted piece of ham on it, with which it once, perhaps, made a Barmecide's feast, during its hungry days on earth; and yet the toys gave us a hope it had not been in such sad want.

On many graves we found the little white Cupids that Italian boys carry about on their heads for sale, seated gravely, writing or reading, with sweet arch faces and little wings. They were doubtless taken for infant angels by the ignorant love which placed them there; and though they raised an involuntary smile, were, after all, no unmeet memorial. Further

on, the same kind of graves were even more carefully decorated, with brighter and prettier shells, some of them rare, and even valuable, telling of the far east from whence the sailor-mourner had brought them—perhaps for this very purpose. Here the infant Cupids were exchanged for the child Samuel kneeling in prayer, but who, being black, and looking very *triste*, was scarcely so pretty as the Cupids, even if more appropriate. In the centre of one grave, fixed firmly in the earth, we found a tough old walking-stick, with a metal head, the only property, probably, of the aged man whom the shell-language again told us reposed beneath. On each side, a small rose-tree promised to support it by and by; at present, it looked strong and sturdy, and had a strange, weird-like look of defiance, as it stood erect and alone, putting us in mind of Wulfstan's crosier, fixed into the Confessor's tomb by the church-necromancy of another age. At a distance, these singular memorial-places are very disfiguring to the symmetry of the garden, and form another of those painful contrasts of which we have before spoken; but when the human feelings connected with them are taken into account, we believe London scarcely contains a more touching or suggestive spot than this portion of God's Acre at Bow.

It draws one's heart and one's best sympathies towards the living poor, who have thus 'done what they could' for those whom love follows beyond the tomb. Faith and hope for the living—for the tender-hearted, simple-minded survivors—awake beside these shell-strewn graves; for it has been well observed that one of the true indices to national character may be found in their treatment of the dead.

It was a gentle feeling that placed at first the home of the dead under the shelter of God's church; and though care for the living has now compelled us to do away with the old reverent tenderness of church-yards, we probably all sympathise more or less in the feeling which dictated Coxe's pretty lines:

Oh, bury me then in the green church-yard,
As my old forefathers rest;
Nor lay me in cold necropolis,
'Mid many a grave unblest.
I would sleep where the church-bells aye ring out;
I would rise by the house of prayer,
And feel me a moment at home, on earth,
For the Christian's home is there.

How different is the impression made by the lowly village church-yard, with its solemn yews—once the armoury of the English archer—its waving grass and moss-grown graves, or even by the shell-inscribed tombs of Bow, from that which we felt when gazing on the tower of the Parsee or the desolate mummy of Egypt.

Our visit to Bow reminded us of the somewhat singular chance which has in the course of our life brought beneath our actual observation every mode of sepulture, except only the disgusting burials of Naples and the tree-enclosed skeletons of New Holland. On the plains of Salisbury, we have looked on the tumuli of the ancient Briton and Saxon; in Egypt, on the pyramids and catacombs where poor humanity, become a statue of rigid dust, has been ruthlessly torn from the shelter of the grave to satisfy antiquarian curiosity, or to be made a drug in the apothecary's market; and in India, on the funeral pile of the Hindoo.

Next to the grave sanctity of the English country church-yard, we prefer the Mohammedan burial-grounds to all others. On the verge of the Egyptian desert, we saw a city of minarets, mosques, and towers, white, glittering, and silent, majestic in its awful repose: it was a city of the dead—a Moslem cemetery; and alike in its locality and the solemn beauty of its

tombs, we recognised a just taste and a due reverence for death. It deserved the name the Afghans give to their cemeteries—'the City of the Silent.' And here we may observe, that the burial-places of the Afghans themselves—who, though of supposed Jewish descent, are Mohammedan by faith—are also remarkably pretty. They hang garlands on the tombs, and burn incense before them, believing that the ghosts of the departed hover near, and sit each at the end of his own grave, enjoying the fragrance of their offerings. A hole to admit air is always left in a Mohammedan tomb.

But if the Mohammedan burial-place ranks next to the older English, the Parsee's or Fire-worshipper's is of all the most revolting. Often have we shuddered, when driving on the island of Bombay, as the hideous vulture, heavy with gorging the dead, flitted over the carriage, and drew our thoughts and attention to the high martello-shaped tower, on the top of which an iron grating exposes the dead to the vulture and the carrion crow, till the bones are picked clean; when the grating is removed, and they fall into the deep receptacle beneath. The Parsee worship of the elements, by which fire, earth, and water are deemed too holy to come in contact with a corpse, has undoubtedly originated this repulsive mode of burial. There also we often saw burning in the still moonlight the funeral pile of the Hindoo, who believes he destroys the clog of the soul when he burns the body, and has no desire or faith in its resurrection, as the ancient Egyptian had.

There is one peculiarity attending the burial of the dead which has often struck us in our wanderings: no people, however maritime, of ancient or modern times, have ever made a burial-place of the sea. Whether the unceasing restlessness of the great deep has caused this avoidance of it as a sepulchre, or that it would have had the appearance of casting away the dead, we cannot tell; but no such national custom has ever prevailed.

Everywhere, even among savages, some spot in every land has been given to the dead, except among the Caffres, who 'throw dead bodies,' Sir Thomas Browne tells us, 'to the hyenas.' The first land ever purchased was for a tomb—that of Sarah, the mother of the Hebrew race; and of all people, perhaps the Jews are most solicitous as to their sepulture. Their name for a burial-place is worthy of the once chosen people of God—'The House of the Living,' an expression finely implying that it is the dead alone who truly live. The human body, according to their notion, has an indestructible part, called *Luz*, which will be the seed of its resurrection. This is a small bone, in shape like an almond, placed at the end of the vertebrae, which bone they declare can never be destroyed. For many ages a superstition also prevailed among them that the resurrection could only take place in their own land, and numberless Jewish bones were, consequently, wont to be sent to Palestine, to be interred in the holy earth. Sometimes a wealthy Jew would import earth from Jerusalem, to line his European grave. But this love for the national dust seems to be inherent in their race, as even Joseph would not leave his bones in an Egyptian grave, but took a vow of his descendants that they would carry them back with them to the beloved country, where their sole possession was a sepulchre. Both he and Jacob, however, seem to have undergone the Egyptian process of embalming, and to have been mummies rather than skeletons.

The Abayas, a Circassian tribe, have a strange way of preserving their chiefs by natural means—the embalming physicians being the bees! The dead body is placed in a wooden coffin with an opening above the face, so that it may look heavenwards; and by this hole the bees enter, as into a hollow tree,

and embalm the body as it lies, by covering it with wax and honey. A sweet, simple, and most natural method of preserving and embalming the beloved.

Cremation, the old Roman fashion, fell into disuse, probably quite as much from the increased expense of fuel, when the population increased, as from the Christian doctrine of the resurrection. In India, as we have said, the custom still continues; and we have often seen long lines of glimmering funeral piles along the shore at night, which, taken for watch-fires or beacon-lights at sea, have lured many a good ship to her fate upon the low black rocks of the Indian Ocean. The smallest quantity of wood which is sufficient for one of these pyres is three hundred-weight!—a sufficient reason for their discontinuance in the west as the forests fell before the advancing habitations of man. The last Christian body burned after death was that of Henry Laurens, the first president of the American congress. He desired it by his will, and enjoined the performance of his command on his children as a duty. The reason of this wish was, that an infant of his own had been nearly buried alive, and he had, consequently, constantly dreaded such a fate for himself.

'He that hath the ashes of his friend,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'hath an everlasting treasure;' and, assuredly, there are few who would not think it a precious privilege to retain so closely and faithfully the remains of the beloved; but of a return to the old Roman custom, we can never hope in our over-peopled world. The same cause which is closing our overstocked church-yards, and driving the dead away from the shadow of the spire and the voice of the bell, put out the Roman death-fires, and forbids them ever being rekindled; so we must even content ourselves with cemeteries as they stand at present, and be glad that they contain as touching and infallible proof of the 'heart' of the nation, as that offered by the graves of the poor at Bow.

It is one of the peculiarities attending church-yards or cemeteries, that a *new one* is always regarded with prejudice. We have somewhere read that no family would consent to inter their dead in the (then) new cemetery of St George's, Queen Square, till it had been hallowed by the burial of Nelson, the saintly author of *Fasts and Festivals of the Church of England!* Afterwards, it filled rapidly. There is also, in many of the rural parts of England, a strong prejudice against the north side of the church-yard as a burial-place, proceeding, probably, from some faint tradition of the old custom of burying great and known criminals there:

On the north of the church were buried
The dead of a hapless fame;
A cross and a wail for pity,
But never a date or name.

By the Partidas,* any place where a man was buried became 'religious' or consecrated ground; and whoever gave permission for a corpse to be interred in his land, lost his property in that portion, for, by very reason of the sacredness of death, it devolved forthwith to the church.

Much remains to be said, had we space, of the famous catacombs of old Rome, with their graves of saints, confessors, and martyrs; of the modern catacombs, where the dead sleep beneath the whirl and bustle of Parisian life; of the hideous burials of Naples; of the preserved dead of the monkish priesthood; of the chapels of human bones, &c., &c.; but they would be beyond our limits; so we must content ourselves by merely adding our hope, that English cemeteries may grow more and more like those in

Coxe's *Dreamland*, with whose pretty description of an imaginary burial-place, 'most musical, most melancholy,' we shall conclude:

And Dreamland folk do love their dead,
For every mound I saw
Had flowers, and wreaths, and garlands, such
As painters love to draw!
I asked what seeds made such fair buds,
And—scarce I trust my ears—
The Dreamland folk averred, such things
Do only grow—from tears.

ALARMING PROGRESS OF BIOGRAPHY.

It is just possible, even in these days, for a man of judgment and discretion to go through life without being made a knight; he may, by finesse and unceasing vigilance, escape getting a public Testimonial of his worth or talents presented to him while in the flesh; but after death, the most prudent, no longer able to defend themselves, are liable to be given over unto the Biographers. This, as Lord Brougham observed—we have, no doubt, with especial sensitiveness—adds a new terror to the Grisly King.

The worst of the matter is, that from this terrible fate no memory, however unpretending, is secure. The birdie that twitters on bough and brier is as liable to have his little tunes set to music, and published with illustrations, as that which carols loud and long at the gates of heaven. No matter how noiseless the tenor of our life, nor how sequestered its ways, it is just as likely to be made a public thoroughfare after we are departed, as though we had led the van of mankind upon the crowded highway to the Temple of Fame. We are not sure, indeed, but that the being Famous is not often the safer position of the two; for the Literary Coroners who preside over these mental *post mortems*, may then avoid us, from the idea that there are certain to be many rivals in the burial-ground, and thereby we may altogether escape.

The distress of these gentlemen, when a happy release of this kind does occur, is ludicrous in the extreme. 'Gracious goodness! we have forgotten Percy Bysshe Shelley,' was the thought that flashed upon some half-dozen of them simultaneously a few months ago, and immediately the ashes of that funeral pyre by the Italian sea were swept up and garnered, to be showered upon us by those irreverent pepper-casters anew. From the worst form of this persecution, however, the memory of poor Shelley was secure. They could not—or some of them would certainly have attempted it—construct a Religious Biography out of those materials. It is almost worth while to be unorthodox to procure exemption from this tremendous wrong.

Biographies of that particular kind seem to require a special description of Editor; a man who not only does not consider 'faith and prayers among the privatest of men's affairs,' but who delights in exposing whatever his victim was accustomed to hold peculiarly his own and sacred. Everything that bears beyond dispute the moral mark of *Private* upon it, is culled with particular attention, and printed either in large type or in italics. He is commonly of the same religious sect as his unfortunate Subject; and if there are any bitter and uncharitable expressions concerning a rival persuasion, to be found in the dead man's writing; they are certain to lose none of their intensity at second hand. The opinions thus posthumously expressed, are always—for what reason we do not know—denominated 'views,' while the biographies themselves are commonly termed 'memoirs.'

For this reason, we regarded the outside of the

* A famous code of Spanish law promulgated by Alonzo el Sabio, king of Castile, in 1266.

volume now before us* with a rather suspicious eye; and took it up as a highly intelligent raven is wont to handle a walnut, which he opines to be rotten, and is aware in any case that he shall not enjoy. We inserted our paper-knife into the preface, and found the editor apologising to the Religious Public for not having made the 'Memoir' solemn enough. We opened the first chapter, and were relieved from our apprehensions, in the following very pleasant manner:

'Some thirty years ago, an English tourist was standing on the Castle rock, with a lank, keen-visaged Scotchman for interpreter and guide.

"Now, my good friend," said the Southron, "you have talked quite enough about your native town. Pray, forget Paisley for a moment, and let us look at Edinburgh."

"It's no that easy to forget Paisley when ye look at Embro'," replied the offended *cicerone*. "Seest 'ou?" and he pointed towards the University buildings; "that's Embro' College, where they come from England and a' pairs to learn to be doctors, and chancellors, and members o' parliament; and it has the cleverest men in the three kingdoms for its professors: but far the cleverest of them a' is ane John Wilson, and he's a Paisley man. And seest 'ou?" pointing to a distant spire; "yon's the steeple o' North Leith. It's the best stipend in Scotland, and at this present it's allowed to have the best preacher in Scotland for its minister. Ye must have heard tell of the Rev. James Buchanan; but ye may have forgotten that he's a Paisley man. And seest 'ou that kirk wi' the doom on't? That's St George's, where a' the gentry attend for the sake of the singing; and I se warrant ye'll no hear the like o' the precentor in a' England. They ca' him R. A. Smith, and he's a Paisley man. And seest 'ou where a' thae coaches are waiting to start? That's the Register Office. Ye may say it's the keystone o' the kingdom; for lairds and lands a' hing by it. But though it's the place where dukes and earls keep their titles, and the king himself keeps his papers, every day, when the clerks gae hame, and the door is steekit, the entire place is left in charge of an auld wife, and she's a Paisley woman."

The subject of this memoir was the brother of that John Wilson, the Paisley man, better known as Christopher North, and poor James suffered accordingly. Next to being the younger brother of the Head of the House, there is nothing more unpleasant than the having a great man—unless it happens to be one's self—in one's own family. Involuntary comparisons are continually suggesting themselves to other people's minds. 'Has Professor Wilson any brothers?' inquired a certain guest at a table whereat James Wilson was sitting. 'O yes,' replied he with a sigh, and before the host could interfere with an explanation; 'he has several; but, as you know always happens in such cases, they are all idiots. However, I submit to the laws of nature.'

When we had read thus far, our last lingering suspicion of the kind of biography we were here about to have, was set at rest; for if there is a foe who is such an over-match for Cant that she cannot live in the same soul with him, it is Genial Humour. Wilson, too, had another quality very inimical to her in his love for the beauties of nature, which, though exhibiting itself in a less vigorous manner than Kit North's, seems to have been quite as genuine and tender. It is, indeed, as a Naturalist, if as anything, that the memory of James Wilson claims the attention of the public at all. He was not, says Dr Hamilton, a mere collector, who prefers a bird in the hand

to any number in the bush; or a mere anatomist, in whose eyes a chimpanzee, or peer of parliament, is little better than a skeleton with a ticket-of-leave—a preparation still walking about in native fur or exotic ermine. His desire was rather to possess continually at hand mementoes of the creatures which he had learned to love elsewhere. 'On the summer evenings, when escaped from the High School, or on the bright and ample holiday when Roslin or Habbie's How was the delectable mountain of his pilgrimage, and when his quiet, gentle spirit had seen the sights and heard the sounds unsurmised by noisier comrades, he was glad to carry home a keepsake from his own private carnival. The stuffed birds and rows of beetles which he began to store up in his little sanctuary at Queen Street, to Professor Jameson and the initiated few would be "specimens," to the housemaid and the irreverent many they would be "rubbish," but to the youthful compiler they were symbols and dear memorials. Among the whistling blasts of October, they brought back the days of June, and they made mid-winter balmy. That cornercrack recalled a cloudless gloaming; and, caught as it was on Arthur's Seat, that *Artaxerxes* butterfly was still surrounded with the whole panorama from Ben Lomond to Berwick Law, whilst rosy reminiscences flitted past from bees and burnet-moths with wings now motionless.'

As in those early days, he pursued through life this study, half as an amusement, and half as a profession. The pleasantest portion of the volume is the description of his botanical rambles with Professor Graham and his pupils in their excursions to the far North, where the accommodation was often of the most primitive description, and a party of twenty would sleep in a hayloft, or in a windowless mountain shieling. On one occasion, they were accompanied by a naval officer, whose feats of snoring were prodigious. 'The first night he kept the whole party awake listening to his astounding performances. The second night he was voted into a separate room, along with a deaf old gardener, who was proof against ordinary noises. In the morning, his room-mate was asked how he had slept. "I never slept a wink. He gart the very bed dirl under him." At last it became needful to extort a solemn pledge that, by way of giving all his neighbours a chance, the gallant captain would not lay his head on the pillow till a quarter of an hour after his comrades—a pledge which he kept with gay good-humour, sitting up, stop-watch in hand, till the company had a fair start of fifteen minutes; but woe betide the luckless wretch who could not gain the arms of Morpheus before Triton sounded his trumpet!'

But the snoring must at all times have been something considerable, since we read in another place that 'Drs Graham, Greville, Wight, Green, and myself, sleep *quietly* in one room, part of us in two beds, and the rest upon the floor'—which sounds alarming indeed—but that in the next room there were a good many people, it being covered from end to end with recumbent students. Their custom was to breakfast at seven; then the various parties would radiate in all directions, each provided with life-preservers in the shape of pocket-pistols; some would return at five, some at seven, and some not till nine o'clock; but the dinner was a 'movable feast,' consisting chiefly of cold meat, and fish, and potatoes, which could be cooked at a short notice.

Somewhere near Loch Eribol—wherever that may be—the crowding-in dormitory became rather too tremendous. 'We had here only one small room for the whole party, and so, learning from [Quaker] Barry that he in the earlier part of the day had botanised up the valley, and passed a shepherd's hut, where he was told he might stay all night, we thought

* *Memoirs of the Life of James Wilson of Woodville.* By James Hamilton, D.D. Nisbet & Co.

it advisable to divide a little, as there was literally not room for us all upon the floor. Therefore, Barry and myself, with Captain Graham and the kilted Scobie, though we had all had a hard day's work, set off in the dark towards twelve o'clock, in search of a roosting-place. After a few miles, we came to the shepherd's hut, at which we knocked, and knocked, and knocked again; but the only answer we met for long was the violent barking of a band of collies in the interior. At last, a feeble and querulous grumbling was heard, as if from under a heap of clothes. We could make nothing of it for a considerable time, and so continued our knocking at door and windows. We finally made out that the muffled murmurings were intended to warn us off—that everybody *should* be in bed by that time of night—and that we must make the best of our way back to Cashel Dhu. In vain we entreated, and expostulated, and explained; in vain did Mr John Scobie menace them with ducal wrath, alternately in Gaelic and “the English tongue;” still more in vain did the gentler Barry “thee” and “thou” through the keyhole or the broken *lozen*. “Thou didst willingly promise me a night's lodging when I passed thy dwelling in the daytime. Surely thou wouldst not refuse us the cover of thy roof, and the use of thy hay. Thou oughtest not to have promised, if thou intendedst not to fulfil. Thou hast deceived us, and now we know not what to do.” I was certain from the first, from the tone of her voice, that she would not yield, and advised the party to be off, though I could not exactly advise them in what direction to turn their steps. We were about to go back to Cashel Dhu, when Mr Scobie proposed we should venture a few miles more up the valley, as he was “pretty sure” there was a hut somewhere on the other side of the river. Though angry at the caprice and selfishness of the woman who had turned us away (the man never spoke, and was supposed not to be at home, though I doubt not he was lying ensconced on the other side of his cruel rib), we were in good-humour with ourselves, and there was at least the chance of novelty in the adventure. It was now nearly one in the morning, fair, but dark. There must certainly have been a great deal of fun in all this; and when they had presently to cross a very broad and rapid stream, it must have been still better. “From constant fishing, Captain Graham and myself were very sure of foot upon the slippery stones, and firm of limb to withstand the downward sweeping of the torrent. But, alas! for Barry and his breadth of brim. “Friend, art thou assured of the way? This now seemeth to me rather a perilous passage. Thinkest thou we had not best return?”

Even Wilson had ‘funked’ it as he stepped in, and fancied Isabella (his wife) was pulling beseechingly at his coat-tails. His affection for this lady seems to have been very tender and beautiful. He never could enjoy himself fully for thinking of her, and when away, was always picturing some misfortune to her, in his over-anxious mind. His letters, indeed, to her and ‘My dear sweet Lassie,’ his daughter, are exquisite expressions of domestic love, and ‘pious’ in a very high and unvulgar sense of the word. His Glimpses of the Hidden Life, as Chapter IX. is called, are, on the other hand, unreal enough without being spiritual, and might be left out of the volume with advantage. They did not quench his wit, writes his biographer apologetically, nor make him burn his fishing-rod, nor banish poetry and *belles-lettres* from his library; they ‘did not even hinder him from laughing or making others laugh.’ Why, of course they did not. Why should they? Religion is neither Bile nor Monomania; nor are we aware that the subject of these memoirs ever lived in Morningside Asylum, or deserved to go there. The following, it seems, was his direction, according to a brother-

naturalist in Paris, who prided himself upon his accurate knowledge of the English language:

‘England,

SIR JAMES WILSON,

Lover of Insects,

WOODVILLE, EDINBURGH.’

What reason, therefore, is there for such a gratuitous apology?

His reflections upon all subjects were pleasant, but rarely deep. He meets Van Amburgh's caravan in the Pass of Killiecrankie, and has to remark that he ‘doubts not no other camelopard had ever been seen there from the beginning of creation, and it may be, will never be seen there again till the end of time.’ Though why a camelopard should visit the Pass of Killiecrankie at the end of time, he makes no attempt to inform us.

His wit is of much the same order as his reflections—very good for social purposes, and doubtless heightened by a kindly charm of manner, but by no means of a sufficient body to bear bottling and retailing to the public at large.

An invalid having informed him that, as her room was under a chapel, and she was unable to move, she had had a gutta-percha pipe carried through the ceiling to the pulpit, by which means she heard perfectly, James Wilson did not approve of this; which he gravely stigmatised as ‘a kind of trawling for sermons.’ A Peace apostle, upon the occasion of some difficulties with the French in the matter of the Newfoundland fisheries, having expressed his horror at ‘the idea of going to war for some cod-fish,’ was overwhelmed by Wilson's coolness:

‘Yes, sir, that's true; but then ye see they're such verra *fine* cod-fish.’

But none of this, all very pleasant as it is, prevents the question arising in our minds of, ‘Why are these things published? Why have we this biography of an inoffensive and agreeable gentleman, who had considerable attainments in natural history?’ To those who knew Mr Wilson, it will doubtless be an interesting volume, but with that end, it should have been printed for private circulation. Because a man has written for the magazines, or even for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he does not become, of necessity, a public character.

Where is this sort of thing to stop, and who will be safe? Safety, indeed, has become out of the question for anybody. To escape, now means to only have a tract or magazine article devoted to one's memory; while to go scot-free, apparently, signifies to fill four hundred pages octavo, but to be mercifully spared a second volume.

A VIOLINIST'S TALE.

SEVERAL years ago, circumstances connected with my art led me to Naples. After working hard, and winning some sort of reputation as a violinist in my own country, I determined on giving a series of concerts in the principal cities of the continent, in the hope—I think not an unlaudable one—of upholding English music, and at the same time filling my own pocket. The experiment proved highly satisfactory; and with the exception of a few hostile criticisms, I must honestly confess I met with quite as much success as I deserved. At Naples, the appointment of solo-player at the Opera was offered me, and although the emolument attached to the office was not very high, I gladly accepted it, in order to enjoy the delights of a southern winter, and at the same time devote myself to theoretical studies under the genial influence of the siren Parthenope. We fiddlers require, every now and then, a few months' pause and abstraction from the too mercenary professional life of Paris and London, otherwise our enthusiasm is apt to

cool, and we come to look upon our once-loved art as no longer a mistress to be worshipped, but a trade to make money by. The appointment gave me occupation, but at the same time left abundant leisure to prosecute my other studies, and I was perfectly contented with my lot. The climate and scenery are alone an intoxication, whilst the magnificent Toledo, with its perpetual fair, the stately palaces of the Chiaja, or, better still, the unrivalled bay, prohibit all ennui. To live, simply to live in this 'piece of heaven fallen on the earth,' as the Neapolitan calls his country, is a positive pleasure; and as the eye rests upon the luxuriant garden around, or catches the sparkling foam of that delicious sea, with Capri and Ischia in the distance, we no longer wonder at the indolent pleasure-seeking nature of the people. Like a gentle opiate, lulling the sense of bodily pain, a divine repose steals over the fretted nerve and heated brain in this 'delicious land of lavish lights and floating shade;' and to the musician, living for the most part a highly artificial life, amidst the feverish excitements of perpetual emulation, the lotus gift comes with a double welcome. Yielding entirely to the surrounding influences, I shunned society as much as possible, and lived alone—alone with my loved Guernarius, best and most cherished of friends. In solitary rambles through the picturesque streets, an occasional sail to one of the small islands of Lazaretto and Nisida, or a stroll to the environs, the weeks passed by in delightful succession, literally embarrassed with the riches of nature and art. Nursed in solitude, my ideas grew apace; sheet after sheet of paper became crowded with a series of hieroglyphics, unintelligible to any but a very practised eye; and I had already planned, and even partly executed, a work of a more ambitious character than any I had hitherto attempted. This work, on which I intended to rest my reputation as a composer, now absorbed my whole attention, and in order to avoid every possible distraction, I raised my fees to such an amount as would leave me undisturbed by concert-givers. The pay of my appointment amply covered my expenses, and for a few months, at least, I resolved to live in retirement. To announce publicly that I declined to accept any engagements, would have been an insult to those who had so kindly welcomed me; besides, I was 'only a fiddler,' and had to live by my art, and was, moreover, satisfied with my condition. My only object was to gain a short respite from the excitement of solo-playing, and to give my fingers a holiday, not for a moment to abandon a profession which I had chosen in opposition to the counsels of my best friends, but which, with all its drawbacks, is the only one that would ever have satisfied the aspirations of my heart. The ruse answered perfectly, for in a land where instrumental performers are proverbially ill paid, ten louis appeared an exorbitant honorarium. So I lived in peace, fulfilling my allotted task, occasionally giving my services gratuitously, when the object was one of charity, but otherwise eschewing public life. A quartett of Beethoven's or Mendelssohn's was the only temptation to which I yielded; and these glorious works never revealed their wondrous wealth of harmony to my ears so fully as when performed in my 'parlour near the sky' overlooking the azure sea.

One morning, towards the end of March, as I was sitting alone smoking, and correcting the score of my new work, the door suddenly opened, and a foreign-looking footman entered the room with a note from his master, Prince Paul —, a Russian nobleman, then living in Naples. To my infinite surprise, the note contained a request that I would spend the following evening at his palazzo, and bring some music. Of course, there could be no objection on my

part to accept the engagement, and I therefore presented myself at the appointed time and place, with my fiddle-case under my arm.

The palazzo was one of those noble mansions situated on the Chiaja; and I was ushered by the chamberlain through a magnificent hall into an elegantly furnished anteroom, where tea, coffee, &c., were liberally supplied. After duly disposing of my burden on one of the ottomans, I accepted a cup of the fragrant souchong, sank into a comfortable arm-chair, and began to make a survey of the apartment. Two or three servants dressed in black performed the duties of the tea-table to admiration, and the chamberlain was the very perfection of one of those now nearly obsolete functionaries. But what struck me as strange was, that I should be the only guest, and that no sounds of footsteps or voices should be heard. At length, growing impatient of the delay, I asked my cicerone for an explanation of this apparent anomaly; but the only reply I got was to the effect that monsigneur would wish to see me immediately; so I took up my instrument, tuned the strings, and then quietly awaited the momentous summons. Presently, the door was thrown open, and I was informed that the prince was ready; so I rose and followed my serious guide through a suite of apartments to the saloon where the great man and his friends were assembled. On my entrance, he advanced and welcomed me in tones of the most bland politeness; then, after a few commonplace, he said he should be delighted to hear me play. I bowed, and commenced a piece of my own composition, founded on a popular Neapolitan fisherman's song. I had purposely selected this for what dramatists call *le lever du rideau*, from the fact of its possessing a certain degree of sprightliness calculated to arrest the listener's ear, and thus produce a favourable reception for my more elaborate performance. It also gave me time to study my audience and the acoustic qualities of the room, which was of considerable size, but so dimly lighted, that its proportions were not easily definable. A few wax-candles, burning in silver stands, interspersed up and down, shed so feeble an illumination on the surrounding objects, that it served but to increase the gloom.

The company consisted of some twenty or thirty individuals, who preserved the most icy frigidity of manner. One lady, dressed in blue satin, with a jasmine flower in her hair, was beautiful as a Grecian statue, but, alas! as cold. Another of the guests seemed plunged in deep thought, for his head never once moved from its recumbent position during my performance. Two or three of the gentlemen were dressed in uniform, and, to judge from the stars and ribbons which adorned their breasts, must have been men of considerable distinction. Amongst the gentle sex I remarked a few very pretty girls clustered together in one corner, whilst an elderly lady, in black velvet and ostrich plumes, seated near them, surveyed the group with a smile of benevolent approval. One couple, consisting of an old gentleman and lady, who, to judge by their silver locks and venerable forms, must have long passed the term of life allotted by the Psalmist, sat in close proximity to their host, and were evidently the patriarchs of the party. The rest I could not see, with the exception of a dark-complexioned man of about thirty-five, who fixed upon me a steady glassy eye. There was a wild, haggard expression about that man's face, that I did not like; and whenever I looked in his direction, I met the same fixed stare, until it became an insult; but as if to make amends for this, a comely-looking dame, seated by his side, rewarded my exertions with a very kindly, good-humoured smile.

There was an air of *bienséance* pervading the assembly; but, at the same time, I had never in my whole

experience found the Horatian axiom of *nil admirari* pushed to the same extent; and when I brought my solo to a close, not a single expression of satisfaction greeted my labours. I ought, by the way, to except the prince, who was pleased to express himself in flattering terms of my artistic endowments. Two footmen now brought on silver trays a slight repast, composed of ices, orgeat, and Venetian confectionary. Whilst this part of the ceremony was being enacted, and I was duly refreshing myself with an ice, such as Italy alone can produce, Prince Paul came up, and began to chat about the rival schools of music in Germany and Italy in a way that showed considerable knowledge of the subject. There was in the old gentleman's manner a benevolence and regard to the feelings of others, combined with a genial warmth of expression, strangely opposed to the chilling indifference displayed by his guests.

After a sufficient pause, I resumed my instrument, and this time selected Prume's delicious *pastorale*, *La Mélancolie*, thinking that this might perhaps be more in harmony with the feelings of my audience. But it was all one; not an emotion was stirred by the most touching tones of that expressive melody, or the admirable variations which succeeded it. The dark eyes still glared at me wildly—the comely dowager smiled good-humouredly as before—the generals evinced no symptoms of a surrender of their stoicism—the group of fair girls, with their *chaperonne*, preserved the utmost composure—and she with the divine face and the jasmine flower! no trace, not even the faintest gleam of susceptibility dwelt on that adorable countenance. I could have borne all but this. Had one smile of approbation from those lovely lips rewarded my endeavours, I should have been content. But this indifference was dreadful. Was it possible that a being so thoroughly beautiful could be deprived of all sensibility to the poetry of sound? It could not be. No; I had failed in calling forth those emotions of the soul so obedient to the summons of the inspired musician. My wand was evidently impotent, and I became piqued and discontented. At length, after playing a mournful sweeping movement towards the close, without the slightest effect, I suddenly broke off; and in a fit of desperation dashed into the *Carnaval de Venise*. It was a last resource, and I resolutely determined on rousing this apathetic assemblage, at the sacrifice even of my own reputation. The most *outré* and extravagant variations—the most ludicrous sounds I could devise—altercations between the old man and woman, followed by the tumbling down stairs of the former, whilst hotly pursued by his better-half; Paganini's most grotesque movements, rendered grotesquer and absurder still—followed by the clucking of hens, crowing of cocks, the bleating of lambs, the grunting of pigs—the various sounds of a farm-yard, delightfully interspersed with the mewing of cats, and the lowing of an old cow, being the veritable song of which that ancient female died: all these, and more, were recklessly thrown in without the slightest regard to anything but the desired object of rousing my audience. Caring for nothing else, I fixed my eyes on the Madonna-like head, and watched intently her face. With the electric thread which seems to connect the musician and his listener, I was ready to catch the faintest expression of her features, to seize the slightest and most airy fancy of her brain, and transfer it to my strings. Alas, alas! all was fruitless; and after some of the maddest and most insane sounds ever emitted from a fiddle, I sank thoroughly exhausted into a spacious arm-chair, and buried my face in my hands.

The prince now approached and thanked me warmly for my services, at the same time expressing the gratification I had afforded him by what he was

pleased to term my wonderful execution and originality of genius. There was a dignity and grand-seignior air about the old nobleman which prevented my laughing bitterly at this dubious compliment to my charlatanry; but I saw at a glance that he meant no insult, and therefore contented myself with a formal bow. Soon afterwards, the chamberlain entered the salon; monseigneur politely wished me good-night, and my guide conducted me through the long suite of dimly lighted apartments to the hall. Just as I was leaving, I cast a glance behind: the divine head was pensive as ever—the dark eyes still glared—the good-natured dowager smiled—the warriors preserved their usual taciturnity, and the group of girls still lingered in the same corner. I felt I had produced no impression—that I had, moreover, made a fool of myself, and that the sooner I left the place, the better. Stung to the quick with mortification, I pushed brusquely past the attendants, and declining the proffered carriage, rushed into the street, glad to escape from this mansion of the dead.

The following morning I received a complimentary note, containing a cheque for ten louis, and expressing a wish to see me again in the course of the ensuing week. Now, as I said before, I am 'only a fiddler,' and have to live by my art; consequently, I again accepted the invitation, and drew out a programme of strictly classical music, thinking that my previous selection had probably not been to the taste of the listeners. I should not omit to mention that I was on each occasion provided with a *pianiste accompagnateur*.

The same stillness pervaded the mansion as before, the same ceremony, the same dimly lighted apartments, and, so far as I could perceive, the same guests. I played with care, for the idea had seized my mind that these silent persons were fastidious critics of music, and had probably not relished my extravagances of last week. I was therefore doubly scrupulous, and rendered with the utmost accuracy in my power Mendelssohn's magnificent concerto, which was my *pièce de résistance*. But I again had the mortification of closing without a murmur of that sweet music of applause which is to the executive artist as the breath of life. The exquisite beauty of the lady with the jasmine flower, faintly seen through the prevailing gloom, the soft pensiveness of that countenance, in whose features were blended Athenian grace with the Madonna inspiration, stole into my heart, and disturbed its usual placidity; for recollect, oh! reader, that I was in the land of Romeo and Juliet. As usual, the prince congratulated me on my performance, and the chamberlain conducted me to the door. The ten louis were duly forwarded, and I endeavoured to dismiss the subject from my mind; but in dreams there would arise the figure of a beautiful lady beckoning me to celestial bowers, and in the daytime my mind was haunted by her image. I became restless and moody; found myself, without what lawyers call any *malice prepense*, walking up and down in front of the palazzo, gazing at the windows, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the divine occupant. In fact, I began to evince all the symptoms of a man hopelessly and irretrievably in love. Laugh not, good friends, at my plight, for it was a sorry one. You who are rich and well born, can afford to love; the fair and the young smilingly strew the path to the citadel of their hearts with rose-leaves. And you, again, respected Jones, who don't exactly belong to the *crème de la crème*, can yet afford to love, and rear up a brood of sturdy little Joneses; but the poor artist, who is neither rich, nor high born, nor respectable—the Bohemian of society, the diverting vagabond, whose only mission is to mitigate the ennui of listless lords and ladies—what business has he to love, save some

rouged and spangled beauty of his own gipsy clan! It is true, he is admitted into the familiarity of the great; he is lionised, and, it may be, flattered, by beautiful women; often, too, he is the recipient of the most delicate confidences; yet woe betide him should he for a moment forget his exact position, and lift his eyes to the fair forms around him with any other than the coldest and most deferential gaze. Yet it is hard to do this at all times—hard, with your susceptible, nervous organisation, to case your heart in steel, and successfully resist the blandishments of beauty and refinement. I was fully aware of all this, and that my growing passion was the direst insanity; everything—my position in life—the utter indifference displayed by the object of all this delirium—went to prove the fact. Still the impossibility, the coldness, the mystery only served to add fuel to my raging love, and I was living in a sort of fever. For a time I did nothing but draw figures of melancholy ladies with flowers in their hair, write doggerel sonnets to Beatrice—I had ascertained her name—wherein the moon, and the stars, and the sea largely figured, and the word love generally rhymed to grove. During the height of this madness, I arose one night from my sleepless couch, stifled and restless; I threw open the window; the gentle breeze from the sea, bearing on its wings the voices of fishermen in the bay, mingled with the occasional laughter of a group of lazzaroni, listening to the recital of some drollery; the drowsy hum of the sleeping city, and the murmur of the waves, added to the picturesque sounds which in Naples never cease day or night—all tended to compose my mind. I drew on my dressing-gown and slippers, lighted my meerschaum, and sat by the window, inhaling rich draughts of the cool and grateful air.

Presently, I seized pen and paper, and began to write. The confused ideas and passionate ravings of my heart now found a vent, and poured themselves forth in musical forms. Without premeditation or design, my composition took a shape, into which I more happily threw those wild aspirations which, through ignorance of the medium, had been simply ridiculous abortions on the uncouth canvas and doggerel verse. So thoroughly became I absorbed in my occupation, that I was bewildered when Giulia, the pretty serving-maid, gently tapped at my door to announce the arrival of my matutinal roll and coffee. I looked around; the lamp still feebly flickered against the now almost brilliant sunlight; a mass of paper lay scattered on the floor, and the ashes of the pipe had fallen on my tattered *robe de chambre*, and curiously perforated that venerable garment. I hastily gathered the manuscript together, extinguished the lamp, admitted the astonished Giulia, discussed my breakfast, and then resumed my work. By noon, it was finished, and finished to my satisfaction; I entitled it *A Dream of Love*. The same evening I was again engaged at the palazzo, and went this time triumphantly armed with my new composition, which I had dedicated to 'The Unknown Lady.' She was, as usual, just visible through the perpetual twilight which reigned in this abode, with the same placid expression of goodness in her divinely beautiful face. The swarthy stranger was also there, and his eyes rested on me as wildly as ever; the good-humoured dowager was good-humoured still; the girls, fair as a group of sea-nymphs, appeared, like those wayward beings, devoid of human souls, for they were utterly unimpressionable. The other ladies and gentlemen maintained their usual frigid demeanour. I played a romance of Beethoven's; 'Ernst's *Élégie*, then just published; a selection of the *Sieder ohne Worten*; and then my own *Dream of Love*. Up to this time, I had evidently made no

way: my audience was unmoved, and I began to feel nervous, for I had staked all my hopes on the success of this last composition. At length I commenced, and gazing on the being of my idolatry, drank inspiration from that queenly brow. The tender strain proceeded coy and gentle as a bashful lover's vows; then gradually warming instinctively, it became hurried, uncertain, fierce, and strong, until, reaching the climax of frenzy, its passion exploded in a wild burst, and then, in broken sobs, and scarcely articulate sighs, it slowly died away in silence.

I fixed my straining eyeballs on the unknown lady, and sought to dive into the secret recesses of her soul. With a throbbing heart and fevered brow, I threw into the music all the fire which tormented my breast. The violin was no longer a mere musical instrument, but rather a humn soul pouring forth the wailing melodies of 'some divine despair,' whose piteous accents must touch the coldest heart. Alas! it touched not hers. The dark eyes glared fiercely; the dowager relaxed not a muscle of that stereotyped smile: that detested smile nearly drove me mad. The maidens were passive as usual; and the heroes sat stolid as blocks of stone. I felt my head turning, and in a paroxysm of agony at the ruin of all my hopes, I flung aside my instrument, and, utterly reckless of consequences, threw myself at the feet of the lady, and wildly seized her arm, when—O that the earth had opened to receive me, and hide my shame!—the exquisite member crumbled into dust, and she, the madly worshipped queen of my soul, toppled over from her seat, and with a fearful crash, fell to the ground, dashed into a hundred fragments. . . . I recollect nothing further of what occurred; but when I regained my senses, I was at home, attended by a careful nurse and the ever-watchful Giulia. For some days, I was not allowed to allude to any subject of an exciting nature; but when my constitution had finally triumphed, and I was one evening sitting on the balcony, still weak, but rapidly recovering, the honest girl put a letter into my hand, which she had orders to deliver to me as soon as the physician would allow. I broke the seal, and read as follows:

'SIR—Your rash conduct has been cruelly punished, and I feel it has now become my duty to remove the mystery which has so painfully affected you. I am an old man, and have survived most of my contemporaries; consequently, I live chiefly in the past, amidst departed friends and bygone memories. For years, I have existed in this manner, alone, and yet surrounded by the dear familiar faces of those I loved best on earth. As each cherished friend died, I called into requisition the skill of the modeller, and in wax, clothed in their usual dress, wearing their usual expression, I have thus preserved my household gods around me. Remembering their various tastes, I procure those amusements to which they were most addicted, and for this purpose, I secured your ability. In these scenes, I live again, and the pleasures of memory crowd my brain. In fact, I have few other sources of joy left than those which lie embalmed in the past. Those figures you saw in the dim light are the exact—exact, yet, alas, how different representations of my departed friends and relatives; and the lady dressed in blue satin was my only daughter—good and pure as an angel. Ah! the wound is reopened. Adieu for ever. PRINCE PAUL —.'

Enclosed was a cheque for fifty louis, and a ring, containing a lock of raven hair, set in diamonds. At first, I was furious. I resolved to return, with bitter reproaches, these hated *cadeaux*; but the prince was gone, no one knew whither. Thus baffled, I tore up into a thousand shreds my nocturno, drawings, sonnets, &c. I was covered with confusion and shame. To have thus madly loved a wax-figure! All Naples would be pelting with ridicule the luckless foreign fiddler. I

must instantly leave the accursed place, and once more plunge into the active scenes of daily life. Fortunately, however, I found my adventure was not known; so I quietly resigned my appointment, and bade farewell to Naples—a city I have never revisited.

Many years had elapsed, and in the varied scenes of a busy professional life, the above circumstances had nearly faded away from my memory, when, to my astonishment, one morning, not long ago, I received a small parcel from abroad, containing the miniature portrait of a beautiful girl, exquisitely painted. A letter accompanied this gift, wherein I was officially informed, that by the will of the late Prince Paul —, recently deceased, at an advanced age, in Moscow, I became entitled to this portrait, together with some manuscript music, and a small sum of money. The music I found to be no other than a copy of my forgotten *Dream*, which had been left in the palazzo on the night of that dire confusion. Lost in amazement, I gazed at the well-remembered features until my mind dreamily wandered back through the long years to the sombre mansion, the eccentric old nobleman, the silent party, and my astounding *affaire du cœur* on the Chiaja.

NO MORE LOST ARMIES.

As a general rule, all well-meaning attempts to popularise instruction, to the extent of really making it entertaining and attractive to the undiligent Public, are failures. 'It may be port wine, since you say so,' observes the Universal Bad Boy, with a shudder; 'but it looks to me uncommonly like the old black dose!' Like Mr Dick Swiveller's *Marchioness*, he has 'to make-believe' very much indeed before he detects any smack of that boasted vintage, and a very little of the mixture is usually found to go a great way with him.

If we had been asked what topic it would be utterly hopeless to render palatable to any one save working M.P.s and the editor of the *Economist*, we should have replied—'A statistical Blue Book'; if we had been further urged to put it still more completely out of temptation to all but monomaniacs, we should have added, 'upon the sanitary mismanagement of the Army.' Genius and Patriotism have, however, combined in the present volume* to present us with a most interesting and yet faithful picture of even this subject.

Over and above the Reports of the various Commissions instituted by the Government, Miss Martineau seems to have had peculiar facilities for making herself acquainted with the facts of the case, and it would certainly not have been easy to have found any one to exhibit such materials to greater advantage. If there is nothing extenuated, there is nothing set down in malice; nor is there, from beginning to end of the volume, one single personal censure. With the best knowledge afforded to her by the best informed, she has also the assurance of willingness to join in the work of Army Sanitary Reform from high quarters; for it is not *there* that the hitch seems to lie, though it does assuredly lie somewhere. 'A reform here and there has been granted and effected; but the complete organisation by which the life and health of the army are to be preserved is not instituted; and we have no apparent security that it will be. Something must be done to rouse and apply the necessary stimulus; and the most obvious resource is to extend the knowledge of the case among that public from which all great reforms proceed.' It is to this end that the book has been written.

The first chapter is historical, and treats of Lost Armies generally, whom the pestilence and not the arrow has consumed—of Walcheren, the Peninsula, and the first and second Burman campaigns—but we soon come to the more recent misfortunes of the Crimea, and our immediate needs at home.

The conditions of health of the agricultural labourer, before and after his enlistment, are thus graphically contrasted:

'Bob had always lived in the same cottage. It was a tidy place when his parents married; but now it is a mere hovel. Those brick cottages are almost worse than the clay tenements of other counties for standing weather. Mossy in one place, and black in another, the walls shew signs of crumbling in a quarter of a century, instead of standing for a thousand years, like the dwellings of a mountain region. The wet comes in at corners, and the thatch is rotten in places. The bit of window up stairs will not open; but that does not matter, as it is broken, and never mended. It is stopped up with anything that comes to hand; for a man who gets only eight shillings a week cannot employ the glazier. Bob has always slept at the top of the stair, in a nice current of air from the chimney below and the broken window above. During the day he has always been abroad in the fields, except when the weather would allow nothing to be done there; and fresh air, bread, bacon, and potatoes have made a stout man of him, though rather round in the shoulders and wabbling in his gait. He has generally carried a pound of good mud on each foot, and never had any nice fancies about the dung-heap, three yards from the door. His ruddy face smiled through all the grime; and as his mother said, he "throve in the dirt." There was a grand prospect before him when he quitted the old home, the mother admitted.

'It is true he never thought to live in such a place as the barrack-rooms. He never had such bedding before, nor had seen such, except in the great shop. He had never had beef for dinner every day; and certainly he never before kept his person so clean, nor wore anything like such clothes. Yet his health is not what it always was before. He is perpetually having colds. His coughs return whenever the weather changes. His sleep is disturbed; and he feels ready to hang himself in the morning till the fresh air revives his spirits. He wearies of his meals; he wearies of his drill, and of all his business; he wearies of his very life. When he dreams of the lark in the meadow, he thinks he should like to desert, if he had the spirit; but he knows his lot is cast, and he pines on till some change is appointed him. His chest was expanded at first by the drill; and his walk is soldierly—he even thinks he is grown—but still he is not the man he was. His health is, in fact, undermined. His clothes are not as good as they are fine. The cloth sucks up wet like a sponge, and thickens and shrinks with it—having been before like a fine sieve, letting in the cold as easily. His boots burst out before he has worn them a week. He used not to mind the rawest wind on the common; but now he feels the cold whenever he turns out of the warm guard-room into the night-air; and if he comes in wet, he must sleep in his damp clothes in a place close with the breath of many comrades; hence his cough. The first person who enters in the morning says the smell is enough to knock one down. Heavy and headachy, he must rise and make his bed, and prepare his personal matters, and breakfast at seven. Then there is drill, or guard, as may be; not nearly enough to fill up his day or his thoughts. He is never alone to think in peace; nor can he work with his hands to relieve his dulness. He goes perhaps to new quarters in one place or another, and back again; but there is no prospect of war, or any

* *England and her Soldiers.* By Harriet Martineau. Smith, Elder, & Co.

more enlivening service. If, in addition to these things, he takes a disgust to boiled beef, and if the water is bad to drink, and there are foul smells about from worse causes than the dung-heap at home, it is no wonder that he goes into hospital from time to time. In fact, his comrades die off fast—more than twice as fast as policemen, and nearly three times as fast as the neighbours at home; and it may be expected that poor Bob will perish in consumption, unless he is carried off first by one of those sweeps which fever and cholera make in barracks and other places where the people have not each their portion of fresh air and pure water. It is really true that foot-soldiers in barracks at home have died at the rate of above twenty per thousand in a year, while men of the same age, of various ordinary occupations, and in a healthy situation, have died at the rate of only seven in a thousand.

Miss Martineau is careful to tell us that this state of things is going and almost gone: 'we have a camp full of healthy troops at Aldershot, in spite of some unfavourable conditions, which would have done deadly mischief among them ten years ago;' but its departure has been exceedingly recent, and has been always resolutely obstructed by the same class of persons, who now, with fore-feet firm planted, are opposing other sanitary reforms, at least as necessary, for the sick and wounded in the field. Long before now, there seem to have been some persons in high office who would have done great good in these matters, had they been permitted by 'the System.' At the beginning of 1854, before the troops embarked for the Russian war, there were three commissioners sent out to explore the localities in which the army was likely to be encamped.

No. 1 reported of the country south and west of Adrianople, from Constantinople to the furthest probable western limit; No. 2 traversed the Danubian provinces from Vienna downward, and inquired into the diseases of the Principalities and Turkey; and No. 3 examined the country lying on the way from Constantinople to the Balkan and the north. These were specimens of the sanitary corps which Miss Martineau insists should be attached, independent of the Medical Staff, to every army. Whether these performed their duties satisfactorily or not, we do not know. The practical result of their expedition was *nil*; nothing was ever even heard of their reports. 'The explorers held no place, in fact, and were pushed aside for want of it. "The System" was not made for their admission; and the soldiers took their chance of wet lodging, bad water, and no hospital to go to beyond their Regimental one, which could not be expanded to meet any extensive need.'

So early as the 6th of June, in the beginning of the Russian war, the Deputy-Inspector General of Hospitals, writing from Varna for mattresses and various comforts for two hundred men who had 'literally nothing,' and complaining of such an absolute want of medicines, equipments, and comforts as would make dreadful the condition of the sick if the army should have to move, is informed that his letter is 'disagreeable,' and recommended to keep his recommendations to himself. Meanwhile, the cholera appears: the disease spreads rapidly; two or three urgent letters per day are despatched for medicines that do not come; 'opium and brandy, for Heaven's sake, at all events; a horse-araba (horse and cart) could bring them;' even an orderly dragoon, it is urged, could bring back something to save some lives. The replies to which, 'while men were dying by hundreds for want of a spoonful of medicine each,' are, that the amount of medicine required does not authorise the hire of a cart, and that they, the applicants, are making 'a too lavish use of arrow-root.' Similarly, when at the general

hospital at Scutari, in January 1855, six dead dogs lay just under one ward window, and a dead horse 'for some weeks in the aqueduct;' when its floors were rotting with dirt; when the walls and ceiling gave out pestilence from animal matter, and the filth, vermin, and rats, under the wooden divans, on which the men lay, were of themselves a poison; we find that in February the state of the sewers and pipes are being made 'a subject for consideration.' Was there no responsible person to have his nose rubbed in the worst of these abominations? Was there no supervising Board, whose wooden heads could all have been knocked together violently for these enormities? And this was the condition of the General Hospital, when there had been several months' grace for getting it into order. 'If any due conception,' says Miss Martineau, 'of a General Hospital had been entertained, there would have been not only a removal of all existing filth, but arrangements for rendering harmless, and carrying away, all the refuse from an abode containing 2000 persons. There would have been a provision of pure water, accessible wherever it was wanted in the building, and security against all pollution of it.'

But to return to Varna: what wretchedness were the troops there enduring, even before the miseries of war began! Fatigue-parties were busy burying the dead. 'The troops growing idle and despondent, did not know nor care where they should go next—would certainly die if they remained there—heard things were just as bad on board the fleet—had not expected to be sacrificed wholesale without seeing the enemy.' There the dwindling regiments sat watching the spread of the grave-yards and the passage of the funerals, all day long. The best of our soldiers had sunk to being obliged to divide a march of ten miles between two days. The strongest staggered under their knapsacks.

'When we, at home, canvassed that autumn the policy of the Crimean expedition, we little dreamed that such a consideration was involved as the very existence of our army in the east. But so it was.'

'The migration to the Crimea saved our force; and was only just in time. The men were so weak that they could scarcely carry their own weight. Hence the loss of their kits, and of many things which they would not, on landing, have believed they could throw away. We are told that in another month not a man would have remained alive.'

It is inconceivable, writes Miss Martineau, with a hope that we trust is not born of honest indignation only, that a British army should ever again sit down in a malarious valley, for want of a Department whose business it should be to secure the army from epidemics, as the commissariat secures it from starvation.

When they were about to set sail from that accursed shore to the undreaded battle-field, the medical *chef* appealed to Lord Raglan on the matter of ambulance provision, and he caused twelve wagons to be shipped, complete for use. He sailed before the transport, however, and 'some one' objecting to the arrangements, the wagons were ordered to be put ashore again. Ten were landed, the mules of all were drowned, and the harness was lost; so that *two wagons, without draught and harness, represented the ambulance of Lord Raglan's force, when it went out to meet the enemy.*

No wonder, under such circumstances of foresight, that after that first miserable bivouac by the sea-shore, Lord Raglan writes that his army was 'pursued by cholera to the battle-field.' It is true, 'in the ardour of attack they forgot all that they had endured;' but even they could not be for ever attacking. Lowered in health and tone by what they had gone through in Bulgaria, and by damp and exposure

since they had landed in the Crimea, scurvy seized them, even before they became dependent upon salt provisions. We all remember how, when that dreadful cry arose for 'Lime-juice,' there was no less than 20,000 pounds of it lying close at hand, which it was nobody's business to speak about. In the same fashion, while 147,000 gallons of porter were in store at Scutari, and 170,000 rations of tea at Balaklava, this, says Sergeant Jowett, of the 7th Fusiliers, in his *Diary*, was how the British soldiers fared: 'Just fancy yourself in the middle of a field, up to your knees in snow, after walking about all night in it. You are hungry, and want something warm. Well, you have some raw coffee, some pork, and a little biscuit, with a small portion of sugar, and a little rum, or grog; of course you despatch the latter the moment you get hold of it. The other articles are different. You have no wood: none to be got, only the roots of brushwood. You manage to steal a pickaxe, for you cannot get one without, and then you commence grubbing for these roots. You are tired, but still you must have something warm. In the course of an hour or so, you manage to get a few roots; but the next thing is, how are you to light a fire? That has to be done, and must be done, if you wish to live. You manage to get your fire lighted after a great deal of trouble, and perhaps burning half the only shirt you have—that on your back—and then you have your raw coffee to roast or burn. You get a piece of tin, put the coffee-berries on it, and place the tin over the fire. All this time perhaps you are almost frozen to death. When the berry gets black, put on your tin of water, and get a piece of an old sack, that you have stolen from your employers, and two stones, and beat to powder, and then wait till your water boils; you then put it into the water, and your coffee is made. You have then your pork to boil; but that is not much trouble after your fire is lighted. I wonder how many would like to pass away three months in the manner I just picture. Not many, I think, though strong.'

That, however, was the break-down of the Commissariat; and we are now more immediately concerned with the absence of a Sanitary Department. Here are two eloquent pictures of Balaklava dirty and Balaklava clean, that must carry conviction to all, of the necessity for such an arm being permanently attached to the military service. 'The case of Balaklava was very striking. The town contained between 500 and 600 inhabitants before the army appeared above it. Sergeant Jowett was delighted with the first view of it. "A prettier little valley I never saw in my life; fruit in abundance; in fact, everything we could wish for. The poor people had all run away, and left their homes; they appeared to be quite taken by surprise." By other testimony, the place was as neat as a Dutch town. If the army had been supplied with sanitary officers, the valley would have been put in order for the coming crowd, and secured from corruption, before the men were allowed to enter upon any other business. A few hours at first would have made wharfs, and secured the water-courses, and made provision for the interment of dead bodies and other corrupting substances, and cleaned the dwellings, and arranged for the regular clearance of the harbour from all floating refuse. As there was nobody to do the preventive part, all the efforts of the commandant and the admiral failed to cure the mischief at a later time.

'When at length the Board of Health was proposed, in March 1855, the east side of the harbour had long been one mass of putrescence. Animals and vegetables had been thrown away there, and the salt waters passed through the refuse on the shore, causing an intolerable stench, and floated the blown carcasses of dead horses and decayed vegetables. At

the head of the little harbour, the burying-ground was to the last degree offensive. I will not describe it. Now, if preventive methods had been instituted here, decency, and even health, might have been preserved, though 80,000 men were crowded where five or six hundred had lived before. A sanitary police would have prevented the killing of animals elsewhere than in the place of slaughter, and would have seen the offal buried; and so on throughout. When the road was made, and the best cleansing effected that the military and naval authorities could order, the state of things was far inferior to what prevention would have made it; and in the interval, thousands of men had died. Cholera and fever broke out, again and again, in the town and in the shipping in the harbour, between May and September; and Admiral Boxer himself fell a victim to cholera in June.

'But Balaklava became healthy at last, and while the crowd was still there. How was it? The Sanitary Commission undertook at last the business that should have been done first. Whatever filth could be burnt was burnt. The rest was, if movable, carried out far to sea and sunk; if not movable—as the contents of the grave-yard—it was thickly covered with lime, charcoal, and earth. Each dirty office had its proper place appointed, and the refuse disposed of. The decaying matter on the east side was deodorised and covered in; the shoal water at the head of the harbour was made dry land; the worst houses were pulled down, and the others cleaned and whitewashed within and without; drains were made, and stonches disappeared; the ships were cleansed, and daily surveyed by three naval surgeons, who acted as a sanitary police. So many had died, that the work went on slowly for want of hands; but by July the worst was over, and in a few weeks more "Balaklava became what it might have been from the beginning, as healthy a little seaport as can be seen."

If the above affords a practical proof of what can be done by competent persons in the way of sanitary improvement, the following will shew what disease can do in the absence of any such antagonists. From June 1854 to June 1856 inclusive, there were received into the general hospitals on the Bosphorus 43,288 sick and wounded soldiers, of whom 5,432 died; that is to say, out of this mighty host of sick, dying, and dead, fire and sword contributed only 4161 admissions and 395 deaths during the entire period! The change in both camp and hospital within one year, affords a lesson indeed; under one method of proceeding, 18,000 men died, who, under another method, would have lived. During the first seven months in the Crimea, the deaths from disease alone, without reckoning the casualties of war, were at the rate of 60 per cent. per annum of the whole force. During the last six months of the war, on the other hand, the mortality among the troops in camp was only two-thirds what it was at home!

Again, this is the account of what went on during the first part of the war, in hospital: 'It had never been clearly settled what was the duty of the medical officers, so that there was endless confusion about what each should be doing. The surgeon might be seen receiving, examining, and dispensing food and wine, when he was sorely needed by the bedside of the wounded. It was calamitous; but not so much so as the other alternative of leaving his patients without food. He might be seen early in the morning directing the sweeping and cleaning of the wards; or in the kitchen, boiling starch for bandages, because his orderlies did not know how to do it; or spending hours with pen in hand over accounts or returns, or records which could have been better kept by another man, while there was an actual deficiency of surgeons, and an epidemic in the place. As one consequence, the assistant-surgeon, whose proper business it was

to dress wounds and sores, and make up medicines, and fill up the diet-rolls for his superior, was charged with the duties of that superior before it could be ascertained whether he was qualified. It is literally true that, while medical officers of proved skill were in unequalled demand in the wards, some were examining corks and tasting wines, and others were at the desk for hours of the day, their dressers and assistants having each the sole charge of sixty or a hundred grave cases.'

After the arrival of Miss Nightingale, the transformation from confusion to order, from filth to cleanliness, got to be complete, although the change was not, of course, one of pantomimic quickness. We have no space, however, for more than this general statement. In hospital, during the last six months of the war, the mortality among the patients scarcely exceeded that of the healthy Guards at home.

The great questions to be asked concerning the whole matter are two. 1. What is to be done for the future, that we may not hear of any more Lost Armies? To this the 'practical aims and recommendations' at the end of the volume, supply an answer in eight different suggestions, of which those under *Hygiene*—the care of the healthy—a *separate department*, and *Concert between departments*, seem to be of especial value. 2. Who is it stops the way? 'The good-will of the sovereign is believed in on solid grounds.' Two secretaries of state have signified their approbation of the reforms recommended by the commissioners, and the commander-in-chief is regarded as the soldier's friend. The obstruction is supposed to lie lower down. Change is abhorred in government offices.'

Under a good organisation, each man in each department is responsible for getting some definite thing done. Under a bad one, and the one delighted in by our officials, he is responsible only for calling upon somebody else to do it. We cordially hope that such a system may no longer be suffered to destroy our soldiery, and that the concluding aspirations of our authoress may be fulfilled. 'Britons love their soldiers; they are proud of them; they intend to preserve their military quality from being ever questioned or overshadowed again. They will therefore take their own constitutional measures for securing a perfect relation henceforth between ENGLAND AND HER SOLDIERS.' If so, and if, as we cannot doubt, this volume should hasten the good time coming, there will be yet another woman's name associated with the cause of the soldier; and when that of Florence Nightingale is blessed, that of Harriet Martineau will also not be forgotten.

A HARD CASE.

I AM a barrister. I don't intend to disguise the fact in the least, for upon it hangs my expectation of pity, perchance of indignation, as to my hard lot, from those who shall peruse my present statement.

I paid £50 to the honourable society of Gray's Inn; I ate a certain number of dinners; and at the end of three years, I found myself clad in a horsehair wig and black stuff-gown, sitting in the back row of seats in one of her Majesty's superior courts of common law at Westminster—a full-blown barrister.

I am blessed with a father, mother, four brothers, and five sisters, all living, and I am bound to say that we believe all these eleven individuals were equally convinced that in a short time my horsehair wig afore mentioned would be exchanged for a long powdered 'fall-bottom,' my stuff-gown for one of flowered satin, embroidered with gold; and that preceded by my mace and purse-bearer, I should

honour my family generally, and delight them in particular, as Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

It is true I attached myself to the 'common-law bar;' but what of that? Was not Mr — made a vice-chancellor, and Mr — Master of the Rolls? and did not they both belong to the common-law bar? Superior genius must ever burst through such trammels; and therefore, though an aunt down in Hampshire earnestly longed, and confidently expected, that I should become a common-law judge, and go the western circuit clad in scarlet robes, and dine with her, and accommodate her with a seat on the bench by my side, to the envy and astonishment of beholders—and had even darkly hinted to certain individuals the necessity she should soon be under of enlarging the sphere of her acquaintance, and of 'cutting' some who moved in a circle not quite in accordance with her anticipated honours—the general family belief was, as I said before, that in due time I should be appointed custodian of her Majesty's great seal and conscience.

To pass over a great deal of matter which would certainly be uninteresting to the general reader, I may mention that I have now been a barrister four years, and that the gross amount of my professional receipts during that period is ten shillings and sixpence, a fee received late one evening in the Court of Queen's Bench for moving the court when all my learned friends had, fortunately for me, gone home.

Ten shillings and sixpence in four years! 2s. 7½d. per annum! Rather a moderate amount for a member of a learned profession to earn; one, too, who duly attended during term in court; who studiously pondered over the 'points' which arose during an argument; who laughed at everything jocular uttered by the judge, and sneered, when he sneered, at an attempted piece of wit of an unfortunate counsel. To what could I trace my non-success?

Partly to my not *being known*. Being known is everything to a young barrister. Unless it be by some peculiarly fortunate event he is 'drawn out,' and exhibits great learning or acuteness, a gentleman of the bar may wait year after year for business, and never receive it. Thoroughly *known*, however, even to a few leading men of the other branch of the profession—I mean attorneys—the chances of success for a person of much less considerable talent are wonderfully greater.

There is Tom Jones, on the opposite staircase to mine. Jones hasn't a tenth part of the legal knowledge I have, though I say it; yet attorneys' clerks are continually rushing across to his room-door with those well-known bundles of blue-wove paper, neatly tied with red tape, called 'briefs;' and Tom is as regularly drawn out of his den by other attorneys' clerks to consultations, references, judges' chambers and court; and the money is rolling in, and 'Mr Jones' is on the lips of the judge, and 'my learned friend Mr Jones' on those of the counsel, morning, noon, and night. But, then, Jones's father is a well-known serjeant-at-law; and Jones's uncle is an old-established attorney; and Jones's grandfather was the Honourable Mr Baron Jones, Puisne Judge of His Majesty's Court of Exchequer at Westminster. So that when anybody asks: 'Who's this Jones?' the answer is: 'Oh, the nephew of old Jones of Cursitor Street—Jones, Brown, and Jones, you know.' 'Is he doing pretty well?' 'O lor, yes; he's stepping into the business of his father, the serjeant, as fast as he can.' 'Ah! I suppose he's a clever young man?' 'O dear, yes; why, his grandfather was old Baron Jones;' and this of course terminates the conversation, and Tom Jones has another acquaintance likely to give him a brief when he has one to bestow.

How different with myself! 'Who's this Brown?' 'What, Charles Brown of King's Bench Walk?'

'No; not him.' 'Edward Brown of Serjeants' Inn?' 'No; James Brown of Gray's Inn.' 'Don't know, I'm sure; never heard the name!'

Then a second great hindrance to my becoming great in a legal point of view, is, that I am very *modest*. Nothing so dangerous to your aspiring lawyer as modesty. I know very well that my knowledge of the vast structure of English jurisprudence is limited—very limited; and it takes me some considerable time to con over a case carefully, and apply to its solution all the legal principles I know; and after some hours, or it may be days, of hard thinking, I am sometimes in doubt as to whether plaintiff or defendant is in the right. 'Dreadful slow coach,' say the attorneys; 'very different from such a sharp chap as Bridger!' But, then, Bridger sees things intuitively; or, if he don't, he pretends he does, which is much the same thing.

'Bless my soul,' says Bridger the other day to old Tacks, the attorney, who had put rather a long case in his hands for his opinion—'bless my soul, you don't expect me to read all this; tell me in two words what it's all about.' Tacks of course did so. 'Plaintiff hasn't a smell of a chance,' says Bridger; 'swamped as safe as nails if he goes into court;' and down go a few words on the back of the brief, and five guineas are won! What is the consequence? 'Confoundedly sharp chap that Bridger,' says Tacks—'law at his finger-ends;' and Mr Bridger's business increases accordingly. 'But,' says the reader, 'now and then, such an off-hand practitioner must get into a scrape, and give a wrong or erroneous opinion.' Very true; and what is said? 'Ah! Bridger's wrong: well, it's wonderful, with his enormous practice, he is not oftener out than he is;' and so the matter ends. It is not indeed so much in chambers that such a man as Bridger shines, as at the bar. Hear him thunder away to the jury! By and by the judge drops down upon him with a little point of law. 'My lord, my learned friend has considered that matter,' says Bridger with the utmost coolness, and sits down to make way for some poor little parchment-faced man, as full of law as an egg's full of meat, who has been 'brought out' under the wing of his far less learned, but far more self-assured friend.

Now, I am not going to impose upon the reader with the assertion that men such as Jones or Bridger are the men who eventually become the burning and shining lights of the legal profession—it is not so. Jones and Bridger will each, perhaps, very rapidly rise to the possession of a great name and a large income as barristers; but most likely they will never rise higher. There is such a thing as profound legal knowledge, and there are offices to which every lawyer aspires, in which profound legal knowledge is indispensable. Fearfully out of his element would Mr Bridger be were he to wake up some morning and find himself attorney-general, solicitor-general, or judge! For such an office as this, the hard-studying, plodding, and untiring lawyer is the man—such a man as Evans over the way, who, twenty years ago, began the study of the law without a friend in the world. Calm, sure, and determined—with a mind formed for the most intense thought, and a body capable of enduring any amount of fatigue—Evans slowly and steadily advanced in his profession; difficulties innumerable were one by one conquered, labours overcome, and opposition mastered; from a pleading to the bar, from stuff-gown to silk, from a junior to a senior counsel, till yesterday the chancellor's messenger knocked at old Evans's door, and handed him a letter which announced that her Majesty was willing to appoint him one of her judges, as the successor of Mr Justice White, deceased the week before. Everybody knew Evans would get it, and everybody was glad of it. I said the appoint-

ment was an excellent one—and what a reward for hard and careful study—£5000 a year, £3500 retiring pension, a knighthood, and honours innumerable, both in town and on circuit.

I shall never arrive at such a consummation—unknown, modest, a moderate knowledge of the law. Of course, every respectable person would choose to rise in Evans's particular manner. A nice task have you set before yourself, good reader, if you intend so to do. Evans has probably read, and thoroughly digested, some six or seven thousand reported decisions; he has them all in his head; knows the several points which arose during the argument of each case; can exactly discriminate one cause from another, though differing in the most hair-breadth manner; and is able to refer in a moment to the volume and to the page where each is recorded. Evans, too, has read and thought over some few thousand acts of parliament; has unravelled the complicated sections of each; knows where the statute 'applies,' and where it *don't* apply; how part of the 27 Car. II., cap. 3, was repealed by 19th William and Mary, cap. 14, and re-enacted in a limited manner by 3 Geo. II., cap. 7, upon the true construction of which the great case of *Shin v. Booker* arose, which was decided by the Court of Common Pleas for the plaintiff, their decision being set aside by the Court of Exchequer Chamber, and confirmed on appeal to the House of Lords—and so on. Added to this, what labour has he undergone during the last twenty years! First, as a *pleader*, sitting in his quiet chambers hour after hour, and day after day, drawing up complicated declarations, pleas, replications, demurrers, &c.; then, as a junior counsel, bearing the labour and responsibility of hundreds of important cases, where property to a fabulous amount was concerned; then, as a 'leader,' arguing before juries, and before learned judges on points requiring an exquisite knowledge of every portion of the law, spending the whole of each day in the courts, and perhaps half the night at his place in parliament, watching bills through the House affecting the practice of the law, and scarcely knowing rest from one year's end to another.

Such were his labours in town. On circuit they were not less severe. Men of Evans's stamp, 'leaders' of the circuit, have entered an assize town with *ninety* briefs in their hands. Fancy, good reader, that you have reposed in you *one* long and difficult case, to arrange and conduct, what care and thought you would bestow upon it; then multiply that case by ninety, and calculate, if you can, the amount of head-aching and brow-throbbing you would endure in the consideration of them.

Lord Brougham, when leading the northern circuit, has been known not to take off his clothes for an entire week. The same great lawyer was obliged to travel from one assize town to another by night, and used to spend the hours in reading his briefs by lamp-light as he rolled along lying on a portable bed fitted up in his carriage.

'A great relief he will find it to be a judge,' says one of Evans's friends, talking over his good-fortune. Well, a great relief it certainly will be, so far as anxiety respecting the possible loss or diminution of business is concerned; but do not for a moment imagine, my friend, that judges have nothing to do.

One thing you may take for granted, with one or two exceptions, every judge has a holiday from about the middle of August to the end of October, but pretty hard the majority of them work during the remainder of the year. Taking the judicial year to commence on the 2d of November, the 1st day of Michaelmas Term, he will have to sit in Banc to hear and decide points of law from that day until the 25th of November, and then go a winter circuit to try prisoners in some remote counties, and this

will bring our judge pretty nearly to Christmas-day. Then a week's holiday, and Hilary term begins, followed by a long spring circuit, perhaps the northern, with its three or four hundred prisoners, and two or three hundred causes to try. Then Easter term, Trinity term, and the summer circuit, and he will have completed the legal year, and find himself at the commencement of the long vacation. If to these duties you add sittings in the Privy Council and House of Lords, at the Old Bailey, in Error, in crown-cases reserved in the Courts of Chancery, on tax-cases, and plenty of laborious work at chambers, and at home in preparing judgments, and looking through private bills in the House of Lords, you will agree that an English judge has no sinecure office.

But I am wandering wonderfully from my own private discomforts in dilating thus upon the engagements of English judges. I shall never be a judge, not even of a county court, for I have not interest enough, and what imports it to me, therefore, whether those learned functionaries work much or little?

No, a 'briefless barrister' I am, and a briefless barrister I am likely to remain, unless matters take some remarkable turn. Now and then, a stray brief or reference may drop in, or even, by some fortunate chance, a revising appointment, or the secretaryship to a royal commission, but that is all; and whiskers—the just pride of the English bar—will turn gray, and forehead be wrinkled, and still I shall be sitting at the 'utter bar.'

It is a melancholy reflection, but my case, hard as it is, is the case of hundreds of other barristers, who, like myself, have not been blessed with interest, impudence, or profound learning. There are, probably, altogether, enough of barristers in England to undertake the conduct of the whole of the lawsuits yearly proceeded with in Europe!—how many, then, must be unemployed when but a small portion of the population of our own country are unfortunate enough to be plunged in litigation? The entrances to the church and to the medical profession are preceded by strict and searching examination, and the number of aspirants is by that means alone considerably diminished. A man may become a barrister without reading a volume or answering a question! Who would not be a barrister?

CELESTIAL AGRICULTURE.

AGRICULTURE and horticulture—for the two are carried on together—may be regarded as the national occupations of the Chinese; and the great success which has attended their modes of cultivation, fostered as they have been by royal patronage, and aided by an imperial treasury, is such as to have gone far to render the inhabitants of that large and densely peopled country, comfortable, rich, and happy.

The vegetable crops produced in those parts of Southern China which are near Canton and Macao, are similar to those of Europe, and are grown for the express purpose of supplying, with that portion of their food, the European population of Hong-kong and its surrounding districts. Large quantities of pease, potatoes, and onions are constantly reared for those markets, and there is also a constant demand, which is supplied by the trading-junks, for the white cabbages of Shan-tung and Peking; even in the more northern parts of the empire, wheat, barley, pease, beans, and different kinds of vegetables are a staple production; in addition to which, the cabbage oil-plant is extensively grown, chiefly for the useful oil which is obtained in considerable quantity from its seeds. In a recent work on China, we are informed that 'about Chin-choo and Amoy, the wheat is so poor that the labourers pull them by the roots in the same manner as we do on our moorlands

in England and Scotland. They are, of course, much better in the rich district of Shang-hae, but the varieties of both wheat and barley are far inferior to ours; and, as the Chinese sow them too thickly, they are generally much drawn at the heads, and the corn small.' On the other hand, according to 'our own correspondent,' in China, 'they have no couch-grass, no thistles contending for the full possession of the land, as we see in Wales; no uninvited poppies, no straggling stalky crops, the poverty-stricken covering of an exhausted soil. At rare intervals, we see a large rich-coloured coxcomb flaunting himself among the cotton; but, generally speaking, there is not a leaf above the ground which does not appertain to the crop to which the field is appropriated.'

The chief food of the Chinese and other eastern nations being rice, the cultivation of this grain forms the principal occupation of the agricultural population; and as two crops of it are usually raised every hot season, followed by a crop of something else in winter, the people are always busily employed. The rice-grounds, extending over thousands of acres, are kept moist by a reticulation of canals, rivers, and water-ways, and the more easily, since they are frequently formed by extensive flats—or 'lands,' as they are called—below the level of the rivers, or arranged in terraces, convenient for water, on the sides of hills. The ground is most carefully prepared for the young rice-plants, which, previous to the period for transplanting, have been raised in little clumps in fields that have been so excessively manured as almost to be incapable of receiving additional supplies, the seed having likewise been steeped for a brief period in a liquid manure. The spots most favourable for the cultivation of rice are thus described in the *Lighthouse and Agricultural Society's Journal*: 'They are such as are of an alluvial kind, as, for instance, where the soil is carried along by the streams which tumble down the sides of the hills, and being deposited near their feet, gives breadth to the little valleys, or forms a delta at their mouth. In this way, a field or farm is produced fit for the tiller; and the stream which deposited it still supplies a stock of water to replenish the banks and furrows. Thus, by a simple and beautiful provision of nature, the meadow is formed and irrigated by the same cause. The fields are parted by neat terraces, beside which the rills often glide in refreshing lapse, and the little fish sport in the radiance of a summer sun.' The land, then, having been previously flooded, the operation of ploughing is rendered comparatively easy, and is carried on by means of a buffalo, which, along with its human attendant, has to wade in a considerable depth of thin mud during the whole process. The ground is next gone over with a pair of harrows, tearing up and mixing the earth till it subsides into a soft, muddy level; the soil, by this process, cleaned and exquisitely pulverised, is made ready to receive the young rice-plants, which having been previously grown to the height of about ten inches, are very carefully lifted, in order to protect their fine roots, from their original beds, and replanted in 'spots' of a dozen plants. Mr Fortune, in his work on China, tells us that this operation is performed with wonderful celerity. 'A labourer,' he says, 'takes a number of plants under his left arm, and drops them in bundles over the land about to be planted, as he knows almost to a plant what number will be required. These little bundles are then taken up, and the proper number of plants selected and plunged by the hand into the muddy soil. When the hand is drawn up, the water immediately rushes into the hole, carrying with it a portion of soil to cover the roots, and the seedlings are thus planted and covered in without further trouble.' The fields are afterwards kept in a constant state of liquidity by means of a plentiful supply of

water, and this is continued till the crop is about ripe, when it is no longer necessary; during its growth, all weeds are carefully removed, and the soil about the roots frequently stirred up. The rice-harvest is simple enough, as the grain is usually thrashed out in the field where it is grown. As the least shake separates the particle from the straw, the usual process with most kinds of rice is to dash it in large handfuls against the side of a tub, which is curtained round on one side, to shield it from the wind, and so the matter ends.

The great points in the agriculture of China are the systems of manuring and irrigation. The ostentatious mode of collecting the ordinary manure, while it sickens Europeans on the spot, seems laughable to those who contemplate it with the ocean between; but, independently of this kind of soil, the Chinese use for the same purpose all sorts of waste substances. One of these is trefoil, and another something called coronilla. After a season, these are cut down, and being mixed with mud and water, are left to rot, so that before the rice is ready to be planted, they may be reduced to that condition which renders them fit for manure. Burnt vegetable matter, well mixed with earth, makes a capital medicine for the fields, and, in consequence, it is largely used in the agricultural districts. 'During the summer months,' we are told, 'all sorts of vegetable rubbish are collected in heaps by the roadside, and mixed with straw, grass, parings of turf, &c., which are set on fire, and burn slowly for several days, until all the rank vegetable matter is decomposed, and the whole reduced to a rich black earth. It is then turned over several times, when it presents the same appearance as the vegetable mould used in gardens in England. This manure is not scattered over the land, but reserved for covering the seeds, and is applied in the following manner: When the seed-time arrives, one man makes the holes, another follows and drops in the seed, and a third puts a handful of the black earth on the top of them. Being principally vegetable mould, it keeps the seed loose and moist during the period of germination, and afterwards affords it nourishment.' In addition to this kind of manure, the Chinese concoct another from the seeds of certain vegetables. These are first made into a substance like our oil-cake; then, after being pounded into dust, are thrown broadcast over the fields. Bones, shells, sea-weed, lime, soot, ashes, and the multifarious refuse incidental to all conditions of humanity, are also plentifully made use of; likewise large quantities of decayed fish and crustacea, as well as the scrapings of ponds, canals, and water-ways.

The system of irrigation adopted by the Chinese is rendered necessary by the extensive rice-cultivation which is carried on. Water is the chief element in the growth of this article, as the fields require to be inundated during the whole time it is under cultivation. In one district of China, and that the very finest in the country, 'the Child of the Ocean,' to use the poetic language of the east, or to speak without metaphor, the river Yang-tze-kiang, affords splendid facilities for irrigation; and in the extensive plains watered by this gigantic stream, there is an endless water-power brought to bear, by means of canals and rivulets. In other parts of the country, water is obtained from the hill-drainage and from the numerous mountain-streamlets. Grounds which cannot be watered either by the rivers or by the mountain-rills; are irrigated by means of the water-wheel, which 'raises the water by a series of flat boards, which traverse in a trough, and sweep the fluid with them. It is somewhat upon the principle of our chain-pump, which lifts the water by a line of buckets; but instead of the bucket, it has merely a flat piece of board, which, by exactly fitting the channel in which

it moves, confines the water between itself and its fellow. In fact, the bottom, two sides of the trough, and the two successive float-boards, compose a sort of extemporary bucket. Our recently discovered method of raising water by means of a band is only one step ahead of this in simplicity.'

The system of terrace-cultivation is much practised by the Chinese; and it is no uncommon thing to see hills three thousand feet above the level of the sea under cultivation to their summits. By means of this device, a great amount of additional space is obtained for the growth of rice and other crops, as also a more plentiful supply of water from the mountain-ravines, which, as a means of economising labour, are diverted in all directions into the highest terraces; and after they have absorbed as much of the fluid as is requisite, the water is then run into the next one; and so on, till all have been in turn inundated. 'In this way,' says Mr Fortune, 'the whole of the rice-terraces are kept continually flooded, until the stalks of the crop assume a yellow ripening hue, when the water being no longer required, it is turned back into its natural channel, or led to a different part of the hill, for the nourishment of other crops. These mountain-streams, which abound in all parts of the hilly districts, are of the greatest importance to the farmer; and as they generally spring from a high elevation in the ravines, they can be conducted at pleasure over all the lower parts of the hills. No operation in agriculture gives the farmer and his labourers more pleasure than leading their streams of water from one place to another, and making them subservient to their purpose.'

The ingenuity and industry of the Chinese are proverbial and continuous. The old story of the nankeen breeches is a case in point—where the celestial tailor, by laborious industry, imitated the various patches and darns belonging to the vestments in question, which had been sent to him as a pattern for a new pair. We trace the same painstaking and industrious spirit in all they do, and particularly in their operations in agriculture and horticulture. Their idea of hill or terrace cultivation, and of having two, and sometimes three crops from the same ground, in order to extend their resources of growth, and make the most of the growing season, is a capital one; and one cannot help expressing a feeling of surprise at what is achieved by such simple means, for all the agricultural implements used in China are of the rudest kind. Let us give their labour its due meed of praise; for principally to sheer hard work, combined with method and great powers of 'detail,' must the results which are attained be attributed. As an example of what is achieved, take the following: 'Wheat, which is a winter crop, is reaped in the Shang-hae district generally about the end of May, while the proper time for putting in the cotton-seed is the beginning of that month, or the end of April. In order, therefore, to have cotton on the wheat-lands, the Chinese sow its seeds at the usual time amongst the wheat; and when the latter is reaped, the former is several inches above ground, and ready to grow with vigour when it is more fully exposed to the air.'

The *modus operandi* adopted in the cultivation of cotton has been frequently detailed, as has also the mode of growing the tea-plant, so that we need not describe the processes adopted in these branches of labour. The only other features of celestial agriculture which we are called upon to notice in this paper, are, first, that the Chinese do not follow any system of fallowing their land—indeed, the land is so rich that it is unnecessary to give any portion of it a rest, as it never feels the burden of successive years of cropping, even although

two, and sometimes three crops, are taken from it annually; and, secondly, that the ground is let out in small farms of a few acres each, as was the custom fifty years ago in our own country. Gigantic capitalists have not yet altered this state of affairs in China, and the celestial farmer lives in a simple and patriarchal style in his little cottage. 'There are few sights more pleasing than a Chinese family in the interior, engaged in gathering the leaves of the tea-plant, or, indeed, in any of their agricultural pursuits. There is the old man—it may be the grandfather, or even the great-grandfather—patriarch-like, directing his descendants, many of whom are in their youth and prime, while others are in their childhood, in the labours of the field. He stands in the midst of them bowed down with age, but—to the honour of the Chinese as a nation—he is always looked up to by all with pride and affection, and his old age and gray hairs are honoured, revered, and loved. . . . When, after the labours of the day are over, they return to their humble and happy homes, their fare consists chiefly of rice, fish, and vegetables, which they enjoy with great zest, and are happy and contented. I really believe that there is no country in the world where the agricultural population are better off than they are in the north of China. Labour with them is pleasure, for its fruits are eaten by themselves, and the rod of the oppressor is unfelt and unknown.'

So says Mr Fortune in his *Wanderings*, but 'our own correspondent'—who assures us that the best way to see the agriculture of a country is to shoot over it, and so gather pheasants and a knowledge of the crops at the same time—tells us that there is a *per contra* to this state of felicity, and that 'these happy fields are overrun by extortionate mandarins, pillaging soldiers, marauders who in small bands are called robbers, and in large bands aspire to be rebels, and to be led by "kings," river-pirates who levy blackmail, and occasional swarms of locusts which darken the sun.' We cannot wonder at this: it would indeed be an exception to all experience, if a mighty nation, with a population of one hundred and sixty millions, far advanced in material civilisation, had not some grievances to stir it into more determined action, and to remind its people that there is an earthy humanity, after all, in their celestialism.

SOME NEW ASPECTS OF INDIA-RUBBER.

New applications of india-rubber to mechanical purposes are being discovered almost every month: in springs to lift the saw in sawing-machines, and with a considerable economy of power, for the saw descends by its own weight, and needs no push to raise it: in springs for cables, or for moorings, proof against any strain to which they may be subject: and in a new code of signals recently introduced into the navy at Plymouth, comprising a series of flexible cones. By substituting india-rubber cloth for canvas, one set of ropes or halliards is got rid of—namely, that by which the cone was hauled down, for the india-rubber collapses and descends of itself, and only requires the rope which hauls it up. Attach a bundle of india-rubber ropes or springs to a beam overhead; stretch down spring after spring, and hook them to the heavy weight to be lifted, and presently the weight rises as it were of itself. Mr Hodges of Southampton Row has invented many ingenious applications of this sort. His india-rubber radiating carriage-springs obviate entirely the effect of jolts and noise upon driver and passengers. The wheels are of course heard to rattle upon the pavement; but there is no communication of the sound through the carriage. A layer of vulcanised india-rubber is inserted in the joints of the girders of the new Westminster Bridge. There have been also some very clever applications of india-rubber to surgical instruments, producing results by mere elasticity, which could only be accomplished otherwise by complicated mechanism.

THE CURATE'S FIRESIDE.

I HAVE one only daughter,
But she is more to me
Than if I had a score or so
To cluster round my knee;
And ne'er by boon-companion
Was idler's time beguiled,
As the curate's leisure moments
By the prattle of his child.

My worthy friend and vicar,
The Reverend Mr Blount,
Of little rosy children
Has more than he can count;
And the good man smiles serenely,
And pats them on the head,
With a hearty benediction,
When they toddle off to bed.

My brother-curate, Webster,
O'er Mr Malthus pores,
Thinks only bachelors are blessed,
And babies only bores;
Says curates must not marry;
For 'tis his rule in life—
First get a good fat living,
And then a wealthy wife.

I envy not the vicar
His patriarchal glee,
When the thirteenth Blount lies choking
Across his nurse's knee;
Nor yet the unhappy Webster,
His lodgings lone and bleak
(With linen and attendance,
At one pound five a week).

I wait for no fat living;
I heed not paltry pelf;
'Twas not for that I wooed my wife,
But for her 'ain' dear self;
Though she had brought a dowry
Were fit for peer or prince,
'Twere nothing to the treasure
That she hath borne me since.

For oh! when home returning
Dispirited, unstrung,
There's magic in our Mary's laugh,
There's music on her tongue;
And her dark eyes flash and sparkle,
And the colour mounts her cheek,
As words come crowding faster
Than her little lips can speak.

And so, when sad and weary
From scenes of care and sin;
Where foul diseases rage without,
And fouler lusts within;
Where so much is dark and dreary,
Where all is sin-defiled,
I thank God for the innocence
About my little child.

Dear to the Christian pastor
The flock he's charged to keep;
Dear for His sake who gave him
The message, 'Feed my sheep.'
Oft prays he for the erring:
'Lord, guard them when they roam;'
But the fondest prayers are aye for one—
The little lamb at home!

J. H. H.

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MARSEILLE UNDER A WAR ASPECT.

I HAVE been awakened this bleak, cold May morning—for the keen, penetrating *moostroom* is blowing, despite the bright sunshiny weather; and bronchitis and bad coughs are wrangling with each other for precedence—by the dismal, distant booming of the celebrated bell of Notre Dame de la Garde, a church, I am delighted to think, situated on the summit of a cliff, a good three miles away from my lodgings at No. 14 Rue des Minimes. Notre Dame de la Monte, which I can see from the window of my bedroom, is also inviting the Catholic to matins; so are a dozen other churches and convents named after every saint in the calendar. Under these circumstances, and as the intonations are exceedingly lugubrious, I have nothing for it but to 'make an effort,' and turn out for the day. There is nothing very inviting in the aspect of my dormitory: no fireplace; no carpet, save an atom of rug at the bedside; and a red brick flooring, iced by the cold east wind. Despite woollen socks and slippers, the first contact of the feet with this frozen pavement is tantamount to a very smart electric shock. I shudder to think of the dreadful but indispensable morning ablutions—the fearfully cold water, and abominably hard soap; the towel like a scrubbing-brush; the agony of rinsing one's mouth with diluted ice. But there is no remedy. *C'est la guerre* that occasions me all this misery; for, however wealthy that fickle dame, Fortune, should choose to make me, I could not at this moment obtain any lodgement in any hotel, and so I am glad to live and board in private lodgings. Two meals a day, for thirty-five francs a week, are cheap enough, I'm sure. If it was not, however, for the cold wind and plenty of exercise, I really do not know how I should dispose of breakfast or dinner. Appetite, beyond a doubt, is the best sauce for cheap lodgings at Marseille. We breakfast at noon; we dine at 8 p.m. Anything in the interval is charged as extras; and exceedingly heavy extras too. Our breakfast consists principally of *hippikick*, or cold water boiled to death, with plenty of grease floating on the surface; parsley, and large slices of bread; a plate of fried pork-rind; a small plate of potatoes; a large amount of salad and beet-root; with wine and bread *ad libitum*. For dinner, there is another display of soup; an atom of boiled meat; a fragment of cheese; a small plate of walnuts, or almonds and raisins; and the indispensable beet-root and salad. There are two others who board and lodge in this establishment—two ill-used, hungry government clerks, with plenty to do, and very small pay, and, worse than all,

prodigious appetites. Every shortcoming in the way of food or delicacy is attributed to the war; and hearty are the secret maledictions bestowed upon its instigators.

Madame, who is prodigal in her expressions of good-wishes, raps at the door just as, half-shivering, half-feverish, I seize my great-coat and hat, and make for the dining-room—the only apartment in the house that can boast of a fireplace (excepting the kitchen); and where, if we happen to be in the landlady's good books, we have broiled tomatoes, well stuffed with mince-meat and other delicacies, once or so a fortnight—a dish that brings tears to the eyes of my two fellow-lodgers, and water to their anxious palates. Madame, who is a Parisian, small, stately, and of immense etiquette, begs to know whether I would wish for *café au lait*. There is no time to be lost, as the wood-fire has burnt rather low, and charcoal and firewood are a matter of rigid economy in cold, bleak Marseille.

Monsieur, madame's husband, is a German; active, money-making, obliging, addicted to beer and pipes, and to a fortnightly musical soiree, where compatriots assemble in a convenient back-parlour, beyond the *gens d'armes'* beat, and sing, with really much taste and talent, terrible old patriotic songs, that might cost them all their liberty.

As I enter the dining-room, I find it filled with *ces braves gens*, 'les Zouaves.' They are refreshing themselves with *petits verres* of cognac, very small and temperate as regards size, but the constant replenishing of which renders it a matter of doubt whether it would not save time and trouble if they at once uncorked the decanters and swallowed their fiery contents at a draught.

There are, besides, no lack of soldiers of the line; and each one is accompanied by two or three mechanics or tradesmen—bosom-friends—who prefer the quiet decency of Herr Heitmann's establishment to the noisy *cabarets* and tobacco-shops, which are so plentifully scattered over this ancient township of Marseille. There are, moreover, not a few really pretty damsels in captivating *grisette* caps.

Interspersed also are a few matrons—most of them in the laundry-line—who have only quitted their washing-tubs to bid a fond adieu to some sunburnt disciple of Mars, a son, a nephew, a cousin, brother, or lover. The *petit verre* is never raised to the lips without an appropriate toast: 'Confusion to the dogs'—that is, *les chiens*. There were three *chiens* that constituted the pith of a Hungarian toast—*les Russ-chiens*, *les Pruss-chiens*, and *les Autre-chiens* (the Russians, the Prussians, and the Austrians).

At present, diplomatic circumstances circumscribe the extent of this parting jubilee; and the French soldiers imbibe incredible quantities of burning alcohol to the annihilation of the Austrians, and to the glory of *la belle France* and the Piedmontese. Three shorn monks of the Carmelite order interfere with my *café au lait* and the libations of the soldiery, demanding rather than begging alms for the masses hereafter to be repeated to extricate defunct Frenchmen from purgatory. The women fall ready victims to these usurers of futurity; and many a tear-bedimmed eye willingly pays the last sou to secure prayers and benedictions on behalf of that beloved one now about to be ruthlessly torn away from her.

Notre Dame de la Montc, of which the Rue des Minimes is the principal street, has its everyday quiet disturbed by the incessant tramp of soldiery; the shouts, laughter, and jests of the men; the smothered sighs and groans of the women. Coffee being despatched, and the atmosphere redolent of cognac and tobacco, I ensconce myself in a great-coat and comforter of huge dimensions, and with my loins girt up, issue forth—a giant refreshed with *café au lait*—to do battle against the keen east wind. I have often walked in this town in quiet and peaceable times, when the keeper of the *cabaret*, just at the corner of the Boulevards de Rome—an olive-complexioned, oily-looking man, in soiled shirt-sleeves, and a decidedly greasy red night-cap—has sat smoking his morning-pipe on an old seedy chair, and touted hopelessly for passengers. This morning he looks more greasy than ever, but is immense in importance. Hard work has he and the good dame his wife in complying with the frequent and urgent demands of the throng that cluster round his small and fly-bitten bar, who are clamorous for stimulants to nerve them against the horror of sea-sickness. Vast though the supply of *absinthe* in his cellars (if he has any), may be, it can be hardly adequate to meet the demand. As for the noise issuing from this den, which is foul with unseemly odours, there is nothing in my experience that I can compare it to unless it be a bird-fancier's shop in Ratcliff Highway, where parrots and paroquets constitute the principal inhabitants. Next to it, enveloped in smoke, is a tobacco-shop besieged by a legion of these 'sons of Gaul,' smoking, bantering, gasconading, and laying up a good stock of their much-relished weed; to be lit, as they protest, from the smouldering ruins of that fated capital, Vienna.

On either side, I have no lack of companions: Jeans and Jacks, Bruchets and Clements, are all accompanying their friends to the same destination—namely, La Joliette or the new harbour. Soldiers there are innumerable, many of them raw recruits, under heavy marching-order, with knapsacks on their backs; their bundles suspended over their shoulders from stout shillies; their left hand tightly grasping the ration of bread, just dispensed at the quarter-master-general's departments, and their great-coat pockets well stuffed with sausages, hard-boiled eggs, and other dainties, destined to comfort them during the short but turbulent sea-voyage from the shores of France to fair and fruitful Italy. Not a baker in this street, not a *charcutier* of whom you can buy pork in any shape, vilely seasoned with garlic—but has voluntarily contributed to the inward comfort of these *enfants*. Not a voice, from the shrill, cracked intonation of the wizard-like old woman that cries her *betterre* (beet-root), to the robust and aproned proprietress of the Hôtel de Deux Mondes, but greets these emigrants of Italy and liberty with loud and continuing *gaudits*. Neither are these mere lip-offerings. The old lady with the beet-root persists in emptying her basket of its unseemly-looking contents into the huge pockets of the loose gray coats; the *marchand d'épicerie* supplies them with valuable drugs,

gratis, preventatives against every contagious disease; the tavern-keepers without resistance pour the contents of their canteens down the parched throats of these brave fellows; the shoeblacks by the always overflowing and muddy pumps at the bottom of the hill, offer to polish their boots merely for the honour of the thing; a cadaverous-looking old bishop, coming home from early mass, pauses to give them his blessing; and wily old shopkeepers and moneyed merchants turn out *en masse* to swell the cry of *Viva la France, Vive l'Italie*.

As a matter of course, if not of necessity, I join in all these hearty outbursts of enthusiasm; and, the valves of my heart being opened, like a young oyster on a rainy day, I am induced to stand treat to some half-score market-women and others who sell fish and vegetables, and who are ill adapted to their trade, if I may be permitted to judge from their apparent objection to anything like cold water. The dew that makes them flourish like their own cabbages is peculiar to France, and is commonly known as cognac.

Plunging through the sea of abominations which mark the crossing of that great street, the Rue Paradis—a street deteriorating awfully from the significance of its appellation—I find myself and my brave companions hustled and jostled by a multitude of other warlike aspirants, who, despite the want of room, will persist in keeping their hands far over the wrist ensconced in their capacious peg top trouser-pockets. These are all waiting for the order to embark, and, as I might as soon penetrate the fiery desert of Sahara as this inflexible mass, I take shelter for a while in the Café Turc, perfectly dazzled by the splendour of its gilding, and smooth, mirror-surfaced tables, and not a little refreshed with its *café noir*. As I sit, making pretence to read the last number of the *Pays*, I wonder to myself whether that great tower, the Tower of Babel, could have rivalled this place for variety of language and dialect, and whether a hubbub such as is going on round about me ever occurred in that ill-fated edifice, I do not really think its clamour could have exceeded the voices, gesticulation, clanking of glasses, clattering of spurs, swords, and firearms, oaths, adjurations, laughter, coughs, stamping, and *vivas*, which make the very walls of this elegant and commodious *café* reverberate again. Of one thing I feel positive, that the costume of the multitude in Babel's tower was not so variegated, and indeed, it is likely, the whole wardrobe of those speculative builders might have been easily packed in a couple of good-sized plantain leaves. In this respect, we of Marseille have the advantage. From the peg-tops before alluded to, down to the Zouaves' picturesque uniform, I can distinguish the height of Paris fashion—the wide-awake of the Yankee—the twenty yards of white inexpressibles sported by the Greek—the dirty old cloak and turban of the Hebrew from Gibraltar—the reckless dishabille of the English skipper—the slouched cap of the Maltese nondescript: in short, every fashion, every colour, every costume, that the known world produces, except, perhaps, that of the Pawnee Indian. And if I want to see a personification of that character, I have only to step over to the tobacco-shop, next door, at the sign of L'Indien Rouge, and there, large as life, is a figure of the Pawnee, with a nice little scalp-knife in one hand, and in the other, a respectable old gentleman's wig, with specimens of tobacco in it for the general approval of the public.

Whilst I am seated at my mirrored circular table—and the whole room seems one mass of mirrors, except under foot—somebody taps me on the shoulder, and I recognise, despite enormous vegetation of beard and moustache, Monsieur le Capitaine, who served bravely in the Crimea. I shrink at my own

reflection, to think how insignificant my plain civilian's costume looks beside that of the glittering throng that surround me. Monsieur le Capitaine is, however, a plain, sensible, straightforward man—a man of few words, but ready action—brave as a lion, and amiable as a lamb. He is no Gascon. He looks upon the pending storm in Italy as a very serious struggle, and one which will try the mettle of the French army to its utmost. Being joined by a party of Zouaves, the conversation turns upon the exploits and deeds in the Crimea, when we fought and bled side by side; and even these *braves* condescend to sprinkle a little praise upon some of our troops. The '*Scoose Greece*' they laud up to the skies. That famous charge of theirs was something *magnifique*. I discover that the praises relate to the gallant Scots Greys. Intermingled with the throng are three or four merry, laughing *vivandières*, in full costume; their exceedingly pretty and picturesque costumes adding greatly to the gaiety of the scene. At last the bugle sounds the order to fall in; in a second the *casé* is deserted; the troops deploy and form a long solid line along the borders of the old harbour, which I can smell, though I cannot see it for the human mass intervening. The shipping is all decked out with flags, and the decks are crowded with enthusiastic spectators. The ships that ride parallel with the old port are also dressed out in holiday attire, and the noise and the cheering are deafening. At last the word is given to march; the band strikes up the march in *William Tell*. Amidst the regular tramp and clank of the soldiers, and the plaudits of the populace, we proceed, still skirting the edges of the old port: amidst immense piles of shot and warlike ammunition, which are in the act of being shipped off as rapidly as they can be for the seat of war: amidst a multitude of petty shops exposing for sale curiosities from every part of the known world: amidst piles of coral-baskets from the Feejee Islands, mats from China, shells from Ceylon: amidst the screaming of cockatoos, parrots, and paroquets, of brilliant plumage; fidgety and restless squirrels; cooking-houses for foreign ships, with marvellous English inscriptions (no ship in harbour is permitted a fire or light on board): past the boat-maker's yard, where, in large letters, I am informed that '*Here boots are coppered ver ship*' (very cheap); down by the potato-warehouse, with '*berdatties from Oran*.' I march past all these to the music of *William Tell*; and before leaving the stench of the old port, I have occasion to witness the blustering deportment and consequential airs of Monsieur le Capitaine, who commands the *Sans Souci*, or tug-boat (the only one, I believe, at Marseille; and hence the importance of the skipper), who is shouting and yelping, and roaring at the unfortunate and crest-fallen master of a merchant-vessel, laden to the water's edge with warlike munition, and which the *Sans Souci* is tugging out to sea. If that man's mouth was a field-piece, it could hardly make more noise; fortunately, however, the volleys he fires are only oaths; and I chuckle to hear him call the crest-fallen master '*a mange conduite*—a fellow that eats his conduct.

A wheel to the right, and one to the left, bring us to La Joliette, the really handsome and new harbour at Marseille, which is nearly choked with vessels and steamers, transports and men-of-war; where everything is bustle and hurry. A fortunate itinerant tinman sells off his stock of small panikins in less time than it takes me to write this, for they are in great demand amongst the soldiery, and will prove useful in sunny and thirsty Italy.

The embarkation is a ceremony of very short duration, most of the soldiers scrambling over the ship's side, and so on to the decks, hailing each other with

'prenez place pour Vienne, messieurs.' Many of them, poor fellows, are taking their places to a far more distant country.

Before going back to my lodgings again, I climb up to the top of Notre Dame de la Garde; the ascent is weary, but enlivened by the throngs of women, who are carrying candles and other peace-offerings to lay at the Virgin's shrine, and implore safeguard for those going and gone to do battle. There are, moreover, sundry brown Maltese skippers coming up to perform vows, made in rough weather at sea, when, as one of them tells me, if it had not been for the intervention of the Virgin, they must all have been lost. Notre Dame de la Garde is considered the sailors' sanctuary. When I get to the top at last, I buy a small relic of the old woman licensed to sell them just at the entrance. It is not for my pen to describe the magnificent and comprehensive panorama which stretches out before me on all sides. Going home again, I take another and a shorter cut up a very narrow, very dirty, very steep street, which will bring me out, however, just at Heitmann's door. The slattern, slovenly, grease-besmeared damsel in slippers and uncombed hair, seated on yonder door-step, is lamenting the departure of her lover, a recruit. The worthless old hag over the way, who empties her slops right into the middle of the street, and splashes me up to the knees, has three sons serving in the army. Every one, down to the wretched cobbler, in a miserable tank under a cabaret, has something to say about la guerre; and at every ten minutes the conversation gets of such thrilling interest, that parties of five and six, of all sexes, rush over to the nearest cabaret, to quench their enthusiasm with another petit verre. Not one word of complaint do I hear on any side about dearness of provisions, or such like doleful talk.

EUPHEMISMS.

The ancient Greeks, than whom there has been no nation more accursed by generation after generation of youth since the world began, were nevertheless a polite and agreeable people enough among themselves. They had a horror, amounting to superstitious dread, of mentioning unpleasant things, and when they were obliged to do so, always hinted at them delicately, instead of blurting them out. They did not, as is vulgarly asserted in the school-books, compel Socrates to drink hemlock—in so many words—but ventured to recommend him, with their best wishes, a desirable sedative—very likely as advertisers of cooling beverages are wont to phrase it, 'especially refreshing at that particular season.'

Similarly, as we are all aware, when the great gulf opened its terrible jaws in the Forum at Rome, it was termed, with facetious tenderness, by the Latin friends of Marcus Curtius, 'quite a nice opening for a young man.'

The system of Euphemism, therefore, upon which we justly pride ourselves, and without which it would be scarcely possible for the Queen's government, or any other, to be carried on, is derived from the most venerable sources, and may be written about, I feel confident—or this present writer would be the last to put pen to paper—without any sacrifice of dignity.

The first personal reminiscence of its operation which occurs to me, took place at a time when I was of very tender years, but under such peculiar circumstances of aggravation, that I shall probably never forget it. I was taken out one morning by my mother and a female attendant to enjoy a ride in a 'coachey-poachey'—which was a dusty, rumbling hack-carriage, as I well remember, with some filthy straw at the bottom of it, which I sucked with exceeding relish, and afterwards offered with the

greatest liberality to my companions. I did not know for what particular act of goodness this treat had been conferred upon me, but accepted it with that unquestioning simplicity with which children do receive all kinds of benefits as their lawful dues; nor does that beautiful faith in our own good deserts fail always afterwards, but is not seldom found to flourish down to the brink of the grave, even among grown-up persons. We arrived at a strange door with an enormous brass plate upon it—which, if I had been a more diligent child, and could have deciphered it, would have turned me, like the Medusean shield, into stone, with horror—and were ushered into a small, well-lighted apartment, where there was a very gentleman-like person, who expressed at once an impertinent desire to look into my mouth. I was never of a suspicious disposition, but this request seemed so similar in character to that which had heralded a black dose upon a previous occasion, that I declined it at once. No gift-horse, conscious of maturity, could have raised a more terrible discord than did I at the idea of such a liberty being taken with me; and in my bellowings, I unconsciously disclosed the very secret that was required of me. The very gentleman-like person smiled so perseveringly, that I got to be half convinced of his innocence; while my nurse—for my mother, with averted face, was dropping tear after tear into a china flower-vase by that time—completed his triumph by the following hypocritical and heartless remark: 'Now, Peter, dear, open its mouth, and shut its eyes, and see what Heaven will send it!'

At this adjuration, which was wont to be the introduction by which the coming joys of peppermint and barley-sugar were heightened, I lay back in the chair with my young mouth watering with expectation—and had a double tooth wrenched out from the back of my upper jaw! It was a necessary operation, and, if I know myself, I don't think it would ever have been effected by a more straightforward method; still, I was of opinion that the whole morning's work, from the coachey-poachey to the unrealised expectations from Providence, were practical deceptions of the basest character; until my father—whose views I have here adopted—assured me that they were nothing more than Euphemisms, and hastened my conviction with half-a-crown and a mixed biscuit.

The next occasion upon which I became a victim to this delicate classicism, was when a lad, at a great Public School. The form to which I belonged was about to conclude its labours in the long school-chamber; the clock was on the stroke which would liberate us for all that summer afternoon, when up strode a Prepostor—so denominated, perhaps, from the absurdity of his prematurely ecclesiastical white cravat—and withered my blithe spirit with these three simple syllables: 'Jones, to stay.' Never did spell of inimical Magician operate upon prosperous Prince with a more sudden or disastrous power. At sound of it, the visions which were thronging my young brain, of cooling river and grassy mead, dissolved upon the instant; in their place I beheld an inconvenient chamber, crowded with expectant faces, wearing that expression of delight which mortals are said to feel in the misfortunes of their friends; wave on wave, they surged away far back through the open doorway, and left a solemn void, a dreadful space, in the centre of the apartment. Therein stood a Doctor of Divinity in a long silk petticoat, with an enormous pudding-whipper in his hand, and presenting the appearance of a cook upon a Sunday, or of some old-fashioned lady who prefers to superintend in person the concoction of her own sweets; beside him stood a young male assistant, a classic scullion, whose anomalous mission it was to

lift linen and yet commit no robbery. Before these two stood a sombre object, resembling something between that instrument upon which Louis XVI. suffered death, and a pair of bedroom-steps. This was the Flogging Block, the sacrificial altar whereon those who disobeyed Etona's edicts were offered up every lawful day; and when Jones was told to 'stay,' he was in truth euphemistically given to understand, that in him it was awaiting its victim.

Thus, while Language, according to some authorities, is given to us to conceal our thoughts, the intention of Euphemism is to disguise our meaning.

'My Honourable Friend, if he will allow me to call him so,' is that gross misstatement of fact, that unprincipled truckler to a dishonest minister, the miscreant Figgins, who has secured the place which was to have been mine, and in whose company I would scarcely sit at the same festive table.

The 'fellow-citizen whom we have all seen growing up amongst us,' and who was 'one of our own selves' at the last Muddleborough election, had never been set eyes upon by his flowery proposer until the day of nomination; while his sole local connection with the place in question consisted in his having come to Muddleborough, which is an out-of-the-way spot enough, for the convenience of getting a certificate of bankruptcy, which he accomplished at a period of life when he could scarcely be said to be 'growing up' by even an eastern poet.

'My Learned Brother' is Tom Wiggins, who has just been called to the Bar, and knows rather less of English law than a Siamese of sherry-cobbler; while his 'impassioned and forcible appeal,' by which I beg the jury not to be led away, bore about the same relation to eloquence as a cat in walnut-shells upon the ice bears to ordinary walking.

When one scholar writes of another as being 'somewhat too rash a commentator,' he means that the man has the impertinence to substitute his own brass for the author's gold; that he is a classic liar who deserves to be struck quite literally; and whenever the word 'emendation' is made use of, we may be sure that term is meant to carry with it the full signification of 'forgery.'

'A good fellow at heart' is no more to be trusted than some obviously rotten apple which has had the same eulogium conferred upon it; and if it be added that 'he is nobody's enemy but his own,' the expression commonly describes a man who is so extraordinarily brutalised, that he is careless of himself as well as of others.

'A previous engagement' means, 'I should be bored to death if I found myself in your drawing-room;' or, 'I hate evening-parties;' or, 'Your wine is bad, and I hear nothing in your conversation to make up for it.'

'An amiable young man,' is a simpleton who commonly wears a waistcoat which was never a fast colour, and is very much washed out, while his mind is in a somewhat similar condition; and the same person is denominated by the more vulgar of his associates, a 'pump.'

Vulgarity has no Euphemisms; a 'whizzer' is not a more delicate form of expression than 'a man of genius,' nor 'a stunner' than 'a pretty girl.'

Crime, on the other hand, is very much averse to calling a spade a spade, or a crow-bar a crow-bar. It is accustomed to speak of one of the most formidable of known housebreaking implements under the endearing title of a 'jemmy;' while a watch is called a 'super,' perhaps as being the short for 'a superfluous;' and so expressing by its title a sort of palliation for appropriating those of others to ourselves.

When a gentleman of the criminal profession commits murder with a bludgeon, or strangles a belated

citizen by means of the garrotte, the newspapers are happy to report that the police have already a clue to the detection of the ruffian; his personal friends only express a fear that he will be 'wanted,' and when he is caught and condemned to death, or penal servitude, they speak of him euphemistically as being in 'trouble.' What set us thinking upon this eminently classical subject, was the following scene, which we were lately witnesses of at a certain medical dispensary.

A young woman of delicate appearance was making application for some medicine.

'You look very pale, my good girl,' observed the tender-hearted young practitioner.

'I have only come from my confinement three weeks,' replied she.

It might have been the sun shining upon him through the medium of a gigantic red bottle in the window, but if it was not, the tender-hearted young practitioner was blushing violently.

'I don't think you should come out in the cold so soon,' observed he, rebukingly; 'and where have you left your baby?'

'Oh, please sir, I have not got a baby.'

The tender-hearted young practitioner became of an unripe plum colour at having thus inadvertently hurt the young woman's feelings.

'Ah, dear me,' said he, 'so the poor little thing died, did it?'

'No, sir,' explained the young woman, hanging down her head; 'I mean I have only just come out of prison, sir, in consequence of "a mistake" about some clothes.'

THE USE OF THE RIFLE.

At a time like the present, when *rifle-clubs*, *rifle-volunteers*, *riflemen*, and *rifles*, are matters which occupy the minds of some million of individuals, it may be as well to turn our thoughts to the practical and efficient use of the weapon.

To shoot is one thing; to kill, is another. When we shoot, we like to kill, or at least to hit what we fire at. If the target should happen to be some impertinent invader of our country, we admit that we should entertain a desire to lodge a neatly formed conical bullet just between the fifth and sixth rib on the left side of the said intruder. This wish does not arise from a blood-thirsty or unforgiving spirit, but from the feeling that invaders would be fair game; and also, that we should probably, by our act, save many innocent people from being slaughtered, or from receiving even worse treatment.

Perhaps one of the greatest anomalies in war is that the introduction of very deadly weapons appears to make a battle a less dangerous affair than when such simple articles as battle-axes or bows and arrows were the most destructive arms. This may result from the same cause which makes two skilful pugilists frequently decide who is the better man without either of them receiving much punishment; while two chawbacons cannot have a 'set-to' without serious damages resulting to both parties. Advancement in the science of war would appear to render it unnecessary that two generals should enter upon such vulgar details as actually to kill each other's men. Almost all the principal movements and manœuvres of an army would be made under the fire of riflemen; consequently, the effective use of this arm might turn the tide either in the direction of victory or defeat, before the main bodies had commenced to engage.

We will now state to what points the attention of that individual should be directed who is desirous of becoming skilled in a weapon which ought to be

considered the national arm, or who, in the event of his entering upon a warlike field, would be desirous that more than one bullet out of two hundred should prove to be effective. It is not, as too many appear to believe, the simple act of pulling a trigger and making a noise with a gun, which causes defeat to an enemy; it is the true calculation of line, elevation, and distance which may make one man, as far as shooting and killing are concerned, equal to ten others. Much more is required to make a good shot than is usually supposed. It is true that, after a short time, a man may be able to hit a target at a certain distance very frequently; but let even the locality be altered, and the state of weather changed, and he will find a great difference in his results. What sportsman has not found that his companion could shoot much better alone than in company? How frequently do we notice that the fear of a second shot causes us to miss our bird! When, however, our bird is a man, and he probably moving and possessed of a weapon, it is then that a man should be an expert marksman, and not when he has a simple target to fire at. It is a fact, therefore, that true shooting is as much the result of a moral training over the nerves, as a physical one over the weapon.

The mere average soldier must be an indifferent marksman, and unless more time and trouble be taken with his training, the full power of the present improved weapons will not be shewn forth. Above all things, 'practice' must be had, and practice under, if possible, trying circumstances. The rifleman must be taught never to throw away a shot, and also, that the great secret in shooting is to be calm, and to hold the weapon truly just at the instant that the cock strikes the cap; for it is impossible to maintain an aim. It is but an instant that the rifle points truly; at that instant the cock must strike the cap. We have watched many hundred novices, and even expert marksmen, and the usual cause of failure we have found to be, that whilst the nerves have been moved to pull the trigger, then instantly has the muzzle been slightly elevated or depressed—a short distance, it is true—say only the $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch; but if the barrel be thirty inches long, and the distance 300 yards, this is sufficient to make the bullet miss its man by a full yard.

Where it is possible, a rest should be obtained for the rifle; and a very simple one is obtained by grasping the ramrod firmly with the left hand, placing the ramrod on the ground vertically, and resting the rifle upon the upper part of the hand. Where any hedge, tree, or other object permits, a rest should be obtained, and much better shots can then be made. This applies to what we may call steady shooting; but there is another kind, which is much better known to the sportsman than to the soldier, and which we may call 'from-eye-to-hand shooting.' When soldiers are taught to shoot, they are usually directed to shut the left eye. This is perhaps necessary for long and steady shots such as those at a target; but for closer and more difficult shooting, the eye should not be closed. Let an individual who has had experience in rabbit, snipe, or buck shooting think how his most deadly shots have been made, and he will undoubtedly say 'with both eyes open,' and not looking along the gun, but straight at the object.

It may be doubted whether, considering the weapons, we are yet as perfect in the use of the rifle as our forefathers were with the cloth-yard shaft. Most of us have used the bow and arrow, and all, probably, thrown a stone or ball. In both these cases, we work from 'hand to eye;' the eye directs, and the hand obeys, not by casting the stone or the arrow in a direct line from the eye to the object, but from the hand to the object. It is in this description of shooting that Englishmen excel all other nations,

and it would be in this, in a smart affair at close quarters, that Englishmen would be victorious.

To enable a man to shoot well and with rapidity, it is also necessary that *his gun should fit him*; the stock which suits the length of arm of one man may be very inconvenient for another; and it is only in quick shooting that we can tell how our stock does fit us.

When an individual totally unaccustomed to firearms is desirous of becoming an expert marksman, he should, upon procuring a weapon, seek every opportunity to carry it about with him, and to handle it. The rifle ought to be, as it were, part and parcel of ourselves; we ought to feel awkward without it, and we should frequently practise bringing it up to our shoulder, turning sharp to the right or left, and at the same time pressing it so well against the shoulder that we might fire a shot instantly. Very good practice may be had with merely blowing out candles with a percussion-cap and no powder. The candles may be placed in a room large enough to enable us to move about; then, by turning and wheeling quickly, we may obtain some expertness in a species of snap-shooting. Even the snapping of a cap will help us to stand steady and without winking when we pull the trigger. The greatest attention should also be paid to placing the feet firmly on the ground, so that the body is perfectly steady; the left foot ought to be advanced nearly three feet, and the toes should point towards the object aimed at; the toes of the right foot ought to point at right angles to the direction of the others; the body steadily supported by the two legs, the weight being neither entirely on the one nor on the other. Many a man has missed his mark in consequence of not standing his ground firmly. When walking over rough ground, or after running some distance, it requires practice to enable a man to pull up, stand firm, and make a good shot at once. Nothing but the perpetual handling of the weapon, and the confidence which a man thus gains, can ever qualify him to be an able and practical rifleman.

To throw a bullet some 1400 yards into a mass of troops is no great achievement, and it is an occupation which a rifleman is not likely to enjoy often or with impunity. An enemy would possess riflemen also, would immediately launch them against those attacking him, and then would come the advantage of the quick hand and the true eye; for if a party of skirmishers should be driven in, or, as they ought to be, exterminated, the first blow would be gained; the attention of the riflemen might then be turned to picking off the artillerymen or preventing the formation of bodies of troops; but to gain first blood would certainly be the good-fortune of those who could load and fire the quickest, aim the truest, and obtain for themselves the best cover.

One principal point to which the rifleman should pay attention is the effect which the wind has over his bullet, and consequently how much he ought to allow for a cross wind. In long distances, this allowance would be something considerable.

Too much care cannot be taken of the rifle and of the ammunition, and also of the loading of the weapon. Before loading, a little loose powder ought to be exploded with a cap, to insure the barrels and nipples being clear. Then load with powder and ball, taking care that the bullet is well pressed home. The capping should be the last process, every care being taken that the caps fit well, and are not likely to be knocked off. On all occasions, after the rifle has been loaded, the hammer ought to be at 'half-cock'; and when passing through woods, or climbing over hedges, &c., it would be advisable, if certain that no enemy was near, to uncap the rifle. Anyway, an occasional look at the hammer should be given, to

observe if by chance it had been dragged to the full-cock. Too much precaution cannot be used in these matters. Even amongst experienced sportsmen, scarcely a season passes but we hear of some unfortunate individual either killed or maimed by his friend and shooting companion. An accident is much more likely to happen amongst those who have not been accustomed to carry dangerous weapons. There is also a habit to which some individuals, whose intellectual faculties are dormant, are very much given, of trifling with firearms. We have frequently seen, at ball-practice amongst the men, some two or three of the rear-rank calmly standing gazing about them with their weapons loaded and at full-ock. Without referring to the probability of immediate accidents, let us tell what might, and probably would result on service from such an apparent trifle.

A party of one hundred of the enemy are stationed in a village where they never dream of being attacked. It is true that soldiers ever are on the alert; and these men have their sentries placed, and all arranged to guard against surprise.

There is, however, one side of the village to which an approach might be made unobserved; and an able campaigner has from a neighbouring hill noted this.

Now for volunteers. One hundred of the enemy are in the village of —; who will volunteer to cut them off at daybreak to-morrow? Eighty men at once step forth as willing and anxious. All is arranged. The party, covered by night, will approach to within two or three hundred yards of the village; they will then enter a water-course, and at daylight, will creep towards the village; and then for a rush. The most perfect silence is enforced, for a word above a whisper, and all might be lost. Now the party are concealed within two hundred yards of the village, and the light is just beginning to appear. One or two sounds have alarmed the attacking-party, some of whom have cocked their rifles to be in readiness. One volunteer, whom we will call Mr Smith, forgets to uncock his rifle. Now it is time to creep forward one hundred and fifty yards more, and then a surprise, that great worker of miracles, will be accomplished. The words are whispered 'Move on;' each man grasps his weapon, and with head low, stealthily proceeds. Suddenly, from the midst of the party, comes the report of a rifle, and high in the air is the whirr of the harmless bullet. 'What is it?' 'What's to be done?' are the questions. No time to think; so 'Charge on them' is the word, and up jump the eighty volunteers to rush upon the village; but they are a hundred or two yards from it; and men of war are quick to assemble when danger is expected. Before, therefore, the eighty braves have entered the village, they are saluted by a volley from fifty rifles, which droops some thirty men. A scattered fire answers the volley, and a good English cheer; but two to one are long odds, and only half a dozen of the brave eighty return to tell the tale of the failure. 'How did it happen?' would be asked. 'What a failure!' 'What an unfortunate plan,' would be remarked. Few would ever know the real cause of failure; for the result is generally enough for most people. Let us take the liberty to ascertain, and we discover that it was merely a bramble caught the trigger of Mr Smith's rifle, he having forgotten to uncock it in his eagerness. That was all. No fault of Mr Smith's; only an accident.

Now, let us ask those who have had to do with these matters, whether, in their own experience, they have not known many similar cases. An Indian, a Caffre, or a Hottentot would never make such a mistake. These accidents usually take place amongst those whose lives have been passed in what is called civilisation, and who are too often indisposed to pay

sufficient attention to what they consider trifling matters.

Every care should be taken to keep the rifle from wet or damp, when the weapon is likely to be required for use. After it has been loaded for some time, the old caps should be taken off, the nipples pricked, fresh, fine grain-powder poured into the nipple, and new caps put on. If we have any doubt about whether or not our weapon would explode when we pull the trigger, we never fire with the confidence which we ought. When an opportunity offers, and we have carried a loaded weapon for some time, we should try with the ramrod whether the bullet be well 'home.' If there be any distance between the bullet and the powder, or the charge become displaced, either the bursting of the barrel, or a misfire, might result. In short, a rifleman ought to take as much care of his rifle as of his child.

The principal points to which attention should be given with regard to the rifle are: 1. To be able to handle it freely; 2. To be able to shoot with it truly; 3. Always to have it in working-order, and ready for immediate use. Care must of course be taken that the ammunition and caps are preserved dry. A rifleman with damp ammunition and non-explosive caps, is but a poor defender of his hearth and home.

To judge distance accurately, practice is essential. There are a number of set rules by which a man is supposed to be able to tell at what distance an object is from him. We can merely remark, that however good these rules may be in theory, they certainly are not very available in practice. There are some matters to which there is no royal road, and judging distance is one of these. Each man must make for himself his scale by which to judge. There are, however, methods of proceeding in teaching one's self, which, if unacquainted with, we may waste much time; a few hints, therefore, upon the subject of judging distance may be useful.

In the school of musketry, men are taught to estimate the distance of a man by taking note of the size and appearance of objects at certain known distances; an individual is taught to observe what difference he discerns in the appearance of men at the several distances, taking into account the position of the sun, the state of the atmosphere, &c. At certain distances the features may be distinguished; at others, the colour of the clothes; and so on. This is a great step, and in the right direction; for what is the use of possessing a weapon which will, when given the proper elevation, strike an object at 1000 yards' distance, when the holder of that weapon knows not whether the object be at 700 or 1400 yards!

From our own experience, we have found the estimation of distance by means of the 'man-scale,' as it may be called, somewhat fallacious in practice, especially when the ground is very hilly, or when a deep ravine was between us and the object. The most accurate method we have found to be to calculate by hundreds of yards. We can, without any considerable error, estimate 50 yards, for we may throw a stone, or employ any simple method to obtain accurately this distance. Few men who have ever played cricket fail in judging immediately whether the wickets are at a greater or less distance than 22 yards. If, then, we fix upon any part of the ground in our front as at the distance of 22 yards, then double this distance, and add 6 yards more, the 50 yards can be estimated to within a very little. Take, again, another distance equal to this 50, and we have 100 yards. When we are merely taking a walk in the country, we may, by estimating first, and pacing afterwards, become, in two hours, expert judges of 100 yards. When we can estimate that, we have accomplished much,

for we can make steps, as it were, of 100 yards each towards an object the distance of which is required, and we shall soon find that we can work up to 700 or 800 yards without any very considerable error. We can compare this method of proceeding with the 'man-scale' method, and after giving each a fair trial, find which gives the best result; we may also keep the one as a check against the other. For longer distances, such as from 1000 to 2000 yards, we shall find both plans convenient; but in a country such as England, the ordnance maps are of the greatest convenience. If the commander of a party of volunteers were, as he ought to be, provided with a map, he could give the distances of the various roads, buildings, &c., as a guide to his men. When riflemen take up a position which they mean to hold, it is not a bad plan to place split sticks, in which is a piece of paper, at distances of 100 yards, in the direction by which an enemy is expected to approach: these should be visible from the position, and will aid the marksmen. They are not likely to be of any service to the enemy, who would probably not observe them; or if he did, would not know for what purpose they were so arranged. Sometimes it may be found useful to have some marks made on a piece of wood to indicate what size a man at various distances assumes upon it, the wood being held at arms-length.

The velocity at which sound travels is 1140 feet per second, and the knowledge of this enables us to judge distances. Should a gun be fired at us, we may count the seconds, by means of a watch, between the flash and the report. If we have no watch, we may beat time by whistling a quick march, and then multiply the number of beats by 210; the product will be a close approximation in yards to the distance of the object.

As it is difficult to estimate the fraction of a second, we use here round numbers, so as to be enabled to multiply *viva voce* without difficulty.

If we counted 12 between the flash and report, then $210 \times 12 = 2520$ yards, for the distance: 21 being the coming-of-age period, is easily remembered. It is not always the amount of knowledge which we may possess that is so very useful, but it is the bringing of our knowledge to market at the right time.

We would again point out that even to judge distance accurately, will make a rifleman more efficient than the knowledge of a variety of military manœuvres.

Practice and self-confidence will, as in shooting, be the only roads to proficiency in this matter. But when we see how various are the opportunities of gaining practice in these matters, and how these are neglected, we naturally meditate and feel surprised at the trifling objects which appear to so totally engross the minds of even professional soldiers.

A ROUND-ABOUT STORY.

I HAD good and sufficient reasons for accompanying Jones and his sister last long vacation on their continental tour. What they were, I decline confiding to any bosom but my own; nor, indeed, have they any bearing on the following pages. I also decline entering into any particulars with any person or persons as to my reasons for abruptly quitting them at Cologne, when we had been but ten days together, and on the very evening following that on which Guy Plantagenet of the 14th Penny Royals joined us. At that city, our routes in life diverged. They were bound, forsooth, to the baths, to mingle with the empty, giddy throng of fashion, here, there, and everywhere—to dance and play the fool in any open booth of Vanity Fair! Bah! I had thought better of them. For me, I wanted to be alone with

nature—to beard the lion in his lair, to climb the eagle's eyrie, to breast the floods—above all, to walk fiercely straight on anywhere.

In this peculiar frame of mind, which I am now at a loss to comprehend, I need not say that all those travelling elegances which I had bought for the occasion became worse than useless; so, leaving all my *impedimenta* in care of the good landlord of the Three Kings, I slung my knapsack over my shoulders, pulled my cap over my brows, took my staff in my hand, and strode off into the gathering shades. Now you can understand how it was that some time afterwards I entered Strasbourg dull, dusty, and travel-soiled, with my head throbbing to bursting, and a burning fever raging in my veins.

Have you ever been in Strasbourg? But, indeed, you might know it well without remembering the *auberge* dignified by the title of 'the Hôtel de l'Ecu.' It has fallen from its first estate, which was doubtless that of some well-to-do burgher, when the town flourished as an imperial city of the German empire; and going down a graduated scale of changing fortune, has at last settled into a house where the better class of journeymen drop in after the labour of the day to smoke the pipe of peace over black beer, or *schnapps*, and where the student or workman may sojourn for the night, and refresh themselves as they go upon their way. It stands a little back from the quiet street, and is shaded pleasantly enough by a row of lime-trees, under which, as I approached, sat the national cap and blouse, as they might have done any time these two hundred years. I say 'national' advisedly, for do what you will with Strasbourg, you can never make it anything but German. From the tiles of the houses to the paving-stones, and from the broad-faced phlegmatic men to the flaxen-haired, funny little children that stand knitting in the doorways, all are positively and unmistakably—not French.

It all looked very pleasant after the sultry, dusty length of road that I had travelled—the long shadows cast by the trees, in which a faint breeze rustled; the open window of a chamber in the gable above, where a white curtain suggested sweet repose; the group of smokers upon the benches without, indulging in the *dolce far niente* of the north; a pleasant matron, who stood upon the threshold with a small bundle of humanity in her arms: all this, I say, told me at a glance that I need proceed no further. It was indeed fortunate for me that I was brought to a halt in such comfortable quarters, for it was August when I went to bed, and October when I got up. There I lay with the fever-weight upon me, not able even to tell my name, raving in a strange tongue, and at the mercy of those around me.

I awoke with a consciousness of weakness, which, as I lay there so still, was not altogether distressing. I could only look round very slowly at one thing at a time, and did not, even at first, feel wonder where I was. I was aware of sunshine coming in through the half-closed blind, and of everything being very white, and neat, and orderly; so, by degrees carrying my languid glance around, it arrived and rested upon a figure, whereupon I began to ruminate. 'It was so still and placid as it sat there, with the sunshine upon it, that dimly upon my weakened mind it suggested strange fancies. 'Perhaps,' said I, 'I am asleep, and that strange thing is a dream—a recollection of some picture I have seen long ago; or perhaps it is a picture that I look at; or perhaps I am dead. I cannot move. I am certainly dead, and there sits the angel of the tomb.' She was decidedly not got up in the approved costume of the scrappie host, for she was but a woman of some thirty-five or forty years, habited in the black dress of a religious order, who sat there at her sewing, but there was something so calm and

saintly about her face, and so placid, even to monotony, about the movements of her long white fingers, that her whole appearance favoured the idea of holy repose, rather than conveyed the energy of real life. So I watched and waited—I was too weak for impatience—for her to look up, and still, like some ingenious automaton, she plied her busy fingers. The first break was when she rounded some corner of her work, which must have been a passage of import, for, first of all it had to be adjusted with pins, and then trimmed with scissors, and then tacked with a long thread. It was altogether evidently a piece of fine and delicate mechanism, and afforded me intense pleasure to observe. There was, to begin with, the coaxing the thread into the needle, which was no easy matter, I can tell you; for it first of all clumsily and bluntly would not enter, until subjected to a vast amount of knowing discipline between the finger and thumb of its mistress; and then, when it had absolutely taken a minute possession, and she thought she had it all her own way, it obstinately refused to budge an inch in either direction, in a manner that would have tried the temper of any sempstress on record, Penelope herself included; and at last, when she had given it up in despair, as if mollified by the good temper and perseverance of its wielder, it suddenly relaxed and resigned itself to the duties of life with an exemplary repentance.

At this particular time, and during the next few minutes, there was a sense of importance, and an anxiety upon the countenance of my guardian angel, which assured me she was at some critical point; so it was with a feeling of relief that I saw the pinched-in lips expand, the compressed brow relax, and the garment held out at arm's-length, as if she now might pause to contemplate the effect, and allow herself the enjoyment of her skill. Indeed, now that the difficulty was mastered, and that the tension of my sympathies was loosened, I could not myself repress a long sigh of relief. In an instant, the work was cast aside, and the *béguine* by my pillow, her kind eyes looking into mine.

'Monsieur is better,' said she, with her cool fingers upon my wrist. Now, I fear the recollection of all the good-breeding wherein I had been nurtured must have entirely deserted me on this emergency, for the words in which my reply was couched came forth in my pipy, shaky voice, in a phrase of the metropolitan *gamin*—'Who are you?' However, perhaps, after all, it did not much matter, seeing that I spoke English, whereas she used a French *patois*, and that universal language which a woman's tone, and look, and gentle hand conveys all over the world to her sick charge.

But I will not detain you in my invalid chamber, where good Sister Josephine kept me company until she fairly set me up on my legs, thin and trembling though they were. We had many a talk and argument about things that perhaps I had no business to suggest to the quiet little woman. I somehow did not quite believe in her happiness, and wanted to bring her to confess that she was trying to cheat herself. I have since thought this was both ungracious and ungrateful; but she always smiled in the same way, and shook her head as she said she wished 'Monsieur was as happy in his heart.' Then—confound me for a blockhead!—what had I to do with the pope and the council of Trent? or Luther and the Huguenots? or why should I have been such a hard-hearted heathen as to laugh at her little relic of a bit of the wood of the true cross which she wore at her breast?

'Josephine,' said I, 'do you know, you silly woman, there's enough of that in the relics of your church to build a man-of-war?'

'Eh bien,' said she, with a little shrug; 'and may

not *le bon Dieu* make for that a miracle as for the loaves and fish?'

But she took it all in good part, only, I believe, praying the more earnestly for my conversion to her faith. Nor had we ever a shadow of a difference until one day, when I was laughing at the laws and restrictions of her order. 'Why,' said I, 'tis a shame to make a nun of such a dear, kind, clever creature as you. You ought to have had your own bright home, and your fine husband sitting by your hearth, with your children around his knees; perhaps one nearly as big and tiresome as this idle fellow here that you have been such a good mother to!' As I saw the bright colour flush over her face, succeeded by a pallor like that of death, I would have given worlds to recall the unkind, thoughtless words; but the discipline of years told, and she, with a little shiver, settled down into her ordinary serenity. I stammered out a few words, to which she only replied with her usual, 'Monsieur is very good;' and so it all ended, except that that night, when she thought I slept, she addressed herself to her beads long and earnestly. I afterwards heard from my landlady poor sister Josephine's cruel story; but this is no place for it.

I had finished my chicken with a voracity that made even my good nurse smile to see; the hearth, for it was an open fireplace, was swept, and the afternoon log burnt brightly. I had done all sorts of wonderful things that day: had written to my friends; had gone over all my bills; had found, on examination of the contents of my pocket, that I was just short of the demands upon me by three hundred and ten francs, six centimes. I could get money by allowing for the delay in writing for it, but I wanted it immediately; that is to say, my host, who was but a poor man, wanted it immediately, and I myself was all impatience to buy a heap of things—resents for the good woman and the children below, and something '*pour les pauvres*,' as Josephine said, with her imploring eyes. It was no use to give her anything for herself; in fact, she was the only woman I have ever known, young or old, proof against the temptation of a bonnet—perhaps because she didn't wear one. So I was all anxiety to get into funds at once, and bethought me of consulting my friend.

'Josephine, you dear old soul!' said I, 'what am I to do for money?'

'*Pour l'argent!* Has not monsieur enough to pay?'

'No, indeed; monsieur owes three hundred and ten francs, six centimes. Monsieur must go to prison.'

'Comment! to prison! Has not, then, monsieur money in his home? Are not *les bons Anglais* very rich?'

'O yes, Josephine, plenty of money at home, but that's not here. Is there any man of business, a banker, a Jew—any one that I could explain to?'

She brightened up in an instant.

'O yes; there was Monsieur Fritz Lenoir, Sans Chasseur, in the Rue St Dominique; he was good man—very—good to the poor.'

This was always her standard of excellence. So it was arranged that the next day I, being now comparatively strong and able-bodied, should call upon Monsieur Fritz, and explain to him all that was so unintelligible to the good woman.

My toilet, on this important occasion, took a long time, and was carried on by instalments from breakfast to luncheon, for it was the first time I had been abroad, since my illness. Notwithstanding all Josephine's flannels and wraps, my clothes hung upon me much as they would depend from a peg in a wardrobe, and had a strange airy feel about them, as if they had belonged to somebody else; even my shoes had become too large; and my cap slid down over my eyes. It was what poor Hood would have called 'a skeleton suit.' When it was all accomplished, she

brought me over the little mirror to contemplate the effect, in which she evidently took no little pride. '*Regardez*,' said she. I had not seen myself before, and certainly required some stronger identification than that of recognition, for, after examining my lineaments with curious interest for some minutes, I felt impelled to laugh at the strange, white, hollow face, and was then as irresistibly inclined to cry. I think this latter attack of weakness came on me with the thought of home. I do not mean my wretched bachelor lodgings, but that place which mother and sisters make home to a man, even long after he has gray hairs, and his own roof-tree above him.

Behold me, then, fortified by some wonderful cordial condiment which was only to be partaken of at the last moment of setting forth, wrapped in a fine red woollen shawl of madam's, and supported by a stick, walking slowly down the sunny side of the street, until very warm, and in a great tremble, I, according to my instructions, arrive at a high garden-wall, and knock at a gate on which is inscribed the legend, 'Bureau, M. Fritz Lenoir.' My summons was replied to by a little flaxen-haired maiden, who informed me, in a hybrid tongue, that 'Monsieur was busy, and could not see strangers: this was not his day for business.'

'But,' said I, as much from the desperation of wanting to sit down as anything, 'I must see him. I have come on particular business; I cannot come again.'

While we were thus arguing, I had advanced through the half-opened door, and found myself in the neatest and brightest of gardens, at the extremity of which a little fat man walked, smoking his pipe amongst his flowers, with the air of a master who is well to do in the world.

'Very well; he is there,' said the blue petticoat, sulkily leaving me to make my way, and state my case for myself.

It is an awkward thing to introduce one's self, still more so for the purpose of asking a favour, and most of all, when even your resources of physical support under the emergency are gone. It was an unpleasant position enough; indeed, in every way he held me at vantage, for instead of advancing to meet me, he kept his ground with the utmost nonchalance, now stooping to pluck up a weed or admire a flower, without evidencing any consciousness of my approach. This was far from encouraging; and fancying that my companion's instinct warned him of the nature of my errand, I fell, as a matter of course, into the sheepishness of a petitioner.

'Ehem!' said I at his elbow.

He turned, and without removing his pipe, nodded gravely.

'I have come, monsieur, from the Hôtel de l'Ecu. I live there; at least, I have been there for some time. I have been very ill, away from my friends. I am an Englishman. Sister Josephine, from the convent of St Catherine, who nursed me, has told me you are a man of business.' (I paused between each of my sentences, hoping he would help me out; but his share in the conversation was confined to a slight elevation of the eyebrows, and a puff.) 'I am expecting remittances from England; but in the meantime require an advance. Understanding you, monsieur, to be in this way, I have called to make the proposition.'

I had now finished my speech, and had nothing more to say.

With the utmost deliberation, the pipe was removed, its ash knocked out, and his broad brown hand, with slow imperturbability, smoothed down his beard. 'You want money,' at last said the oracle, not making any interrogation, but laying it down as a satisfactory demonstration, in a deep gruff voice.

'I do.'

'How much?'

'Five hundred francs.'

'Where are the securities?'

'The security—well, it is personal security; but I only require a temporary advance—at the furthest, for a fortnight.'

All this time, my companion had been examining me from behind the pipe he had resumed, at first somewhat suspiciously, but afterwards with a sort of grim, stolid pity, as he contemplated the personal security of my wasted figure.

'You are very weak,' said he, in the same oracular tone; 'you shall come into my house, and take a cordial. I know what is right.'

There was no disputing the fact of his correct judgment, for, another moment, and I verily believe I should have fainted. Everything was turning round; the flowers had all mixed into an indistinguishable mass. I had barely consciousness left to totter after him into the house, and drink something that was held to me. 'You should be in bed. Aha! I know what is right.'

I was now able to look about me, and saw that I was in a large and handsome apartment, which, at a glance, told of substantial comfort, and which was occupied by a very old woman sitting beside the fire. 'That's my mother,' said Monsieur Fritz, following the direction of my eyes; 'she is ninety years old. She is a wonderful woman. Aha! she has her wits about her, I can tell you; talks just like a book, only easier to understand.' The old lady, who had been in a sort of doze, intuitively comprehending that her cue was come, here roused herself, and looked at me and at her son alternately, as if demanding some explanation of my presence. 'It is an Englishman, mother,' said my host; 'he is very ill, and rests here before he goes on his way. I have given him some of Gretchen's bottle to comfort him.'

'Poor child,' said the old lady, talking to herself; 'he is very thin and white. Fritz was right—Fritz is always right—Gretchen's bottle was right. And so young, poor child! Can you speak French, sir?'

This was said with bland politeness, in perfect unconsciousness that I had overheard the soliloquy.

'Yes, madame, and I am happy that it thus affords me the opportunity of making my compliments to so charming an old lady.'

'Monsieur does not speak like an Englishman. (*Aside:* He is very well-bred.) Ah, sir, if you had seen me in my young days, you would have said to me fine things. The young men said to me: "Made-moiselle, you are a rose and a pearl." Ah, they were very polite then! But I am now an old woman, sir; I am ninety. I am of no use to any one but my little boy, Fritz: he is a very good child—he will miss me when I am gone.'

He was standing close beside her chair, a little thickset, squat, elderly man, sheepishly enough, to hear himself commended, as he might have done any time these fifty years; but, somehow, the effect was not ludicrous; it did not even become so when the old lady, roused to a sense of some imaginary wrongs, began to bemoan herself, and commenced crying over her grievances. It was an awkward position for a stranger. I gathered myself up, and rose to depart, but in an instant, her sense of hospitality was touched. 'Do not go yet, sir,' said she; 'rest yourself; you seem to be very weak: give him another glass of Gretchen's bottle, Fritz. Gretchen was little Fritz's nurse, sir. She has been dead a great many years: we must all die; but she was a young woman—she was not twenty. We were girls together when I was like that—not a poor, old, helpless woman, sir, an incubus to every one.'

The 'th' accompanied by an indication of the

shaky head, pointed my attention to a picture I had already observed hanging above the fire. It was but a poor performance, in point of art; but what it wanted in that respect was made up for by the extent of canvas covered, the brilliancy of the hues employed, and by the real interest and beauty of the subject, which not even the artist had been able to obliterate. A young girl of extreme beauty was represented habited in a costume of the last century, standing in a grove of trees, and holding a shoe and stocking, while one foot was bare. The painter had gone bravely to work upon the principle of strong contrast and no middle tints, while utterly ignoring the received notions of perspective. Thus, the background was one green mass mapped out into leaves like a wall-paper, against which the bright-red petticoat and blue sash came out with the most admirable disregard for rules. Look where you would in the room, you could never lose sight of it: turn your back boldly, and lo! it arose in a mirror at the opposite side. No wonder I should have noticed it!

'That is my portrait,' said the old woman; 'done in the year '82, by the celebrated Herr Grumbleblitz.'

'Wonderful colouring,' said Monsieur Fritz. 'Aha! I am a judge of pictures.'

Here was a chance for my money; I could compliment the whole family of the Lenoirs at a breath. I became riveted before it with delight. I advanced a step—then retreated—assumed the true connoisseur bearing of my head to one side—discovered an imaginary fault, and frowned—saw my error, and smiled—at length ventured to speak.

'A most remarkable work.'

All this time Madame Lenoir had been, with the greatest satisfaction, and the most lively interest, examining it herself, while her son was gravely contemplating the effect upon my face.

'A truly remarkable work!' I repeated. 'Such breadth! such gorgeous colouring! such handling! such a subject!'

'Thank you, sir,' said the old woman. 'Yes, it was very like me; you would not think so now, but it was. Herr Grumbleblitz took great trouble about it; he was two years living with us while he painted it. Poor man, he is dead; but he has great fame. Ah! it is a curious story.'

She was evidently on thorns until she secured a new listener, an event now, I suppose, in her monotonous way of life, and Monsieur Fritz afforded her the amusement.

'My mother will tell you about it,' said he. 'I will come again. You shall rest. Aha! I know what is good for sick people.'

So saying, and recommending me to the old lady's attention by a jerk of his pipe, he left us together, and betook himself to the smooth gravel-walk, where we could see him pacing amongst his flowers, with a grave contemplative air, worthy of the individual who knew so well what was right. Madame had brightened up amazingly—had become quite vivacious.

'Oh, monsieur does not care to hear an old woman's stupid story; perhaps it would not interest him.'

'Indeed, madame, I am all anxiety. I hope madame's great kindness will not disappoint me.'

'Well, sir, as you so much wish, you shall hear. I was born in this town, and have always lived in it. I was married to a townsman, and here my son Fritz was born. I hope I shall die in it, and be buried with my friends. My father was a very respectable man, and a member of the town-council. I remember, as a child, his going to the *mairie* in his scarlet gown, all trimmed with fur, and wearing his fine gold chain. He was a great linen-weaver; and used to employ

whole families, and was thought to be a rich man. People in those days were more prudent than they are now, sir. My father used himself to work at the loom; and my mother would go about the house from morning till night, without thinking of fine clothes or company, except on Sundays and holidays, when she went abroad with my father. I was the youngest of their children, and was born when they were elderly people, so I was a great darling; the others had all died, except one son, who was years older than I. My brother was at the same trade with my father; but he was a wild thoughtless fellow, and got amongst a fine gay set, who taught him to look down upon his business and his home; he would absent himself for weeks together, and then come back, sulkily refusing to say a word of explanation. My parents tried all methods with him, but anger or kindness was just the same, and we lived in perpetual misery and fear: indeed, I am sure that his wicked, reckless conduct broke my poor mother's heart, for she took to her bed and died without any particular complaint. What with her loss, and Albert's disobedience, my father was a great deal broken, and was obliged to neglect his affairs, which soon fell into disorder, although he always kept up the credit of his ancestors; and the neighbours would sooner have trusted to him than to a bank full of money. He doted on me, notwithstanding I was but a silly girl, with my head stuffed full of my own beauty, and all my lovers—for I was very handsome, sir. They used to say I was the prettiest maid in all Strasbourg; and when any new officer came to the garrison, they always made some excuse to come to the house to see me. I did not care for any of them; but I used to like to see their fine coats come down the street, and to hear the jingling of their spurs on the pavement, because of our neighbour opposite, the notary's son, who had been my playfellow, and who used, I knew, to sit behind the blind at his desk, watching every one that came in and out. When we were children, the neighbours said that we should one day be married; but as we grew up, he became shy, and I used to laugh at him, so that we were not very good friends, and I liked to tease him better than anything else in the world. I was now a young woman, but very thoughtless and gay, and still I loved my father dearly, and tried to make him forget his trouble about Albert, who was just as bad as ever.

"I was sitting one day at the open window, singing at my work, just to vex Carl, when my father came in, looking so sorrowful, that I knew directly something was the matter. "Elizabeth, my child," said he, "we are ruined—our good name is gone, and we shall be a by-word and disgrace in the place where we were born. It is well that your poor mother did not live to see this day." It is no good for me to trouble you with a long story, so I will only say that my wicked brother had brought this new sorrow upon us. He had been going on in a desperate way of extravagance for a long time, and taking advantage of my father's age and weakness in every way, but he had never done so bad a deed as this before. The way of it was this, sir: My father had a large sum of money belonging to his guild in his hands, and Albert had, by forging his name, got it from the bank, and gone off with it, no one knew where. This money would be demanded on a certain day about a month distant, and our good honest reputation for ever forfeited if it could not be produced; for no one would believe, said my father, from the state of his own affairs, that he did not know all about it from the first. Well, sir, we cried, and talked, and thought of everything; but the only hope we could fix on was, that a sister of my father's, who was a rich widow, living in Paris, might lend it to us, for the sake of the family. We none of us

knew much about her, but it was the last chance; so, after a great many plans, it was settled that I should set off by the diligence next morning, and go to her. It was not the fashion then to trust much to the post, for we used to get letters very seldom, and people always did their business themselves, although journeys were long and dangerous, and not taken except for very important reasons. It was a great undertaking for a young creature who had never been outside her own town; but there was no help for it, as my father could not possibly go; besides, I had plenty of spirit, and, I suppose, rather liked the idea of the adventure. In a few hours after, my place was taken, my intended journey was noised abroad, and all the neighbours were full of curiosity about it. We said that I was going unexpectedly to see my aunt; but there was a vast deal of envy and spite amongst them. Poor Carl stood at his window, and walked up and down before the house all day, but I never noticed him; young girls are such silly things, sir, and never like a young man to know the truth. I only just nodded to him as I stood at the gate, and said: "Good-by, Carl; see what a fine husband I shall bring home from Paris."

"Well, I won't trouble you with all my adventures. I got to town very well, and found out my aunt, who was very glad to see me, and who would have liked me to stay with her all my life. I had a fine time. I saw the king's palace, and the poor queen—she that was afterwards beheaded—walking with her children in the gardens; and we went to the theatres, and saw all the grand sights; until at last it only wanted four days to the time when the money had to be paid, and the journey took three; so off I started in great joy, carrying the sum in bank-notes with me. At this time, the roads were extremely dangerous, being full of robbers. It was seldom that a diligence was not stopped on its way, and all travellers brought home stories of their dangers or escapes; so, to secure my treasure, my aunt and I settled that it would be better for me to place it between my foot and my stocking, where it would be never looked for, even in case of an attack. I was never much afraid of anything, and made very merry with the good lady's fears, but did as she desired, and set off. I made the sixth person in the *intérieur*. There was a priest going to Nancy; a young man and his sister going on to Strasbourg; a manufacturer; and an old Jew, who wrapped himself up in his pelisse, and seemed to sleep all the way. We soon got very chatty, and tried to frighten each other with stories of robbers and murders, and told of the ingenious way in which travellers had concealed their valuables. I, being young and giddy, as I have told you, and excited by the talk, which was very free and friendly, with great pride told of my little hoard, and where I carried it. I had scarcely said the words, when I felt I had been very foolish, for I saw the old man look round with a strange, sharp look, that somehow frightened me. Well, sir, we went on, stopping to dine and rest, and as friendly and merry a party we were as ever you saw, except the Jew, who kept to himself in his corner, listening to all our nonsense, but never saying a word.

"The priest's place at Nancy was taken by an officer going on to Strasbourg, and we went on happier than ever, until we passed through the town of Mogenvie, and found ourselves in the wild, open country lying between that and Sarrebourg. As for me, I was so gay at the thought of being so near home, and making my poor father so happy, that I laughed and sang like a giddy child. It was now quite dark, and had become very wild, a strong wind blowing across the heath from the distant mountain. Suddenly, with a jerk, the horses were pulled up, and loud shouts and oaths told us our misfortune. We had scarcely time to think before the door was torn open, and we were

dragged out. As for the officer who had talked exceedingly bravely, he never offered a resistance, but cried out for mercy. The young man who was with his sister fired his pistol; but it was of no use, for he was surrounded and disarmed in a moment. I was, as you may suppose, half-dead with terror, for we were completely at the mercy of these men, who dragged all the baggage down, and instantly began to ransack it: all our things were thrown into a heap, and they selected every article of value. The Jew was certainly a great disappointment to them, for all they found of his was a little valise containing some worthless clothes and a few Russian roubles. While they were threatening and swearing at him, a man rudely took my arm, and shaking me violently, demanded my money. "Leave the girl alone," said another of them; "how should a child like that have money?" I now began to experience a hope of escape, and ventured to look about me; they had taken out the horses, and were engaged in tying the traces round the old man's neck. Perhaps they were only trying to frighten him, or perhaps they were really savage from disappointment. But, O sir, it was a dreadful scene in the dark night, not knowing which of our turns might come next. At last he screamed out: "Stay, stay, and I will tell you, as I am a living man, where I have hid my money. The little girl carries it all, a great sum, under her stocking." In a moment, sir, they were roaring like wild beasts about me, and my shoe and stocking off. My poor money! I do not remember anything more until I came out of my faint, and found that we were again on our road. My heart was almost broken. I could do nothing but cry and think of my poor father. I think even the other passengers pitied me, although they had all had some loss, and, during the whole journey, never ceased to vent their indignation upon the old man. He never seemed to mind or hear a word that was said, and took leave of us all at Strasbourg with a humility that was almost insulting.

"I cannot tell you what a miserable return was mine. My poor father could only cry over me, and thank God that my life was spared to him; and poor Carl, that I was so unkind to, came running across, and wept like a little child, though he was a fine tall man—bigger than you, sir—when he heard of my escape. My heart was melted, and all my pride gone, and I was, in all my trouble, thankful to sit there in our little parlour, and feel his strong manly arm around my waist, and know that there was my dear husband that was to be. So, sir, we were all in the twilight, thinking sadly enough of to-morrow, yet happy in to-day, when a ring came at our gate. Our maid, Gretchen, that was afterwards Fritz's nurse, went out, but presently came running in to say that a man wanted to give me a letter, but must put it into my own hands. I was still very frightened and nervous, as you may suppose; but Carl coming with me, we went to the door, where stood the cause of my misfortunes, the old Jew. "It is for you, mademoiselle," said he, giving me a letter—"farewell." I was now all curiosity to find what he had to say to me, and could scarcely wait until I got the light. O sir, my joy, my delight! it contained these words: "Mademoiselle, never be hasty in judging any one. You doubtless think me a very bad man, because you know but one side of the story. You are, however, a good girl, for you did not yourself blame the old man for saving his life at the expense of your money. Know that I carried upon me jewels, one of which would have been a fortune. But for your indiscretion I should have lost the hard labour of a life. I carried, then, two orders for money which awaits you at the bank—one is for the sum you have lost, the other is a marriage-portion for so good and pretty a girl."

"That is yours," said I to Carl.

'We were married, sir, for I was now a great heiress, and my little son Fritz inherits that very fortune made from my wedding-dowry.'

For the benefit of the hypercritical, I add that I have taken a transcriber's privilege in compressing all that was extraneous and rambling in my heroine's manner of relating the foregoing story—a story we may all have heard as an anecdote, and upon the authentic source of which I had thus unexpectedly stumbled. It was decidedly a feather in my travelling cap—not perhaps entitling me to a niche in the temple of discoverers between Columbus and Captain Cook, but still a little isle of my own, which I here make patent for the benefit of all who, visiting Strasbourg, desire to see its curiosities. I have given you the address—you cannot miss it—and I am sure the old lady will be enchanted to tell you all about it herself.

I do not know whether, from long experience, M. Fritz had become so accurate in his computations, but certainly just as the story reached its conclusion, he entered. 'Now you understand the picture,' said he. 'Aha! no one can understand anything unless they are told.' I expressed my obligation to the old lady, who had relapsed into her dozey state after the exertion, and thanked monsieur for his hospitality. There was something evidently upon his mind. 'About the money,' said he; 'you see I am a man of business. I know what is right—personal security is not right. You should go home to bed. I will give you,' and he pulled out a leathern wallet—'twenty francs, and you can write to England: you ought to tell your friends you are weak and ill. Aha! I will come and see you.'

I need not say that I declined his proffered kindness as regarded the advance; but there was something about him, despite his oddity, at which I could not feel offended, so I thanked him, and said I should be glad to see him.

When I reached my temporary home, two surprises awaited me: a face that had leaned over my cradle watched for me from my window, and sister Josephine was gone.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THAT science has its losses as well as gains was never more emphatically demonstrated than in the mournful event which took place soon after our last *Month* was written—the death of Humboldt. In him Europe has lost one of the foremost of her savans and philosophers, whose life, prolonged even to fourscore years and ten, presents us with an admirable example of scientific research and intellectual activity. He leaves a lasting monument in his works; and there is somewhat of consolation in the fact, that the concluding volume of his great work, *Cosmos*, is left so far complete that we may hope ere long to see the conclusion of the excellent English edition by Major-general Sabine. We hear, moreover, that a comprehensive geographical treatise has been found among the deceased philosopher's manuscripts; and should this be made ready for publication, a vast store of knowledge will be opened for studious readers.

Led hereby to geographical topics, we may notice the well-attended dinner of the Geographical Society in honour of Sir Roderick Murchison on his resignation of the presidency of the Society. He is succeeded by the Earl of Ripon.—Accounts from the far east inform us of some of the results of Mr Collins's journey from the Baltic across the Russian territories

to the mouth of the Amoor. It appears that the river is navigable for a distance of 2600 miles, to a place which is within 300 miles of Irkoutsk, the capital of East Siberia; hence it affords means of communication and trade with Siberia, Northern China, Tatar, Mongolia, and other countries; and a company has been formed in St Petersburg to open a trade. They hope, at the same time, to promote a lively traffic across the ocean with San Francisco; and the imperial government, to afford them protection, has strongly fortified Nikolaieff, the city and port at the mouth of the Amoor.—Turning to our own possessions, we find the Honourable G. W. Allan, in his address to the Canadian Institute at Toronto, making known that a company had been 'chartered' with large powers by the provincial legislature to open a route across British America. As he explains, its course would be from Lake Superior to Red River Settlement—to Carleton House on the Saskatchewan—to Edmonton House at the head of the navigation of the same river—thence across the Rocky Mountains to the head waters of the Fraser River, and so down to British Columbia. This is a grand scheme; and if our Canadian cousins accomplish it, they will have all the praise they can desire, and profit too, for that highway, when finished, would be the direct route to China and Japan. And, besides, what a country lies between for colonisation! Doubts have for some time prevailed with respect to the agricultural capabilities of Red River territory; but Professor Hind, geologist of the exploring expedition, finds the summer temperature of the settlement there to be four degrees higher than at Toronto; that rains are abundant; and that the land is not ungenerous to the cultivator.—In Australia, there is a change to notice: Moreton Bay is now erected into a separate colony, with an understanding that it takes upon itself a portion of the public debt of New South Wales.

Mr Robert Mallet's catalogue of earthquakes may now be augmented by a tremendous item—the late earthquake that shook old Chinborazo to his base, and threw Quito, a city of 70,000 inhabitants, into a heap of ruins. Full particulars have not yet been received; but enough is known to make us aware that this earthquake is one of the most calamitous on record.

There is good news to report from the Red Sea: the telegraphic cable is successfully laid from Suez to Aden. Profiting by experience, the projectors have chosen their central wire seven times thicker than the wire of the Atlantic cable; and this will insure better conductivity. But a few months more, and we may expect to see London in direct telegraphic communication with Bombay; and what is very much to the purpose, we hear that our government have at last resolved to have a cable laid direct from Plymouth to Gibraltar. We shall then be able to communicate with our Eastern possessions, independently of all the wires and all the clerks on the continent, a result to be regarded with national satisfaction.—Meanwhile important experiments have been made on insulation and insulators; and Messrs Silver, of Silvertown, near North Woolwich, have recently demonstrated, to a numerous gathering of our leading chemists and electricians, that india-rubber is by far the best insulator at present known. By an ingenious process, they coat the wire with a homogeneous envelope of india-rubber, which, as proved by a ten years' experiment in Portsmouth harbour, loses none of its insulating property by long immersion in sea-water. It can be cut and re-spliced with great ease and rapidity; and the finished cable appears to combine the desiderata of successful telegraphy.

Information has reached us from India of a tree

abundant in the forests of the Madras Presidency, which yields a milky juice similar in property to gutta-percha. The tree, which grows from eighty to a hundred feet high, is known as the Pauchontee: the juice becomes brittle when dry; but dissolved in turpentine or naphtha, it forms an insulating paste, which, under our new Indian régime, may become a source of profit. At present, these trees are cut down by thousands every year in clearing the ground for coffee-plantations. The same forests contain many oil-producing plants, which, as botanists shew, would well repay cultivation.

The Professor of Natural Philosophy at Maynooth, the Rev. N. J. Callan, well known for his ingenious and important electrical researches, has recently invented an induction coil, which, though not more than five inches long, gives off a spark of four inches. He is pursuing the investigation in the hope of arriving at a combination of short coils from which to draw sparks of twenty or twenty-four inches in length, even with a small battery. He shews that iron-wire, though inferior to copper, is suitable for secondary coils, and thinks it better to strive for the production of long sparks than the employment of a long wire.

Mr Wheatstone, as if by way of episode to his electrical pursuits, has just given another proof of his ingenuity by reading a manuscript in cipher which has long been in possession of the British Museum, and hitherto an undecipherable puzzle to all who examined it. The manuscript consists of a few pages of Arabic numerals, and, as now appears, is an important state document, expressed in French, embodying certain secret proposals from Charles I. to the court of Holland. When made public, as it probably will be, the student will see in it a further illustration of the Stuart character, and an interesting passage of history.

Sheets of paper and cardboard, with designs punctured therein, are often used by ladies in fancy-work, and very largely in weaving processes; and an ingenious Frenchman shews how these may be punctured by electricity. The sheet to be pierced is laid on a plate of metal, which is connected with one of the poles of a Ruhmkorff's coil: the operator takes a metallic style, insulated in a glass-holder, which is connected with the other pole, and following the design, brings the point near to, but not touching the paper; a spark immediately passes and effects the puncture. This is a pretty application of electricity to mechanical art; useful in the drawing-room as well as the workshop.

An improved axle-box for railway purposes has been described before the Institution of Civil Engineers by Mr Curtis, of which the merit consists in the fact that, by a centrifugal action, the oil is constantly thrown over the upper side of the axle, from the oil-chamber, to which it slowly trickles on its return, filtering on the way through a piece of flannel, which separates the impurities. This box has been for some time in use on eight railways in England, and in one instance, no fresh oil had been poured in for two months. Should it be found to answer, on further trial, we ought not to hear of trains stopping, as they now do, to give time for the axles to cool.

It has been remarked that the advance of engineering manufactures is shewn by the construction of the tools and appliances which they call into use; and we may form some notion of the huge masses of metal henceforth to be operated on in the red-hot state, by the fact, that a steam-hammer weighing seven tons, with a fall of six feet, has recently been made at Morison's Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The blow from a mass of solid steel of more than fifteen thousand pounds-weight, will be tremendous.—We hear of a machine that will clean twelve knives at once, and keep the edge in good condition: and of

'the renewable stocking,' which is to save wives and daughters the trouble of darning. According to the inventor, stockings are so cheap, that it does not pay to darn them, and he therefore manufactures toe and heel pieces, which are to be sewn in when required, and thus make the stocking as good as new.

Dyers and chemists will be glad to hear of new substances which they may turn to profit. Dr Hofmann has communicated a paper to the Royal Society, describing products which he obtains from the berry of the mountain-ash; one, to which he gives the name of sorbic acid, and its compounds.—Further experiments in Paris confirm the efficacy of koussou as a remedy against tape-worm.—Professor Nicklès has been at work upon the privet, *Ligustrum vulgare*, known as an oleaceous plant, bearing black berries, which in Belgium and Germany are called ink-berries. These he finds to contain glucose, raisin-sugar, and a waxy substance of a beautiful crimson colour, to which he gives the name of *liguline*. This makes a good dye in different shades of crimson and purple, and is available as a test for water. In a tumbler of pure distilled water, a drop of solution of liguline colours the whole a bright crimson; but if the water contains, as many drinking-waters do, carbonate of lime, then the colour changes to blue. The test may be applied as well with liguline paper as with the solution, and paper thus prepared will doubtless come into use, and prove of service to the traveller and scientific explorer. Liguline, moreover, promises to be useful to the optician, as the solution when viewed in glass tubes presents singular optical effects.

The Society of Arts repeat their advertisement of Sir Walter C. Trevelyan's prize of L.100, for the best essay on sea-weeds, that is, 'on applications of the marine algæ, and their products, as food or medicine for man and domestic animals—or for dyeing and other manufacturing purposes.'—The question is asked: Would the castor-oil plant, *Palma Christi*, grow in Australia? because, if it would, the colonists might find it profitable for cultivation. Experiments made in Algeria shew that its leaves are good food for silkworms; that the oil can be deprived of its medicinal quality, and used in lighting and for alimentary purposes, and the fibres can be worked as hemp. Now that steam-communication along the rivers for hundreds of miles into the interior of Australia is established, and that produce may be sent to market, it is desirable that all suitable resources should be made available.—Another chemical product which we hear of from Paris is, *inocarpine*, derived from the chestnut of Tahiti—*Inocarpus edulis*. The sap of that tree exudes and forms a ruby-red gum on the bark; and this gum properly treated yields nine colours, from carmine, through green and blue, to black—further resources for dyers. A recommendation has been published in favour of raising plantations of this chestnut in Tahiti and the Society Islands; at present, in consequence of the leaves being used as fodder, the growth is diminishing.

At last, London has a market built with something like the style and appearance that a market should have in the metropolis: we refer to the New Flower Market adjoining the Opera House. However, apart from flowers, some of our provincial towns will still be able to boast that they have handsomer and more commodious market-houses than London. What can be uglier than Covent Garden, or more discordant with the magnificent fruits, vegetables, and flowers therein displayed? London must really try to beautify itself; the movement in favour of public drinking-fountains affords an opportunity for decoration which we hope will not be thrown away. And something must be done to facilitate locomotion through the streets, for at present the stoppages are as frequent as they are detrimental and vexatious.—There is talk

of a line of Boulevards at Liverpool. When will the broad thoroughfare along the banks of the Thames be commenced? Considering that fifty-six million persons cross London Bridge in a year, is it not reasonable to argue that more thoroughfares are wanted?

Our learned bodies have now brought their sessions to a close; the Royal Society have held their annual election meeting, and elected fifteen out of thirty-six candidates to the dignity of F.R.S. Now—politics apart—talk runs most upon holidays and the preparations for the meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen.

Mr J. A. Barth of Leipzig announces his ability to furnish copies of 270 facial casts, which the Messrs Schlagentweit took from natives during their travels in India and High Asia. As a means of diffusing a knowledge of the ethnology of these countries, some of which had been visited by no other European travellers, the copies in question are attested as equally expressive and novel. They are formed on a basis of zinc, coated with a galvanoplastic deposit of copper, varied in colour according to nature, and giving the most minute irregularities of the skin in the greatest perfection. They cost, framed, about twenty-four shillings each.

A HOSPITAL HERO.

It was a cold night in December, and the wind blew along the slushy London streets; the blazing lights in the butchers' shops of Clare Market waved about like infernal banners. The policemen stood stiffly up in the doorways for shelter; and we, who were snugly ensconced in the house-surgeon's room of old St Barnabas, were perhaps the only people perfectly comfortable in the parish of St Clement Danes. Our party consisted of Brown (we'll call him Brown), of myself, and a small thin man called Jourdan. How small and fragile he looked as he sat on the arm of the old horsehair sofa discussing with Brown and myself a question in physiology. How red the spots grew over his cheek-bones; and how his cough rattled as he called Müller, and Kölliker, and Schroeder van der Kolk to witness that he was right, and we two signally and miserably wrong.

'Well, so be it,' said I at last. 'How the wind howls. It must matter but little to these poor neighbours of ours under the Adelphi arches whether their sensory nerve-fibres can be traced upward from the posterior columns of the cord or not. For my own part, I don't believe a'—

'What!' shrieked Jourdan, 'when Wagner has demonstrated that'—

'Oh, please sir,' said a nurse bouncing into the room, 'that man in the Top-Ward has got out of bed, and is a jumpin' mad.'

'Well, make him go back again.'

'I can't, sir. He's got the crutch from the patient in the next bed, and I daren't go near him.'

'Heigh-ho!' said Jourdan, 'it's always thus in our profession. We just taste occasionally the sweets of scientific discussion, when we have to leave them for the disgusting practical applications.'

Up stairs we went, past wards where the sufferers were most of them forgetting in sleep the distresses to which they would presently awake. All was quiet in the old hospital, save the howl of the wind and Jourdan's cough. 'Confound the pedantic little chap,' I thought to myself; 'he'll waken that operation case.' One more stair to climb, and we reached the Top-Ward, where

there was unusual excitement, the patients sitting up in their beds; the poor fellow with heart-disease, the consumptive, the dropsical patient, all watching a tall stalwart figure standing in a flannel night-gown, with his back to the fire, leaning with his chin on a crutch, and evidently in deep thought. Directly he saw us, he shouldered the said piece of timber, if not to shew how fields were won, to give as good a representation as circumstances would allow of how he intended winning the field on the present occasion. Whisk came the handle over my head as I ducked and escaped the blow.

'My good man,' said Brown, 'now, do go into bed. Is there anything I'—

Whisk came the crutch again over our heads; and as we ducked, the maniac leaped rapidly past us from bed to bed, gained the door, and ere we had time to intercept him, was in the passage.

In the ceiling of the passage just outside this door was a trap which led out upon the roof; it was not far from the floor. With the activity of madness he leaped, caught the edge of the trap, swung himself up, and was upon the roof. We looked at each other.

'Here's a business,' says Brown; 'he'll be down into the street in a twinkling, for he'll never stand against this wind.'

'What a mess we shall get into!' was my selfish thought. We got a pair of steps, and getting up them, put our heads out of the trap. The moon was shining bright, but the wind was shrieking through the old stacks of chimneys; and now and then a tile detached would slide down the roof and drop into the street.

'By Jove,' says Brown, 'he must have fallen; I can't see him anywhere. Let me look. Ah, there! Good heavens! how could he have got there, right at the end of this pointed old roof, covered with slippery tiles?'

Across this, in the moonlight, we could see a long shadow, and what I at first took to be a chimney-stalk, was the madman, standing gazing on the moon. At each gust of the fierce wind his body swayed as though he would fall; but there he stood in all the sublimity and strength of mania, gazing at that planet whose supposed influence over such unfortunates as himself, has given its name to the most awful of maladies. What could we do? The nurses, the porters were assembled at the foot of the steps. Our feeling of responsibility was intensely painful. An exclamation, a sudden noise, might send that poor wretch tumbling into the street. What were we to do? I felt something push by me on the steps, and then, for the first time, noticed that Jourdan had rejoined us. A paroxysm of coughing had kept him below stairs when Brown and I hurried into the ward. I saw his eyes sparkling, and heard his rough breathing as the little fellow said: 'Hold these,' and put a pair of half-Wellingtons into my hand. Was he mad, too, taking off his boots in such a place?

'Why, Jourdan, what'—

'Hush!' said he as he raised himself through the trap and stood on the roof. We now saw he was going to seize the madman.

The latter, as I have said, was a tall stout man in a state of acute mania; our friend was diminutive, and his naturally small frame was wasted by disease. He got on the sharp apex of the sloping roof; a blast of wind came, and down he went, but he caught

something, raised himself, and walked along, like one on a tight-rope.

The madman does not seem to notice him. We watch them both, and our hearts beat not only with anxiety but shame. The possibility of such a feat never had entered our own imaginations. Now he hears the maniac, who notices him, turns half round, and throws his arms up in defiance. But on Jourdan goes. Their shadows now mingle on the roof. The wind seems to howl louder, and our eyes less able to distinguish objects.

'Great Heaven! they're down,' said Brown, squeezing my arm, as something rattled over the roof.

No—it was only a tile.

What are they doing? They are nearer us now—Jourdan walking warily backward, and leading the maniac, whom he has grasped by the breast of his night-shirt. Still are these mad hands held out threateningly over the frail figure guiding him to safety. They reach the trap. Brown and I descend the steps so as to make room for this strange pair. Down they come. We seize the great mad arms, and pin them down, and put the man to bed.

We turn to look for Jourdan; he is quietly pulling on his boots again; and so we all return to the house-surgeon's room. I shall not trouble the reader with any moral reflections, which he may draw, as well as myself, from this little adventure. Poor Jourdan's brave spirit is now, I trust, where he obtains a clearer insight into those great truths he so enthusiastically investigated in his short and useful life. The patient whose life he saved was only suffering from temporary mental excitement, and is now a strong and useful man.

A PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN.

ALEXANDER COWAN, paper-maker, who died in February 1859, at the ripe age of eighty-four, attained the summit of mercantile prosperity, but may be said to have refused to be rich. For his descendants—not much less than a hundred in number—he desired only moderate means, so as to insure their leading useful and industrious lives. In his household, there never was any display, nothing beyond a simple, though abundant hospitality. He said to his daughters: 'I hope, my dears, none of you will ever do anything so miserable as marry rich men.' To insure his keeping down at a certain moderation of circumstances, he gave largely in private charity, and in assisting deserving young men to set up in business; moreover, he twice distributed eight thousand pounds among the charities of Edinburgh. It is believed that for many years there was scarcely so much spent in his own house upon himself and his family as was spent out of it upon others. He had a large and kind heart for the weak and erring. If a person had acted badly, his most severe remark was: 'Well, we must try to improve him; he is a weak creature, and has not had so many advantages as we: do him all the good you can.' If any one sought to injure him in any way, or to misrepresent his motives, he would say: 'Bear with him, and be kind to him; if my character is misrepresented, I do not care, so long as I have the love of my wife and children and a dozen friends.' During about four years at the close of the great war, his mills at Penicuik were used by government as a dépôt for French prisoners, and those who died in their confinement were buried on a spot close by, without anything to mark their resting-place. Some years afterwards, having resumed possession of the works, Mr Cowan went to a fellow-parishioner, and extorted five shillings from him, as a subscription towards getting up a monument for the poor Frenchmen. He then raised a really

handsome structure, bearing the following legend: 'The mortal remains of 309 prisoners of war, who died in this neighbourhood between 21st March 1811, and 26th July 1814, are interred near this spot. *Grata quies patriæ, sed et omnis terra sepulchrum.* Certain *inhabitants* of this parish, desiring to remember that all Men are Brethren, caused this monument to be erected in the year 1830.' A French inscription, composed by a son of Mr Cowan, was added, containing the following passage: 'Nés pour bénir les vœux de vieillissantes mères, par le sort appelés à devenir amants, aimés, époux, et pères, ils sont morts exilés.' Some years later still, the fact of the erection of this monument was made known to the inmates of the *Hôtel des Invalides* at Paris, some of whom had been imprisoned at Penicueik, and they were all much touched by the *fraternité* which both the act and the language expressed. One sent the following answer to the supposed *parishioners*: 'GENTLEMEN AND LADIES—In reply to the letter of the 21st November last with which you honoured me, I have the honour in the first place to say that I regret that my social position has not afforded me sufficient education to enable me to express the full effect produced on me by your dear letter. All my friends to whom I have communicated it, have shared my surprise and satisfaction; and after having seriously considered the subject in all its importance, we asked ourselves: "Can it be, that while two rival nations were at war (1811–1814), the conqueror collected the mortal remains of the vanquished, that he might await a favourable opportunity for raising a large and handsome sepulchral monument covered with honourable inscriptions?" and after asking one another a second time whether any of us had ever witnessed a similar instance at once of sympathy, of true religion, and fraternity, either in former or in later times, all gave a negative reply. Be it known to you, then, all ye who have contributed to this good work, that France has never failed to hail and to applaud a noble action, come whence it may! And again, be it known to you, that deeply grateful as we are for such a worthy deed, were we not restrained by the fear of wounding your modest feelings, nothing should prevent us from giving this good and lovely action the most extended publicity, by the voice of the journals of the capital. In the absence of this well-merited demonstration, we entreat you to accept our most sincere thanks, and most fervent prayers that Heaven may pour out upon you its richest blessings, and hear our supplications that the time may very speedily arrive when all the nations shall be sisters, and all men brothers, forming but one family—in a word, the family of God! &c. MARCHEN and his friends,

Fourth Division, *Hôtel des Invalides*.

'PARIS, December 6, 1846.'

It will not surprise the reader that Mr Cowan took no interest in religious controversies, still less that he had a humble sense of his own merits as a Christian. When some one spoke of his well-spent and beneficent life, near its close, he only remarked: 'When I enter the next world, I believe the first question addressed to me will be: "What have you done for Me in the world that you have left?"'—*Abridged from a Privately Printed Memoir.*

THE TRUE AMAZON.

[The following poem was suggested by an incident connected with the loss of the transport-ship *Europa*. The widow of Colonel Moore, who, in order to insure the safety of the women and children, so heroically met his death, surrounded by his men, in that ill-fated vessel, was said to have gone out as a hospital-nurse to the Crimea, where she died.]

Thou art gone—but not to battle;
Thou hast fallen not by the sword:
Not beneath the cannon's rattle,
Was my hero's blood outpoured.

Forlorn the hope that swayed thee
On the bitter, bitter main;
Yet blessed be God, who laid thee
In His deep, without a stain!

Oh, days for ever parted—
Oh, time with sorrow rife,
They need be lion-hearted
Who wage this war of life!

There are sounding in this heart
Old chords still true to thee:
We are far—yet not apart;
Thou art dead—but not to me.

God's blessing on the brave!
They who scorn a world of beauty;
They who march unto a grave
In the heavenly light of duty!

Thine was the strength undying—
The might that rules the world;
And shall I stand weakly sighing
When its banners are unfurled?

When I hear you war-array,
I may not see for tears,
O were it but the death-fray,
And I amidst the spears.

I pray the hours speed faster;
I am weary of the sun;
But, O World, thou art my master,
And thy work it must be done!

Not in anguish unavailing
Let me sink, while I can raise
The wounded and the failing
To the hope of other days.

Let me still the widow's weeping—
Let me lift the orphan's head,
A tireless vigil keeping
In memory of my dead.

So, with those who know no morrow,
In my darkness let me stand,
And drown this mighty sorrow
In the tears of all my land.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

The present number of the Journal completes the Eleventh Volume; a title-page and index prepared for it may be had of the publishers and their agents.

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OF

POPULAR LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ARTS

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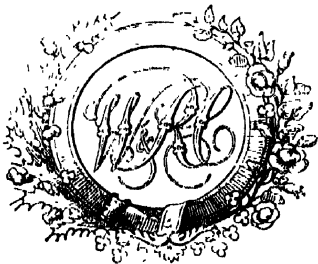
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THE forthcoming Miscellany will include several new features, and will, to some extent, have the pretensions of a novel experiment on the growing demand for cheap periodical Literature. It must shortly be tested by the capacities and opportunities of its Projectors to sustain their conception of its distinctive character. But, in the meantime, a summary statement may indicate, generally, its plan and objects.

In Literature, it will contain the usual chief elements which attract the majority of readers, viz :—a considerable proportion of Fiction, including serial tales by Novelists of celebrity, discussions of Social characteristics, History, Biography, Incidents of Travel, and Papers on contemporary or past transactions, in which a wide interest is taken, or which afford lively illustrations of character and manners. Occasional notices of Art, some varieties of Verse, selections from English and Foreign Literature, investigations of Natural History and descriptions of natural phenomena will be also admissible. But information on the popular aspects of Science and of new Inventions will be especially sought for, and it is confidently hoped, contributed by our most eminent discoverers and scientific authorities.

It is not easy to enumerate all the possible contents on account of their diversity; but stress may be laid generally on obvious resources in the modern department of Pictorial Illustration. These

are, to some extent, indicated by the names of the Artists already mentioned, and for the co-operation of whom Mr. JOHN LEECH undertakes all practical arrangements.

In Literature as in Art the best attainable productions are aimed at, subject to the condition that they must interest or amuse a wide public. It is believed that the names of the writers, who will have the option of signing their contributions, will be *prima facie* proof that this object has been attained. The Projectors have received assurances of such valuable aid in this respect, that they might confidently rely on ascertained resources. At the same time they bear in mind the great diversity of capacities available for a publication so comprehensive in its scope; and therefore invite contributions from writers with whom they are unacquainted, and to whom they promise an open field and a liberal recompense for successful efforts. It should be observed that their Miscellany is neither a Newspaper nor a Review, and that they have therefore no obligation to support the views of any party or school; as a new combination they are free from the disabilities of clique, and are ready and even solicitous to enlist aspiring talents. On their part their arrangements are conveniently flexible. They require only that statements of facts should be thoroughly reliable, and that these and other materials should be set forth effectively and in good taste. To be scrupulously accurate without being tedious, to be popular without vulgarity, and pointed without affectation, is the standard they steadily set before them, and they will accept the co-operation of any writer who can contribute to its attainment.

It is superfluous to add that there appears to be ample scope for this project without trespassing on the province of any existing periodical. The Projectors seek only to sustain their own conception of the requisite standard of Popular Literature, under the impression that it has yet to be realised by themselves or others; and they expect popular support only in proportion to their success.

All Literary arrangements will be made by the Editor, who is to be addressed, for the present, through the Publishers, Messrs. BRADBURY & EVANS, at their Offices, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street. The Publishers will also receive Orders for the Miscellany itself; and a limited number of Advertisements for insertion in the Wrapper to be issued with it regularly "ONCE A WEEK."

MR. CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS LATE PUBLISHERS.

MESSRS. BRADBURY & EVANS are permitted to avail themselves of the present opportunity to explain the cessation of their connection with "Household Words," by which they are at liberty to take part in the establishment of "ONCE A WEEK." Their explanation only concerns themselves, and that only in reference to the close of their relations with Mr. Charles Dickens, as Editor or Conductor of the former work. Although the circumstances have been freely canvassed in various publications, Bradbury & Evans have themselves hitherto made no public statement on the subject; but they now feel that the time has come to break the silence they have maintained, and thus to protect themselves from further misconstruction.

Their connection with "Household Words" ceased *against their will*, under circumstances of which the following are material:

So far back as 1836 Bradbury & Evans had business relations with Mr. Dickens, and, in 1844, an agreement was entered into by which they acquired an interest in all the works he might write, or in any periodical he might originate during a term of seven years. Under this agreement Bradbury & Evans became possessed of a joint, though unequal, interest with Mr. Dickens in "Household Words," commenced in 1850. Friendly relations had simultaneously sprung up between them, and they were on terms of close intimacy in 1858, when circumstances led to Mr. Dickens's publication of a statement, on the subject of his conjugal differences, in various newspapers, including "Household Words" of June the 12th.

The public disclosure of these differences took most persons by surprise, and was notoriously the subject of comments, by no means complimentary to Mr. Dickens himself, as regarded the taste of this proceeding. On the 17th of June, however, Bradbury & Evans learnt, from a common friend, that Mr. Dickens had resolved to break off his connection with them, because this statement was not printed in the number of "Punch" published the day preceding—in other words, because it did not occur to Bradbury & Evans to exceed their legitimate functions as Proprietors and Publishers, and to require the insertion of statements on a domestic and painful subject in the inappropriate columns of a comic miscellany. No previous request for the insertion of this statement had been made either to Bradbury & Evans, or to the Editor of "Punch," and the grievance of Mr. Dickens substantially amounted to this, that Bradbury & Evans did not take upon themselves, unsolicited, to gratify an eccentric wish by a preposterous action.

Mr. Dickens, with ample time for reflection, persisted in the attitude he had taken up, and in the following November summoned a meeting of the Proprietors of "Household Words." He did not himself attend this meeting; but a literary friend of Mr. Dickens came to it as his representative, and announced there, officially, that Mr. Dickens, in consequence of the non-appearance, in "Punch" of his statement, considered that Bradbury & Evans had shown such disrespect and want of good faith towards him, as to determine him, in so far as he had the power, to disconnect himself from them in business transactions; and the friend above mentioned, on the part of Mr. Dickens, accordingly moved a resolution dissolving the partnership, and discontinuing the work on May 28. Bradbury & Evans replied that they did not, and could not believe that this was the sole cause of Mr. Dickens's altered feeling towards them; but they were assured that it *was* the sole cause, and that Mr. Dickens desired to bear testimony to their integrity and zeal as his publishers, but that his resolution was formed, and nothing would alter it. Bradbury & Evans repeatedly pressed Mr. Dickens's friend upon this point, but with no other result.

Thus, on this ground alone, Mr. Dickens put an end to personal and business relations of long standing; and by an unauthorised and premature public announcement of the cessation of "Household Words," he forced Bradbury & Evans to an unwilling recourse to the Court of Chancery to restrain him from such proceedings, thereby injuring a valuable property, in which others besides himself were interested. In fact, by his mode of proceeding, he inflicted as much injury as his opportunities permitted. Not having succeeded in purchasing the share of his partners at his own price, he depreciated the value of this share by all the agencies at his command. By publicly announcing (so far as the Court of Chancery permitted) his intention to discontinue the publication of "Household Words," by advertising a second work of a similar class under his management, by producing it, and by making it as close an imitation as was legally safe of "Household Words," while that publication was actually still issuing, and still conducted by him; he took a course calculated to reduce the circulation and impair the prospects of a common property; and if he inflicted this injury on his partners, it is no compensation to them that he simultaneously sacrificed his own interests in the publication he is about to suppress.

"Household Words" having been sold on the 16th inst. under a decree in Chancery, Bradbury & Evans have no further interest in its continuance, and are now free to make this personal statement, and to associate themselves in the establishment of "ONCE A WEEK."



QUEENWOOD COLLEGE, NEAR STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS.

QUEENWOOD COLLEGE, NEAR STOCKBRIDGE.

GEORGE EDMONDSON, Principal.

IN the following Synopsis we endeavour to give an exact account of the subjects which enter into the Course of Instruction pursued at Queenwood, and to furnish the Reader with such general information as shall enable him to form a correct opinion of the character and capabilities of this Establishment. One or two of the principles which form the basis of our proceedings, and from which the pervading spirit of the institution can be inferred, may, with propriety, be previously introduced.

To those who reflect upon the subject, many instructive points of resemblance between the physical and mental education of a youth will suggest themselves. We strengthen his body by muscular, and his mind by intellectual exercise. By Chemistry, for example, his powers of observation are sharpened, and by Mathematics he is trained to accurate deduction. Not alone, therefore, on account of their direct bearing upon a boy's future pursuits are these sciences valuable. They form a kind of Gymnasium for the Intellect, where its powers are exercised and developed; and though, in the after life of the pupil, these sciences may be practically laid aside, the mental strength which they have been the means of conferring still remains and multiplies his chances of success, even in spheres of action apparently remote. We endeavour to keep this truth in view—that the mere accumulation of facts does not constitute the true education of a boy; but that it is the classification and comparison of facts, and the habit of drawing correct inferences from such comparisons, that possess the chief value. Thus, though we store the mind with words and rules, our ultimate aim is to make the Memory serve as a kind of quarry to the Understanding, whence the latter extracts the blocks by which her edifices are raised.

With regard to Discipline, we have to state that it is not our method to preserve good order by appealing to the pupil's fear. Where a boy's nobleness can be made use of as a means of control, we will not resort to his cowardice. It is our practice to encourage rather than to terrify,—to cultivate within the pupil a principle of truthfulness and honour, which induces cheerful submission to the right; to make him feel that neither anger nor caprice enters into any decision which is made concerning him; to grant him every wholesome liberty; and to foster between his teachers and himself a spirit of affectionate co-operation which sweetens the labours of both. The study of the Holy Scriptures, and the religious duties of the students, form an important object of *daily* attention, while an earnest endeavour is made at all times to inculcate a reverence for the Divine Author of every good, and a love of truth and justice.

SYNOPSIS.

The course of Instruction embraces Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Classics, Modern Languages, History, Geography, Grammar, Geodesy, Mechanical and Landscape Drawing, Painting and Music.

MATHEMATICS.—The rudimentary instruction of the younger pupil in Arithmetic forms the groundwork here. Pott's edition of Euclid and Colenso's Algebra are next placed in his hands. Plane Trigonometry and solid Geometry are afterwards mastered, and the pupil passes on to the Theory of Algebraic Equations, and to the higher Analysis, including Analytical Geometry of two and three dimensions, and the Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus. The pupil is, from time to time, withdrawn from the routine of the book, and his original power is exercised and developed by the treatment of deducibles, and the application of his Mathematical Knowledge to the solution of Physical Problems.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—The experimental treatment of this subject belongs to the Lecture room, where the principles of Mechanics, Light, Heat, Galvanism, Magnetism, and Electricity are fully illustrated by means of the extensive and valuable apparatus belonging to the Institution. In the class-room the pupil is exercised in the calculation of practical questions, founded on the Laws of Falling Bodies, the Composition and Resolution of Forces, the Theory of Machinery, the Tension of Cords, the Oscillation of Pendulums, &c., and in questions relating to Hydrostatics, Light, &c.

CHEMISTRY.—The Institution possesses an excellent Laboratory, under able superintendence, and furnished with every thing necessary to the carrying out of Qualitative and Quantitative Analysis. The pupils being first well grounded in the principles and methods of the Science, are taught their practical application in the analysis of Ores and Metallic Alloys, of Coals, Cannels, Mineral and Sea-waters, Colours, Animal and Vegetable Tissues, in the detection of Poisons, and the examination and preparation of the various substances which enter into Medicinal Chemistry.

CLASSICS.—The first object here is to impart a thorough knowledge of the Rudiments, and then by an early combination of Verse and Prose Composition, with the reading of the standard works, to convey knowledge of so accurate and extensive a character as will enable the pupil to prosecute his University Studies with the greatest advantage. The collateral branches, History, Ancient Geography, Mythology, &c. are carefully attended to.

MODERN LANGUAGES.—Under this head the French, German, and Italian Languages are included. A sound basis is laid in the elementary classes by securing a correct pronounciation, furnishing the pupil with a stock of words, and grounding him in the rudiments of Grammar—the latter being made especially subservient to the better understanding of his own Language. The studies of the upper classes have a practical character; ease in reading, quickness of comprehension, and fluency of utterance are attained by various exercises in reading and conversation, by familiar narrations, translation of poetry into prose, and by oral and written compositions.

GEODESY.—This branch is under the superintendence of a gentleman who has made it his profession. Geodesy, as taught at Queenwood, includes Surveying with the Chain, Traversing with the Theodolite, Levelling, Mapping, and the computation of Areas.

DRAWING.—Instruction is given in Pencil, Sepia, Indian Ink, and Chalk Drawing, in Oil and Water-colour Painting, Perspective, Sketching from Nature, Copying Drawings of Machinery, and in Drawing from Models.

MUSIC.—A Professor of Music attends the College and gives instruction in Singing, and on the Pianoforte, Flute, and Violin.

LECTURES.—A fine room, capable of accommodating upwards of one hundred persons, is set apart for Evening Lectures. Two Lectures on Natural Philosophy and two on Chemistry are delivered weekly, the other evenings are devoted to the business of a Society, formed among the boys, and to Lectures on Literature, and on Anatomy and Physiology.

EXERCISE.—A large and healthful Play-ground and Cricket-ground are attached to the College, upon which are erected an extensive Gymnastic Apparatus, and also a commodious Play-room, where the pupils exercise under proper supervision. The attention paid to their Physical Education combines with the natural salubrity of the place to keep them strong and healthy.

DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS.—These are under the care of the Principal's family, who neglect nothing that can promote the well-being of the pupils.

The dormitories are large and well ventilated, and the beds neat and comfortable ; each pupil has a separate bed. The College is provided with Bath-rooms for the use of the pupils. It has its own Gas-works, distributing throughout the entire Establishment the means of ready and abundant illumination, which contributes much to comfort and good order.

VACATIONS.—There are two Vacations yearly, one at Midsummer of Six Weeks' and one at Christmas of Five Weeks' duration. At Easter, pupils whose parents reside in the neighbourhood usually go home for a week. Arrangements can be made for the accommodation of pupils during the vacations at the residence of one of the Masters.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Queenwood stands almost mid-way between Salisbury and Winchester. It is three hours' journey from the Waterloo Terminus of the London and South-Western-Railway, and 17 miles distant from Southampton. The nearest Railway Station is Dunbridge, on the Salisbury branch of the said line ; this station is four miles distant, and Conveyances to Queenwood are always there in readiness. The establishment is quite in the country, and occupies one of the most salubrious positions in England,—a statement well attested by the vigorous health of the pupils, and the extreme rarity of cases of illness among them. The capabilities and extent of the Institution may, in some measure, be inferred from the fact, that the erection of the buildings alone cost its founders upwards of sixteen thousand pounds.

The larger section of the pupils, accompanied by Church-of-England Teachers, attend religious service every Sabbath at the Church at Broughton, one mile distant. A portion of the day is occupied with Scripture-Lessons, Catechism, and Collects. Children of Dissenting Parents attend the Chapel at Broughton. In the evening the pupils attend a service in the Lecture-room.

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CLASSICS & HISTORY	DANIEL HUGHES, M.A., Jesus College, Oxford.
MODERN LANGUAGES & FOREIGN LITERATURE	MR. JOHN HAAS.
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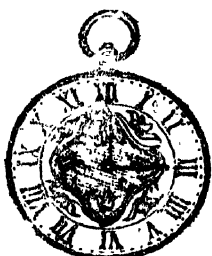
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THERE was a time in the history of this little globe—a very long time ago—long before any human beings lived upon it—when an enormous vegetation prevailed over many parts of its surface. Not only did no human beings then live on earth, but no mammalian animals of any kind—no birds even—nothing higher than a few reptiles, the chief population of our world then consisting of fish and other sea-animals. From the vast tangled woods huge loads of vegetable ruin were continually carried into the seas, and straits, and estuaries, there to rot, and in time fall to the bottom, and form a bed or layer; a process, however, which accident was constantly interrupting, for the same sea would now and then receive for a considerable space of time together only sand, or mud, which also would fall in beds to the bottom. So, in short, were formed those alternating *strata* of coal, and sandstone, and shale, which we see in what we now call a coal-field. This, however, was not all. Vegetation contains an infusion of iron. When the debris of the ancient forests was decaying in the sea, the iron became a solution in the waters. Now a small animal dying amidst such a solution, or even a leaf decaying in it, becomes a nucleus around which particles of the metal are gathered. Thus is formed a nodule or pebble, containing iron, mixed with clay, carbon, and other substances. And when many of these are formed at one time, they compose a bed by themselves—a *stratum* of ironstone, alternating with those of coal, sand, and shale already adverted to.

Inconceivable spaces of time elapsed. The great business of nature went on. There were no longer such vast forests; but other matters were strewn over the sea-bottoms; birds and mammals came gradually into the world. Sea-bottoms became dry land, and dry land was every now and then getting once more submerged. Great changes took place on the surface, chiefly by the action of seas and rivers. One of the last great operations—last in geological time, but still to us a vastly remote event—was the passage of a glacial sea, an immense ice-pack, over much of the present land-surface of the northern temperate region, sweeping off great quantities of the softer rocks, excavating valleys, and generally producing that flowing and undulating outline of the surface which we now see, leaving also a thick bed of clay and blocks—its spoils—strewn over the ground. Then came calm, ordinary seas, laying down beds of

clay and sand, and rivers depositing silt and gravel, and finally the present surface, and Man to occupy it.

Even after all this long history was past, there was another long one to enter upon—the province of the archæologist and the historian. All is progressive in nature, and nothing is more progressive than man himself. Ages elapsed, during which he was only waking up into intelligence, and spreading his thin bands over the wide empty world. He at first could only fashion a stone or a flint into an implement for his hand. But one day a bright genius arose, who found a better substance for the making of tools—namely, copper: he saw that this wanted hardness; so he mixed in tin or zinc, and made bronze. Bronze was the first metal used by man. A long period of comparatively respectable barbarian-life passed, with bronze swords, and ornaments, and tools—much fighting, little gentle morality, social arrangements only dawning. But brighter minds were continually rising here and there in the mass; and one of these detected the existence of a far harder, yet equally ductile metal, which he could melt by heat out of what appeared a mere mass of hardened clay. This is iron. A long iron period succeeded, being, generally speaking, that over which written history extends—namely, the last three thousand years. In this time, as most of us know, great advances were made in arts; vigorous nationalities and political fabrics were established; intelligence increased; morality improved, yet without seeing human society brought to anything like a satisfactory point. All we can say is, we are better than we were, and hope to be a good deal better yet.

One thing very striking, very arresting, in this history, is the intimate connection which we see between that metallic solution which long ago gathered around the little dead creatures in the Carboniferous seas, so as to form a bed of iron clay at the bottom, and the advance of man in his grand mission of acquiring a mastery over the elements of nature. Without iron in the past ages of history we never could have had efficient tools of any kind; consequently we must have remained in a comparatively rude and mean estate. This is a most signal fact; but we now have another fact still more remarkable. Till the present age, iron has been a child: it is now a full-grown man. Somehow our fathers did not get at it very easily, and only got it in small quantities. We got it as twenty for one, and apply it to purposes of which our fathers never dreamed, to vast complicated engines for effecting labour, to the making of railways and locomotive engines, to the construction of ships, and even of houses. It may be

said that that addition of power which the savage obtains when he becomes possessed of a knife or an axe, is but a faint type of the addition of power which society has obtained within the last thirty years in its increased production of iron.

Now, Iron is a great bounty of the Creator; but it is not equally a bounty to all. Where it exists otherwise than in connection with coal-beds, and men are dependent on forests for the means of smelting it, it cannot be realised in large quantities. Where Nature's more happy arrangement exists, the ironstone and the coal laid in alternate layers, as if the one had been from the beginning intended to be used in connection with the other, vastly greater quantities can be produced. But the Carboniferous Formation is very partially distributed over the face of the earth. Fortunately, it abounds in Britain and America; the Civilising Metal is chiefly in the hands of those nationalities who are most disposed to the pursuits of peace and civilisation. In 1845, Great Britain produced 2,200,000 tons, being about equal to the entire quantity produced in the rest of the world. Rather oddly, valuable as the metal is, its discovery has proceeded with a surprising slowness, even in those districts in which it is most plentiful. Thus it was not till after 1830 that the rich seam called the *Black Band* was wrought in the west of Scotland; nor till 1845 was this known to extend beyond a space of eight or ten square miles. At the present time, this field ranks with the old ones of Staffordshire and South Wales, which were previously the most important in our country. It has been a source of astounding wealth to individuals, a great commercial support to the city of Glasgow, and a means of introducing a totally new aspect of things throughout a large province.

Even in what are called the Lowlands of Scotland, there are large tracts of country almost wholly unproductive, and consequently very thinly peopled. One sees a wide moor, with only here and there a poor cottage; or a valley with low rounded hills, in which there are but a few pastoral farms. The sheep and the curlew are the conspicuous animals, with now and then the variety of a grouse or a black-cock. It was in such wilds in Lanark and Ayrshires, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., that the sterner Presbyterians dwelt, who gave Claverhouse and Dunbarton's dragoons so much unpleasant duty. Now-a-days, if you chance to wander into one of these wildernesses, you will be apt to find it bristling with coal-works, and glaring with blast-furnaces, while long rows of stone-built cottages speak of a large industrial population, probably knowing very little of the 'covenanted work of reformation' beyond what the once lonely grave-stone of the martyr will tell them. Such is an Iron Field, a rough, and, in some respects, a repulsive scene, but one associated with some of the greatest doings now going on upon earth. Let us briefly look into the details of one such district.

Through the southern part of Ayrshire, the river Doon pursues a course of about eighteen miles, from a mountain lake to the Western Ocean; presenting in its lower part those lovely scenes amidst which Burns was born, and which he has celebrated as the 'banks and braes of bonnie Doon;' further up, shewing us only the usual features of a pastoral valley. Eleven years ago, the sheep reigned undisturbed over these long swelling uplands. But it was found that in this valley there is a great depth of the Carboniferous formation, containing several rich seams of ironstone mingled with the previously known coal. The consequence has been the planting of a great work in the district. Far up the hillsides, beside

the once retired little farm-stead, rises the machinery for digging coal and iron. At one convenient spot lower down, are five blast-furnaces continually vomiting forth their arrowy flames mixed with smoke. A plexus of railways for carrying the coal to, and the iron away from, the furnaces, pervades the ground. Groups of cottages are interspersed, affording shelter for a totally new population numbering two thousand six hundred, for no fewer than eight hundred men are employed in this work. Thus it may well be supposed that there are some new moral, as well as physical and mechanical, results to be looked to in connection with the Dalmellington Ironworks.

A blast-furnace is a conical tower, fifty feet high, with four apertures near the top, through which fresh supplies of coal and ironstone, in a certain proportion, and with a small quantity of limestone in addition, are every now and then poured in from a gallery of the same height connecting with a platform on which these materials are collected. Through an aperture near the bottom, the refuse clay, fluxed by the lime, is run off at frequent intervals in a vitreous slag, which being of no use, is carried away, and thrown over a spoil-bank. A lower aperture, opened once in twelve hours, emits the pure melted metal, which, running along a channel of sand, fills up a close range of furrows of about a yard long, making, perhaps, as much as twenty tons in all. Most people have heard of *pig-iron*, or *pigs of iron*, with little idea of the origin of the term. It arises from a resemblance borne by the longitudinal channel and its numerous close-laid branches, to a sow and her many sucklings; the iron of the long channel is the *sow*, that of the cross channels the *pigs*. It forms a striking sight, one that would bear painting, to see a casting at night, when in one place the red lava-like stream goes sparkling on its way along the black ground, while in another, the dark figures of men pass about among the burning bars, turning them up out of the sand for hastier cooling. From each furnace there will be upwards of two hundred tons of iron produced each week; thus a thousand from the Dalmellington work in all; to be distributed, some of it to form railways in India, some of it to form railways in America, some to be used nearer home. At our visit to the work, we observed a great quantity of smaller bars lying about, and learned that they are sent to the south of Spain and Portugal, to be placed in the beds of rivers, where the copper in solution in the water takes the place of the iron; and so they end by being transformed into another metal. This amount of production is immensely beyond what was practicable in former times. Within the last twenty years, Neilson discovered that hot air blown into the furnaces saved coal and also time. Each furnace is therefore now provided with side-furnaces, containing iron air-passages, by which air, forced in by the pumps of a powerful engine, is raised to a temperature of 600° Fahrenheit before it touches the metal. The result is an immense stimulus to the trade of making iron.

The iron-workers, coming at first as strangers into a thinly peopled country, have all along continued in a great measure isolated. They therefore form an interesting problem in social life. The great bulk of them live in three hundred houses which have been built for them by their employers, the rest resorting to two villages at some distance. Now, these houses are neat, cleanly, comfortable dwellings, such as no person whatever would find it a hardship to live in. Most of them consist of two rooms, with a scullery, and many are provided with small gardens. They are rented to the men at the rate of sixpence per room, being enough to return merely a moderate

interest for the outlay, the object being not to make a profit, but to subserve the convenience and comfort of the men. Our conviction is, that these houses are superior in every essential respect to the great bulk of the dwellings used by the middle classes sixty years ago. For the convenience of the people, the masters have also a store, where all kinds of necessities of good quality are sold at fair rates for ready money—a singular establishment, which reminded us much of those of the *kiopmen* of Norway and Iceland. A light ale is among the articles dealt out here; but no spirituous liquor is sold; neither is there a public-house in the district of the works—none nearer than two miles in one direction, and four in another. From this restriction we did not find that any evil effects arise. The people are generally a sober people; indeed, one has but to look at the comfort of their houses, the sound, clean clothes of the women and children, and the decent appearances everywhere, to make sure that comparatively little of their gains goes along the black road which leads to the whisky-shop. A stoppage from wages of twopence per week for married, and one penny for single men, supports a good school, where the head-master has £120 a year, being 50 per cent. more than the average remuneration of the parish schoolmasters of Scotland. A further small stoppage fees a medical practitioner. The masters engage the services of a missionary, and the formation of a library has been encouraged. Thus the physical and moral wants of this little community are provided for, partly by arrangements of a liberal and judicious nature on the part of the employers, and partly by the contributions of the employed. The effects appear to be most satisfactory. From the desirableness of a position in these works, the masters are enabled to take select men, and so make their employment still more desirable; for of course it is important for a respectable working-man that he and his family should have worthy people to associate with. Hence it has arisen that when colliers were striking in neighbouring districts, no tendency that way appeared in the Dalmellington works. We felt much interested in learning to how great an extent the masters and manager attribute the happy terms on which they stand with the men to the good dwelling-houses. It appears that a good comfortable house to live in, is the very first element in the necessities of a working-man. He feels that no other external circumstance contributes so much to his happiness; and we must sadly acknowledge that there is no other thing he can regard as so uncertain of realisation, in the event of his making a change. Where good houses are, therefore, there may we expect—other things being equal—the best and steadiest men to be gathered together.

We spent three days in this singularly planted scene of industry, studying the mysteries of iron-mining and hot blast, and the condition of human nature generally in connection with the making of iron, and the whole subject left a gratification on the mind which but rarely results from a country visit. It appeared to us, finally, as if we sometimes attach more than enough of consequence to the observations of travellers on distant countries, and too little to what is going on in many districts of our own. Here is a little tract of ground, transformed in a few years from a pastoral valley to a great manufactory, sustaining thousands of people, and contributing largely to the national wealth. It is but a specimen of a whole province, equally metamorphosed in the last thirty years. Were there such a rapid development of wealth and population in any part of the United States, we should hear no little of it: occurring in our own country, no traveller describes it. The truth, however, is, that the west of Scotland is as American in this respect as America itself; and we

need not look to New York or Cincinnati as a marvel, while we have Glasgow nearer home, expanding in sixty-five years from fifty to four hundred thousand inhabitants.

A DEAD MAN'S REVENGE.

HOW IT WORKED AND HOW IT ENDED.

CHAPTER I.—THE REVENGE.

'OPEN the window, wife, and let in some air. Phew! this place is enough to choke one.'

It was a close, sickening atmosphere, truly. The chamber was dark and low, and on the old tester-bed, hung round with checked curtains, lay something covered with a ragged counterpane.

The speaker approached the bed, drew aside the soiled coverlet, and started back as he beheld a ghastly face, with eyes unclosed, and rigid jaws.

'Come here, Hannah—come here. Uncle Zebedee's dead!' The man spoke in a low tone, then turned and looked at his wife. She was a neat and gentle-looking woman; he, a fine, broad-shouldered man.

'O Richard!' The woman's face and voice expressed her horror at the sight before her. It was death in its most repulsive form. An old man, with pinched and withered features, with beard unshaven, and eyes unclosed, lay on that wretched bed, staring upwards, as though, hovering over his couch, he still beheld the awful presence that had announced his doom.

It was Zebedee Peck, the miser, who lay there, stark and dead; and the man, in a stone-mason's dress, standing by the bedside, was Richard Mallet, his nephew, a working-mason.

'God ha' mercy on him,' said the man, after a silence, during which he and his wife stood gazing in awe on the face of the dead. 'He'll need it, poor soul! He hadn't much mercy for others.'

Through the open windows came a murmur of voices from the court below; then there was a noise of footsteps on the stairs.

'Here are the neighbours, Hannah. Come, look up, lass. There's lots to be done.'

Richard Mallet threw the sheet over the face of the dead, and went to the door to meet the new-comers. There was a goodly troop, principally women. Curiosity was written on every face. Peck's Court had been in a state of excitement for some hours.

For two days past, the old miser's house had been shut up, and nobody had seen anything of its owner. At first, it was supposed to be only one of Daddy Peck's whims, and his eccentricities being well known, no one troubled themselves about the matter. The next day, it was reported, early in the morning, that the old miser had had a fit; by noon, it was said that he had hung himself in his garters from a beam in the garret; and lastly, towards evening, it was asserted that he had been murdered by thieves, who had plundered the house, and escaped over the back-wall. Whereupon, a consultation was convened at the pump, by the matrons of the court, as to what ought to be done under the circumstances, and various resolutions were proposed. One lady advised trying the effect of a watchman's rattle, and a cry of 'Fire!' under the window; another advocated a long ladder, and a descent through the garret; a third was for having a policeman sent for, and breaking open the front-door with the strong arm of the law; while a fourth, an enlightened washerwoman, suggested sending at once for Richard Mallet, Old Peck's nephew and nearest relative. This bright idea carried the day; and a fleet messenger was at once despatched for the stone-mason and his wife—'in a case of life and death,' as the messenger was strictly enjoined to say.

When, therefore, Richard Mallet proceeded to inform the neighbours that his uncle had been found dead in his bed, and nothing more, there was something like disappointment written on their anxious faces. The court had made up its mind to a terrible catastrophe—a suicide at the very least; and now there would be nothing but a coroner's inquest after all. However, with that to look forward to, and the question of the miser's wealth to discuss, it had gained something, and so the court recovered its equanimity.

'He's gone then, at last!' 'Well, we're all mortal, you see!' 'His money's o' no use to him now!' were amongst the pious remarks uttered by the bystanders, as they crowded round the bed.

'Let's hope his money will go into better hands, marm,' said the intelligent washerwoman, addressing herself to Mrs Mallet. 'You mustn't fret, my dear; it's the ways o' Providence, and all for the best, you know.'

Seeing that Mrs Mallet had never spoken to the deceased a dozen times all the twelve years of her married life, it required no great amount of resignation on her part *not* to fret. She was only pale and frightened.

'Go home, Hannah,' whispered her husband; 'I'll see to things, and get these people away. Don't tell Jess.'

Mrs Mallet made her way out of the house, an object of much interest to various members of the court, awaiting at windows and on door-steps, her reappearance. It was a trying moment for the good woman. She was before a critical audience. If she carried her head erect, it would be attributed to her pride as the wife of the miser's heir; if she held it down, it would be taken as a hypocritical assumption of sorrow; if she made haste, it would be to avoid 'lowering herself' by talking to them; if she loitered, it would be to shew herself and receive homage. But Mrs Mallet cared little for the criticisms going on around her, and hastened home to get her husband's supper ready, looking neither to the right hand nor the left.

Richard came home before long. The hearth was swept, the supper ready, the boys in bed, and little Jessie, the lame child, sewing on her stool by the fire. The mason hung up his cap and coat behind the kitchen door, washed off the lime and mortar from his hands, and then, a clean—intelligent-looking man—came and sat down to his supper.

'Come here, Jessie,' said he, when the meal was finished.

The child hobbled to him on her crutch.

'You remember Uncle Zeb, don't you?—the old man we went to see once, eh?' Richard kissed the child's forehead.

'Yes, father.'

'Well, he's dead, my girl; he's dead. Do you remember what he said to you that Sunday as we went to see him?'

'Yes. He asked me if I'd like to be a rich woman, and have a fine house, and go abroad; and I said no, because I couldn't help mother to sew, or get your tea ready then.'

'What else did he say?'

'He said: "When old Uncle Zeb's dead, my dear, you'll find he hadn't forgot you;" and then—then I began to cry, because he grinned at me so.'

'Yes, it's true enough. That's what he said, Hannah,' reminded Richard, turning to his wife. 'I never said anything about it then, nor since, nor has Jess. It was better not. But he told me how as he had made his will, and hadn't forgot this child.'

Mrs Mallet almost dropped the loaf of bread in her hand, in her amazement.

'You don't think it's true, do you, Richard?'

'Can't say, my dear. He was cunning as a fox,

and deceitful as Old Nick. More likely he's 'a left it to a 'ospital. Anyhow, the will is found, and, as he'll be buried to-morrow, we shall know afore long.'

Richard Mallet seemed to take the matter very coolly. Not so, however, with his wife. The bare idea of their poor lame child inheriting any of the hoardings of Old Peck, the owner of nearly all the houses in the court, and the reputed possessor of an account at a bank in the city, was too much for her. The wildest hopes were excited in her mind; she could think and talk of nothing else.

'Well, Richard,' was her concluding remark that night, 'we've been very happy all these years, and yet we've never seen the colour o' his money; and, after all, we can do without it. If he should leave us anything, it won't be that we've been seeking for it; nobody can say that. We've had too much pride ever to demean ourselves by courting him for his money's sake; and ever since he abused you so, for marrying me, nobody can say you have cared to have his favour.'

'You're right there, Hannah. If any of it should come to us, we'll know it's come as it ought. Don't be too sure on it, though. Uncle Zeb was just the man to play us a trick at the last. He never forgave, he always said.'

It was well, perhaps, Richard Mallet added these words; they were some little preparation to his wife for the events of the morrow.

When the morrow came, and the miser had been laid in a grave hallowed by no tears nor tender memories, the will was opened in the presence of Richard Mallet and his wife, in one of the deserted rooms of the miser's house. Through the half-open shutters, a scant sunbeam streamed on the wig of the old lawyer reading the will, and made a track of dancing motes across the dusky air. Mrs Mallet sat on a worn-eaten chest (there was only one chair in the room, that occupied by the lawyer), and Richard, holding his hat in his hand, stood by his wife's side.

The old lawyer read the preliminary clauses of the will, to which both his hearers listened attentively; the one with respect for the big words, the other with a patient endeavour to grasp their meaning. The executors appointed were two gentlemen living in a village in Kent, where the deceased was born. Though Zebotee Peck had drawn up his will himself, it was all in proper form. He had commenced life as a pauper-child in a Kentish workhouse, risen, through the progressive stages of hop-picker and errand-boy, to be clerk in a lawyer's office, and, finally, bill-discounter and money-lender in London. Consequently, Old Peck knew what he was about, when he made his last will and testament. He had prepared a surprise, however, for whoever should read it.

The old lawyer suddenly stopped, blew his nose, and glanced down the parchment. There appeared to be something unusual in the document.

'All my real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever'—repeated the lawyer with an uneasy sort of 'hem'—'I give and bequeath to—to—Jessie Mallet' (the parents both turned pale), 'the daughter of my nephew, Richard Mallet of Little Winkle Street, in this city, and this'—

The lawyer glanced over a few words farther, and then came to a dead stop.

'This is quite irregular—quite out of the course. Really I don't know; I think, my friend, it would be better your wife should step into the next room whilst I continue.'

'No, sir; go on: she can hear it,' said Richard.

The lawyer, with a strange look at them both, resumed. 'And this is the *revenge* I have long promised myself. In leaving my money thus, may I be sowing the seed of estrangement between Richard Mallet and his child! May it place a bar between

them all their lives! May it divide their household! May it make the daughter ashamed of her father, and the father jealous of his daughter!

Mrs Mallet put out her hand to her husband with a terrified face. Richard stood quite still, but his brow grew black as night.

'May wealth be the curse to them it has been to me, and bring discord between kith and kin! It is with the belief that it can and will do this that I leave my money to Richard Mallet's daughter. "Ill-gotten gains never prosper," he once told me. Let him remember this—let him take it to heart now, when these same gains have become the legacy of his own child.'

The lawyer stopped, for Mrs Mallet had burst out weeping; but Richard was standing as before, though with great drops of sweat upon his brow, and his wife's hand clenched tightly in his.

'Them is words, sir, as nobody as a right to use,' said he, in a low, hoarse voice—'them is words as 'ull rise up in judgment again him one day. Sooner than have one penny o' his money now, I'd—don't pull my hand, Hannah; I know what I'm a saying—I'd see my wife and children lie dead in the streets. Look here, sir—look here; that was Uncle Zeb's work!'

The man had suddenly bared his arm, and was pointing to a ring of livid flesh that encircled it.

'When I was a lad, he hung me up by that arm, and beat me with a rope, because I wouldn't do his dirty work. I forgave him that though, years ago, for I got on in the world without him, and got married, and was happier than he had ever been. But now that he tries to set my own children agen me, as he once tried to set me agen my wife, I wish the Lord may'—

'O Richard, don't, don't!' His wife put her hand upon his mouth, and stayed the curse upon his lips. 'Don't say them bad words; don't, Dick, don't. Remember what you tell the boys always. O my poor man!'

She clung to her husband's shoulder, and wept there.

'You're right, my lass. I preach, but I don't practice.'

Richard Mallet drew a deep breath, passed his hand over his wet brow, and sat down on the chest, with the veins all swollen in his face, and his limbs trembling with the efforts to subdue himself.

'Is there anything more to read, sir? I'll know it if there be, if you please.'

'No; nothing but the usual clauses for giving proper power to the executors—mere matter of detail,' replied the old lawyer, apparently very ill at ease.

'Then, sir,' said Richard slowly and deliberately, 'I'd like to say once for all, in the presence of you and my wife as witnesses, that I'erby refuse to have, and renounce, for me and for my child, every farthing o' this man's money.'

Richard uttered the words as solemnly as though they had been a proper legal oath of renunciation, and then, with a look of relief, got up and kissed his wife. 'Don't cry, my woman; we'll be going our way home again.'

'Yes; better do so, perhaps—better do so, Mr Mallet,' said the lawyer. 'But I must remind you that—that the property of the deceased is left to your child, and not to yourself. It is in the hands of trustees. You cannot, therefore, renounce what is not your own. However, we'll talk matters over together to-morrow, at my office.'

The cloud that came over Richard Mallet's face at these words did not disappear again that night. He went home in silence, nor spoke one word to his wife all the way.

For the first time in his life, he drove Jessie away from him, when she brought her stool and knitting

to sit at his feet; and, for the first time since they were born, the boys went to bed without their father's kiss.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE REVENGE WORKED.

Richard Mallet never closed his eyes that night. He got up at six next morning, had his breakfast, and then, as though nothing had happened, went and did half a day's work before going to the lawyer's office.

His wife stood and watched his manly figure as he strode down the street in the blue light of early morning, with his tools on his shoulder; and then, as he turned the corner, she went back to her fireside, and sat and cried as though her heart would break, till the milkman came round with the morning's milk.

It was a long day at home. Jessie wondered what made her mother so sad and absent, and why she sat and looked at her so strangely at times.

'Are you angry, mother?' asked the child once, as she caught one of these looks fixed upon her.

'Angry, bairn? Don't talk—don't talk. Perhaps it would have been better you'd never been born, my poor girl. The Lord only knows;' and the mother turned away from her little daughter with tears in her eyes, and a foreboding heart.

When Richard came home, his wife saw by the expression of his face that the matter was decided in some way.

'Hannah,' said he, laying down his tools, and wiping his forehead with a handkerchief he took out of his cap—'it's as he said. Our child has got this fortune, and we can't take it from her. He tells me Jessie is worth twenty thousand pounds!'

'Twenty thousand pounds, husband! What? Twenty thou—! O dear, dear.'

The poor woman laughed and cried in the same breath. 'Twenty thousand pounds! It was impossible not to rejoice. Uncle Zeb's maledictions were forgotten for a moment, in the dazzling visions those words raised before the mother's eyes.'

'Call Jessie here,' said Richard, sitting down.

And Jessie came to her father's chair, and looked up wistfully into his face. It was something new to feel afraid of father; but Jessie did feel so, as she beheld the way in which he looked at her.

'Jessie, my girl, I want to talk to you,' began Richard. 'Now listen to what I am goin' to say; you're a 'cute little lass, and can understand me, I know. Uncle Zeb's will has been opened, and we find he's left all his money to you. You'll be a very rich woman one day, Jessie, and you'll have a big house of your own.'

The pale face of the child flushed, and her eyes sparkled.

'You're very glad, Jess, ain't you?'

'Yes, father, I am glad. Shall we have a home of our own, then, and a garden?'

'Yes, you will. And you'll wear fine clothes, and live with grand folks, who are a deal cleverer than father and mother.'

'But I shan't leave you,' said the child, with a quick grasp at her father's hand.

'Not for always, p'raps; but you must go to school, and learn of somebody who can teach you better than father can.'

Richard Mallet's face twitched as he thought of the old spelling-book over which he and his child had spent so many happy evenings. They were at an end now. But, looking at his wife, he went on:

'Yes, we musn't keep her like ourselves, Hannah. She must have good schooling, you know. She must be different from us.'

Jessie stared at her parents with her big brown

eyes, and her heart beat fast. She was a clear-headed reasoning little creature. The life which she had been compelled to lead in consequence of her infirmity—an infirmity more the result of a delicate frame, than actual disease—had quickened her intellect, and rendered her wise and thoughtful beyond her years. So she shed no tears, though her heart was full, but took her chair out of her father's sight, and plied her needles fast in silence.

That night Richard Mallet and his wife sat by their fireside till long after midnight discussing the fortunes of their child. At one moment, the poor mother thanked Providence for Jessie's good-luck; at another, she shuddered at the thought of the curse attached to the miser's wealth.

'O Richard, if his words should come true. If our child should grow to be ashamed of you and me!'

'Hush, Hannah!' Richard checked his wife angrily. 'It's only like a babby to talk i' that way. How can a dead man's words do any harm!'

Though Richard assumed indifference to his uncle's malediction, it troubled him in reality. The first thing on waking, the old miser's terrible words occurred to him. All day long, as he plied hammer and chisel in the stone-yard, fragments of the curse sounded in his ears. As he sat at dinner, under the shed, he found himself mechanically tracing in the dust, with the end of a broken tool, the words: 'May it place a bar between them all their lives.' Many a night did his wife hear him sigh in his sleep, and mutter and moan about 'the gold' and 'my own bairn.' But by day he would rebuke his wife for being affected by superstitious fancies, and tell her she ought to know better than to trouble herself about such things. He would not have owned for the world that these same fancies were haunting him, sleeping and waking.

Richard Mallet was a man of resolution and few words. When he had decided on doing a thing, he did it at once. So, having come to the conclusion that his child must be brought up as befitted her altered circumstances, he lost no time in lending his aid to carry out the necessary changes.

Ere six months, Jessie Mallet was the inmate of a handsome home in a boarding-school in Kent, near one of her trustees; and the stone-mason and his wife had returned to the life they were leading before the death of Zebedee Peck.

It was not the old life, though. Richard was as steady and industrious as ever, as good a workman, as kind to his wife, and as fond of his two boys; but there was a change in him. It was not that the new position in which he now stood towards his master, his fellow-workmen, or the world, perplexed him. He was not the man to disquiet himself on that score. He held up his head as before, worked hard, took a joke good-humouredly, brought home his earnings every Saturday, and never troubled himself about what the neighbours thought or said as to his affairs.

It was at his own hearth that this change was to be seen; at his own hearth, where, when he taught the boys their letters at night, he missed a gentle little voice in his ear, and a soft little hand in his; where his eye often rested on a chair that stood vacant in the corner, with a little crutch by its side. At such times, he would grow hard and stern. There was not the influence in these things that clings to tokens that remind us of the dead: they only recalled a separation founded on injustice and wrong. Uncle Zeb need have prophesied no further; he had already obtained a cruel revenge. The very fear of his curse ever being accomplished was enough to embitter the rest of his nephew's life.

'Hannah,' said Richard Mallet to his wife one Friday morning, 'I shan't be home to-night, nor

mayhap for these next three days. I'm going to see her.'

He kissed his wife, put on his best hat, placed a stout stick and a small bundle on his shoulder, and went away. Jessie had been gone nine months.

On Tuesday night, his wife stood at her door looking out anxiously for his return. It was nine o'clock, but warm and fine, and the month of June. Ere long, in the dusky twilight, she espied a toil-worn man coming slowly up the street. A neighbouring lamp shone on the man's figure, as he approached. Hannah started as she caught sight of her husband's face. It was so worn and jaded, she hardly knew him.

'Gi'e me a sup to drink, Hannah,' said Richard, when he had entered the house and sat down.

The dust upon his dress shewed that he had made the journey on foot.

'It's a long spell to Canterbury, you see, and I don't think I foot it as I used to do.' He was anxious his wife should understand that the cause of his fatigue was physical.

He took a long draught at the mug of beer, put it down, and then, with his elbow on the table, and his head resting on his hand, said: 'I can't touch my supper yet a while. I'm dog-tired. I'll tell you all about my journey, now, and then we've done with it.' He took off his hat, loosened his neckerchief, and then, without raising his eyes to his wife's face, began:

'Hannah, I have seen our child. I have been down to Canterbury, and seen the place where she lives, and the company she keeps. But though I've seen her, she ain't seen me; I hadn't the face to show myself arter all. When I got down yonder on Sunday afternoon, and see the grand old house she is livin' in, nigh by the cathedral, and the young ladies walkin' in the garden, I said to myself: "It will never do to shew yourself there, my man;" and so I made up my mind I'd come back as I went, without even a word or a kiss, and be satisfied if I could only clap eye on her for a minute. So I watched about the house till they all come out two and two to go to the cathedral close by, and then I saw my child, hand in hand with a lady in silk, who walked at the head o' the line. She seemed kind o' gentle with our little girl, and helped her on a bit, for she couldn't quite keep up with the others; and Jess looked up at her as though she liked her, and wasn't afraid. I kept my eyes on her, and followed after 'em up to the church-door, and when they went in, I seemed to be drawn on like, and went in too, as though I couldn't do other. It's a brave place is that cathedral, and lots to see in my line; but I could only look at one place all the time, where she was sitting among the ladies, looking just as quiet and as good as I've seen her look a score o' times a sittin' in yon chair.' He paused a moment, then went on. 'You should have seen her eyes, Hannah, when the organ was playin'! She was happy then, I warrant. I minded to sit on a back bench where she couldn't see me, and there I watched her, whilst they played and sung, till, all at once, I felt I was going to choke, and then (God forgie me!) I rose and walked out of the church, with a curse upon my lips. I would have set off home then and there, but somehow I couldn't tear myself away. I saw them all come out of church again, and go back to the big house, and I loitered about the iron gates, hoping I'd see her again in the garden, or at the windows, but I didn't. A servant came out, afore long, looking very smart and tidy; and, thinks I, I'll just ask him how Jessie is, and what she's a-doing of now; but when I went up to him, he stared at me in a uppish-sort-of way, and so I only asked him what o'clock it was. I'd half a mind to ring the bell, and go in, after all; but every time I looked at my dress and my bundle, my heart failed me; so I turned away at last, and came back as

I went, without ever hearing the sound of my bairn's voice. Perhaps I was a fool, and ought to have gone in without fear or shame, as an honest man should; but the Lord knows I'd rather have come back as I have, than seen her look ashamed o' me, or brought a blush to her cheek. I couldn't ha' borne that, Hannah!

Richard Mallet's voice sank as he uttered these words, and his great hand trembled as he bent his head over the table. The spirit of the man seemed bruised and broken down.

For many days Richard Mallet repented of the sacrifice he had made, and upbraided himself for ever having allowed his child to be removed from him.

'Why did they ever permit this unnatural separation to take place?' the parents asked themselves.

'Jessie would never be theirs any more now,' said the poor mother. 'They had better forget their own bairn. By the time she had finished her schooling, she'd be no company for such as them.'

Richard was the first to regain right feeling on the subject.

'Hannah,' said he one day, 'we've done our duty, and it's no use talking. Jessie must be brought up as she should be, and you and me ought to be the last to stand in her way. I promised her trustees we'd be no hindrance to 'em, and we ain't goin' to break our word.'

When Richard spoke thus, he looked more cheerful, outwardly, than he had done for many a day.

Whatever fears and anxieties he might have, they were henceforth to be confined to his own breast.

To be concluded in our next.

BILL FUSTIAN'S RUNNING COMMENTARY ON THE DOINGS OF THE RESPECTABLE CLASSES.

THE sins of the respectable classes do get now and then found out, and very bad they appear. I suppose we might have all gone on eating peppermint lozenges for ever without knowing what a horrible mixture they are, but for that shocking case at Bradford the other day, when nineteen or twenty people lost their lives by eating such lozenges in which arsenic had been mixed. Well, nobody meant to put arsenic into the lozenges. The arsenic was an accident, on which I care not to comment at present. But see what was really meant to be done. The intention was to mix in with forty pounds-weight of sugar—the proper material—twelve pounds-weight of a stuff called 'daff,' which is nothing but a white earth; arsenic, in short, having been, through carelessness, substituted for 'daff.' Thus it comes to light that these respectable people are accustomed to make us buy lozenges more than a fourth part composed of mere dirt! So do they not scruple to fill our stomachs with trash, that they may fill their own pockets with money. Always the same story among that sad set of people—cheating, lying, poisoning, *anything* for gain! Always professing, too, to be so shocked by the habits of those wicked lower orders; adding insult, I may say, to injury. I wish they would learn to take the beam out of their own eye, and see that it is not a false beam.

They would all cut each other's throats at any time for twopences. See the conduct of that great omnibus company, which, having six hundred omnibuses constantly going in the streets of London, from which it draws a revenue of six hundred thousand pounds a year, cannot endure the existence of one poor little rival company, which has only fifteen buses, but of an improved description. Wherever one of the Saloon omnibuses, as they are called, appears, four or five others belonging to the older

company beset it closely on all hands, to prevent the public from entering it. This is called *nursing* the Saloon Company's 'buses. Fine nursing truly—it should rather be called *overlaying*. Another means of destroying the rival company was to bribe small shareholders to vex it with legal and other difficulties. One states that he was thus engaged for a consideration of fifty pounds (never paid) to file a bill in Chancery for the purpose of getting this poor little Saloon Company wound up—a scheme, however, which did not succeed. A shareholder in the big company who had been particularly active in these proceedings, congratulated his friend that the Saloon Company could not keep on—their horses were dying like rotting sheep, and they had not a penny in their coffers to help themselves with: he was working day and night, he said, against them, and he would sell his coat off his back to get them crushed. Amiable feelings these for one of the respectable classes to indulge in. One would have thought that a body drawing six hundred thousand pounds a year would have been at such ease in their minds as to profit, that they could have afforded to allow the small fifteen-bus company to live. But no. Great as may be the gains of these respectable people, their necessities are always greater. And, while professing that there is nothing like a fair competition, they would all prevent competition in their own case, and by any sort of means, if they could.

Nearly three hundred years ago, in what we consider barbarous times, a gallant knight dying on the field of battle, had a draught of water brought to him to quench his raging thirst. As it was rising to his lips, he saw a poor soldier who was dying also, and who cast a longing look towards the draught of water. The knight immediately sent the water to the soldier, saying: 'Poor fellow, his necessities are greater than mine.' Men will ever bless the name of Sir Philip Sidney for this act of lofty self-denying benevolence. How refreshing, how encouraging to all in Christian unselfishness, is this tale! Contrast the conduct of a modern trading company, trampling down their fellows in the pride and might of an overwhelming greed. What a pitiable state for middle-class respectable human nature to be reduced to. Oh, my horny-handed brethren of the workshop, let us all pray to be saved from necessities, real or fancied, which prompt to such feelings and such actions.

The effrontery of some of the great money-consumers and appropriators of the middle classes is most remarkable. There were seven Glasgow firms—infirm they should rather have been called—who drained the Western Bank to the extent of one million and thirty thousand pounds, all to carry on business upon false principles, in the desperate hope that something would cast up in their favour. These men, while yet standing, destroyed the means of livelihood of hundreds of honest people in their own several lines, because there is no competing with men making a desperate use of other people's money. When they fell, they involved hundreds of other people, bank-shareholders, in misery. There is but the crust of dependence to-day to many who were living in comfort a year ago, in consequence of the superb selfishness of these speculative traders. But men of this sort, when they become bankrupt, only think themselves unfortunate. It probably appears to them, that the only cause of the mischief is their not having got quite enough of 'accommodation.' Only have given them a continuance of the proper 'banking facilities,' and they would have kept their ground. Creditors are overawed by the very grandeur of the ruins which such men make, and are easily forced into settlements advantageous to the debtors. Indeed, an insolvent of this species is rather like a

free and independent man negotiating a transaction in his own favour, than a bankrupt called to account for his shortcomings. It would be a strange thing, indeed, if he were not able to clear out with a tolerable wreck of stock wherewith to begin the world again.

Accordingly, it is not surprising to be told, as we are, by a local print, that these men have been living since the crisis of November 1857 'in first-rate style, in elegant mansions, with trim servants, and plenty of them, travelling every day in first-class railway carriages to their country-houses,' and that the greater number of them 'have resumed, or are about to resume, business in Glasgow, just as if they had been innocently knocked over in a commercial storm which they had no hand in raising.' One is stated to be rearing a new building for business purposes at a cost of £8000. Verily, these respectable classes are very merciful to each other in misfortune, especially when this is deepened by a shade of guilty extravagance and folly. I wish they were as tender to us, when we pick up a hare or go to the union for temporary relief.

I am told of another set of respectable people, men driving gigs, or better than gigs—decent family men who seem duly anxious to get to a good instead of a bad place hereafter—who are known to have sold out of this bank at dates remarkably near to that of the stoppage, when some knowing people were beginning to be tolerably well assured that there was danger in the wind. Clever dodge this, getting all the rich dividends, and when no more were to be got, but retribution was about to be called for, handing over the concern, like the bottle-imp, to a neighbour. It would be interesting to get a return of the number of widows and other helpless ignorant people who thus received a heritage of ruin. It is, I presume, looked upon as quite a proper kind of transaction in respectable middle-class society; but I know that Tom Corduroy, Dick Moleskin, and myself, are all of a mind in thinking that we should be unfit to be spoken to in future, if we had acted in such a manner. It is all taste; but really I feel a sort of pity for these respectable people, who love money so much that every action by which it may be made or saved seems allowable, provided only the law has nothing to say upon the subject.

TWO LETTERS FROM THE LEVANT.

LETTER I.

Scio, Monday 14th.

We have sailed over the long blue waters thus far, and are anchored off the old Genoese fort at Scio. We landed this morning at a rude sort of mole or breakwater, the harbour inside being hardly deep enough to receive the caiques of the natives themselves. A small Greek population has here established itself, and rebuilt a portion of the beautiful city, with warehouses for the island's exports, consisting principally of olive-oil, silk, and gum-mastic. Previous to the calamity which fell upon this devoted spot—the entire destruction of the place by fire and sword, in consequence of its connection with the Greek patriots of 1822—the whole of a space of six or seven miles in extent, lying between high and rugged mountains of a whitish rock, and the windling beach of the strait betwixt Scio and Anatolia, was thickly populated, and the resort of the chief merchants of Smyrna. To Scio, where lay their domestic treasures, they repaired to enjoy such leisure as business left them, and the fruits of a life of labour in old age. There stood their

luxurious habitations amidst fields of flowers, shaded by the peaceful olive, and perfumed by the orange and the lemon-tree. Scarcely a sign of this magnificence remains; but in a convent not far south of the town, where 7000 of the flying Sciois were put to the sword, the bones of the dead still whiten the ground, and the deep sabre-cuts in the decaying skulls still witness against the Turkish tyrants. In revenge for this destruction, the Greek admiral, Canaris, found means to sink the ship of the Capitan Pacha, with all the plunder of Scio, before she left the roadstead. Although the divers have descended again and again, and company after company has been formed for the recovery of the treasure, the gold and the silver, and the guns of brass still enrich the floors of ocean, twenty-seven fathoms beneath the surface. Wandering through rich orange-groves and a still flowering wilderness, we came upon 'Homer's School,' where the blind old man of Chios is said to have taught his pupils about 3000 years ago. Some antiquaries prefer considering it as the Temple of Cybele; but, certainly, whether for poetry or religion, I never saw a place more fitted and peculiar. The Straits of Scio, and the isles that stud them, lay beneath it; the masses of white rock gleaming from far-off Samos inclined to azure in the haze; and, mystified by distance, rose the rugged Mimas, precisely as it used to do in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid. The air of Scio is the healthiest possible, and the climate perfectly luxurious. The labour of the female population at least, is confined to making silk purses, chewing the aforesaid gum-mastic (masticating), and distilling the sweetest of waters from orange-blossoms and the flower of the jasmine. Mastic is said to whiten the teeth and strengthen the stomach, and the groves which produce it are well worth visiting.

To-day (15th), we sailed into the Gulf of Smyrna, and made an expedition on its south coast to the baths of Agamemnon, mounted, like the sons of the prophets, upon asses. These animals in this country are either better taught and managed, or are not so obstinate and evil intentioned as in our own, where it always seems that some invisible power obstructs their way. Mounted on asses, then, we blush not to confess we were, for they are the chief riding animals now in the East, even as when one of Israel's judges had thirty sons who rode on thirty asses, and they who were thus mounted ruled over thirty cities. Near Vourla, here there are three remarkable hummocks, called 'the Sisters,' separated from 'the Two Brothers' of the same family by a deep ravine, through which runs a rivulet. Here are situated these famous baths. A fine tank has been constructed, about five feet deep, and broad enough to swim in; into this a copious stream of water pours continually, so hot that a bare hand or foot cannot endure it: the water is pure and quite tasteless. Into the bath, and close to this hot stream, a rivulet of water from a cold spring has been made to run, to moderate the temperature as may be required. A few ruins were scattered about; but the whole place was neglected, and, for the most part, disgustingly dirty. In any other country, this place would have been the resort of thousands, but here nature does her best, and man his worst, in all things. These baths derive their name from the wounded soldiers of Agamemnon being directed hither for cure by an oracle, while he was engaged in the conquest of Mysia.

17th.—For the last two days, immense battalions of 'embodied cranes' have been returning over our heads, after another campaign against the Pigmies, the diminutive inhabitants of the mysterious regions of Central Africa. One division has no sooner passed across the gulf than another makes its appearance: from their glamorous exultation, let us hope that they have been victorious. Though high in air, their conversation is distinctly audible; and could we understand it, we should know much more of the source and course of the Nile or Niger than from any of the followers of Bruce and Lander; for these cranes have come from the marshes beyond the Desert beneath the line, where hippopotami wallow amongst luxuriant reeds, where the Niger loses itself, and the Nile draws its waters for the inundation of the land of Ham. They have peradventure seen Luxor and Karnac, Syria and Palestine, and have returned to take possession of their old habitations, and to receive a welcome from their Mohammedan protectors. They warn us to prepare our summer clothing, and bid those proceeding to Odessa and the Cimmerian Bosphorus, to bend their sails and recommence their voyage. These birds are continually referred to by all the ancient writers.

The country about Vourla is very agreeably diversified with hill and dale, with rock and mountain; grassy plains and groves of olive and mulberry trees, the arbutus and the myrtle; brooks and fountains, scattered villages and cypress-planted cemeteries. It is a country of eternal verdure and perennial beauty. Of Clazomenæ, which stood upon the island in the bay, there are now scarcely any traces. the birthplace of him who preferred a grain of wisdom to a heap of gold, now seems unconscious of ever having sustained a city, but still does honour to their judgment who fixed upon it for a city's site. Vourla is chosen by the French and British admirals, when in the Archipelago, to water and refit at; the plague, that is never out of Smyrna, comes not hither; and it is well to windward of 'the inbat,' which in summer blows all day strongly up the gulf, and against which no heavy ships can get to seaward. Now, however, as we are for Smyrna, let the inbat be our friend, and put our polacca before it: she sweeps along so steadily as scarcely to seem to move, while anchored vessels, 'towers, and towns, and woods,' appear to pass her westward-bound, and in hot pursuit of one another. Studding-sails and royals are now fluttering upon the heated gale; in they come together as though the wand of a magician had simultaneously wrought it; and now her topsails are down in an instant, and now she swings to her anchor as the interminable chain-cable thunders through the smoking hawse-hole: we are at Smyrna.

19th.—The rides about this place are intensely interesting; we traverse plains the finest in the world, skirting the bases of mountains the most famous in classic poetry, 'the solitary hills of shaggy Sipylus,' whence Niobe still pours her rivulets, Mount Tmolus ever fronting us; or we traverse the same route as that of Gyges, king of Lydia, or, in ages less remote, of the fierce Tamerlane.

Here we meet everywhere the black tents of the Turkomans; they shift about from place to place, according to the necessities of their flocks; carrying the young kids in their arms across the brooks, and such as are ill, in panniers upon donkey-back. We see caravans laden with iron about to penetrate the interior, and others, again, coming from that direction burdened with carpets and the merchandise of the East. These caravans are guided by women or men, each sex sitting in the masculine manner upon the ass, which always leads the string.

21st.—We have just returned from a visit to Ephesus, from a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre of the Blessed Virgin Mary at that once celebrated city, where the fathers of the church sat in council to settle the

mysteries of Heaven and the faith of men. We started in the early morning from the sleeping city—Smyrna—and through the narrow half-covered bazaars, while the bat was still busy at his erroneous whirlings in the uncertain twilight, and the peaks of the Two Brothers were scarcely burnished by the sun. Over the hill, and through the cypress grave-yard, we watched the gulf grow brilliant, and the day break as it seldom breaks elsewhere. We were under the guidance of a surrugee, who took the lead, and accompanied by an Armenian interpreter, who would have made the fortune of a painter of national costumes, in his turban and fur-trimmed robe of lavender-coloured cashmere, and mounted on his beautiful and gracefully managed steed. We met, too, groups of travellers almost equally picturesque; Turkish soldiers, bringing in hundreds of miserable creatures tied together, convict-like, with ropes, forced from their homes in the far interior to be disciplined for the service of the sultan, and converted into soldiers or sailors, as demand might require. Half an hour's canter further on disclosed a numerous retinue—officers splendidly attired in the old Turkish dress, and armed with scimitar, pistol, and yataghan; mounted also on strong and showy horses, richly caparisoned, they gave us a good idea of what Turks must have been in the palmy days of their ascendancy. They were the body-guard of a bright gem within its casket—a beautiful lady, reclining in a sedan, was borne by mules amidst this train; beautiful, I say, and doubt not, though we caught no glimpse of her fair face. The ark that contained this precious freight was covered with scarlet cloth, and the number of mounted attendants proclaimed her to be a pacha's favourite wife, journeying probably, *via* Smyrna, to Constantinople. Here, then, were two fine opportunities, had we but been Quixotically disposed.

We arrived, after some hours, at the ruins of Metropolis, whereof nothing now remains but some indications of an aqueduct, and the foundation-stones of enormous walls and edifices, aforesaid doubtless the glory of their builders. Crossing the river Cayster by a ruinous old bridge, and after a long and fatiguing ride of nearly sixty miles, we came in sight of the castle of Aisaluk, the minaret of a mosque within its walls, and the lofty square abutments of that enormous duct which supplied the City of the Moon with the waters of Mount Pactyus, in times too remote to contemplate. As we approach nearer, we see the materials of which they were composed to be chiefly Roman bricks and cut stones, bearing evidence of having belonged to yet more ancient edifices. Here is a portion of the architrave of a temple, placed perpendicularly above a mass of the most various erections; there a Greek inscription *inverted* impresses us with the barbarity of the ignorant builders. Passing under the aqueduct, we followed a narrow pathway through the ruins of Aisaluk: broken pillars of marble and granite were scattered about on every side; stones with mutilated inscriptions, and such of the remains of a great city as by their strength bid defiance to time and vandalism, in surprising quantity and confusion were heaped up everywhere. Here we see a brick-built mosque, supported by four exquisitely carved Corinthian pillars, three of gray, and the fourth of red granite; there, amidst the labour of Greek sculptors, stands a trough and fountain with some Saracenic writing—a medley of Greek, Roman, and Turkish masonry—standing and prostrate pillars; some whole, some broken; imperfect capitals and fractured architraves thrown about in the confusion of chaos—a picture of utter ruin and desolation, such as the pen can give no adequate idea of.

The inhabitants of this once populous and powerful city are reduced to a very few families of miserably poor, harmless, and oppressed Turks. At a wretched hovel we left our horses; and, while the frugal supper

was preparing, visited the celebrated mosque. The two red granite pillars, supposed to have been taken from the Temple of Diana, are of extraordinary dimensions; three of the tallest of our party could scarcely enclose one of them in their extended arms; they must be, therefore, eighteen feet in circumference, and at least five-and-twenty above the ground they stand on, and yet their bases are quite buried in the rubbish. The dome of the mosque is still complete, and still retains some of its painting and gilding, but the crescent is gone, and the shattered minaret threatens to scatter its fragments on those who dare to enter the olive-planted court where the Faithful used to perform their ablutions before prayers. This is the great building called by the missionaries the Church of St John. We ourselves contrived to take a bath in a sarcophagus, which a fountain perpetually keeps full of the purest water in front of the little khan, or inn.

After supper, induced by the freshness of the evening and the silver light of the great goddess of the Ephesians, I went forth among the ruins to smoke my chibouque and deliver myself up to the influences of the solemn scene. Forlorn, indeed, were the objects by which I was surrounded: the silence was unbroken, save by the mournful cry of the jackal amidst the hills and the fitful flitting of the bat and the night-hawk; Hesperus was burning in the west, above Mount Coressus, with surprising lustre; and overhead, Orion was sparkling as though it were freezing; Arcturus and the Pleiades were still 'wheeling unshaken through the void immense,' as in the days of the old bard of Midian, still burning in the same relative position after the long lapse of ages, new, and bright, and glorious, whilst around me were scattered in fragments the most stupendous efforts towards lasting durability that 'the short-lived reptiles of the dust of earth' could compass. The night air was chill and damp, and I returned to the khan sooner than I had wished. I looked in at an old brick vault upon my way, and found our poor horses still unsaddled, and with nothing for fodder save chaff and old straw; nor could I get anything better for them, nor persuade our attendants to take any trouble about the matter. All the inhabitants of Aisaluk—about six or seven people—were assembled at the khan with pipes and coffee; their place of devotion was near at hand, and at intervals they performed their ceremonies with great apparent sincerity, prostrating themselves on small pieces of carpet, and singing a kind of hymn. They offered me of their tobacco, but would not taste my brandy, nor even permit me to drink it out of their vessels. Before I had done smoking with the Turks, my companions had laid themselves down upon the bench, and were soon at rest. This I cannot do at an early hour, however fatigued, so I took up a book I had with me, and endeavoured to read. The Turks supposed me to be at my devotions after my manner, and did not break silence until I closed the volume. Immediately above where we lay, the 'temple-haunting martlets' had fixed their procreant cradles, and, mindful of the fate of Tobit, I covered my face with my handkerchief, and was soon in the land of dreams.

Morning had no sooner dawned, than the same party proceeded to view by daylight the ruins of Aisaluk and Ephesus. Ephesus appears to have originally been upon Mount Prion, and in the time of Alexander the Great, or his immediate successors, to have descended into the lower ground at its foot, where we find what remains of its ruins—utterly desolate, and without an inhabitant, 'swept with the besom of destruction;' and it was even in that state, perhaps, whilst Aisaluk, to which a remnant of the Ephesians retired, continued to be a thronged city. First, we visited a Turkish fort of the fourteenth century, in a decayed state of disrepair, its vaults and tanks abounding with scorpions and other doleful creatures, and shut out by all in its neighbourhood: it is, however,

beautifully situated, about a mile from the Cayster, amidst a grand half-circle of mountains. Besides the mosque, the ruins of the old aqueduct, and the fountain aforesaid, there is not much to note in Aisaluk except the general wreck, or to admire, except the natural beauty of its site. Quitting that place, then, and crossing a low and swampy flat, we found ourselves amidst the ruins of Ephesus itself.

Our endeavour to identify the remarkable places of the city was far from satisfactory. Passing along the side of a hill about thirty yards above the level, we looked down upon what was the gymnasium; but the destruction has been too complete for certainty. Proceeding between the mount and the valley's enclosure on the south-west side, the vestiges of great remains were everywhere about us; broken pillars and chiseled marbles, remnants of arches of brick and stone, gigantic foundations, bridge-like passages; but what they might have been, what now remains to tell? We next ascended the hill to see the Acropolis wall, and to look into the mighty quarries which supplied the Ephesians with their marble for the adornment of their temple and public buildings. It is frightful to look into these from the overhanging rocks above, which seem to have been shaken and separated from those with which they were once connected by a dreadful convulsion of nature, and to require but another shock to hurl them into the excavations beneath. These spread into enormous dripping-caverns beneath the hollowed mount. The remains of the Acropolis consist of enormous walls of the last or more regular order of cyclopean masonry, forming a citadel, perhaps, to the town at the base of the hill; one of these walls runs right across from east to west, built of huge square stones, smoothed towards the south, but within all rough and unhewn. We passed over many old foundations and blocks of well-cut stone, and on reaching the northern side of the hill, which is very steep, we looked right down upon all that remains of Ionia's former glory. Descending from this, we found ourselves in the Theatre, choked up with stones and brambles. The only living thing within it, which we shot, was a small ant-bear, whose skin was useless through its myriads of vermin. Here lay scattered many finely fluted pillars of white marble, incrustated with a short dry moss, which time had set upon them as they lay upon the earth: their capitals were very large and beautifully carved. We wound through narrow passages, between walls of thirty feet in height, of tremendous thickness, and descended by many steps into a considerable vault. After a time, we got tired of exploring it with torches, and, indeed, it seemed to have no end. It was in this identical place that the Seven Sleepers are said to have taken that long nap of theirs. Coming to light again, our attention was next drawn by a fair archway, leading up to a large circular eminence, flat at the top, with a rock in the centre, four or five feet higher than the level, and cut all round with niches. An oblong square, sufficiently enormous to contain any number of sightseers, with sloping sides, next discovered itself: this was the theatre for the games and combats of wild beasts and gladiators. It was here that Demetrius, the silversmith, harangued his fellow-citizens when he found his occupation suffering through the preaching of St Paul. Immediately opposite, is the groundwork of some gigantic building, far larger than any of the rest, built of large blocks of shapen stone: this is all that now remains of that wonder of antiquity, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. It rests upon great arches, and underneath are long large magazines, supposed to be places for keeping wild beasts in for the theatre hard by: they are of unknown extent. We went into some of the outside vaults, but were soon stopped by rubbish and darkness. I said there were no inhabitants in Ephesus, but must retract that statement; in one of these vaults, by a small

smoky fire, we found a solitary and very old man, who expressed neither surprise nor gratification at the sight of visitors.

THE CARBONARI.

THIS word, so significant of mystery, crime, and power, is the distinctive title of a secret society or order, of whom, notwithstanding their own desire to prove a descent from the Templars, we find no mention in history until the close of the fourteenth century; when we read 'that the necessity of mutual assistance induced the charcoal-burners who inhabited the vast forests of Germany, to unite themselves against robbers and enemies.' Isolated from the rest of mankind by the peculiar nature of their toil, which removed them, as it were, from the great confederacy of social life, these colliers or burners, though born with the same feelings as other men, were yet cut off from all the ordinary privileges of humanity. The faculties with which God had endowed them were left unfolded and untaught, and darkness covered their hearts and understandings, until it became a humiliation to contemplate the depth to which human nature may fall when man is bowed down to the earth in the power of his prime by fruitless labour; and his only possessions are the memories with which his heart is stored, of long and hard endurance, of wretchedness and toil, oppression and wrong. In the same forests with the charcoal-burners dwelt hordes of robbers, many of whose acts of fearful cruelty we find on record; but they and the colliers had nothing in common save their local habitation. The grave alone could have kept them more apart than did their mutual jealousies and dislikes. Notwithstanding this, however, an instance at last occurred in which the robbers, in their insatiable desire for plunder, forgot the cautious policy they had heretofore observed towards the burners, and breaking into their enclosures, carried off some valueless booty. This infringement of a tacit agreement of mutual avoidance aroused the bitter anger of the charcoal-burners, and every feeling of their perverted and degraded nature was gathered into one strong and keen desire for revenge.

It was on this occasion they formed themselves into an association, and bound themselves by an oath, known afterwards as the 'faith of the colliers,' to seize every opportunity of attacking and destroying the robbers, until not one should find a shelter for his head in all the forests of Germany. In a short time their repeated victories made them aware of their power; they felt that their fierce strength as a body was irresistible, and with the conviction came also the instinctive desire, not only to exterminate the plunderers, but to emancipate themselves from the dishonouring slavery of their condition. They had long pined under the hardships of severe forest-laws, the partial repeal of which they had often vainly petitioned for; now, they demanded their total abolition, declaring death the penalty in the event of a refusal. Their demand was granted. Naturally regarding this first triumph over a reigning prince as the first-fruit of what was to come if they remained united, they determined on framing a code of laws, to which all should swear implicit obedience. They next divided themselves into tribes, each tribe agreeing to meet at stated periods at a lodge; and they then assumed the title of the 'Carbonari.' Over the whole society one member presided; he was chosen by lot, and was bound to meet the heads of the tribes at stated periods in the lodge, which was situated then in the gloomiest depths of a forest. At first, these lodges were but assemblages of ferocious men, whose lives had been passed in degradation and oppression, and from whose weary hearts excess

of toil and poverty had dried up the well-spring of kindly feelings and affectionate desires, leaving behind only such fierce passions as incite the lower animals to supply the necessities of their physical wants and those of their offspring, and to rush upon and destroy whatever threatens them with danger.

In the course of time, however, the character of the Carbonari underwent a great change. The severe necessity for unremitting labour was removed by the abolition of the forest laws, and the men had a release from the chain which bound them to toil and sickness and a scanty morsel. The natural consequence was, that the more they felt removed from physical want, the more elevated became their moral character. The laws and constitution of the order were remodelled; and although they were then, and are still, deeply tinged with fanaticism, yet they are framed with such artful policy, that one can hardly wonder at the rapid progress the order made to wealth and power. In less than a century after we read of its first organisation in the forests, we find that it has spread over Germany, France, and the Netherlands, and enrolled among its members persons of the highest rank. But in the present century, the greatest field of the society has been Middle and Lower Italy.

The form observed on the reception of a member was very absurd, though, no doubt, the young aspirant considered it deeply impressive. The candidate was styled a 'pagan,' and was led blindfold from the closet of 'reflection' to the door of the 'baracca,' by the 'preparator' or preparer, who affected to knock with mysterious irregularity. The *copritore*, or coverer, on hearing these sounds, turns from where he stands inside the door, and addressing his assistant-copritore, says: 'A pagan knocks for admission.' The assistant repeats the same to the chief door-keeper, who in turn repeats it to the grand-master, and at every communication the grand-master strikes a blow with an axe.

Grand-master: 'See who is the rash being who dares to trouble our sacred labours.'

This question having passed through all the officials to the preparator, he answers through the opening of the door:

'It is a man whom I have found wandering in the forest.'

'Ask his name, country, and profession,' commands the grand-master through his officials.

The replies being instantly returned, the secretary writes them down.

'Ask him his habitation and his religion.'

The secretary notes each reply.

'Ask him,' again commands the grand-master, 'what is it he seeks amongst us.'

The preparator replies: 'Light, and to become a member of our society.'

'Let him enter,' are the words which next pass slowly and solemnly from lip to lip.

The pagan is then led into the middle of the assembly; he is again questioned, and his replies are compared with what the secretary had previously written down. The grand-master then puts the following questions directly:

'Mortal, the first virtues we require are frankness and courage. Do you feel that you are capable of practising both, to the utmost?'

The pagan replies; and the grand-master, if satisfied, continues by questioning him on morality and benevolence. He then inquires whether there is anything of which he would wish to dispose, or if there is any domestic concern he would desire to arrange, as he is at that moment in danger of immediate death. If pleased with the answers and demeanour of the aspirant, the grand-master continues:

'It is well. We will expose you to trials in which you will discover a meaning. Let him make the first journey.'

The candidate, who is still blindfold, is then led out of the baracca, and caused to journey through the forest.

At first, the silence is unbroken; he seems to be in a vast desert, alone. The grass beneath his feet is tangled and damp, and the air he breathes is heavy and noisome. He brushes, in his devious course, against the arm of a tree, and the next instant the wild cry of a bird, as she rises from among the branches overhead, fills the air. His feet are becoming entangled in underwood, and the crackling noise, as he breaks weakly through, sounds strange. At length, a light breeze comes whispering amongst the leaves of the forest, making low mysterious music. The candidate's mind is becoming oppressed with strange wild thoughts—in silence, in solitude, in darkness rendered thick by the bandage, he is groping his way alone. He no longer hears the rustling of the leaves, for there is a sound of rushing waters in his ears—the struggle is becoming fearful between his imagination and his judgment; for a moment the regular healthy pulsations of his heart cease, and then comes the thick heavy throb of intense suspense and anxiety. At this moment, the preparator—whose tread, though close, he had not heard—lays hold on him, and leads him back to the door of the baracca, where the same form as at first is again repeated before he is admitted to the presence of the grand-master. He is then questioned as to what he had encountered in his first journey, and having related all, the grand-master replies:

'Your first journey is the symbol of human life. The obstacles you have encountered, and the noises you have heard, indicate to you that in this vale of tears you will meet many difficulties and distractions in the path of virtue, and that you must struggle through and disregard all, if you would arrive at last at the goal of happiness. Let him make the second journey.'

The candidate is then led away, and having been made to pass through a fiery ordeal, is shewn what appears to him a human head newly severed from the body. The bandage, which had been for an instant removed from his eyes, is replaced, and he is once more conducted to the baracca. Being admitted as on the former occasions, the grand-master tells him that the fire through which he had been made to pass was symbolical of the flame of charity, which should ever be alive in his heart towards every worthy individual; that the head was that of a perjurer who had just been punished. He then commands the preparator to lead the pagan to the foot of the throne, and when this is done, he asks in a slow, impressive manner:

'Are you willing to take an irrevocable oath, which neither offends religion, nor the state, nor the rights of individuals? Forget not, before you swear, that the penalty of its least violation is death.'

The pagan, having signified his willingness, is made to kneel on a white cloth, and to promise and swear on the statutes of the order, scrupulously to keep the secret of the carbonari, and neither to write, engrave, nor paint anything concerning it without having obtained a written permission. He also binds himself to help each member of the order under all circumstances, by every means in his power—never to attempt anything against the honour of their families; and, finally, he declares that he willingly consents, should he ever be guilty of perjury, to have his body cut in pieces, be burned, his ashes scattered to the winds, and his name held up to the execration of the carbonari throughout the earth. After this, he is led into the centre of the apartment, the members

present form a circle round him, and the grand-master demands:

'What do you desire, pagan?'

'Light.'

'It will be granted to you by the blows of my axe.'

The grand-master strikes with the axe, and the action is repeated by each of the carbonari. The bandage is then suddenly removed from the eyes of the candidate, who sees a circle of gleaming axes raised above his head, and hears thundered in his ears by the grand-master:

'These axes will surely put you to death, should you ever, even in the least degree, violate the obligations of your oath. Do not hope to conceal yourself—in the dens and caves of the earth, you will meet the carbonari. Do not expect to avoid your doom by flight—at the utmost bounds of this globe, a member will confront you. If you sin—die; you will then have sought the only refuge from which the arm of the carbonari cannot snatch you. On the other hand, if you are faithful to the end, these axes will be raised in your defence, should you ever need them; and you may pass through life with the conviction, that in every peril, need, or difficulty, you shall ever find yourself in, you have but to look to the right hand or the left, to meet friendly and efficient help. And now, in the name and under the authority of our founder, and in virtue of the power which has been conferred on me in this honourable vendita, I make, name, and create you an apprentice.'

The grand-master then instructs him in the secret words and touch, and being congratulated by all the assistants and apprentices present, the vendita is dissolved.

What the objects of this order were, when it was first instituted, we have already shewn; what they afterwards became, we learn from the following oration delivered in a vendita at Naples, during the usurpation of Murat:

'Know, finally, that the object of respectable carbonarism is to restore to the citizen that liberty and those rights which nature bestowed on us, and which tyranny itself did not deny us. To attain to this object, it is necessary to try the virtue, and to consolidate the union of courageous and exemplary citizens: this is no trifling labour, since the cunning of political tyranny has interposed a thick veil between men's eyes and the sublime light of truth. Wretched mortals study those false maxims which, leading to prejudice and superstition, envelop them in darkness, and induce them to lead a life of slavery and submission to ill treatment, blind to the origin of their misfortunes. O men! do you not hear the clank of the chains with which you are bound? They are fastened upon you by the tyrant.

'By the law of nature, he who seeks to destroy, should be himself destroyed. And are not kings, who, forgetting that they are men, proudly regard themselves as superior beings, and usurp the right of disposing of the blood of their fellow-men, and of looking upon them as slaves, are they not the lords of the wives and children, and possessions of these slaves? And yet honour, and homage, and respect, are still paid to these infernal monsters! O blindness of man!

'But as the maxims of the carbonari are founded on the simple principles of nature and reason, and on the doctrines of the gospel, it belongs to them to overturn the throne, raised by fanaticism and ambition, and to expel from it the monster, who pollutes the whole creation. The blood of so many innocents, torn by main force from the bosoms of their families, and sent to perish in capricious wars; the blood of so many illustrious citizens slaughtered for speaking the language of truth—this blood, I say, calls on us for

vengeance; and the number of our friends now groaning in fetters claim our assistance. Yes, the carbonari, knowing what truth and justice are, and possessing humane and candid hearts, will one day vindicate the rights of man. Having found your conduct to be regular and zealous towards the order, we have admitted you into the chamber of honour; that is to say, among the sworn members of the republic. You are come here to tender your lives for *any* service, when the carbonari shall invite you to save your country from oppression.

The *alta vendita* in which this oration was delivered was composed of honorary members and of deputies from each particular *vendita*. It was declared to be an administrative and legislative body, and a court of council and of appeal; and it was accordingly divided into different sections. It was the business of this *vendita* to grant charters of organisation to new lodges, or to confirm such as were submitted for its approbation. A regular system of correspondence was, in 1814, established between it and all the provinces of the kingdom; and it is said that the number of carbonari increased during that year with such astonishing rapidity that they were counted by tens of thousands. The whole population of many towns enrolled themselves, and entire regiments most willingly joined. Magistrates were compelled to enter, in order to obtain anything like obedience to their decrees; and all who were unprotected, were glad to become members, in hopes of support in the vicissitudes with which they were threatened. Those who were of a more enterprising turn rejoiced at finding themselves exalted into judges on the great questions of the nation; and imagined themselves the defenders of the injured and oppressed.

Murat was in some degree aware of the state of public feeling; but neither fearing personal danger, nor doubting the stability of his throne, he merely thought it necessary to endeavour to intimidate the carbonari by employing against them an active system of police. As it is a historical fact, however, that Maghelli, a native of Genoa, was at the same time director-general of police under the usurper, and organiser of the Papal States under the Carbonari, it will be readily believed that he did not divide his services, and that Murat was not the master to whose work he put his strength.

In 1815, the French dynasty in Naples was at an end; the Austrian army was advancing; Ferdinand was about to reascend the throne: it was the Carbonari who brought back the king.

ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.

SOME years since, when serving with my regiment in Canada, I obtained two months' leave of absence, for the sake of enjoying some of the wild sports of the far west.

It was the commencement of the Indian summer, that 'moon' of glorious weather, when summer, seeming to regret the beautiful land she has left, revisits it for a brief season. Not a leaf had fallen from the trees but the brightest gold and crimson tints were flashing and glowing among their verdure; the wild vines and briars were covered with berries of scarlet, and ruby, and orange, almost as brilliant as their departed blossoms. Sweet-scented Indian-grass, studded with thousands of flowers, made gay the juniper copse; and their mingled perfume came floating to us across the smooth lake, as we threaded the labyrinth of the Christian Islands, which are said to number thousands.

Once clear of the archipelago, we raised our blanket-sail, and stretched out towards the head of

the lake, merely landing to cook and sleep, for, only less than myself did my two Indians long to reach the haunts of the deer and the moose, and the far-off land of the bison. How I waged war against them, matters not to my present story; suffice it to say that I was successful, and that my leave was drawing to a close ere I again turned my face towards the colony, laden with trophies sufficient to make me the envy of any sportsman.

Small and light as my canoe was, it had to be abandoned when we left the lakes, and my tent had to be left also, being too heavy to carry with us; in fact, our equipment soon dwindled down to a blanket and waterproof wrapper each, and a few cooking utensils. Thus, when we again struck Lake Huron, which was at its south-west extremity, we were without a boat of any kind; and had we still possessed our old canoe, it was too small to have been of service in the wild inclement weather which had now set in, for it was the beginning of November, and the ground was covered with snow; though the lake was not frozen over. I therefore resolved to continue our route on foot to the Sault de St Marie, at the entrance of Lake Superior, where I hoped to obtain a larger canoe and additional boatmen; but on our way there, we encountered a fur-trader's bateau, bound to the lower end of the lake, and I engaged passages in her for myself and my Indians.

A flat-bottomed lumbering barge was my new conveyance—very different from my swift, graceful canoe; yet she bowled merrily along when the wind favoured her; and when it was contrary, progressed heavily beneath the influence of long sweep-like oars, wielded by the stout arms of half-a-dozen Canadians, who beguiled their labour with soft monotonous songs, which, with the murmur of the waves, floated round us like the music of a sea-shell. When our day's voyage was over, and, in the darkening twilight, we brought our boat to land, and tied her to the boll of a tree, more boisterous strains rose round the gipsy fires that were thickly lighted along the shore, and continued unceasingly, mingled with the fizzing of frying-pans and the bubbling of coffee-pots, until all hands retired to the boat to sleep—all save myself; and to escape such a medley, I would willingly have submitted to greater hardships than, wrapped in my blanket, to sleep beside the fire left burning on the beach.

For the first two or three nights—probably in consequence of the unwonted inaction of the day—I lay awake for hours, enjoying the solitude and admiring the northern lights as they quivered above me in vivid coruscations. But, on the fourth night, I slept soundly; so soundly as to be unconscious that the presage of those brilliant streamers was being fulfilled, that the air was filled with snow, and that a furious storm was rushing through the primeval forest, breaking the young trees like saplings, and here and there casting down with a resounding crash some vegetable patriarch. Such an incident, occurring in my immediate neighbourhood, at length aroused me, and I was surprised to find myself warmly enclosed in a bank of snow. I looked around, but the snow-curtain hid everything from my view, save the fire, which had not yet succeeded in consuming the huge logs piled upon it; so I lay down again, and despite the tempest, slept tranquilly until morning.

When I opened my eyes again, the sun had risen, and was shining out from the clear blue sky. I started up, and shook myself free from the snow, hunter fashion; but what could equal my surprise and consternation when, looking towards the lake, I saw nothing but blue rippling waters! Not a vestige was visible of the bateau, which I had last seen lying by the shore, save a broken fragment of rope round the tree from which

she had broken loose in the storm, and then floated out from land with her sleeping crew, leaving me alone in the wilderness.

Alone—without resources, without a guide, I stood in that vast solitude, hundreds of miles distant, most probably, from any human being, ignorant even of so much of forest-lore as was required to tell me how I had best bend my steps. But for a hope that the bateau might return for me, I should have been overwhelmed by despair. That thought upheld me; and all the hours till nightfall—and that November day was the longest I ever knew—I sat watching with straining eyes for the returning boat. The setting sun left me still a watcher, though no longer hopeful; and by the time the stars shone out in the sky, I had begun to realise the fact that, under Providence, it was on my own exertions alone I must depend to save me from perishing in the wilderness.

That night I sat beneath the aurora, seeking not to sleep, but gazing moodily into the fire, reflecting on what was to be done, while I grasped tightly my rifle, the only friend left to me, save the knife and revolver in my belt. The only plan I could decide on was to turn to the eastward, and travel along the shore, contenting myself with the certainty that, however slowly, I should at least be advancing towards the colony; and as soon as the dawn spread over the sky, I rose to commence my solitary journey.

As I turned to leave the spot, something glittered darkly on the ground: it was a tomahawk; and I raised and placed it in my belt, with deep gratitude for this timely gift of Providence. It would have gone ill with me in the inclement weather which the storm preluded without that tomahawk to chop wood for the fires that warmed me in those nights of intense frost, and cooked the venison and partridges I shot for food, as I toiled wearily on my way, coasting the promontories and bays, lest I should get out of sight of the lake, and so completely lose my way.

For four days I travelled on, while each day was colder than the last; and on the sixth day, a violent snow-storm overtook me on an open plain. For some time I struggled blindly against it, in the effort to gain a place of shelter; but it was of no use; and in the end I was glad to crouch in the lee of a solitary dwarf-fir, and wrapping myself in my blanket, let the snow form a hillock over me. This covering, so cold in itself, imparted warmth to me; and I was soon in a deep dreamless sleep, from which I did not awake until next morning.

Oh, how stiff I was when I awoke!—so stiff and numb I could scarcely creep out of my snow-bower; and when I attempted to rise to my feet, I fell on the snow again in indescribable agony, which I soon found to be the result of both my feet being frost-bitten. Few are long in that climate without learning what is needful to be done in such an emergency, and I at once began to rub my feet with snow; but it was with a heavy heart, for if I was disabled, what was to become of me in that desolate spot?

At length, as if by instinct—for hope had deserted me long before—I went forth on my journey, a miserable cripple, leaning on my rifle, and on a stick that at each step sunk deep into the snow, and with my suffering feet wrapped in the fur of the hares I had killed.

In this way I dragged myself slowly along, until night came, when I sank down utterly exhausted, unable to bestow upon myself any of the care I stood so much in need of. All I could do was to seek a commodious sleeping-place—that is to say, a sheltered thicket, with an open space in front for my fire. One evening, I esteemed myself fortunate in finding a cave, which a mass of brushwood at the entrance kept free from snow; the air inside was so warm that it was positively luxurious; and while

busy making a fire before it, I resolved on remaining there a day or two to recruit.

The very idea was refreshing; and in unusual spirits I skinned a hare I had shot during the day, and placed it, hunter fashion, on two sticks before the fire. Scarcely was it placed in this torrid zone, when something between a grunt and a groan seemed to intimate its dislike to its new position. I started; and in the horrible doubt whether I had not committed the barbarity of flaying and impaling a living animal, I stretched out my hand to withdraw it from the fire, when another grunt, unmistakably behind my back, caused me to look round. But nothing was visible in the deep dim cavern save the carpet of dried leaves which the autumn winds had swept into it; and concluding there was some cranny in my new domicile through which the wind came grumbling down, I addressed myself to my roast.

The next moment, an undoubtable growl, so deep and fierce that it echoed through the cave, startled me to my feet; and I turned to find myself closely confronted by an enormous grizzly bear, the most fearful animal of the American wilds. How ferociously his eyes glared on me from under his shaggy brows, as he opened them from the new-fallen sleep, which the warm beams of my fire had dispelled, and how convulsively his huge jaws worked and quivered in eager longing to devour me! Ere I had time to snatch the revolver from my belt, the gigantic beast rose toweringly above me, and opening his enormous paws, pressed me to him in close embrace—so close, that my arms were pinned to my sides, and my very bones seemed to crack in that vice-like hug. I believe I screamed with the sudden agony, but the sound was lost in the deep-mouthed growls, like muttering thunder, that filled the cave.

Weak and exhausted as I was, I felt myself unequal to cope with the powerful beast in whose grasp I was; but even if life were little worth to a solitary such as I, this mode of death was so horrible, that it nerved me to efforts beyond my ordinary strength, and somehow my hand managed to creep up towards my belt. But ere I could reach the weapon I sought, a movement of the bear had loosened it, and firing a single barrel, it fell to the ground among our feet. The report echoing through the cave, alarmed my adversary; and with a more threatening growl, he clasped me closer, and for the first time his claws penetrated my clothes, inflicting terrible wounds.

But my hand had met an unexpected friend in my knife, which I had unwittingly thrust into my belt, and with it I inflicted several random stabs on my antagonist. This, however, seemed only adding to my own sufferings; for, maddened by the pain, the bear threw himself on the ground, and rolled over with me in his agony, while his huge teeth munched and tore at the blanket which a fortunate fit of tooth-ache had made me wrap round my head. Not that that or any other earthly matter seemed likely to concern me long, for the strength of excitement was already passing, a strange murmur was mingling in my ears with the fierce growls of my enemy; and the pain of his claws changed into a vague yet universal agony, as consciousness and life were being pressed out in that terrible hug.

Suddenly a sound echoed through the cave, so sharp that it reached even my failing faculties, and appeared to thrill likewise on the nerves of my foe, to judge by the increased emphasis of his embrace; but the next instant he relaxed his hold, and sank helpless on the ground beside me, his almost insensible victim.

My first sensations as I revived were of burning pains all over my body, and exceeding cold in my hands and face; and I opened my eyes to find a young Indian bending over me, and rubbing me with

snow. Passing near the cave, he had seen my fire, and heard the report of my revolver, and hastened to see what was the matter, just in time to save me from a miserable death and a revolting sepulchre. All night long this good Samaritan sat beside me, tending the gaping wounds through which life threatened momentarily to escape; and when morning broke, he left me for a short while to go to his village—which was scarcely a mile distant—for help. In one of the lodges of that Indian hamlet I passed the remainder of the winter, prized and tended as if I had indeed been the 'brother' that in their stately yet kindly courtesy they styled me. Thanks to their skill in forest simples, my wounds healed marvellously; and when the sweet breath of spring broke the ice-fetters of the lakes and rivers, I was sufficiently recovered to embark in my preserver's canoe, the skin of my defunct foe forming a luxurious couch.

My return to the land of civilisation something resembled that of a spirit to the land of the living. I will not say my place had forgotten me; for I had no longer a place, since my lieutenantcy, my quarters, and my uniforms had other occupants; and very loath the tenants were, especially that of the first, to admit the fact of my resuscitation.

THE BOAT-FLIES OF MEXICO.

THE boat-fly or water-bug* derives both its names from its well-known habit of turning itself over on the water like a boat, and so swimming about, with its head downward. It abounds amongst our ponds and ditches, and may be readily observed, though not readily caught there, during the day; but at eve it rises into the air and flies away in search of food, which it finds either by making prey of smaller insects, or by parasitically attacking the larger animals, after the manner of other bugs. When you succeed in catching one—no easy matter—most likely it will thrust out its beak into your hand, and there leave an irritating poison, the effects of which, however, soon pass off.

The fact of these insects swimming upon their backs is a remarkable peculiarity in their history; indeed, no other entomological tribe presents this peculiarity, which thus serves to distinguish, at a glance, a member of the *Notonectidae* from any other aquatic or land insect; and, although the greater part of their life is passed under water, their bodies, like those of the water-fowl, never get wet, for they are more or less completely covered with very minute hairs or bristles, which imprison—at least, on the surface of the wings upon which they swim—a sheet of air, and effectually prevent the immediate contact of water with the body of the insect. Nature has provided for most aquatic insects in the same way.

Such are a few facts relating to our English species of boat-fly; but, in Mexico, we find other varieties of these water-bugs, which will furnish us with the occasion of noticing some very curious phenomena. But to do this, we must soar for an instant from the entomological kingdom into the domain of geology.

Our readers are doubtless acquainted with the oolite limestone. In the British Museum, and at the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, likewise in several provincial collections, are to be seen some magnificent specimens of this remarkable rock and its many

varieties. It is immediately distinguished from any other description of rock or stratified earth by the presence, in its mass, of innumerable spherical nodules, varying in size from that of a millet-seed to that of a marble, from which, indeed, the name *oolite* has been taken—Greek, *oon*, an egg, and *lithos*, a stone—as being a rock composed of eggs, or an egg-rock.

How have these oolitic rocks, which differ so much from all the others, been formed? This question has puzzled geologists, chemists, mineralogists, paleontologists, &c., ever since oolites were first observed. Some have seen a grain of sand rolling along the calcareous bed of a trout-stream, gradually cover itself with a crust of limestone, and, rolling still, soon present the aspect of an isolated oolite. To these sporadic nodules, the name of *Pisolites* has been given. Is it, then, in the agglomeration of these pisolites that must be sought the explanation of oolitic structure? Others have seen pisolites form in the interior of steam-engines, when certain substances have been introduced to prevent the calcareous matter contained in the water from depositing upon the sides of the boilers; and they have concluded that pisolites could be formed in thermal or hot mineral springs as well as in streams. It was observed that these nodules are easily cemented together by water holding calcareous or other mineral matter in solution, and it was consequently supposed, pretty generally, that pisolites may have given rise to the peculiar structure of the oolitic beds observed in nature.

But now comes another and very ingenious theory respecting the origin of oolite—here, at the commencement of the present year, we have two observers who look upon these rocks as having an *organic* origin! Mr Bowring and M. Virlet d'Aoust think—indeed, have apparently proved by direct observation—that the oolitic globules have been, and are still formed by an incrustation of carbonate of lime deposited upon the eggs of certain water-insects, belonging to the family of the *Notonectidae*, or boat-flies.

A paper has lately been read at the Academy of Sciences at Paris by M. Virlet, in which he endeavours to prove, not only that oolite must have been formed in very ancient, anti-historic times, from the eggs of similar aquatic insects, but that the same wonderful cause of rock-formation is extremely active in Mexico at the present time.

However extraordinary this origin of oolitic limestone may appear at first sight, we must not be too hasty in rejecting altogether the statements brought forward by the above-named author. Has not Dr Ehrenberg shewn that immense masses of the earth's crust owe their origin to a profusion of microscopic *Infusoria* and *Foraminifera*?—and, Mr Rupert Jones, has he not discovered that great portions of the surface of our globe are strewed with *Entomostraca*—small crustaceans (formerly taken for bivalve mollusca)—resembling our little water-fleas (*Cypridae*)? Has not Dr Bowerbank ingeniously demonstrated that flints and moss-agates are nothing more than petrified or fossil sponges; and do we not know with certainty that a great part of the earth's structure is composed almost entirely of corals and shells? M. Virlet d'Aoust, in his turn, endeavours to shew that oolitic rocks owe their formation to myriads of minute eggs, the seed of some aquatic insects. Here are the facts observed:

Every one has heard of the great plain of Mexico, situated some 7500 feet above the level of the sea, and from whence Humboldt brought back with him what was called an *antediluvian man* (*Amo dihuia testis*), being neither more nor less than a large fossil salamander

* The family of the *Notonectidae*, as the water-bugs are called, belongs to the hemipterous section of the insect order.

belonging to the most recent fresh-water formations. Near the centre of this vast tract of land are seen two large lakes. The first of these goes by the name of Chalco; the second, near which some salt-works have been established, is called Texcoco. M. Virlet remarked that the bottoms of both these lakes are formed by a sort of gray limestone of modern formation, containing small oolitic globules, which, in this author's eyes, are in every respect similar to those found in the limestone of the Jura. He immediately made known this fact to Mr Bowring, director of the salt-works at Texcoco, who informed him that these globules were owing simply to the incrustation of the eggs of water-insects by carbonate of lime deposited daily from the waters of the lakes.

In a second excursion to these lakes, it was observed that their banks were strewed, under water, with an infinite number of insects' eggs, about the size of a pin's head, and which appeared to belong to a species of boat-fly. M. Virlet is not only convinced that these modern oolites of Mexico owe their formation to the eggs of these insects, but thinks, also, that the oolite of the Jura and other ancient strata must be attributed to a similar cause. 'This would explain,' says he, 'the irregular distribution of oolitic grains or nodules in the rocks of the Jurassic strata. Where the oolite is found to be hollow, the egg which formed it has been enclosed before being hatched; where the oolitic globules are completely solid, the eggs have had time to hatch, and the cavities left by the exit of the grubs (*larvæ*) have been filled up by the incrusting calcareous matter.'

If these facts are confirmed by future observation, it will not be without interest that we shall recall the Greek origin of the word oolite. I would, however, on this occasion remind our geological readers that a small oolitic bed, bearing great resemblance to the Jura limestone, was formerly discovered by Leopold von Buch, near Tegnise, in Lanzarote, one of the Canary islands. This oolite-bed is also, like that of Mexico, of modern formation, and probably continues increasing at the present day. It would therefore be of great interest to ascertain if the oolitic deposit made known to us by Leopold von Buch owes its origin to causes similar to those stated by M. Virlet in reference to the Mexican oolite. Such an investigation, which could be made without difficulty by the English vessels which frequently visit the Canary Islands, would be more likely to decide the question than the examination of ancient oolites, with a view to discover some organic remains that might be attributed to the eggs of insects.

But the Mexican boat-flies, which appear to play so important a part in modern rock-formation, are important also in a truly practical sense, inasmuch as they furnish to man, and some of his domestic animals, a plentiful supply of food.

The Mexicans consume at their meals immense quantities of the eggs of these aquatic insects.

Many authors have written more or less indistinctly on this curious alimentary substance, which is sometimes termed *Mexican flour*, *animal flour*, &c., or known under the Mexican epithet of *haulic*. That it has been employed as food for a long time past, we learn from the fact that Thomas Gage, an ecclesiastic and a naturalist, who was travelling in Mexico in the year 1625, described the loaves and cakes that were then made of it.

Brantz Mayer, in a work called *Mexico as it Was and as it Is*, published in 1844, affirms that the Indians made use of this 'animal flour' long before the conquest.

In the account left us by M. Craveri, who sent to Europe a certain quantity of this Mexican flour, and a number of the insects which produce it, the latter appears to be very common in the waters of the lakes

we have referred to above. In the lake of Chalco, the native Mexicans find a sort of reed (*carex*) they call *toulé*, upon which the boat-flies lay their eggs in preference to other water-grasses. These reeds are made into bundles, and placed in the waters of the lakes; they are soon covered by millions of eggs. In about a month's time, the bundles are drawn out of the water, dried in the sun, and then shaken or beaten over cloths which are spread upon the ground to receive the eggs they bear. The latter, which in this operation fall from the reeds like rain, are ground down to a powder, passed through a sieve, and sold to the people in sacks, as we sell wheat flour.

Recent observations made by several travellers, confirm anew the statements we already possess respecting this curious diet; and M. Guérin-Menneville, a French naturalist, has lately made known the exact species of boat-flies which produce the Mexican insect-flour.

The principal manufacturers of it are two insects belonging to the genus *Corixa* of Geoffroy. One of these is the *Corixa mercenaria*—a species established and described as early as the year 1831, by Thomas Say, who discovered some of these insects on the market-places of Mexico. The other is a new species described for the first time by M. Guérin-Menneville, a few weeks ago, under the name of *Corixa femorata*. The eggs of these two species are seen fixed in countless numbers on the triangular leaves of the *carex* or reed employed by the natives to collect them. They are small, of an oval shape, with a slight prominence at one end, and a minute stem at the other; by means of the latter, they are attached to a small round disc, which the mother-insect secretes on the leaves.

Amongst these eggs, which lie very close, and are even seen fixed sometimes one on the top of the other, are observed some of a different description, considerably larger than the former, long and cylindrical, and which belong to a third species of insect that M. Guérin has described as a new species under the denomination of *Notonecta unijasciata*.

Such are the remarkable facts we wished to make known concerning the boat-flies of Mexico. They would form interesting objects for the British Museum; and we hope M. Guérin-Menneville will not forget to send some fine specimens of both insects and eggs to London. These little creatures bear a certain resemblance to the less useful, but not less interesting inhabitants of our English ponds and ditches, of which we have already said a few words, and which are doubtless well known to our readers.

SONNET—THE SKY-LARK'S NEST.

Nor in secluded incense-breathing grove,
Nor tangled brake, nor coppice privacy—
Sweet haunts of nests fashioned so cunningly—
Weaves the bold sky-lark his retreat of love,
But on heath, marsh, or green, where cattle wove,
He scratches out a cupful of loose ground,
And straggling hay within the hollow wound
His humble nest completes. But oft above
From out the grass-fringed edge the daisy peeps,
And bends her golden eye o'er eggs or young,
And never seemeth half so fair as then;
So like sweet spirit to protect from wrong
The minstrel's home, exposed to eager ken
Of village boy, as through the grass he creeps.

J. E.

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RULING THE PLANETS.

SINCE one murder and several score of serious larcenies have recently taken place among us by means of supposed Planetary Influences, it really becomes high time to investigate their phenomena with some care. Even in these days, it seems—in this so much bepraised nineteenth century of ours—householders, men that have two coats, and women of the crinoline social status, are found to go, day after day, and week after week, with money in their hands, to Wise Women, for aid in their distresses; while maid-servants, by the hundred, are accustomed to exhaust their scanty finances upon the same ingenious persons; and when their own money is gone, to despoil their unbelieving masters and mistresses for rewards for these Searchers of the Stars. In every city, nay, in every smallest country town, a belief in Soothsaying is still found to be widespread and well rooted; while the Art of Ruling the Planets, besides having professors in abundance all over the land, has a Literature at least as extensive as any of those Sciences, of the popularity of which our social leaders are just now so boastful. It is not prominent, indeed, in Regent Street, nor even in Paternoster Row, although the specimens of it which we have now before us* profess, with a vague magnificence, to be published 'for the booksellers;' but it is to be seen and sold in every back-street of inferior neighbourhood in London, as in every other place. The shops which it affects mostly are not those where *The London Journal*, *Reynolds's Miscellany*, *The Family Friend*, and other cheap periodicals, are exposed for sale, but establishments of a still more humble character. These treatises upon astrology and the mysteries of the future are content to stand in the same shop-windows, side by side with peppermint bulls-eyes, with boot-laces, with advertisements of 'a mangle within,' with artificial flowers, with marbles, and with exceedingly red and high-dried herrings. Their sale is enormous, in spite—or, perhaps, in some measure because—of the miscellaneous company which they are thus wont to keep. A young woman may be of opinion that artificial flowers become her, and also be desirous of knowing, by means of *The Bohemian* (or other) *Fortune-teller*, what sort of young man he is whose affections they may assist to captivate. A gentleman may want a boot-lace, and at the same time may be glad to learn

whether the journey which he is about to undertake, when that lace is tied, will be prosperous; in which case, *The New Forest Gipsy* is ready to his hand. It was, we confess, under pretence of purchasing a pennyworth of peppermint-drops, that we ourselves obtained, at different emporiums, the five remarkable volumes which form the subject of this paper; and our whole outlay, exclusive of the above refreshments, did not exceed fourpence halfpenny. All these works, save one, are illustrated, although not profusely, and one of them is coloured to that extent, that the paint of its single picture has run through and dyed all the rest of the pages. Diagrams of Futurity, Oracles of Love, Marriage, and Destiny, Tablets of Prophecy, and Trees of Fate, are also interspersed through each—a little embarrassing in themselves, perhaps, but made clear by copious references to the letterpress.

The Universal Book of Fate has even a preface in the form of a memoir, written, as it seems, by way of tribute to the memory of one of the fathers, or rather of the mothers, of the Art of Divination. The anonymous biographer who has undertaken this labour of love, is somewhat eccentric in his spelling, and altogether unique in his grammatical arrangement, but his facts are doubtless indisputable; and here we have them:

'TO THE READER.'

'In ushering into the world such a performance as this, it may be necessary to give our readers some account of the life of the person who left the following little work for the benefit and instruction of the world, a person whose fame, though not recorded among the roll of those whose heroic actions have trumpeted them to the world, yet her discerning eye, and her knowledge in prescience, render her not unknown to the generality of those who devote any attention to this interesting study.

'Mrs Bridget, vulgarly called Mother Bridget, lived, in her peregrination through this life, in a kind of cave, or rather a hollow, formed by nature above ground, with the assistance of a little art, and comprising an exceeding warm shelter from the air: company of all sorts resorted to her, nobility, gentry, tradesmen, and mechanics—men, women, girls, and boys, of all degrees and classes.'

This lady was, it seems, 'born on the spot where she lived,' and gifted with 'an early propensity to prescience, which evinced she had it instigated in her by nature.' She would sit up whole nights when the atmosphere was clear, 'as intent on considering the stars, as the greatest astrologers with their glasses;' and she made use of the knowledge thus gained of the signs of the weather, to predict

* *The Bohemian Fortune-teller. The New Forest Gipsy. The Universal Book of Fate. The Golden Dreamer. The Universal Dream-book.*

concerning it. 'Not a farmer would go to plough, not a sower would put the seed in the ground, without first asking the young gipsy—for so they then styled her—her opinion, and following according to her dictates.'

From this small beginning her fame 'became the topic of conversation of the politest circles, many of whom came in their equipages to consult her; and she never asked for any particular sum, so the unbounded generosity of those who applied to her oracles, put her in possession of more money than was sufficient to maintain her.

'As she grew in years, like the generality of old folks, she became fond of dumb animals, which were her chief companions; and of these she always had numbers: people, indeed, have said hundreds, and others have declared she could call as many on the earth as she pleased; but this is fabulous, for *I never saw more than ten at a time*. Dogs and cats were the principal companions of her retirement, which, being of the smallest breed, would, as she sat, *creep from different parts of her garments, and not a little surprise those that came to see her, and, indeed, frightened many*. . . .

'Though this famous old woman had never been taught to write, yet by long practice she had formed to herself a kind of hieroglyphical characters, in which she deciphered her observations, knowledge, and remarks: these I found concealed within the thatch of her cave, but as they were so unintelligible, I thought it would be impossible to make head or tail of such a heap of monsters, and other figures as were attempted to be drawn; but as I am rather of a studious turn, I thought as I had made it my business formerly to transcribe the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which, when they were as unintelligible to me as these, I might by perseverance get at the depth of this valuable manuscript, or, at least, it would serve to deposit in the British Museum, as the remains of a woman who was so famous, and whose name was so well known among mankind.

'I was therefore immediately determined on renewing my labours with redoubled ardour and unwearied application; and at length, as perseverance and resolution will conquer difficulties, I found it, and the whole mystery was opened unto me.

The first chapter of this inspired work—consisting, however, of only fourteen pages—is devoted to an explanation of 'the circles of the sphere and some other terms in astrology,' which, so far from being of a supernatural nature, might have been written by the Astronomer-Royal himself. But when we get to 'Of the planetary days and hours, and how to know what planet a man is born under,' we seem to have our feet within the Magic Circle indeed. There is a table by which every man may find out his own horoscope; and we ourselves, who were born on the first hour of a Thursday, and therefore under the influence of Jupiter, have the pleasure of learning that we are (or ought to be) 'of a ruddy or sandy complexion, fair hair, well-proportioned body, and of a lovely countenance; our face is rather broad than long; and we are also 'courteous, of a very affable carriage, moral, and deeply religious.' That the art of Mother Bridget is an old one, is evident enough from the continual references to minution or blood-letting, which was wont to be such a favourite recreation with our ancestors. The second and fifth days of the new moon are, it seems, extremely propitious for our being bled (whether we want it or not), but on the seventeenth and one-and-twentieth days, 'by no means let blood;' and if a child be born unto us in those days, let us not rejoice, since, 'though he may be witty and ingenious, he will surely be addicted to stealing.' Beside the canicular or dog days, which are fraught with the greatest peril and danger to everybody—and wherein, if you must let blood, be sure to do it before the middle of the day—

there are more or less unlucky days in every month, from eight in January to one in October. In 'a brief prognostication concerning children born on any day of the week,' we learn that Sunday is the most fortunate day, and Tuesday the least. We ourselves, who came into the world on a Thursday, are again elevated by the information that we shall 'arrive at the greatest honour and dignity;' whereas, if we had been but a day younger, we 'might have been of a strong constitution, but probably far too amatory.' It is worthy of remark, that the lucky days are the same in all these books; and the predictions almost identical; so that either a miraculous similarity of prophetic power must have pervaded all our authors, or else they must have plagiarised from one another to an extent unknown in any other literature.

The most curious part of Mother Bridget's work is that devoted to 'Judgments deduced from the nails.' Those who have broad nails are 'of a gentle disposition, bashful, and afraid of speaking before their superiors, or indeed to any, without hesitation and a downcast eye.' 'When the end is black,' says Mrs Bridget, 'the person loves agriculture.' Finally, 'if the nails be red and spotted, the individual will be choleric and martial, delighting in cruelty and war; his chief pleasure being in plundering of towns, wherein every ferocious particle in human nature is glutted to satiety.'

The New Forest Gipsy bears evidence of a higher culture, but of a less inspired character. Its style is not so good as Mr Macaulay's, nor yet so eccentric as Mr Carlyle's, and is subject to the ills to which mediocrity is heir, in the shape of tameness and over-prudence. 'Astrology,' it says, 'is a celestial science that treats of the doctrine of the stars, which are placed in the firmament of heaven for the use and benefit of man; and it is proved by daily observation and experience, that the fate of every person in existence is not only written in the heavens at the time of each of their said births, but that the same is also stamped and marked out in the face and hands of every man—the one is called *Physiognomy*, the other *Palmistry*.' After which spirited commencement, who would believe that not one syllable about the stars occurs again throughout the volume? With regard to hair, we learn that 'a gentleman with dark-brown, long and smooth hair, is generally of a robust constitution; obstinate in his temper, eager in his pursuits, a lover of the fair sex, fond of variety, in his ordinary pursuits exceedingly curious, and of a flexible disposition. He will live long, unless guilty of early intemperance.' Again, selecting at random, we find, 'the gentleman or lady that squints, or have their eyes turned away, will be of a penurious disposition, but punctual in their dealings!' Again, 'a red, or what is vulgarly called a saucer eye, denotes the person to be selfish, deceitful, proud, furious in anger, and fertile in plots!' while, in conclusion, we find this remarkable statement, that 'if the hair falls off the forepart of the head, the person will be easily led'—which must, most obviously, be directly contrary to the fact. In Fortune-telling by lines in the Hand, be careful to 'chuse always the left hand, because the heart and brain have more influence over it than the right; and observe further, that it is better to examine these lines when the body is in good health, for then they appear full. . . . The table-line, commonly called the line of fortune, begins under the little finger, and ends near the forefinger. The line of death is a counter-line to the line of life, and is by some called the sister-line,' which is, probably, a corruption of 'sinister.' In the Table of Fate, in this volume, we had the curiosity to investigate our own future fortunes, and received, in doing so, this exceedingly unpleasant rebuff: 'Let the gentleman or lady who chooses this unlucky number

look well to their conduct; justice, though slow, is sure to overtake the wicked.*

But of all this select library of divination, commend us to *The Bohemian Fortune-teller*, which we have reserved, with our usual foresight, 'to finish with,' as the postboy reserves one gallop for the avenue. This volume plunges at once in *medias res*, without any sort of preface, heading, or explanation. Its opening words are these: '*The star denotes happiness in the clear and at the top of the cup; clouded, or in the thick, it signifies long life, though exposed to various troubles. If dots are about it, it foretells great fortune, wealth, respectability, and honour.*' The grounds upon which this strange prediction is made are not stated, and we have to refer, in another work, to the article 'Divination by means of Tea and Coffee Grounds.' Conceive how well known must this alstruse science be among the people to whom it is addressed, since a matter to us so mysterious, needs for them no explanation beyond that afforded by the frontispiece, wherein—as appears to the common eye—a young woman is being persuaded by a young man to take a little physic in a tea-cup!

'The Art of Fortune-telling by Cards,' to which several pages are devoted, is commonplace enough; and we merely remark of it, that the Ace of Spades—contrary to the opinion of whist-players—is considered the worst card in the pack; while the 'Tray of spades shews you will be unfortunate in marriage, and your partner inconsistent'—by which term, we believe, *The Bohemian Fortune-teller* intends to imply inconstancy.

The main attraction of this volume consists in its directions for obtaining or executing 'charms, spells, and incantations;' and it is observable that these are almost exclusively addressed to the softer sex, with the avowed object of procuring for them lovers, or for informing them what their lovers will be like.

'To see a Future Husband in a Dream.—The party inquiring must lie in a different county from that in which she commonly resides, and on going to bed must knit the left garter about the right-leg stocking, letting the other garter and stocking alone; and as you rehearse the following verse, at every comma knit a knot:

This knot I knit, to know the thing I know not yet,
That I may see, the man who shall my husband be,
How he goes, and what he wears,
And what he does all days and years.'

Beside this charm, there are, strange to say, only three others which are in verse; of which the following bears, perhaps, the most evident trace of antiquity:

'*The Nine Keys*.—Get nine keys; they must all be your own by begging or purchase (borrowing will not do, nor must you tell for what you want them); plait a three-plaited band of your own hair, and tie them together, fastening the ends with nine knots; fasten them with one of your garters to the left wrist on going to bed, and bind the other garter round your head; then say:

St Peter, take it not amiss,
To try your favour I've done this.
You are the ruler of the keys,
Favour me then, if you please;
Let me, then, your influence prove,
And see my dear and wedded love,

This must be done on the eve of St Peter's day, and is an old charm used by the maidens of Rome in ancient times, who put great faith in it.'

Here follows a doubtless excellent, but somewhat complex receipt for knowing *Whether a Lady will have the Gentleman she wishes*. 'Get two lemon-peels, wear them all day, one in each pocket; at night, rub the four posts of the bedstead with them: if she is to be

successful, the person will appear in his sleep, and present her with a couple of lemons; if not, there is no hope.'

If our maid-servants do indeed practise the device which forms our next extract, there is no wonder that robberies are sometimes committed with such incomprehensible ease: 'Any unmarried woman fasting on Midsummer-eve, and at midnight, laying a clean cloth, with bread, cheese, and ale, and sitting down as if going to eat, *the street-door being left open*, the person whom she is afterwards to marry will come into the room, and drink to her by bowing; and afterwards filling the glass, will leave it on the table, and making another bow, retire.' We fear that this mysterious Unknown, without imputation upon his polite behaviour, would scarcely vanish so easily satisfied, if any plate or other valuables were within reach.

To know what fortune (rank in life) her future husband will have, a young woman must observe the following precautions: 'Take a walnut, a hazel nut, and a nutmeg; grate them together, and mix them with butter and sugar, and make them into small pills, of which exactly nine must be taken on going to bed, and according to her dreams, so will be the state of the person she will marry. If a gentleman, of riches; if a clergyman, of white linen; if a lawyer, of darkness; if a tradesman, of odd noises and tumult; if a soldier or sailor, thunder or lightning; if a servant, of rain.' We do not know how highly a knowledge of the future may be valued by 'persons about to marry;' but we ourselves would not take nine pills, at one go, for the sake of obtaining all the partners as well as the fortunes of the Revd. Brigham Young, of the Salt Lake. Finally, there is a device, *To discover theft by means of the sieve and shears*, which, in its form, very singularly assimilates to 'table-turning;' but whether it is of ancient or modern origin, we do not know: 'Stick the points of the shears in the wood of the sieve, two persons supporting it balanced upright with their two fingers, then read a certain chapter in the Bible, and afterwards ask St Peter and St Paul if A or B is the thief, naming all the persons you suspect. On naming the real thief, the sieve will suddenly turn round.'

Reader, however these misshapen children of ignorance and superstition may provoke your smiles, you must not forget that they are the acknowledged geni of no small number of your countrymen, and especially of your countrywomen; and so long as the question of popular education is left to the factious quarrels of sects, and to the supine indifference of those most in need of its benefits, they will always remain so. Poor, much abused 'secular enlightenment,' whatever it may fail to do, would at least destroy under its first foot-tread such miserable and evil fungi as *The Bohemian Fortune-teller* and *The Universal Book of Fate*.

DR JOHN BROWN'S 'LOCKE AND SYDENHAM,' &c.*

DR JOHN BROWN is one of a numerous class of men in the professional and middle ranks of life, who use their spare time in an unobtrusive cultivation of literature, writing an anonymous paper now and then, which the public 'does not willingly see die,' but seldom coming out into the blaze of literary notoriety. He has here collected his few occasional writings into an elegant volume, and placed them with his name before the public judgment. Natures of a refined and

* *Locke and Sydenham, with other Occasional Papers.* By John Brown, M.D. Edinburgh: Constable. 1858.

delicate cast, gentle meditative spirits, lovers of elegant phrasology, especially if they belong to the medical world, will relish the book highly, and give it a good place in their libraries. With the great mass of the public—notwithstanding the presence of one popular element, a rich quaint humour—we should think there will be less appreciation. Let them judge for themselves, however, after reading a specimen.

When a boy at the High School of Edinburgh, the author made acquaintance with a dog called Rab, the guardian of the wain of the Howgate carrier, in consequence of seeing him comport himself nobly in a fight with one of his own species. The acquaintance was kept up till Mr Brown was a medical student and clerk in the Minto House Hospital. 'We had,' says he, 'much pleasant intimacy. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratchings of his huge head, and an occasional bone. When I did not notice him, he would plant himself straight before me, and stand wagging that bud of a tail, and looking up, with his head a little to the one side. His master I occasionally saw; he used to call me "Maister John," but was laconic as any Spartan.

'One fine October afternoon, I was leaving the hospital, when I saw the large gate open, and in walked Rab, with that great and easy saunter of his. He looked as if taking general possession of the place; like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city, satiated with victory and peace. After him came Jess, now white from age, with her cart; and in it a woman, carefully wrapped up—the carrier leading the horse anxiously, and looking back. When he saw me, James—for his name was James Noble—made a curt and grotesque "boo," and said: "Maister John, this is the mistress; she's got a trouble in her breest—some kind o' an income, we're thinkin'."

'By this time I saw the woman's face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband's plaid round her, and his big-coat, with its large white metal buttons, over her feet. I never saw a more unforgettable face—pale, serious, *lonely*, delicate, sweet, without being what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery smooth hair setting off her dark-gray eyes—eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, but full also of the overcoming of it; her eyebrows black and delicate; and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are.

'As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful countenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. "Ailie," said James, "this is Maister John, the young doctor; Rab's freend, ye ken. We often speak about you, doctor." She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing; and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside and rising. Had Solomon, in all his glory, been handing down the Queen of Sheba at his palace-gate, he could not have done it more daintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Ailie, his wife. The contrast of his small, swarthy, weatherbeaten, keen, worldly face to hers—pale, subdued, and beautiful—was something wonderful. Rab looked on concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up—were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Ailie and he seemed great friends.

"As I was sayin', she's got a kind o' trouble in her breest, doctor; wull ye tak' a look at it?" We walked into the consulting-room, all four; Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and confidential if cause could be shewn, willing also to be quite the reverse, on the same terms. Ailie sat down, undid her open gown and her lawn handkerchief round her neck, and, without a word, shewed me her right

breast. I looked at and examined it carefully—she and James watching me, and Rab eyeing all three. What could I say? there it was, that had once been so soft, so shapely, so white, so gracious and bountiful, "so full of all blessed conditions"—hard as a stone, a centre of horrid pain, making that pale face, with its gray, lucid, reasonable eyes, and its sweet resolved mouth, express the full measure of suffering overcome. Why was that gentle, modest, sweet woman, clean and lovable, condemned by God to bear such a burden?

'I got her away to bed. "May Rab and me bide?" said James. "You may; and Rab, if he will behave himself." "I'ae warrant he's do that, doctor;" and in slunk the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now; he belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled, and gray like Aberdeen granite; his hair short, hard, and close, like a lion's; his body thick-set, like a little bull—a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds-weight at the least: he had a large blunt head; his muzzle black as night; his mouth blacker than any night, a tooth or two—being all he had—gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one ear cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton's father's—but for different reasons—the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was for ever unfurling itself, like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long—the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud was very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the subtlest and swiftest. Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington; and he had the gravity of all great fighters.

'Next day, my master, the surgeon, examined Ailie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed—it might never return—it would give her speedy relief—she should have it done. She curtsied, looked at James, and said: "When?" "To-morrow," said the kind surgeon—a man of few words. She and James and Rab and I retired. I noticed that he and she spoke little, but seemed to anticipate everything in each other. The following day at noon, the students came in, hurrying up the great stair. At the first landing-place, on a small well-known black board, was a bit of paper fastened by wafers, and many remains of old wafers beside it. On the paper were the words: "An operation to-day. J. B. Clerk." Up ran the youths, eager to secure good places: in they crowded, full of interest and talk. "What's the case?" "Which side is it?"

'Don't think them heartless; they are neither better nor worse than you or I: they get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work; and in them pity—as an *emotion*, ending in itself, or at best in tears and a long-drawn breath, lessens, while pity as a *motive* is quickened, and gains power and purpose. It is well for poor human nature that it is so.

'The operating theatre is crowded; much talk and fun, and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants is there. In comes Ailie: one look at her quiets and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit down, and are dumb, and gaze at her. These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly, but without haste; dressed in her mutch, her neckerchief, her white dimity short-

gown, her black bombazeen petticoat, shewing her white worsted stockings and her carpet-shoes. Behind her was James, with Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous; for ever cocking his ear, and dropping it as fast.

'Ailie stepped up on a seat, and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her; arranged herself, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; and chloroform—one of God's best gifts to his suffering children—was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face shewed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on, blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and importunate; he growled, and gave now and then a sharp impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a glower from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick; all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

'It is over: she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then, turning to the surgeon and the students, she curtsies, and in a low, clear voice, begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students—all of us—wept like children; the surgeon hopped her up carefully, and, resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. We put her to bed. James took off his heavy shoes, crammed with tacketts, heel-capt and toe-capt, and put them carefully under the table, saying: "Maister John, I'm for name o' yer stryng nurse-bodies for Ailie. I'll be her nurse, and on my stockin' soles I'll gang about as canny as pussy." And so he did; and handy and clever, and swift and tender as any woman, was that horny-handed, snell, peremptory little man. Everything she got he gave her: he seldom slept; and often I saw his small, shrewd eyes out of the darkness, fixed on her. As before, they spoke little.

'Rab behaved well, never moving, shewing us how meek and gentle he could be, and occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know that he was demolishing some adversary. He took a walk with me every day, generally to the Candlemaker Row; but he was sombre and mild; declined doing battle, though some fit cases offered, and indeed submitted to sundry indignities; and was always very ready to turn, and came faster back, and trotted up the stair with much lightness, and went straight to that door.

'Jess, the mare—now white—had been sent, with her weather-worn cart, to Howgate, and had doubtless her own dim and placid meditations and confusions, on the absence of her master and Rab, and her unnatural freedom from the road and her cart.

'For some days, Ailie did well. The wound healed "by the first intention;" as James said, "Oor Ailie's skin's ower clean to beil." The students came in quiet and anxious, and surrounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young honest faces. The surgeon dressed her, and spoke to her in his own short kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab and James outside the circle—Rab being now reconciled, and even cordial, and having made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying, but, as you may suppose, *semper paratus*.

'So far well; but, four days after the operation, my patient had a sudden and long shivering, a "groosin'," as she called it. I saw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheek coloured; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a blush of red told the secret; her pulse was

rapid, her breathing anxious and quick, she wasn't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could. James did everything, was everywhere; never in the way, never out of it; Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Ailie got worse; began to wander in her mind, gently; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp at times. He was vexed, and said: "She was never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon—the dear, gentle old woman; then delirium set in strong, without pause. Her brain gave way, and that terrible spectacle—

The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on its dim and perilous way.

She sang bits of old songs and psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David, and the diviner words of his Son and Lord, with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballads.

'Nothing more touching, or, in a sense, more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager, Scotch voice—the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some household cares, something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a "freinyt" voice, and he starting up, surprised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard. Many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her all, and then sink back ununderstood. It was very sad, but better than many things that are not called sad. James hovered about, put out and miserable, but active and exact as ever; read to her, when there was a lull, short bits from the psalms, prose and metre, chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, shewing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doting over her as his "ain Ailie." "Ailie, ma woman!" "Ma ain bonny wee dawtio!"

'The end was drawing on; the golden bowl was breaking, the silver cord was fast being loosed—that *animula, blandula, vagula, hospes, comesque*, was about to flee. The body and the soul—companions for sixty years—were being sundered, and taking leave. She was walking, alone, through the valley of that shadow into which one day we must all enter—and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her.

Poor Ailie dies, of course, and James instantly, though it was night, set out for home to bring his cart for the removal of the body, leaving Rab in guard upon the corpse. The young doctor fell asleep by the bedside, and did not wake till roused by a sudden noise outside the hospital. 'It was November,' he pursues, 'and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab was in *statu quo*; he heard the noise too, and plainly knew it, but never moved. I looked out; and there, at the gate, in the dim morning—for the sun was not up, was Jess and the cart—a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James; he was already at the door, and came up the stairs, and met me. It was less than three hours since he left; and he must have posted out—who knows how?—to Howgate, full nine miles off; yoked Jess, and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pair of old clean blankets, having at their corners, "A. G., 1794," in large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of Alison Græme, and James may have looked in at her from without—unseen but not unthought of—when

he was "wat, wat, and weary," and had walked many a mile over the hills, and seen her sitting, while "a' the lave were sleepin'"; and by the firelight putting her name on the blankets for her ain James's bed. He motioned Rab down, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and happed her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered; and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode along the passage, and down stairs, followed by Rab. I also followed with a light; but he didn't need it. I went out, holding stupidly the light in my hand in the frosty air; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before—as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was only "A. G."—sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens; and then taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me, neither did Rab, who presided alone behind the cart.

"I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College, and turned up Nicolson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away and come again; and I returned, thinking of that company going up Libberton Brae, then along Roslin Muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands, and making them like on-looking ghosts; then down the hill through Auchindinny woods, past "haunted Woodhouselee;" and as daybreak came sweeping up the bleak Lammermuirs, and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Ailie up again, laying her on her own bed, and, having put Jess up, would return with Rab and shut the door.

"James buried his wife, with his neighbours mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. It was snow, and that black ragged hole would look strange in the midst of the swelling spotless cushion of white. James looked after everything; then rather suddenly fell ill, and took to bed; was insensible when the doctor came, and soon died. A sort of low fever was prevailing in the village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion, and his misery, made him apt to take it. The grave was not difficult to re-open. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

"And what of Rab? I asked for him next week at the new carrier who got the good-will of James's business, and was now master of Jess and her cart. "How's Rab?" He put me off, and said rather rudely: "What's *your* business wi' the dowg?" I was not to be so put off. "Where's Rab?" He, getting confused and red, and intermeddling with his hair, said: "'Deed, sir, Rab's deid." "Dead! what did he die of?" "Weel, sir," said he, getting redder, "he didna exactly die; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin; there was nae doin' wi' him. He lay in the treviss wi' the mear, and wadna come oot. I temptit him wi' kail and meat, but he wad tak naething, and keepit me frae feedin' the beast, and he was aye gur gurrin', and grup gruppin' me by the legs. I was laith to make awa' wi' the auld dowg, his like wasna atween this and Thornhill; but 'deed, sir, I could do naething else." I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gohe, why should he keep the peace and be civil?"

"We cannot resist the temptation to add an anecdote which Dr Brown gives in a paper on Dr Henry Marshall and the health of the soldiery. 'All great and true generals,' says he, 'from King David, Hannibal, Caesar, Cromwell, the great Frederick, &c., down to our own Sir Colin, have had their men's comforts,

interests, and lives at heart. The late Lord Dunfermline, when speaking, with deep feeling and anger, to the writer about the sufferings of the men, and the frightful blunders in the Crimea, told the following story of his father, the great and good Sir Ralph Abercromby. After his glorious victory, the dying general was being carried on a litter to the boat of the *Foudroyant*, in which he died. He was in great pain from his wound, and could get no place to rest. Sir John Macdonald (afterwards adjutant-general) put something under his head. Sir Ralph smiled, and said: "That is a comfort; that is the very thing. What is it, John?" "It is only a soldier's blanket, Sir Ralph." "Only a soldier's blanket, sir," said the old man, fixing his eye severely on him. "Whose blanket is it?" "One of the men's." "I wish to know the name of the man whose this blanket is;" and everything paused till he was satisfied. "It is Duncan Roy's of the 42d, Sir Ralph." "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night;" and, wearied and content, the soldier's friend was moved to his death-bed. "Yes, doctor," said Lord Dunfermline, in his strong, earnest way, "the whole question is in that blanket—in Duncan getting his blanket that very night."

Perhaps it is from our inveterate habit of trying to view everything in its just limits, colouring, and proportions, that we feel inclined to remark in Dr Brown a tendency to admire special things too exclusively and too much, and generally to overdo every picture he condescends to paint. The work goes beyond the material; phrase beyond ideas. Like all idolaters, he finds virtues and beauties in his idols which other people do not see, and which probably the idols themselves were unconscious of, and would have been surprised to hear attributed to them. We can say in all sincerity, we should be more afraid to be of his favourites than the reverse.

A DEAD MAN'S REVENGE.

HOW IT WORKED AND HOW IT ENDED.

CHAPTER III.—HOW THE REVENGE ENDED.

TRUE to his promise, Richard Mallet never interfered, by word or deed, with the arrangements his child's guardians had made for her education.

A few years went by, and the labouring stonemason had risen to be first workman in his master's employ. With bettered means and good wages, Richard Mallet was able to quit the neighbourhood of Peck's Court, and rent a small house in the suburbs. Mrs Mallet still washed and ironed, and cooked her husband's dinner, but her labours were aided by a little servant; and the boys were sent to a good school.

People said Richard Mallet was not the man he used to be. He had grown churlish with his friends, haughty with his fellows, lost his old spirits and his pleasant smile, and only seemed intent upon making his way up in the world. But his wife and children could find no fault in him. In her heart of hearts, Hannah perhaps knew that her husband was *not* the same; but she would have died sooner than breathed an accusation against him.

And where was Jessie all this time?

In these few years, Jessie Mallet, the whilom crippled child, has grown into a straight, well-formed girl, whose presence would disgrace no drawing-room. Of a slight figure and delicate features, she still recalls the pale-faced little child who used to hobble about her father's house upon a crutch; but there is a bloom upon her cheek, and health and energy in her movements now-a-days. Under skilful treatment, and the healthy influences that have surrounded her of late, her infirmity has gradually disappeared.

It is an important day at the Canterbury school,

when next we see her. It is Jessie's seventeenth birthday, and her school-days are at an end. She has been writing a letter to her parents—those letters are the only links between the old life and the new one; Richard has them all, from the first childish scrawl, to the last well-penned epistle, safely locked up in an old desk—and Jessie sits thinking of her father and mother with tears in her eyes. Why are they not there to-day? Around the room are spread all the little gifts her companions have given her—mere trifles for the most part, but pleasant tokens of the good-will she has awakened there, and the good name she leaves behind. 'Everybody here remembers me, and is kind,' thinks Jessie. 'It is only my own family who forget me!'

Well, Jessie has plenty of new friends now, and, for aught we know, may have learned to do without her parents' love, since last we met her. There are many affections we count strong, that a six years' absence would try; and letter-writing, as we most of us know, is but a poor bond, after all.

So perhaps Jessie's love is of a less ardent nature than it used to be.

She has not much time, however, for reflection on this or any other score. There is a sound of wheels on the gravel-path, and a carriage rolls up to the door. It is Mr Hale, one of Jessie's guardians, who is come to take her away from school, and escort her to his own house at Hale Fields, where an archery meeting is to celebrate the day.

Jessie bids farewell to her companions of six years, and, driving away in Mr Hale's carriage, looks up at the schoolroom windows with dimmed eyes, and sees the old cathedral, all blurred by her tears, for the last time. But her eyes brighten ere long. There is a cheering influence in sunshine, green fields, and fresh air, hard to resist, and it was next to impossible to be dull, seated by Mr Hale's side. The wealthy hop-grower's genial face always did Jessie good. Such a smile as his would have been a small annuity to a young physician, as a cheap and efficacious remedy for low-spirited patients.

'Here we are,' cried he, as the carriage turned into his gates at Hale Fields; 'here we are, all ready, you see.'

Jessie beheld the tents and targets on the lawn, the servants hurrying to and fro, and the gardeners giving the last touches to their decorations.

'Don't fancy, Miss Jessie, this is all got up on your especial account. Other people can have birthdays besides you. Dick is nineteen to-day, and he means to share in the honours too. Here he comes. He'll take you in to speak to Mrs Hale and the girls.'

Mr Richard Hale raised his wide-awake, and shook hands with Jessie. He had taught her to ride one holiday, and play chess another, so they were old friends.

Mrs Hale was a stately woman, who kissed Jessie on her cheek, and bade her welcome with an air of polite patronage. Pride of birth was Mrs Hale's failing. She had the misfortune to be the granddaughter of a baronet, and had a weakness for good blood; hence she never took so kindly to Jessie as the rest of her family. Her husband, with a delicacy of feeling peculiar to him, had never divulged to any one the real facts of Jessie's parentage; but Mrs Hale had formed a shrewd guess on the subject.

To-day, there was even a more than usual amount of dignity in the good lady's demeanour; her head was carried more erect, and her dress rustled more imposingly, as she swept by. A young lord was to be her guest to-day, and, to meet him, some of the first families in the neighbourhood, and the *élite* of Canterbury, had been invited to Hale Fields; consequently, Mrs Hale's reception of Jessie was quite a solemn and impressive sight.

The daughters were rather more humble-minded, and being old school-fellows of Jessie, welcomed her right gladly. They were soon out in the garden together—all three glad to escape from the drawing-room, and have a few minutes' chat before the bustle of the day commenced.

Jessie almost trembled when she heard of the grand doings that were to take place, and the grand people who were expected. But before her friends had half finished their confidences, the confab was broken up by Mr Dick Hale rushing down to the arbour where they sat, and summoning his sisters to their mother's presence.

'Make haste, girls. There's mother becoming rigid with horror. His lordship has arrived, and nobody to receive him. Do, pray, go to her aid, or she'll be speechless in five minutes.'

The two girls flew away to the house, and left Jessie to their brother. He stood and watched them with a laughing face.

'Well, Miss Mallet, this is doing us honour, isn't it? You and I are lucky folks to have such a birthday-keeping as this.'

'I am lucky in having such friends, and such a home to-day. I little thought, though, when Mr Hale brought me over, that I should find such a gay assembly, or, perhaps'—Jessie hesitated.

'Or, perhaps, you wouldn't have come. Well, that's very polite. I think I had better tell my father that you'd like to have the horses out again, and go back to Canterbury. He's sure to oblige you.' Mr Dick turned very red.

'No; don't talk nonsense. I didn't mean, Richard, to—to'—Jessie stammered, and stopped again.

'To insult your guardian, eh?' said Dick, recovering his good-humour, when he saw Jessie looked distressed. 'You had better not let my mother hear you insinuate that you don't care to meet her friends, Jessie. Oh, if you only knew what she's gone through to get them together, and the management it has taken to avoid giving offence. Just imagine her position this morning, when the Romleys sent word they'd be able to come after all, and we (unhappy wretches), on receiving their first note to decline, had invited their mortal enemies, the Cheesemans. The families are at daggers drawn, because young Romley, I suppose, wants to marry one of the Miss Cheesemans, and old Romley spurns the alliance, and swears he'll never consent. A pretty thing for an anxious hostess!—I wish the Cheesemans were all at Jericho, I'm sure. I never wanted them to be invited here at all.' Richard Hale looked really half annoyed.

'Why not?' asked Jessie.

'Oh, because nobody knows who they are, or what they are. It's said he was a tallow-chandler, and had a large fortune left him. They have just that cut. He has taken a large house near us. I don't know them, you know. By the way, you don't, I hope.'

Jessie had grown suddenly crimson, and Dick feared he had said something indiscreet.

'No, I don't know them.'

'Oh, that's right. That sort of origin always makes one suspicious.'

Quietly as Jessie had disclaimed acquaintance with the Cheesemans, there was such a sudden tumult in her heart, and such a singing in her ears, that for the next five minutes she heard not a word her companion said.

'There goes my father!' suddenly cried Richard. 'He is looking for you, I know. Let's follow him; you have to be introduced to such a lot of people. I must be off too, or we shall have the Romleys falling foul of the Cheesemans, and there'll be blood split. Come along.'

They hastened away to the lawn.

Everything wore a gala air there. The visitors

were arriving fast; a splendid collation was laid out in one of the tents, and a band of music was playing under the mulberry-trees. The forthcoming archery fête at Hale Fields had been the talk of the neighbourhood for days past.

Jessie was an object of considerable interest to the guests. She was said to be a sort of ward of Mr Hale's, and very rich; also there was some mystery about her fortune. Had they known that it was a half-sovereign lent, years ago, by Mr Hale's father to Zebedee Peck, the hop-picker boy, that had laid the foundation of this same fortune, they would perhaps have manifested less enthusiasm; but, being ignorant of this prosaic fact, several persons were very eager for an introduction.

And now the festivities commenced. Jessie was no archer, but she stood by and watched the sports, well pleased when her old friend Mary Hale carried off the first prize of the day.

Then followed the luncheon in the tent, and Mr Hale's funny speech when he presented the oak-leaf crown to his daughter.

After that came a dance on the lawn, when Jessie was his lordship's partner, and when the band from Canterbury, under the influence of Mr Hale's home-brewed, played such exhilarating quadrilles, that it was enough to set the very cows in the neighbouring fields doing *L'été* and *La Poule*.

Blithe, however, as the music sounded to the merry-makers, there was one ear, not far off, to whom it brought no mirth.

In the lane leading to Hale Fields, a solitary man was standing, with a stern, downcast face. It was Richard Mallet, who for the last hour had paced backwards and forwards in the lane. Six years had passed since he had seen his daughter. During all this time, he had kept to his resolution of never interfering with her education, and had never presented himself before her eyes. He had a purpose ever in view from which he had never swerved.

He had come down to Canterbury by coach over-night, and finding, as he expected, that his daughter had that day quitted school, and gone over to Hale Fields with her guardian, he had followed them in order to carry out the purpose he had so long meditated.

It was only within the last hour that his heart had failed him.

Though Richard Mallet looked older and sterner, he was much the same man at heart. Time, however, had wrought some changes in him. Though still in the prime of life, his hair was tinged with gray, and his face had a harder look than of old. He wore a better coat now, and had a black silk neckerchief fastened loosely round his throat.

The horns and bugles of the Canterbury band swelled over the gardens, and the wind carried the hum and laughter of the guests to his ears.

For the twentieth time, he stopped before the gates, and for the twentieth time, he turned away again.

At last, with an angry exclamation at his own irresolution, he opened the gates, and entered the grounds.

'Mr Hale won't be able to see you to-day, my man—he's engaged, and can't attend to business,' called out the lodge-keeper as he went through the gates.

'My business ain't with Mr Hale,' said Richard, looking at the man, whose red face shewed he had taken good care of himself in the general festivity.

'Oh, it's the back-door you want, is it? Take that first path, then, to the right.'

The man spoke with an insolent air.

But Richard kept in the broad walk, and went on as before. Suddenly, he came to a stop. He had heard his own name pronounced by some one behind the high laurel-hedge at his side.

'Mallet? Ah, that's her name, is it? Well, she is certainly good-looking. But they say, poor thing, her family is not recognisable. Is it true?'

'Quite true. Mrs Hale has hinted as much to me herself. They do say her father is a common mason, and carries a hod on his shoulder to this day. But however that may be, they are vulgar people—that's certain.'

Richard's lips became white as death.

'What a mercy the child was removed from her friends in time!' continued the first speaker. 'Really, no one would now suppose her to be of low origin. With her money, you know, she may expect to make a good match one day, and so get free of her former ties. What a good thing she fell into the hands of the Hales—quite providential. Ah, here comes our host!'

The ladies moved away; and Richard, with his teeth set, and his foot crushing the gravel under his heel, strode on to the house.

One or two persons turned to look at him as he approached, but the majority of the guests were on the side-lawn, where the dancers were assembled and the marquee erected; so he escaped observation.

'Is my daughter in?' he inquired of the servant at the hall-door.

He had walked straight up to the principal entrance. The man stared in surprise, and then, with a satirical glance at a waiter near, replied:

'No, she ain't, nor won't be to-day, nor yet to-morrow. Your business ain't partickler pressin', I 'ope;' and he winked at his companion.

'You'll please to keep a civil tongue in your head, and answer my question. Is Miss Mallet in?'

'Miss Mallet? Yes, she's about somewhere; but you can't see her; that is, you—you——' The man stammered, changed his tone, and stopped. Something had warned him in time.

'You'll have the goodness to shew me into a room where I can speak to her, and then send and seek her.'

Without another word, the man led the way across the hall, and ushered Richard into the library.

It was a handsome room—green and cool, with a large bow-window opening out into the garden, and an awning outside. Richard could see the gay company, and the band and tent, on the lawn. He caught sight of his own figure in a mirror opposite, but the contrast there did not trouble him. A strange self-control had come over him; there was an iron resolution written on his face.

He was standing gazing at the sacrifice of Iphigenia, in bronze, on the mantel-piece, and was striving to find out its meaning, when he heard footsteps approaching. He turned, and a young lady—and a gentleman entered the room through the window.

It was Jessie and Mr Dick Hale.

For one moment they both stared at the unexpected visitor in surprise; the next, Jessie gave a low cry and sprung forward:

'Father!'

Richard Mallet's arms were folded on his breast, his face was cold and unmoved; but at that one word his arms opened, and he strained her to his heart.

Mr Dick Hale disappeared.

'Thou ain't forgotten my face, then!' said Richard, looking down at his daughter. 'That's well. I didn't know but how you might.'

Though he spoke coldly, his lip trembled so he could scarcely articulate.

'Thou art changed since we met, girl. Instead of my poor lame lass, I find thee a lady grown.' He scanned her over at arm's-length.

'I want to know, now, whether you are still my own child or not; I want to know whether they have changed your heart as well as your dress.—'

Stay; don't speak yet: you may repent it. I have a question to ask you: I want to know whether you will leave these people, and come home to your mother and me—that's the proof I want as to whether you are still my own child.'

Jessie's eyes fell. There was something so cold and stern in her father's voice, it made her heart shrink.

'Think before you speak; there's much depends upon it. Are you ready to leave these friends, and cast your lot with me? Are you prepared to live with those who are not clever and polished, but rough uneducated people. There is a deal to lose, but I think there is something to gain. We can give you love, Jessie, such as you may never find else'—He suddenly stopped. 'Answer me, my lass, which is it to be—go or stay?'

'I'll go, father.'

He loved her still; his last words had decided her in a moment.

'You'll go? And will you go contentedly? Will you go, feeling you ain't ashamed o' them you'll have to live with?'

'Father! why do you put these cruel questions to me? I have prayed to God to bring us together every night of my life. Ashamed! oh, you forget I am your child.'

Jessie hid her face in her hands, and wept.

'You say you ain't ashamed of me,' said Richard, with a strange expression gathering over his face. 'Then I'll put your words to the test. Look at this hand; it's rough and hard with labour; my boots are thick and ugly; the linen on my back is coarse; my coat is badly cut; I don't look like a gentleman—anybody may see that. Now, if you ain't ashamed of me, common-looking as I be, take me out through that window on to the lawn amongst those people, and tell them I'm your father. Dare you do it? Dare you own me before 'em all? Speak out.'

Jessie turned deadly pale, and a spasm passed over her face. What was it her father asked? It was too much—too much. A hundred things forbade it: Mrs Hale's pride, the opinion of her friends, and—worse than all!—Dick's words that very day. She stood dumb and terrified.

Her father saw her irresolution, and his breath came quick. 'You've had time to think. Dare you do it?'

There was a moment's silence, and then the struggle was at an end. She had counted the cost, and had triumphed. She passed her hand over her brow, and said: 'Yes, father, I dare. Come!'

She had reached the window, when her step faltered. Before her was the gay and brilliant assembly. She stood spell-bound at the sight, and a shiver passed over her.

'You can't, then—you can't do it,' whispered Richard hoarsely. Without another word, he stepped back, and turned, and left her alone.

But ere he had gone five paces from her, Jessie was at his side: 'Father, forgive me; I have no fear.'

She put out her hand, looked up into his face radiant in her love, and led him straight to the window. The next moment they stood in the garden before all the people.

Every eye was fixed on the young girl as she crossed the lawn with her companion, and walked up to the tent where Mr and Mrs Hale and a party of their friends (Canterbury grandees, and quiet old folks, who did not dance) were sitting.

'Who has Miss Mallet got with her?' 'What a singular proceeding!' 'Is she escorting one of the gardeners to the tent?' asked the young people on the lawn.

Regardless of all comments, Jessie never stopped till she had reached the tent where her hostess sat.

Then and there, in a few simple words, she made known her father to Mrs Hale.

A buzz of astonishment rose up around. Mrs Hale looked bewildered and confused; but, ere Jessie had done speaking, Mr Hale was at her side.

'This is your father, Jessie, is it? Then I am glad to make his acquaintance.' Mr Hale held out his hand to Richard. 'I have only seen you once before, Mr Mallet (it was when your uncle died); but I have not forgotten your behaviour then.'

Mr Hale's prompt manner had spared anything like a scene, and relieved every one at once.

'Sir, I thank you; that's kindly said. But let me explain how I come to intrude myself here.' Richard stood erect, and unembarrassed, with his hat off. 'I ain't a man to intrude myself anywhere, but I had a reason for coming here, which may be a wrong un, but which I couldn't help follerin' out. For now goin' on seven years, sir, I have been pining for the sight of my child, and all this time I have never meddled nor interfered with the education I knew she ought to have. I come down here to-day, sir, to claim her, and see if she still loved me as she used to do; but I come, I'm afeard, in a sperit as might have led to no good. I had grown mistrustful, and thought she'd be changed, and ashamed of me. So, when she comes into your parlour, where I was waitin' for her just now, I steeled my heart again her, bonny as she looked, and felt jealous of her fine dress and lady ways. She said she was ready to go wi' me, but she seemed to be frightened-like, I thought, and I doubted her still. So I said to her (it was a sudden thought that come, I don't know how): "If you'll cross that lawn hand in hand with me, and own me afore all those people, I'll believe you love me as you ought." Whereupon, sir, before I'd time to consider o' what I asked (I wasn't myself just then), she step out of the window, and brought me straight into your presence, without a murmur or a blush. And God love her for it! And so He will.—It was a right noble act, though I hadn't ought to have asked it.'

Jessie hid her face on her father's arm, and he stopped.

Every one was silent. The simple earnestness of the man, and his erect yet modest bearing, had touched all present.

'Mr Mallet,' said an old gentleman coming forward, 'I admire and sympathise with your conduct. May God bless your daughter.'

The old clergyman, a high dignitary of the church, laid his hand on Jessie's arm, and led her to a seat.

'Let me shake hands with you, Mr Mallet. I honour both your head and your heart.'

It was his lordship who spoke. Yes; Mrs Hale might stare, and refuse to credit the evidence of her senses; but there was her noble guest actually shaking hands with a man without gloves! When a right reverend dean and a peer's son had thus openly acknowledged the stone-mason, no one was afraid of losing caste by addressing him.

Jessie and her father would probably have become lions, had they not stolen off, through Dick Hale's agency, to a quiet parlour, where they were left alone to themselves.

Of course, the archery fête at Hale Fields was long remembered in the neighbourhood, and gained considerable *éclat* from what certain ladies pleased to term 'the romantic incident' that terminated the day.

One summer evening, some few years later, a family group was assembled about the shade of a sycamore, in front of a pretty farmhouse in Devonshire.

The garden overlooked the sea, and, from the seat, under the sycamore, the white, bird-like sails of the fishing-boats coming up with the tide, and the great

hull of a Plymouth steamer in the distance, with its smoke-plume trailing along the horizon, were visible.

It was Richard Mallet and his family who were assembled in the garden at the Cliff Farm.

The father, with a roll of paper on his knee, and pencil and compasses in hand, was planning some improvements for the farm-yard. His wife, busy with her knitting, sat at a little distance. One of the boys lay on the grass at his mother's feet, reading to her; the other was watching the Plymouth steamer through a telescope. Jessie, alone with her father, on the bench under the tree, sat with her hands clasped idly before her, and her face fixed on the sea. She looked very pretty in that thoughtful attitude.

'Father,' she said suddenly, 'I was just thinking how strangely good has come out of evil in our two lives. Uncle Zeb's wicked intentions seemed to have carried with them their own frustration. He has knit us closer together than ever. I think I should never have known how much I loved you, had I not been separated from my home all those years; and I certainly never could have known how much you loved me.'

Jessie took hold of her father's hand, as she spoke, and looked at him with unutterable affection.

'Yes, Jessie, good has come out of evil in our lives, as you say. And I think people would often have less power to injure us than they have, were we but true to ourselves. As long as you and me remained so, Uncle Zeb's curse could never have done us any harm. We want more faith in one another, Jessie, and in the goodness of our own hearts, and then we'd see less coldness and disunion than there is in the world. But I mustn't preach; it's only your mother who says I'm as good as the parson, or who thinks me as clever, bless her heart!' He looked towards his wife with a fond smile. 'Holloa, what are they up to there! See, there's Phil shouting like mad!'

There was evidently great excitement amongst the mother and her boys.

'There he goes, father. There's the gentleman who took us out fishing the other day, and jumped overboard when Ned fell into the water!'

A stranger was standing near the edge of the cliff beyond the garden-wall.

'Oh, do run and ask him to come in,' said the mother. 'I have seen him there nearly every night this week, and wondered who he could be. To think I didn't know him! You go too, Jessie; you'll know how to thank him. Here's your hat.'

Jessie took her father's arm, and they set off for the cliff. As they drew near the stranger, Jessie suddenly grasped tight hold of her father's arm. 'O stop, father—stop! Look, he's coming this way!'

Jessie had recognised the figure before her—it was that of Mr Dick Hale.

He had been prowling about the neighbourhood for some days past, in a secret sort of way, quite unlike his usual open behaviour. Wild-ducks had been the ostensible object of his wanderings, as the gun upon his shoulder gave evidence of; but the sea-fowl appeared only to frequent one part of the coast, and that was the immediate neighbourhood of the Cliff Farm.

It required no great amount of persuasion upon Mrs Mallet's part to induce Mr Dick Hale to enter the house, and to stay and take supper afterwards. And as, upon returning to his inn at midnight, he decided to remain another week in the neighbourhood, it is to be presumed he spent a pleasant evening.

A few years further on, and we again take a peep at a family group at the Cliff Farm.

But this time they are assembled by a winter's fire, with the wind rumbling in the chimney, and the waves beating on the beach below.

A gray-haired old man is going to tell a Christmas story to his grand-children. Grandfather has seen strange changes since his youth, and can tell strange stories too.

'Let it be something true, grandfather,' says a bright-eyed little girl on his knee.

'And let it have a terrible name,' says Dick, a fine boy of nine.

'Suppose, then, I tell you your mother's history,' says grandfather, looking at the young matron sitting by her husband's side.

'Yes, grandfather, tell them that,' replies the children's father.

'But mother's history won't be a story,' cries Dick.

'It will be as good,' says grandfather; 'and as you want a terrible name to it, Dick, suppose we call it *A Dead Man's Revenge!*'

A CHAPTER ON EYES.

THE organisations by virtue of which the five senses are enabled to convey their ministrations to the sentient part of us, are all interesting of their kind; but neither the mechanism of the ear, nor the organism of taste, of smell, or of touch, is so full of interest as the structure of the eye.

The fact is, that the organisation of the other four senses is too complex, too anatomical to awaken popular sympathy. One cannot sit down and dissect the nerves of taste; still more difficult for any but an anatomist is it to appreciate the organism of smell, hearing, and touch. The mechanism of seeing is more obvious. Nature, we may say—slightly inverting the truth—has so exactly copied the structure of telescopes and, similar optical instruments in the construction of eyes, that even the most ignorant of anatomy may sit down and appreciate her adaptations.

The eyes of all mammalia are pretty much alike, so that having examined any one, the construction of any other will be manifest. Certain minor distinctions, indeed, there are, such as in cats, for example—animals whose eyes are seen to have a slit-like pupil, closing in proportion as the light is strong, and opening at dusky twilight to the uttermost, so as to catch any little glimmering ray; whence the notion has arisen that cats see best in utter darkness—a mistake, nevertheless: much light, cats do not require to see with, but some they must have.

When we contemplate the eye of any mammal—of an ox or a sheep, for example—the following succession of parts is recognisable. Omitting a certain delicate membrane, the presence of which none but an anatomist could discover—first of all, in front comes the transparent horny shield termed cornea; next comes a cavity filled with transparent fluid, and divided into two compartments by a perforated transverse curtain. The curtain itself is called the 'iris,' on account of the play of colours always seen upon it; and the perforation, the functions of which are very important, constitutes the central spot so conspicuous in the eye and termed 'the pupil.' Behind the pupil is what anatomists term the crystalline lens—a sort of spectacle-glass, the intention of which is to concentrate rays of light to a focus on the net-work of optic nerve delicately ramified some little distance behind—separated from it, nevertheless, by a thick transparent humour. Upon this net-work, termed the retina, the images of things to be rendered visible are projected. The eye, of an ordinary mammal—is especially beautiful to contemplate, inasmuch as it shews an arrangement of which telescopes and microscopes are almost exact copies.

Every person must have remarked the facility possessed by all ordinary eyes of directing themselves hither and thither, the head itself remaining immovable. I despair of conveying to the reader a notion

of the beautiful mechanism by which this is effected. To acquire that knowledge, an eye must be skilfully dissected in its socket, from behind. All the various kinds of motion of which ordinary eyes are susceptible, are effected by muscles stowed away in the socket. The acts of turning to the right, upwards, downwards, as well as rolling, are all accomplished by specific muscles. Contemplate now the admirable mechanism for keeping the eyes moist, without which provision, the sight would wax dim and difficult. Carefully bedded away in the outer corner of each eye-socket, there is a little glandular apparatus, specially designed for the manufacture and supply of the moisture in question. This moisture is no other than tears. On all ordinary occasions, this tear-liquid diffuses itself over the eyeballs in a thin sheet, spread out in this manner by the constantly closing eyelids. When this constant alternate opening and closing of the eyelids is interfered with—as, for example, during sleep—the tears have to find their way from the external to the internal corner of the eye in a different fashion, to the explanation of which the reader's attention is now required. The upper and lower eyelids, notwithstanding they seem to be capable of actual juncture, only touch, nevertheless, at the edge of their extreme external rim. Internally, their edges diverge so considerably, that between the external touching edges and the front of the eyeball protected by them, a triangular canal is left, along which the tear-moisture passes from the external to the internal corner of the eye. There arrived at last, a little duct awaits it, leading quite down into the cavity of the nose. Through this duct the tear-liquid escapes, after it has done its lubricating duty.

Except under circumstances of deep and peculiar excitement, the tear-liquid is not supplied to the eyes faster than the little channels between the two lids and the aperture leading down to the nose can give exit to it. Occasionally, the development of tear-liquid is too rapid to permit this way of disposal; then the tear-liquid overflows its banks, escapes from between the eyelashes, and trickles over the cheek; then we have veritable weeping. Fishes cannot cry; of this, one may rest assured. Having no lachrymal gland, they cannot secrete tears. Of what use would have been a tear-generating apparatus to creatures whose eyes, throughout their whole system, are bathed in water?

Fishes, moreover, have no eyelids. They do not need them, having no tear-liquid to be distributed; and if by chance any particle of grit or impurity should fall upon the eye of a fish, the very best conditions to effect its removal are supplied by a copious ablation of water.

From fishes which have no eyelids, to birds which possess two for each eye, the distance is great indeed. Beside the ordinary or external eyelid which birds possess in common with mammalia, they have also a peculiar inner eyelid, termed the *membrana nictitans* by anatomists. Its motions are far more rapid than those of the external eyelid; in fact, its winking is almost lightning-like in their rapidity. The great use of the *membrana nictitans* is obviously to protect birds against the chances of getting floating particles of hard substances into their eyes, a sort of accident to which they are especially liable, owing to the rapidity of their flight through the atmosphere.

It must not be imagined that all living beings are supplied with eyes made up of complex humours and lenses—a contractile perforated iris situated in front. If, for example, we magnify the ocular appendages of a common house-fly, we should never discover—however considerable the magnifying power brought to bear—we should never discover the sort of eye-organism I have already described. We should find a very beautiful optical appendage nevertheless, the

nature of which is as follows. A multiplying-glass is a common toy enough—not a *magnifying-glass* or lens, which simply makes things look bigger than they really are, but a block of glass cut into facets, and which multiplies the visual representations of the thing observed by as many times as there are facets on the glass. Now, the ocular appendages of flies are of this very type. Although their eyes are fixed and immovable, the necessity still exists in them, as in other creatures, for looking about in many directions, and therefore a sort of multiplying eye has been given to them. The facets of this multiplying apparatus are many thousands in number, all tending in different directions; wherefore a common house-fly, may be said to look habitually many thousand ways at once. Perhaps most people have experienced the difficulty of getting on the blind side of a fly; indeed, flies have no blind sides; the compound eyes with which they are furnished, though immovable, have a scope of vision to which our own more elaborate visual organs can advance no pretensions.

The multiplying eye may be called the distinctive insect eye. Though a common house-fly has been chosen for convenience' sake, nevertheless certain larger members of the insect tribe—dragon-flies, for example—display the multiplying eye to still greater advantage. To recognise thoroughly the beauty of a house-fly's visual organs, a microscope, or, at any rate, a magnifying-glass, is necessary. Otherwise is it, however, with the eyes of a dragon-fly. In them the multiplying facets are so large, and shine so resplendently in the sunbeams, that simple inspection of them without optical aid is all we require.

Let no person make a spider the subject of microscopic observation, to the end of discovering those multiplying eyes. The most inquisitive microscopist could not find them. Spiders, it is to be remembered, are not insects, though usually called so. Truly speaking, they range above insects, because of some well-marked peculiarities. They do not possess the insect or multiplying eye, for example; and they breathe by lungs, whereas the breathing of insects is performed after another fashion. Spiders are altogether more highly organised than insects, wherefore they possess a higher type of eye. The ocular apparatus of spiders is more like that of mammalian animals. Better provided than the latter, however, each spider possesses more than one pair of eyes, though the exact number differs in different species. No wonder a spider can observe so well; no wonder a poor fly once caught in the net, so rarely escapes its spider enemy.

The very simplest form of eye an animal can have is a little dot of optic nerve, without cornea, lens, or anything of the sort. Of this kind are the eyes of leeches and snails, animals whose visual perceptions must be very dull indeed, although doubtless sufficient for their necessities. Perceptions of light and darkness, such eyes are cognizant of; perhaps, too, of colour; but so far as anatomists can understand and interpret the mysteries of their organisation, these rudimentary eyes must be totally incompetent to realise the nice perceptions of form. That beautiful eye-appendage, the retina, together with its pupil, in addition to the function—the only one usually attributed to it—of admitting the amount of light proper for correct vision, has also another and scarcely less necessary function, that of rendering the outlines of bodies perceptible: in other words, of distinguishing forms.

As regards perceptions of colour, notices in many popular journals, and an ingenious treatise by Professor George Wilson, have given prominence of late to the defect commonly and appropriately known as *colour-blindness*; namely, the inability to perceive certain colours, or, at any rate, to individualise them. The late celebrated chemist, Dr Wollaston, furnished

example of colour-blindness; and the still more celebrated chemist, Dr Dalton, an example of the same defect in a still higher degree. Dalton's peculiarity was in no respect more prominently demonstrated than in his inability to perceive red as red should be. It looked to him as being a sort of dirty neutral tint—*mud colour*, as he designated it; and writing from London to a friend in Manchester concerning the beauty of some metropolitan ladies he had seen, their faces were described as having a tint of sky-blue. Nevertheless, Dalton thought the ladies pretty!

LEGAL FACETIÆ.

THERE is nothing, we imagine, more refreshing in the close atmosphere of a crowded court of justice, and to the tired minds of its occupants, than the interruption of the monotony of some long dull trial by a witticism from the witness-box. Dull faces brighten up; horse-hair wigs, sleepily reclined over the bar-table, are raised; the weary jurymen freshen up; and the great emblem of sovereignty, the judge himself, condescends to expand his solemn visage into a wintry smile. In such a case, the counsel sees in a moment that he has hit upon a little vein of wit, which he proceeds to burrow and mine in every direction, extracting therefrom that most precious material 'amusement.'

But a careful man must the counsel aforesaid be in these mining operations, for scarcely a more dangerous being exists than your witty witness. A man, when elevated with the applause which greets a good saying, may follow it up with something else, intensely amusing to himself, but which has the effect of disconcerting his own counsel, and of materially damaging, if not of wholly destroying, his own chance of success.

The legitimate object of a witty remark from the witness-box, is generally conceded to be the *flooring* of the counsel who is conducting the inquiry—an operation which, we need scarcely say, requires peculiar skill and dexterity, and which is of course only advantageous during cross-examination.

Two of the best instances with which we can present the reader of this feat having been signally accomplished, occurred to two profound lawyers, both of whom now adorn the judicial bench.

At the Cambridge Spring Assizes 1838, a person was accused of stealing a watch from the bedroom of Mr George Paynter, at Wallingham, Cambridgeshire; and on the trial, the following little conversation took place during the cross-examination of the prosecutor.

Counsel. 'Where do you live?'

Witness. 'At Wallingham; but I am not a Wallingham man.'

'What are you?'

'An engineer. I was apprenticed to Henry Maudesley, partner to Sir Isambert Brunel, of Thames Tunnel notoriety.'

'Well, what else are you?'

'Why, I am a gunsmith, locksmith, and bell-hanger, iron arm and lathe maker; edge-tool maker; watch and clock maker, and repairer; mathematical instrument maker; weighing-machine, scale and steelyard maker; knife-maker, and grinder; publican and licensed victualler; and an old man-of-war's-man; and was engaged in the glorious action between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*.'

'Are you not a conjuror as well?'

'O yes, that I am; and if you are willing, I will shew you one or two of my tricks.'

'What can you do?'

'Well, if you will allow me, and not consider I am insulting, I will tell you.'

'Oh, certainly; go on.'

'Then, if you will just take off your wig, and get the gentleman next you to grease your head, I will swallow you whole, and then you will be no more trouble to yourself, nor to any one else!'

Counsel. 'You may stand down, sir.'

The other incident we alluded to is of more recent date (1856), and rather singularly, the witness was a clergyman.

Scene, a crowded court; *trial*, an action on the warranty of a horse, commonly called a *horse cause*. Witness, a clergyman, who has sworn in his examination in chief that in his opinion the horse was sound.

Counsel. Well, you don't know anything about horses? You're a parson, you know.

Witness. I have a good deal of knowledge respecting horses.

Counsel. You think you have, I daresay, but we may think otherwise. I wonder, now, whether you know the difference between a horse and a cow.

Witness. Yes, I daresay I do.

Counsel. Now then, sir, tell the jury the difference between a horse and a cow.

Witness. Gentlemen, one great difference between these two animals is, that one has horns and the other has not—much the same difference, gentlemen, that exists between a *bull* and a *bully* (turning to counsel). (Roars of laughter, judge joining.)

Counsel (very angrily). I daresay you thought that very funny, sir?

Witness. Well, I don't think it was bad, and several of the audience seem to be of the same opinion.

Counsel. Very likely, but perhaps you have before now heard the remark that 'one fool makes many.'

Witness. I hope, sir, you don't intend to include *his lordship* in that flattering remark.

Judge to Counsel. Go on, sir, in a proper manner with your examination. I am surprised at you.

Of course the counsel sat down, and the witness left the court with the happiness of having completely discomfited the opposite side, and escaped perhaps a rigid cross-examination.

We remember another nice little reply made by a witness, a chemist, called to prove the badness of the gas supplied by a certain gas company. One of his statements was that the ceilings in his house were so disfigured that he had to have them whitewashed.

Counsel. Well, sir, and was anything whitewashed beside your ceilings.

Witness. Yes, sir, two of the directors of your Company were.

Germane to the facetiæ of witnesses themselves are laughable remarks made by judges and counsel, upon innocent answers to no less innocent questions. At such witty replies, perhaps the greatest adept was the late excellent judge, Mr Baron Alderson. Very seldom indeed did any trial of slight or of grave importance take place before him, in which the audience was not convulsed with laughter at some extraordinary remark emanating from the judge. We do not for a moment attempt to defend the learned baron from the charges which have perhaps very properly been brought forward against him of doing away with that dignity which is so great an ornament to the bench; but we consider that the jokes having been made, and being some of them pretty good, we are doing no harm in retailing them.

A prisoner was once tried before the Baron for stealing a saw, and in his defence urged that he only took it *in joke*.

'And pray, prisoner, how far might you carry it from the prosecutor's house?' asked the judge.

'Perhaps two miles, my lord.'

'Ah, that was carrying a joke a good deal too far; so the sentence of the court upon you is,' &c.

Another time we recollect a jurymen begging to

be excused from attendance, on the ground of deafness.

'Why, you can hear me speak,' said his lordship.

'That's true enough, my lord; but I have to turn my head round very awkwardly, for I am quite deaf with one ear.'

'Oh, then, certainly, sir, you are excused,' replied the Baron with mock solemnity, 'a juryman ought undoubtedly to hear *both sides*.'

The judge we are speaking of had, in general, a very profound dislike to scientific witnesses, especially of the medical profession, called upon to give an opinion upon the evidence they had heard in court; and he rarely failed in proposing some curious question to them, which eventually proved a floorer. At one time he took up the assertion of an eminent medical practitioner, that 'in *all* cases of death by violent means, a post-mortem examination would throw light upon the actual cause of the decease.'

'And pray, sir,' asked the judge, 'if I were discovered lying on the highway with my head severed from my body, what particular light would a post-mortem examination throw upon the cause of my death?'

At the end of a very long examination of another celebrated medical man, who had been called upon to establish the incompetency of a deceased testator to make a will, the witness unfortunately said that he believed 'all persons were subject to temporary fits of insanity.'

'And when they are in them,' asked the judge, 'are they aware of their state?'

'Certainly not, my lord,' was the reply; 'they believe all they do and say, even if nonsensical, to be perfectly right and proper.'

'Good Lord!' exclaimed Alderson, 'then here have I taken no less than thirteen pages of notes of your evidence, and, after all, *you* may be in a fit of temporary insanity, talking nonsense, and believing it to be true!'

Next in order to Baron Alderson, as a 'judicial joker,' we must place the late Honourable Mr Justice Maule, whose *bon mots* indeed generally exceeded in wit and pungency those of the learned baron, although every attempt at a repetition of them on paper must necessarily be most imperfect, owing to the absence of the extraordinary tone and gesticulation with which they were ever wont to be accompanied.

'Where do you live?' asked a counsel of a policeman in plain clothes.

'I, sir? I am in the *hens*' (N division).

'Very good: then I'll put on my notes that you reside in the *poultry*!' quietly remarked the judge.

Of course, such a joke as this was far too subtle to be appreciated by half the people in court; and indeed the general inconvenience met with in this learned judge's remarks was, that they were rather above the comprehension of ordinary minds, and did not always accomplish the object for which they were specially intended. Such was the effect in his witty summing up of a certain Wiltshire case. A prisoner was indicted for cutting and wounding the prosecutor, with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm; and other counts in the indictment varied the intents, bringing the offence at last to one of *unlawful wounding* only, the punishment for which is vastly less than for the graver crime. A most murderous assault having been clearly proved, the prisoner's counsel contented himself with arguing that no *malice* had been proved to exist in the prisoner's mind, and that the offence of 'unlawful wounding' was the only one of which he could be convicted. The learned judge, in summing up, said: 'Gentlemen of the jury, the *facts* are undisputed; the *law* laid down by the learned counsel is quite correct. If, therefore, you think that the prisoner

ripped up the prosecutor's abdomen, allowing his bowels to fall through the wound, without any intention of doing him grievous bodily harm, but merely by way of slightly annoying him, you will find him guilty of unlawful wounding.' The jury, wholly unperceiving the irony conveyed in this charge, acted upon what they considered to be the advice of counsel and judge, and acquitted the prisoner of the graver offence!

We may here mention incidentally Justice Maule's dislike at all times to clear the court of females when cases of an indelicate nature were being tried. 'Women had no occasion whatever to be in court,' he would say; 'and if they came there, he was not going to bother himself about sending them out!' Notwithstanding this seeming indifference, however, he at all times took very good care, by some direct or indirect remark, to let them know how much he disliked their attendance, at a time when modesty should have led them elsewhere.

'I am very sorry,' we once heard him say to a young female, who hesitated much in giving some very unpleasant evidence—'I am very sorry to have to enforce such an examination as this; it must of course be painful to any decent person, but the ends of justice require it; and not only so, but all the well-dressed females you see on either side of me, have come a long way to hear that which pains you so much to utter.'

We need hardly say the bench was clear in a very few moments.

On another occasion, he said to a policeman who disliked repeating some very disgusting conversation: 'Go on, go on, my good man, you need not mind me, and these ladies enjoy it!'

On a third occasion, during the progress of a trial of a very peculiar nature, an officer, noticing several ladies in court, and being ignorant of the learned baron's peculiarity, exclaimed: 'All females must be good enough to leave the court.'

'All decent females have left long ago!' exclaimed the judge.

Satire was, indeed, the distinguishing element in all the jocular remarks of Justice Maule, and the lashes from such a whip were by no means easy to bear.

To a young attorney's clerk, who, at his lordship's chambers, politely intimated that he thought the judge had no power to make a particular order, he said: 'O pray don't trouble yourself to talk about *my power*—that you know nothing about; if you don't like the order, and think it will relieve your mind to do so, go outside and call me a fool; but don't do it in here, or else I must have the unpleasantness of committing you.'

Another excellent remark has been so often repeated that we almost fear to 'dish it up' again. 'Maule,' said, a somewhat vain, although profoundly learned judge, speaking to our witty friend as he was quietly taking his lunch of bread and cheese in the judges' private room—'Maule, why do you drink beer?'

'To bring my mind down to a level with the other judges,' was the immediate reply.

We remember being one day in the Court of Common Pleas, where an intricate point relative to the true construction of a plea was being debated, when, after 'bottling up' his indignation for some time, the judge we are speaking of thus delivered himself:

'It is the pleader's own fault, that we have in court one half the litigation that exists. Why, in this very plea, there is a sentence wholly unintelligible, owing to the presence of three very unwarrantable words—the plaintiff is said to have done certain acts, "behind the defendant's back." Now, what is meant by this sentence? Of course you will say it means

"without his knowledge," but this is a most fallacious answer. If a 9-pounder gun were fired behind the back of the special pleader who drew this plea, would that be without his knowledge, I wonder! I should say not. I never like these fanciful terms in serious matters; I am pestered with them at chambers. Why, only the other day, I had to read an affidavit in which the deponent swore that "she was so frightened, she could have crept into a nut-shell;" my only wonder is she didn't follow it up with the assertion, that she "verily believed she should have done so, had a nut-shell been there to receive her."

The only other anecdote we have room for, is connected with a trial for a very serious offence, in which the prisoner, after conviction, being called upon in the usual manner before judgment was passed, answered: 'May Heaven strike me dead, my lord, if I know anything about it.' There was perfect silence in court for nearly a minute, every one looking at the judge, and wondering what was to come next. At last came this startling address: 'Prisoner at the bar, Providence not thinking fit to interfere in your case, the sentence of the court upon you is, that you be transported beyond the seas for the period of fifteen years.'

TWO LETTERS FROM THE LEVANT.

LETTER II.

BEFORE I give you an account of what remains of the ancient Sardis, to which we made an expedition a few days since, it would be well to describe to you our head-quarters, Smyrna. I took one of the army of guides who harass you from dawn to eve; and he first conducted me through the intricacies of the several bazaars. They are extremely dirty, and so narrow, that a string of camels passing through with their cumbrous bales of merchandise on either side completely blocks up the passage. When a stoppage thus takes place, the animals lie down and suffer the impatient passengers to walk over them and their lading, for the whole length of the train. These bazaars are all covered in, more or less imperfectly, and have gates at each end, which are secured at night when no one remains within. The shops or booths at each side are small, and quite open in front, to within about two feet of the ground; the great shutter by which it is secured, lifting up like a portlid, leaves the whole of the interior exposed, as well as the proprietor himself, sitting cross-legged amidst his wares, within reach of every article, ready to serve his customers, who stand without.

There are many bazaars, and each is devoted to the sale of the same description of article throughout. Thus, in one I found dried fruits and sweetmeats; in another, all kinds of silk manufacture; in a third, cotton stuffs of every description; in a fourth, pipes and pipe-sticks of all varieties, but no tobacco, for which I had to go to another place. Here were arms new and old, Khorassan sabres and Damascene yataghans; rifles inlaid with silver, and beautifully ornamented. There, in a bazaar with scarce room for two to pass each other, and ankle-deep in mud, were operatives in the costliest metals, squatted by their charcoal stoves, and smoking their tchibouques. Of the wealth of these no idea can be formed from their outward appearance. There is no show; nothing is produced till it is required by a purchaser, real or pretended, when they will bring forth from about their persons the richest chains and bracelets, and

ornaments of solid gold. Exposed, there is only a small case of jewellery, as if to shew their calling, containing nothing of much value. Diamonds, wherever they may come from, are very plentiful, and not badly set. The mixture of gold and silver in the same article of plate is much prized here, though not to my individual taste. The shopkeepers are manufacturers and mechanics, as well as salesmen, and carry on the business of selling and making in the same booth.

There is a bazaar for anything and everything, but it is hard to deal with the Turks and Armenians without interpreters; and there are Jews, 'cozening Jews,' who are certain to cheat the purchaser, receiving a percentage from the dealer upon the sum laid out as a matter of course. I saw some handsome Turkey carpeting sold at about a dollar per two square feet, and some beautiful Persian rugs of the most brilliant colour at about double that price. I visited the vapour-bath and the slave-market, the Greek churches, Catholic chapels, Jewish synagogues, and Turkish mosques, and I refreshed myself at a café—*al fresco*—with a narghileh and sherbet at the caravan bridge. Having thus reached the extremity and outskirts of the town, and the cemeteries which partly enclose it, I turned back, and crossed through a labyrinth of streets to the glass bazaar, where is an enormous quantity of the German kind, coloured and gilded to suit the Turkish taste.

The town of Smyrna is backed on the south by a fine grassy elevation. The declivity of this hill is still occupied by the healthier and better situated quarters of the Turks and Jews; and, on the summit, quite alone, stand the ruins of a fort built by a Greek emperor about the year 1224. These old walls, from which an excellent view of the city is obtained, enclose a considerable space, and have within them large subterranean magazines, beneath groined arches supported by square pillars. These places are choked with the rubbish of ages; but some stone-baths are yet visible, and a very remarkable colossal head fixed in a niche in the wall, supposed by some to represent Apollo, and by others to be the Amazon Smyrna, from whom the town received its name.

A few old rusty guns upon the rampart yet enable the Turks to 'make it sunset' during the fast of the Ramazan, when their welcome report permits the faithful to commence a repast which they may prolong to any hour of the night, and conclude with tobacco and opium sufficient to stupify them, from sunrise until the cannon's roar again releases them from total abstinence.

'Smyrna the beautiful,' 'the glory of Ionia,' 'the right eye of Asia Minor,' appears a mass of red-tile roofing, with numerous white minarets rising high above it; with here and there clumps of cypresses that mark where intramural burial-grounds are not prohibited. To the right, above the head of the gulf, and inland of Smyrna, a beautiful plain spreads itself to the foot of the mountain by which the whole is distantly enclosed. This plain is thick strewn with vineyards and gardens, and is abundantly productive of vegetables and fruits. It is pleasantly shaded with olives, pomegranates, and magnificent plane-trees, and watered with innumerable streams.

Descending from this place with one Borgo, a Jew, who had attached himself to our company, I accepted an invitation to his house. The appearance of his mean and ruined domicile gave little hope of such comfort as was within. He ushered me into an elegant divan, softly carpeted, and full of ottomans;

here we found his brother, both their wives, and the widow of a third brother just dead of the plague; all young and handsome, but with unbecoming head-dresses tied under the chin, and concealing every lock of their hair; their complexions were remarkably fair and transparent, and their eyes dark and animated; thus are most of the Jewish and Turkish Smyrnesse beauties in their youth, but in middle age they grow tallowish in face and coarse every way.

We were treated with sweetmeats, wine and coffee, and, while smoking our pipes, were entertained by the brothers, who played the guitar and a sort of violin with seven strings (a remarkably fine-toned instrument), and sung Greek and Turkish songs. When this was all over, however, our hospitable friends gave us to understand that they were open to take from us whatever we thought adequate remuneration; and receiving from me—I threw it at them—a handful of piastres, they struck up a merry sort of duet, and played us down stairs and into the street.

These Jews were very rich and well to do, but they could not resist the chance of doing a little 'stroke of business' even when entertaining their guests.

In perambulating the streets of Smyrna, nothing strikes you more forcibly than the extraordinary variety of costume. The flowing robes of the Turks, Armenians, and Jews, looking rich and gaudy despite of their filthy state of dirt, are there, in great variety and splendour; elegant turbans of scarlet and dirty white; the deep-dyed fez with a blue silken tassel, worn either with or without the turban by both Turks and Greeks; the Jewish yellow gabardine, the balloon-like kalpac of the Armenians; the pelisses of all classes furled and embroidered; the silver-mounted and inlaid pistol and yataghan worn by Turks and Albanians. All classes of every nation here—and they are Legion—shew a taste for ornament and colour; and even the black coat and three-cocked hat of the priests have infinite variety to recommend them; the streets are like a brilliant kaleidoscope; the red and yellow shoes and slippers, the universal amber-mouthed tchibouque and embroidered tobacco-bag, the nondescript uniform of the Turkish soldiers, the motley assemblage of Asiatic and European nations: all these figures astonished and perplexed my eyes, and I could not but think of the description of that great company on the day of Pentecost.

Ghastly figures of women, all in white, paddle through these dirty streets in slippers, from the bath to the cemeteries, their heads veiled in white, and with a black crape visor, which does not always conceal the custard-like countenance beneath it. They are as pale as if they had been periodically blooded, like fed veal, to whiten the flesh. This is the more remarkable, as the wives of the Armenians flourish delicately, and those of the Greeks luxuriantly, in the same soil and climate in which those of the Turks so quickly fade; the two former classes, indeed, are eminently beautiful, and are quite aware of the fact; with their braided hair, and embroidered scarlet caps, they remind one of a horticultural exhibition of peonies and ranunculuses.

A great feature of Smyrna is the caravans that are always passing along its streets, with their rich burdens of carpets from Persia, or with cotton or madder root, packed in great parcels, and swelling the sides of the camels. They follow in single file the ass that always conducts them, and extend a far greater distance than any trains on the Great Northern or Western Railways; they vary in number from two hundred down to forty, and arrive from distances as far as fifty days' journey.

Enough of modern Smyrna. I will say a few words of ancient Sardis—Sart, as it is now called—which we visited the other day. It is situated on a small hill, separated from a mountain by a deep valley,

through which the golden-sanded Pactolus flows. This hill is about an hour's walk in circuit, and composed of a loose crumbling red earth, on which account we may suppose it to have changed its form considerably in the course of ages. The ruins on the northern side, where it descends into the plain, first arose before us, and these are supposed to be a part of the city beneath where the Acropolis stood. At a mill, turned by the Pactolus, we alighted and got some few Greeks employed in grinding corn there to bake us some bread. We found it no easy matter to bathe in that remarkable stream; so shallow was it, and insignificant, that we could scarce persuade it to run over us as we lay flat upon its pebbly bed. We then explored what travellers have described as the Temple of Croesus and the Church of St John. We found, indeed, old walls in abundance, and the ruins of what must have been stupendous buildings; but, alas, whether they were palaces or churches, can be only a matter of vain conjecture. It is now as it was described to be by Macfarlane thirty years ago, and doubtless will remain in the same state for generations to come: nothing short of such an earthquake as destroyed it in the reign of Tiberius is likely to alter its present appearance. 'Sardis, identified with the names of Croesus, and Cyrus, and Alexander, covering the plain with her thousands and tens of thousands of men of war; great even to the days of Augustus; destroyed by earthquakes, and again and again restored; Christian Sardis offering her hymns of thanksgiving for deliverance from pagan persecution in the magnificent temples of the Virgin and apostles; Sardis again fallen under the yoke of a false creed, but retaining yet her myriads, only 500 years ago! What is Sardis now? Her foundations are fallen, her walls are thrown down; "she sits silent in darkness, and is no longer called the Lady of Kingdoms;" a few mud-huts, inhabited by Turkish herdsmen, and a mill or two, contain her whole present population.' That description—I think Arundell's—describes Sardis now also. A colony of storks have taken quiet possession of her ancient walls. The only very remarkable relics of her antiquity are two columns of a temple said to have been the temple of Cybele; their fall has been predicted, often enough, but the distorted capital yet maintains its position, and the marmorean blocks which compose the fellow-pillars still lie scattered on the ground. Build a column with backgammon-men, and gently overset it, and you will have a good idea of how these were constructed, and of their present state. Each huge milestone-like piece is of such weight and solidity as to defy the power of Sardiens, Turcomen, and Greeks, did they wish even to commit the sacrilege of removing them; there they remain as they fell long since—there those two still stand as they stood from the remotest antiquity; but from the columns being Ionic, I am inclined to place their erection subsequent to the reign of Gyges and his immediate successors. (One may climb to the Acropolis, and suffer imagination to amuse itself with the anecdotes with which the earlier historians have put flesh and blood, and skin and complexion, to the skeleton upon which they had to work: one may pronounce this or that part of the extensive plain beneath us to be Thymbria, where the victorious Cyrus deprived the Lydian Croesus of his empire, and identify a hundred spots as the place of some storied action. Nothing of this is certain; but we knew that beneath us lay, indeed, the city—the resort of Solon and the seven sages; of the poet Archilochus of Paros; of the moral Æsop; that there was, somewhere, the mighty treasury of Croesus; the palace of the Lydian kings who sprang from Atys; that there it was that the offended modesty of one whose very name is now disputed, the queen-consort of King Candaules, transferred his

crown and kingdom unto Gyges, and conferred upon him the magic ring; that in the vast plain beneath were once arrayed the hosts of Xerxes, and the barbaric splendours of the hordes of Alaric, the Scourge of God. The Pactolus is in no place deep or clear, and the sandy bed whereon it runs is scarcely auriferous; one branch flows round the ruined city to the west, and another, rarely mentioned, takes an eastward course; both almost lose themselves in the marshy plains of Hermus.

We were prevented from prolonging our stay in this ruined haunt of the sublimest memories by absence of all accommodation, and we took horse in a few hours for Magnesia. Our course lay through a country studded with enormous tumuli, where

Lie the Terrible in arms, who, born beside
The broad Gygean lake where Ilylus flows
And Hermus, called this fertile soil their own;

in fact, through the necropolis of Sardis.

Now, you will have had enough of ruins, and, indeed, of my writing altogether; so I will conclude with a brief account of a trip to the isle of Patmos, and so say my last of 'the Levant.'

Patmos is a very high and rocky island indeed, and has scarcely a level spot upon it. It consists of steep and craggy hills, and is indented by deep bays along its coasts; one of these forms a harbour, where six or seven ships may lie secure from every wind that blows in from twelve to seventeen fathoms of water; the entrance to this is on the east side. The island produces corn and wine, but neither in sufficient quantities for its own wants. Down upon the beach where we landed is a small fishing-village; from thence the inhabitants sail to the mainland, with their exports of manufactured caps and stockings, and bring back the necessities of life in their open caiques. The women are dressed in caps of enormous size, and of their own making; the men are almost all fishermen. The whole island belongs to the monastery, which is built upon its highest point; but the holy men themselves have to pay a tax, of a small amount, to the capitan pacha. We visited the consul's house, who had attired himself—though a Greek, born and bred—in an English costume, to do us honour; he professed great admiration of our countrymen, and of all that belonged to us; of our rum, gunpowder, biscuits, and pork and beef—which last articles he dexterously indicated he had less of than he wanted. The houses of Patmos are flat-roofed, and the streets too narrow for a donkey or a wheelbarrow; there are no shops except a wine-seller's or two, and cobblers' stalls. The monastery is dedicated to St John the Divine, and is said to be of great antiquity; the walls within are painted in a sort of fresco, with a series of wonderful animals; the beasts of the Apocalypse, according to the idea of the artist, whose imagination must have been as distempered as the surface he bedaubed, without committing one breach of the second commandment. The chapel and other parts of the edifice were elaborately carved; there were several pictures of the Virgin, St John, and St George, much gilded, and a good deal smoked; and upon the altar were three golden candlesticks.

As we could only speak English, and the superior of the convent only Romaic, our communications were rather curtailed, but he was immensely civil; he gave us pipes to smoke, and aniseed raki—a spirit such as the Russians were plied with during the late war—and having presented each of us with an aromatic sprig, he, politely and with considerable tact, turned us over to his librarian, a venerable papa, with an enormous snow-white beard. In the library were about 800 volumes, of chiefly Greek theology, and, like their wine, a little of it went a great length with us; the latter is red, with

a sweet and not palatable taste. In a cave, about half-way down the hill from the monastery, St John is said to have resided; it is a mere shelf of the precipitous rock, of which the upper part projects so as to form a kind of roof, and the front is faced with mason-work; it now forms a little chapel, especially grateful for a resting-place, wherein relics are exhibited and sold to pilgrims. The reverend recluse who inhabits it exhibited some specimens of antique pottery found in the island, one of which much amused us: a piece of superior fabric, of unquestionable but unknown age, disclosed upon its nether side the familiar name of 'Wedgwood.' Carefully preserved, here also were some fragments of paper, clearly peeled off a tea-chest, which, being covered with Chinese characters, incomprehensible and probably unknown to people in this remote spot, were actually set down by them, and preserved with religious veneration as a fragment of the original Apocalypse.

Leaving these proofs of ignorance or deception, we once more ascended to the monastery, and walked out upon its terraced roof; before us lay the Sporades and the distant Cyclades, and beautiful sights on all sides through the calm gray air; the sea all round was quite unruffled, and rising out of it were islands almost without number. Viewing the world from this place, we might suppose that she was beginning to shew the topmost crags of her highest mountains after the first universal deluge, promising to expose still greater tracts yet fathoms below the light of the sun. We left this Patmos terrace regretfully, and envied the good friars their daily panorama.

THE SOOTHER.

Thou little silvan brooklet,
That rippest past my feet,
Come speak to me and soothe me
With whispers strange and sweet.

And charm away my sadness,
And bid my heart rejoice;
So gentle are thy fancies,
So musical thy voice.

Come tell me how the light winds
Do loiter as they pass,
With snow-drop and with blue-bell
Among the tender grass.

Some legend of the green-wood,
Or loves of water-fay;
Of fairies that come tripping
To dance the night away.

Daintily sipping the dew-drops,
Until the sun's return,
Then lulled by thee to slumber
Under the wavy fern.

Thou mossy-margèd brooklet,
That glidest calm and free,
Wilt thou speak to the rushes,
And wilt thou not to me?

So gentle are thy fancies,
So musical thy voice,
Oh, speak to me and soothe me,
And make my heart rejoice.

C.

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THE GREAT ST CADGER SWEEPSTAKES.

I AM not one of the 'knowing ones;' I am not a 'noble sportsman;' I have but vague notions associated with the locality known as 'the Corner;' I do not pretend even to be 'a judge of horseflesh;' yet was I to be found not long since in company with many thousand fellow-Londoners, journeying in an express excursion-train, to witness that important turf-event—the race for the Great St Cadger Sweepstakes. Now this, as every one knows, takes place at the Diecaster Autumn Meeting; and, as every one also knows, Diecaster is a pleasant, pretty town, situate in a northern county, and some one hundred and fifty miles from the metropolis. So, to be in time for the race, the train started at a very early hour, while cocke were just clearing their throats for crowing, while breakfast-rolls were in an immature and indigestible state in the oven, while the morning air was blowing about in a free, fresh, and genial manner, as yet unadulterated for the London market, and while the dew was very wet on the ground, and its little diamond eggs laid out in every place where room could possibly be found to deposit them. Quite a noonday hubbub at the station, however, if not something more. Extra porters, extra guards, extra pay-boxes. This way to the train now starting for Diecaster! Here's room. Ring bell, and scream whistle, and away we move. And now the sun fairly mounts on to the cloth of gold spread for his footsteps in the east, and, like a young heir come into possession, begins to fling about his wealth upon all manner of barren and unprofitable objects, gilding blank hill-tops, and grim and sooty manufactory chimneys, and being in no sort of hurry to seek out the good glorious little flowers down in the valley, opening their pretty lips in grateful readiness for his morning kisses.

Latest Betting.—7 to 4 agst. Pentapolis; 8 to 1 agst. Blunderbore; 11 to 1 agst. Archipelago; 12 to 1 each agst. Ali Baba and Semiramide; 100 to 7 agst. Sally-in-our-Alley; 100 to 3 agst. Hoopeddoodendoo; 40 to 1 agst. Camaralzaman; 100 to 1 agst. Dandy Jim; and 1000 to 1 agst. Hippopotamus.

'They are still at it, then,' must the sun have thought, if the sun ever does think—he has reflections, but has he thoughts?—as he rose upon the hum of talking at the railway station, where the above quotations were the staple of the discussion. 'Just as I left them last night.' Yes, and all the night through they've been going on very much in the same way; and some of us, I note, as I glance round at my brother-excursionists, look a little the worse for it

already. A glaze of bile dims some eyes near me, and, generally, the faces are rather pale and tumbled; and there is an undoubted odour of doubtful tobacco, and just a *soupsou*—a whiff of stale brandy and water, or whisky-toddy. Have we all been to bed? I wondered.

There are divers modes of estimating time's progress. As farmers ruddle sheep, so we all affix some distinguishing mark upon each year as it passes; and different men have different marks. I have heard soldiers single out the Chillianwallah year, or the Alma year. Collegians refer to the year when Dimple got the Newdigate. Lawyers date from Dobbs being Chief-justice, or Sheepskin having the Common Pleas; or allude to the 15th and 16th Victoria. We excursionists marked our calendars with racing *notabilia*. We spoke of the year when Artaxerxes won the Newgate Cup; when Our Mary Ann carried off the Corporation Stakes; and when Merry Andrew ran for the Pacha's Plate. We were intensely turfey; and yet, almost to my disappointment, we had not all that pronounced, equine appearance I had, in idea, been in the habit of connecting with sporting gentlemen. True, some of us rejoiced in the regulation close-shave, short-cut hair, narrow-rimmed hat, trousers tight as eelskins, and the curved parenthesis legs. But others, in appearance, betrayed no sign of stable predilections; and might, indeed, so solid, grave, and respectable they seemed, have been farmers, merchants, lawyers, or even eminent physicians. One—a stout elderly gentleman, whose chin was quite an important work in many volumes, and who was attired in sleek black, with a white cravat and a broad-brimmed hat—I was fast setting down as a bishop, or, at any rate, as a metropolitan dean, when I found him breaking out in language even less ecclesiastical than I have chronicled—

'I say, sir, it's an infernal shame, an. infernal shame!'

His voice became thick with indignation; a very fine purple dawned in face, and his chins billowed about in a tempest. I thought he had been robbed, seriously maltreated, or charged double fare, being a stout man, and carrying so much luggage, as it were, in the shape of fat. I inquired the reason of his wrath.

'It's an infernal shame! They've taken Whatman off Methuselah! He's going to ride Semiramide.'

There was quite a yell of execration in the carriage. I did not strictly appreciate the grievance, but I cordially agreed that it was really a ~~great~~ deal too bad, and that it was just such things as that which disgusted

respectable people with the turf; and as all, of course, arrogated to themselves respectability, the remark was received with favour. And now we rattled along bravely on our iron path. Would the weather hold up? we were speculating. It just wanted a shower to put the course in nice order. Ah! but too much rain, and where would Pentapolis be? some one asked in a knowing way. Pen—for so, with affectionate abbreviation, we termed the animal—couldn't win on a wet course. For his part, the bishop was of opinion that it would rain like blazes before we reached Diecaster; that the strongest horse would win, and that the devil might take the hindmost. Then alarmist suggestions were heard: Did any one know anything about Ali Baba casting his shoe, and damaging his off-hoof? Was it true that Sally had beaten Hoopeddoodendoo at the trial on Monday? The bishop remarked, in reference to Arethusa, that he had looked well at her legs, and in strong language desired great mischief to himself if he thought much of them. He did not believe the least in Pentapolis; never knew a horse to win when the odds were seven to four about him; knew a thing or two, and it couldn't be done for the money; shouldn't be surprised if a dark horse played the trick, after all; and if any gentleman would like to transact business about Hippopotamus, why, he wouldn't balk him—he couldn't say fairer than that.

Half-way on the journey there was a plunge out of the carriages for bitter beer—a lapse of five minutes merely, and then we were shrieking through the country again. Why was Tomahawk scratched? That was what we all wanted to know. And was the owner going to stand to win upon Ali Baba or upon Semiramide? Why had Camaralzaman gone down suddenly, after having been as high up as he well could be? We were always upon such subjects as these. Once, it is true, the bishop led the conversation astray about the fight on Monday, at which he had assisted, between those distinguished members of the P. R., the Bradford Bantam and the Chelsea Nobbler, and described with glowing eloquence a 'one, two,' between the eyes, administered by the Bantam; but this lasted only a few minutes, and then we were on the main line again; and, the field against the favourite, would anybody make a bet?

Here we are at Diecaster station at last, and not merely the London train, but excursion-trains from all the neighbouring manufacturing towns are pouring out their thousands and tens of thousands; and through many arrangements of barricades, much temporary planking for the accommodating or confusing of crowds, through cordons of additional railway-servants recruited from all parts of the railway kingdom, and of policemen sworn in specially for this great occasion, we make our way into the town. Soon the bodies of excursionists lose their identities, and all seethe up together in a human mass, moving through the principal street all in one direction—to the race-course. Had the town capitulated that morning to a besieging enemy, it could not have been filled more rapidly, or by a more ample and heterogeneous army; horses, carriages, and omnibuses are bringing in more company from shorter distances whither railways do not run; and flies are swarming about—one-horsed, not entomological—beset with a mad anxiety to convey visitors to the course, and hurry back into the town, and generally, to make more trips to and fro than they can possibly hope to achieve within the given time. Were Diecaster an open museum for the display of vehicular curiosities, more striking examples of carriage construction could not have been collected in its streets. A special crowd cloaks round the betting-room, quite an imposing

building, and not unlike a chapel in its external aspect. Wading through this crowd, and following cleverly in the rear of a costermonger's cart, donkey-drawn, and conveying a heavy party of six, I, too, push on for the course; and now on its edge, I find myself in quite a market overt for commerce in brandy-balls, walking-sticks, nuts and apples, Albert rock, and 'caikes and boons, a ponny.' Here, too, I perceive much three-throwing at coconut-laden sticks, divers gambling arrangements for knocking sixpence off a lump of putty, and not getting it when you do knock it off; for pricking at a subtly folded garter, and for firing at a target with the advantage of obtaining 'nuts for your money, and sport for nothing.' Here, too, is a grand performance of acrobatic talent; a gentleman in exhibition doubling-up a little boy, also in spangles, into all conceivable and inconceivable shapes. The royal Punch and Judy is giving an *allegretto vivace* performance; a girl with fair hair and a dirty face is dancing in a sort of grasshopper wagon-stills; a band of sable minstrels are dinning out 'Sally, come up—Sally, come down;' an accomplished monkey, on an elevated round table, plays the tambourine, skips with a hoop, dances a hornpipe, performs a solo on the triangle, goes through the broadsword exercise, and eventually fires off a musket—achieving the whole round of his entertainment in about the space of three minutes. All these are swarming along to the race-course, but making occasional halts with the view of feeling the pulse of the crowd, and ascertaining if stray coppers abound. Here, too, are some old vagrant acquaintances. The British seaman who has lost his legs, as he states, from the bite of a shark, and who exhibits a hideous cartoon of the painful occurrence, and keeps too curious boys from treading on the work, or from precluding the inspection of passers likely to pay as well as gaze, by administering severe thumps on the toes with his crutch. Here are more British seamen—three, each having lost an arm, their appearance unprepossessing, and savouring a good deal of the land, as they group themselves round their Union Jack, and singing dolefully *The Bay of Biscay*, maintain a vivid look-out for halfpence. Here is the dreadful man who elevates a pictorial placard, representing a house on fire, and an individual leaping from the two-pair window, with a statement beneath that he is the individual, and that in the disaster he bit off his tongue—exhibiting that lost member, a black, India-rubber-looking lump, preserved in spirits of wine in a glass-bottle suspended from his chin, while his wife dodges about the crowd in search of moved spectators. And here, wonder of wonders!—here is a blind man dragged raceward by his dog.

At length we are on the course. The air is gambling hither and thither in a delicious *abandon*, and a blue sky canopies over the wide-spread carpet below—bright, warm, green in colour, save where a thick crowd blackens it near the grand stand and winning-post, and snow-white streaks map out the boundaries of the course. And now I perceive the prism hues of the jockeys' jackets dancing above the throng; and hurrah! up go certain numbers to the top of the telegraph-post; and hurrah again! Daddy Longlegs has won the Town Handicap, value 100 guineas, for three-year old colts, 8 st. 7 lb.; fillies, 8 st. 4 lb.—the second to save his stake. Annie Laurie, the favourite, has been beaten by a length.

But this is a small event—a sip only of the excitement to come in half an hour. The white lines dividing the course from the spectators are now rubbed out, for the crowd has tided over the barriers to inspect more closely the winner of the Town Handicap, and to view also as much as can be seen of the operations of saddling and weighing for the

'Go-r-reat St Cadger,' as a wild-looking being (like a huntsman suffering from pauperism and insanity, and preferring nakedness to top-boots for his feet and legs), proclaims it, thrusting what he calls a 'c'rect card' in the face of any one he can approach sufficiently near for his purpose; and he is only a sample of a legion of other insane and poverty-stricken huntsmen, who, leaping, and bounding, and shrieking about, hoarse, hot, and hard-breathing from their exertion, proffer 'c'rect cards three-pence, and load-pencil a penny,' to every one who appears not to want the articles in question. And now I am close to the palings of an enclosure in which are congregated very fine samples of that great institution, the British Swell. Grandly proportioned, muscular, clean-groomed and glossy altogether, with copious broad-cloths, well-waxed, well-setting moustache, bird's-wing whiskers, long white hands, superbly cool and grandly imperturbable altogether, the swell proper—and here is the genuine article—is unmatched and unmatchable. He is belted with a race-course glass, pendent behind him like a peaceable cartouche-box, and he is making notes in the most natty of note-books. He will drop his money, of course—it is one of the missions of the swell *pur sang*—and he is not supremely intellectual; but he is a fine production, and well worth examining. Note that the sun and breeze of the course have improved by warming up his usually somewhat too pale complexion; and here, in a smaller enclosure, are many individuals, by no means swells, but still making very rapid entries in their note-books. One of them, fishy as to his eyes, and mildewed generally in appearance, comes down to the front, near where I am stationed; he smiles in a bland, moist, inviting way.

'Can I make a bet with any gentleman? What do you stand on, sir? I'll go twelve to one against Archipelago—or will Blunderbore suit your little game? Eight to one—eight to one! The field against the favourite—at two to one. I'll give or I'll take you.' This was said in a general way. 'Come, gentlemen, can't I do anything with you?' He called us Gentlemen—it was complimentary, for we were rather a mixed lot; it was a cheap way of flinging half-pence among us.

'I'll back Pem,' said a husky voice; it belonged to a very decayed-looking groom, with one eye only, a plaid cap, and a stable fragrance about him. He held out a shilling.

The man with the book looked at the coin with a sublime air of pity. 'No, no!' he said, still affable, but just the slightest degree in the world offended, and a small sneer stealing up from his animal lip to his fish eye. 'No—I should like to oblige you, but I can't take shillings.—What will you do, sir?'—to another portion of the crowd. 'Shall we say thirteen to one against Semiramide? or will you back an outsider? Long odds given—long odds. Ah! you're laughing; you're a winner already, I see—those laugh that win. No? Backed Annie did you? Never mind; we shall all win this time—we shall all win. What can I do for you, sir?'

'It's an infernal shame,' a loud voice was exclaiming in the enclosure—'an infernal shame! What will they do next? Hippopotamus is scratched!'

It was the bishop. He was talking to a man with a globular body and very attenuated legs—something like an overgorged spider altogether. He had a speckled red face, seemingly tattooed and well rubbed in with red ochre, a heavy jaw closely shaven, coarse mouth, depressed nose, and eyes like little black beads on a bloodshot ground.

'Do you know who that is?' asked the decayed groom in an odorous whisper.

'That's the race-prophet of the *Sunday Outlier*.'

It was evident my notions of prophets had been of

an overcharged and Michael Angelesque character. I had entertained thoughts of flowing robes, patriarchal forelocks, crumpled foreheads, and mane-like beards. That a prophet! A compound of the poacher, the prize-fighter, and the stable-help, with a slight dash, by way of flavour, of the low comedian.

'He calls himself Joe Nuggins's Cat. He mewed last Sunday.'

'Who does he say will win?' I asked.

'Ali Baba, one; Blunderbore, two; Pentapols, three.'

Here the prophet, recognising a friend in the crowd, came down quite close to me.

'How are you, old Flick?' he said with a coarse guttural voice.

'Give us the tip,' was his friend's only remark.

The prophet put up two dingy, horny, hairy hands to his ugly mouth, and in a husky whisper said: 'Put the pot on Hoopeddoodendoo, ten to one. It's safe.'

And he was gone to make bets with another spider in the enclosure. 'O false prophet,' I thought, 'and what about Ali Baba?'

Past the densely crowded grand stand, and its not less crowded satellite stands—past the serried phalanx of carriages, filled with bewitching pink bonnets and French gray frilly fringed parasols, and pretty faces beneath, now busily engaged in taking bird-sips of champagne, and bird-pecks at diamond edition, forty-eight-mo sandwiches—past a closely packed line of carts, filled with people very hot and very jolly, laughing loudly, boisterously mirthful, tilting up huge stone-bottles of stout, and packing away comfortably whole libraries of slices of bread and meat in quarto and folio volumes, thick proportionately—past and in the rear of these we come upon all the paraphernalia of a fair. Here are the three throws again; dirty *rouge-et-noir* gambling apparatus; more rifle-firing for nuts; the land-sailors and the *Bay of Biscay*; the man with his tongue in the bottle; an amazing band of Ethiopians, dressed in union-jack trousers, and shirt-collars sticking out like flying jibs; and even once again the blind man, dragged into all sorts of dilemmas by his hard-hearted and inconsiderate dog. Here, too, is a wild-beast show, with a man dressed as a fair Chinaman in a suit of chintz, making a hideous din with a French horn, while a brother Chinaman administers cruel blows to a cracked gong. The result is deafening, not to say deadening. Other Chinamen have dragged on to the platform a sample of the ménagerie—a brown, threadbare-looking, dingy object, like an animated old door-mat, which, being a bear, opens a fearful mouth, and emits a horrible clamour, while one of his attendants waves above a disgusting-looking scarlet intestinal article of animal consumption. Adjoining this delicious attraction, are rival sparring-booths, also with platforms in front. On these, men in dirty cotton fleshings and with dirtier boxing-gloves go through fighting positions. One, it may be noted, a black man, is, with most unartistic perception, still clothed in a white fleshing. 'The Noble Art of Self Defence,' writes up one booth; 'Real Sparring Tallent,' inscribes the other; and the boxing attitudes go on, and the essence of science seems to be, to an ordinary observer, quite as much not to hit as not to be hit. 'Come and see fighting Sambo, the real champion of the ring,' shouts one ill-looking proprietor, with a very asthmatic voice, and putting his dirty hand on the shoulder of his dirtier black subordinate. 'Don't be deceived, gents,' roars the rival ill-looking proprietor. 'Here is the real thing. Just a going to begin. Now—all in, all in!' It may be remarked, that while by far the greater portion of the crowd collected on the course is distinguished by the broad dialect of the northern provinces, all the public

exhibitors, performers, conjurors, and mountebanks, generally speak without the slightest provincialism. Are they all Londoners, then, these vagrant professors of a hundred arts, or do the hard toils of their Arab life erase every evidence of their places of nativity? And now the bell rings for saddling, so back to the course to see the running for the Gr-eat St Cadger Sweepstakes.

A stout gentleman on horseback, scarlet-coated, and with a long hound-whip, is dashing and lashing about in an impassioned way, aiding the police to clear the course of stragglers. And now come the horses for their preliminary canter. 'That's Pen! That's Pen!' cry a thousand voices as the satin-coated favourite bounds past. 'Here's Sally! That's Archipelago! The red cap? No, the blue. Who's this? The black one? Oh, that's Uncle Ned. He hasn't much chance. Here's Semiramide; she's a stunner, she is. Here's Hoopeddoodendoo, and Arethusa, and Little Stranger, and Camaralzaman; and that's Blunderbore—he's a good horse. Here's Dandy Jim, and Tommy Tucker, and Ali Baba, and Fuzboz, and Potheen, and Epaminondas, and Trovatore.' And so they pass along, springing over the smooth turf, stretching out their taper necks, wonderful in their exquisite proportion, and their capacity for the speed they are called upon to exert, in their length and strength and wiriness of limb, the veins standing out in maps and patterns on their sleek coats, which gleam in the sun as though recently French-polished; and pleasant to look upon those trim, spruce, little jockeys, amazing light weights some of them, radiant in satin jackets and caps, and dainty cream-hued, tight-fitting small—very small—clothes. What children, what toys they look, but clean in their build, and very neatly turned about the limbs; what firm, sinewy management of their horses; what tight sticking to their saddles, as, bowing down their heads over the horse's neck, the wind bellies out their satin jackets, and they whirl past. How the impression comes to one that, as a matter of drawing, it would hardly be possible to make the horse with legs too long, or with a jockey too small!

And now we at the winning-post are in a great state of mental anxiety, in a great state of bodily discomfort, and yet the while strangely and joyously excited. Will they never get the horses off? 't' harses' or 't' hoorses,' as the words are pronounced by the crowd. They're off, they're off! 'Noa, noa, bock agin.' False start. Another, and another, and another. Will they never let them go? Now, now, off! A great stir in the grand stand, a great change in its colour, like the removal of a black mask from a white face. It is the general taking off of hats and the turning of all heads to one particular point. They're off, they're off! Look, you can see them. No, not yet. Now, by the hill, by the trees—now they're lost. Wait a bit—now again, by the Red House, rounding the corner. Here they come—here, here, here they are. Goo it! goo it! Bravo! hurrah! Pen, Pen, Pen! Bounding, tearing, pulsing along, with the quick *thud thud* of their hoofs beating musically on the turf, a stream of horses flashes past, more as a phantom than a reality, but that the ground trembles beneath them, and the bright jockey-colours glare past the eyes like a rainbow travelling express. Great cries of 'the favourite, the favourite.' More shouting, screaming, hubbub, and confusion. The great race is won and lost. Jump over the barriers, and on to the telegraph post. Hurrah! Camaralzaman, 1; Archipelago, 2; Uncle Ned, 3; Pentapolis, 4. Won cleverly by a neck. Bad third; a length between third and fourth; the rest nowhere. A tempest of noise; the roar reaches a crescendo.

The details of the race, I of myself should have had great difficulty in arriving at. I must own that

the horses were to me indescribably indistinguishable. Often I was prompted to give utterance to the suggestion, that it would be an excellent plan to inscribe each horse's name in large type on its flanks. The colours, and the perpetual reference to the card, to ascertain what horse bore them, and what, therefore, was his name, was bewildering. Fortunately, however, the sporting paper of the week supplied particulars that struck me with amazement as to how they could possibly have been ascertained. I was informed that after four failures the lot got away on good terms, Tommy Tucker slightly in advance, and closely clustering in his wake, Semiramide, Fuzboz, Blunderbore, Camaralzaman, Epaminondas, Pentapolis, Dandy Jim, and Archipelago, in the order set down. After the first seventy yards, however, Uncle Ned went to the front, Semiramide and Pentapolis following on close to his heels, with Potheen, and Hoopeddoodendoo, and Little Stranger lying in the extreme rear. At the top of the hill, Arethusa emerged from the ruck, and gained a place next to Pentapolis. On turning into the straight, Uncle Ned declined, and Semiramide and Arethusa fell off. The issue of the race then rested with Archipelago, Pentapolis, and Camaralzaman; Uncle Ned still leading the beaten lot. Soon Pentapolis began to evince signals of distress, and Camaralzaman put on the steam. Uncle Ned then passed the favourite, and made a bold spurt for a first place, running very game, and evidently seriously tried. The race was then a very exciting one between Camaralzaman and Archipelago, the former winning cleverly by a neck, &c.

A stout form with a purple face, in the neighbourhood of the winning-post, is expostulating violently to a small group of hearers. 'It'sh an infernalsh shame. Infamushrasche—infamush. Wheresh Hoopedde- (hic) doodendoo? Infamush. Fernalshame.' It is the bishop, and he has taken a little, just a little, too much refreshment. He is held up by the prophet, who is hot and greasy, but comfortable. I think that, upon the whole, he is a winner.

There are more races—the Corporation Pot, 200 sovereigns; the Swellington Stakes, 200 guineas. But who cares for these? Soda-water upon champagne. Let's get away. Beds at the Ewe Inn are one pound for the night, to sleep in a double-bedded room, perhaps with the bishop or the prophet in the other bed. No, thank you; I'm for London.

AN APOLOGY FOR OUR AUGUSTAN AGE.

ALTHOUGH there is little more than a lifetime between us and the glorious dead of our Augustan age, what a gulf there is between their manners and our own; what a singular scene of revelry, bluster, and intemperance we picture in our minds when we ponder on their lives! How different from the peaceful, calm, and contemplative life we love to think peculiar to the scholar! Why is it that the memory of these men is always tainted with an atmosphere redolent of excesses and the diseases consequent on over-feeding? Who imagines Johnson without his constant companions, dropsy, tumours, gout, and palsy? Who remembers Addison without a sad recollection of a trembling hand and a flushed face? When we think of Steele, is it not with wonderment that he could ever have been sober enough to write a line? Swift was so selfish in his gratifications, that we cannot even pity the infirmities his habits brought upon him. It is useless to recapitulate: it is too evident we can scarcely find one pure life among the brilliant names that gilded our Augustan age.

Why is this? It cannot be that literary men must

fall into these errors. It cannot be that the fine thoughts conceived by these noble souls have any tendency to drag them down to the level of our most degraded fellow-creatures. Surely the lives of our living authors utterly falsify any such idea. We do not shudder at the home-life of our teachers at the present day. They are not rendered different from the rest of us by any extraordinary vices. Beyond a trifling peculiarity in the way of a loose sleeve here, a protuberant collar there, and an occasional eccentricity in hirsute decoration, there is nothing about our great men to excite surprise. It is therefore unfair to attribute the sad memories of drunkenness and disorder that encircle the writers of the eighteenth century, to their pursuits. Let us compare their lives with those among whom they lived, and judge them by that standard, not our own.

The necessity for this comparison is forced upon us by an *Essay of Health and Long Life*, written by George Cheyne, M.D., F.R.S., in 1725; and from it we see that we have been shaking our heads, and holding up our hands at a few men, who were after all but the type of the many, and who, from their prominent position, have had fastened upon them a stigma due to the nation.

Dr Cheyne was born in 1670, when the ruins of London's Great Fire were not yet removed, and living during the reigns of Charles II., James, William and Mary, and Anne, saw the Brunswick line firmly established by the accession of George I. He was a very fashionable physician, and as he must have had ample opportunity for acquiring experience, we may rely upon his testimony. His book was much read, we know; and the need there existed for it, is fully established in the broad statement with which the doctor commences, that 'there is nothing that the better sort of people so lavishly and so unconcernedly throw away as health, except eternal felicity;' and he sufficiently accounts for the continental reputation awarded to us at that time, from the evil effects of which we still suffer, by giving us to understand that 'most of the chronic diseases, the infirmities of old age, and the short periods of the lives of Englishmen, are owing to repletion.'

The fact is, our ancestors knew nothing of physical laws. The light that had begun to shine in Germany and France, had not yet reached them. They could not conceive that any ill effects could ensue from rioting and gluttony; and the utter heedlessness of consequences we see now only in particular cases, was then the result of ignorance, and not persisted in, as at present, contrary to reason and judgment. That the little medical knowledge then existing was so loaded with errors that it did not afford sufficient food for expansive intellects, may be learned from the fact, that such men as Goldsmith and Mark Akenside, Smollett and Hartley, abandoned their professions, and gained their reputation in the wider fields of literature. It is rather curious that the same period during which the future truths of physiology lay hidden, should have given birth to the most masterly delineations of man's moral nature.

Much occupied as Dr Cheyne was in his profession, medicine did not possess monopolising charms for him, for we find him in the preface to his *Essay on Health*, speak with much contrition of a book he published on geometry and algebra, which he declared to have been 'brought forth in ambition, and bred up in vanity.' Notwithstanding the modesty with which Cheyne speaks of this 'sally,' as he calls it, Dr Isaac

Watts, in his *Improvement of the Mind*, mentions it with praise, and proclaims the author to have been 'a good proficient and writer.' Dr Cheyne says further, in reference to this book, with a quaintness that is quite bewitching, that a 'long time since I was forced to forego these barren and airy studies for more substantial and commodious speculations: indulging and rioting in these so exquisitely bewitching contemplations, being only proper for public professors, and those born to estates. Besides, to own a grievous truth, though they may sharpen the invention, strengthen the imagination, and refine the reasoning faculties; yet, having no tendency to rectify the will, sweeten the temper, or mend the heart, they often leave a stiffness, positiveness, and sufficiency on weak minds, much more pernicious to society, and the interests of the great end of our being, than all the advantages they bring them can recompense. They are, indeed, edge-tools, not to be trusted in the hands of any, but those who have already acquired an humble heart, a lowly spirit, and a sober and teachable temper.' These extraordinary sentiments concerning geometry and algebra, have been so far endorsed by Isaac Watts, that he gives the whole of this long quotation in his work just mentioned.

Dr Cheyne's *Essay on Health* is dedicated to his 'good and worthy friend,' Sir Joseph Jekyll—master of the rolls to Queen Anne, and principal manager of the trial of Dr Sacheverell—and it was at his desire that Cheyne drew up some rules for a 'confirmation of his health, and in the manner of supporting his spirits free and full under the great business he is engaged in.' These rules were afterwards extended into this essay; but Cheyne fears no endeavour of his could make 'a change in the nation, whilst the devil, the world, and the flesh are on the other side of the question.' Another stumbling-block in the way of improvement is the fact, that 'the British nation does not admire a self-denial,' and so will indulge in so much 'animal food and strong fermenting liquors, that scarce any one before they arrive at old age but becomes crazy, or suffers under some chronic distemper.' Do we not recognise here the colours that have been so plentifully daubed over the portraits of our great men, and which we have thought harmonised only with their characters?

Dr Cheyne complains that 'the variety of dishes, the luxurious artfulness of cookery, and swallowing rich wine after every bit of meat, so lengthen out the appetite, the fondness of mothers and the cramming of nurses have so stretched the capacities of receiving, that there is no security from the appetite;' and that his patients may not exceed, the doctor limits them to the following allowance for what he rightly calls the great meal: 'the two wings of a middling pullet, or one wing and both legs; three ribs of a middling neck of mutton; two middling slices of a leg or shoulder, throwing away the fat and the skin, and somewhat less of beef!' Can we imagine Kitty of Queensberry eating thus prodigiously, and charmingly petulant with Dr Cheyne for not allowing her more? He excludes from the table altogether all 'hog's flesh;' and fish is so hard of digestion that he reminds 'all valetudinary and studious people' how they are generally 'forced to have recourse to spirits and distilled liquors to carry it off, so that it is become a proverb among those who live much on it, that brandy is Latin for fish'—a pleasantry we can imagine Dick Steele to have revelled in.

Dr Cheyne draws for us a picture which we would rather not contemplate. He says: 'There is nothing more ridiculous than to see tender, hysterical, and vapourish people perpetually complaining, and yet perpetually cramming; crying out they are ready to sink into the ground and faint away, and yet gobbling down the richest and strongest food, and highest

cordials, to oppress and overlay them quite.' All this is so opposed to our conventional ideas of suffering Chloes, Stellas, and Lucindas, that we would fain shut our eyes and remain deluded.

We are more disturbed to learn from this book also, that not only did 'the profligate, the scoundrel, the abandoned, run into these excesses, but that the vice is become epidemical among persons of the brightest genius, the finest taste, and the most accomplished parts; and—O that I could give my conscience the lie in mentioning them—even among the first and least fallen part of the creation itself, and those of them, too, of the most elegant parts, and the strictest virtue otherwise.' The dreadful disenchantment is completed when we find that the 'poor pretty creatures,' as Cheyne calls the fair sex, were in the habit of flying to drams for consolation when afflicted with 'a fit of the cholic, or of the vapours, a family misfortune, a casual disappointment, the death of a child, or of a friend.' It would be well, perhaps, when we next feast our eyes on Sir Peter Lely's smiling beauties of Charles II.'s court, to remember these habits of theirs, and to imagine them all palsied, cramped, and tottering with premature age, as Dr Cheyne must have seen them, when they would have consulted him in fond hope that he could, by some elixir, help them to live on a little longer. Dr Cheyne confirms his own statements by recording that some years before, Sir Charles Scarborough, physician, who was wrecked off the coast of Scotland when in attendance on James II., and pulled ashore by Pepys, was obliged to reprove the then beautiful La Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, in the following Abernethian manner: 'You must eat less, or use more exercise, or take physic, or be sick!'

We know that Dr Johnson read this book of Cheyne's, for Boswell relates that the great lexicographer recommended it to him. Can we not fancy, then, that Johnson determined to make tea his usual drink, when he read that 'strong liquors inflame the blood into gout, stone, and rheumatism, raging fevers, pleurisies, small-pox, or measles, enrage the passions into quarrels, murder, and blasphemy, dry up the juices, and scorch and shrivel the solids.' Does not this reveal to us likewise a reason why we hear so much of these diseases in the history of the time; and is it not evident that we have not yet become quite free from the impurities that have been handed down to us by our ancestors? Let us believe that flesh was never intended to be heir to these infirmities, and that it is in our own power to save our children from the inheritance.

In spite of these 'distempers,' which nothing but 'cupping, bleeding, blistering, issues, vomiting, and sweatings' will remove, the doctor writes: 'I have no intention here to discourage the innocent means of enlivening conversation, promoting friendship, comforting the sorrowful heart, and raising the drooping spirits by the cheerful cup and the social repast; still he cannot approve of punch, which 'universally afflicts persons with palsies, cramps, and convulsions, and cuts them off in a few days.' To this he adds, with a twinge of self-reproach, called forth, no doubt, because it was well known that he was himself unable to resist the pleasures of the table, and had had three times in his life to be limited to an entirely vegetable diet.—'Perhaps I may like the harmless frolic, the warm reception of a friend, and even the *dulce furore* itself more than I ought;' and he calls upon his readers to take a lesson from the experience he has had in his 'own crazy and untunable carcass.'

As a companion to the advice about the substantial part of the great meal, we are warned to take but 'one spoonful of wine in three glasses of water with it; and as Sir William Temple has it, "one for yourself, another for your friends, a third for good-

humour, and a fourth for your enemies after it." If this rule were carried out at Moor Park, it must have been more salutary than agreeable to Jonathan Swift, who, from his position as chaplain, had to retire before the arrival of the sweets.

Cheyne does not 'admit any danger in the foreign infusion some great doctors have condemned by bell, book, and candle,' and to which Johnson became so much attached; but he has great objection to coffee, because 'those who debauch in it turn stupid, feeble, and paralytic. A dish or two is a present relief; but to dabble in it two or three times a day is as ridiculous, and more hurtful, than drinking so much lime-water.'

We find malt-liquors had not attained their present celebrity; 'they were only in vogue among mechanics and fox-hunters;' and our French neighbours ridiculed them under the name of 'barley soup.'

The next time we suffer ourselves to be enraptured with the numerous heroes of the last century, who as Philanders sighed for Delias, and as Dorimels swore by Altheas' eyebrows, let us remember that it was positively necessary for Dr Cheyne to implore them to 'duly once a week wash in warm water, rub, scrape, and pare their feet and nails!' And, beneath the wig that was so universal, the condition of the head must have been anything but sightly, as the doctor is obliged to remind his public that it will be conducive to their health if they will keep it well washed and shaved!

It is interesting to find contemporary testimony that Londoners could not even then enjoy a bath in their own noble river; for we read that 'the foreign matter with which rivers which have much filth drained into them abound, will sometimes ferment, as is manifest in the Thames.'

We are prepared to find doctors differing, but should hardly have expected to hear Cheyne ridiculing a German proverb that favours warm clothing, and telling us that 'much and heavy clothes attract and draw too much perspiration.' Without doubt, the doctor approved of the airy costume patronised by the ladies of his time.

Let us imagine one of the most enlightened of these, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, applying to Dr Cheyne for relief from cold, caught perhaps from lingering too long in Pope's pretty garden at Twickenham, with a proper deference to Dr Cheyne's dislike of flannel, and she would have been told 'to lie much abed, drink plentifully of small warm sack-whey, with a few drops of spirits of hartshorn, posset-drink, or water-gruel, and to take a scruple of Gascoign's powder night and morning.' When we discover that this Gascoign's powder—which must have been swallowed in large quantities by every one at that time, for we learn it had 'repute among physicians of the best note as a mighty cordial'—was compounded of an ounce each of prepared pearls, crab's eyes, red coral, amber, and oriental bezoar, we are brought back to the point from which we started, and can at once realise the ignorance that surrounded physiology at this time. Nearly all the remedies then in use were mixed with large quantities of arrack, canary, sack, hermitage or brandy, so there was no help for our invalided ancestors; they were pursued by these burning liquors, and having become ill from taking too much, were expected to get well by taking more.

We wish it could be said that over-eating and over-drinking had entirely disappeared from England—that the good seeds sown by Dr Cheyne had spread wider than they have done. The people of the last century may be excused for having fallen into error, because they were ignorant of the laws they were transgressing. This cannot be said of us. If we sin, we do so in spite of warning and in spite of knowledge; and instead, therefore, of reproaching the ignorant

excesses of our Augustan age, it would be well for us to imitate the example of Cheyne, and do everything in our power to check the wilful infringement of the laws of heaven in our own.

LABOUDIE, THE CYMBAL-PLAYER.

ST MICHAEL'S fair, held at Angers, the *chef-lieu* and assize-town of the department of the Maine-et-Loire, France, drew thither, in 1846, a much larger concourse of persons than usual, from the circumstance that to its ordinary attractions was to be added the exciting spectacle of the *guillotine en action*—a great moral lesson which authority had declared could not, upon this particular occasion, have too large an audience. Among that thronging, eager crowd, the name of Jean Gossot Laboudie was banded about in every variety of emphasis and tone, expressive of scorn, indignation, abhorrence; and at his appearance in the *charrette*, with a priest by his side, a yell of execration burst forth, so fierce, so terrible, that the doomed wretch, whose pallid face and wildly gleaming eyes were calming into hopeful resignation beneath the influence of the priest's prayers and promises, was actually smitten down by the overwhelming anathema, falling on his face with a loud cry of despair, as if, whispered the near bystanders, as if recognising that the unanimous judgment of his fellow-men was prophetic of the swiftly coming doom of God!

The *charrette* moves on the while—the irredeemable moments flit past, and suddenly another shout, more intense, more terrible than that which struck down Laboudie, rings through the air. This hurricane-outcry, commencing at the upper corner of the Place, communicates itself with electric rapidity to the whole of the vast assemblage, swaying them to and fro in billowy eddies; and so confused, so deafening is the multitudinous uproar of voices, that it is some moments before you make out that they are shouting, screaming—'Stop! stop! It is murder! It is she! Thunder of heaven! it is Cécile! It is his child! Break down the scaffold!' and the like frantic outcries. Not only is the crowd in the Place thus furiously agitated, but superior functionaries, and others of the *élite* of Angers, handsomely attired ladies among them, seated at the windows of the prefecture, whence a capital view of the grim and ghastly guillotine is obtained, display equal commotion. More especially excited is the venerable, white-haired *conseiller à la Cour de Cassation*, who officiated as president of the Cour d'Assises which condemned Laboudie to death; and, although his words are inaudible, you perceive that he is gesticulating like a madman to the busy officials of the scaffold.

The apparent cause of the frenzy which has seized the people is a fair young girl, tall of her age, which cannot be more than seventeen, attired with picturesque fantasy in a bright-coloured dress, and holding a tambourine in her hand, who is standing up by the side of the driver of a lofty, gaily-painted, wood-roofed wagon, which has just come into view at the upper corner of the Place. She gazes from her conspicuous standing-place with wondering curiosity at the excited crowd and the grim scaffold, with which, or with what is passing there, the gestures and vociferations, by which she is stunned and stupefied, seem to connect her in some inexplicable manner.

'What can have happened?' she murmurs be-

wildered. 'Why do they cry murder, and ejaculate, "It is Cécile—Cécile, her very self?"'

The reply to those questions could not have been rendered briefly intelligible to the girl herself; and to the reader, ignorant of preceding circumstances with which she was familiar, it must needs be a much more lengthened one. I will, however, give it as briefly as may be, and as far as possible in the words of the original record.

Jean Gossot Laboudie, a man, by his own account, of little more than forty years of age, but, judged by appearances, fifty at least, was a discharged soldier, who had served in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, had been dismissed the army for some offence without a pension, and refused admission to the Invalides, although severely wounded in the head—a hurt which, when his blood was inflamed with drink or passion, manifested itself by paroxysms of rage, approaching, in unreasoning violence, to absolute insanity. He had been known in the neighbourhood of Angers, Beaufort, Jumelles, and the adjacent hamlets, for the previous ten years, as a strolling musician—he himself playing the Turkish cymbals and Pandean reeds, to which his daughter Cécile, a pretty blonde, with bright blue eyes, sparkling with vivacity and intelligence, sang and danced; of late years, assisting her father's instrumentation with the tambourine. This girl, who was about seven years old when they first appeared in that part of France, was fondly beloved by her father; and if anything could have weaned him from a vagabond-life, and the debasing tastes which had probably sunk him to the low level of such an existence, and now bound him thereto, it would have been his anxiety to assure her a happier, worthier future than for himself he cared for. For Jean Gossot Laboudie was a confirmed drunkard and reckless gambler; save when, under the pressure of necessity, or the fitful stimulus derived from his ardent love of Cécile, he broke away for a few days or weeks from the corrupting routine of his daily pursuits, only to fall back therein more inextricably enthralled than before. At such times, glimpses of a former and better life, of careful educational culture, clearly manifested themselves, and many efforts were made by worthy persons to win him back to honest if humble respectability. It was pious labour thrown away; habits of vagabond idleness are rarely conquered in mature life; and except during these brief, remorseful intervals, Laboudie remained constant to his peripatetic vocation, which, moreover, became comparatively profitable with the development of Cécile's vivacity and talent; and several propositions were made to him that they should both, since separation from each other appeared out of the question, join a regular *troupe* of itinerant performers. All such offers, however, were angrily rejected by Laboudie, who could not bear the thought of Cécile's association with men of his own calling, though of a considerably higher grade. Thus dreaming, sinning, repenting, Laboudie continued to squander life and health till the summer of 1846, when it was remarked that a great change had come over the girl, now in her seventeenth year. Her buoyant spirits had vanished with the bright bloom of her cheeks, and were succeeded by chagrin and lassitude. They had been absent from that part of France during the previous winter and spring, and the change consequently struck the numerous friends and admirers of *La Belle Tambourine*, about Angers, the more forcibly. Laboudie was questioned over and over again as to the cause of so ominous a transformation; but his answers were as petulant and fierce as they were unsatisfactory.

'He knew nothing of the cause of Cécile's megrims. Parbleu, how should he? It was the girl's waywardness, caprice; and, bah! she would be gay enough

again before long: and if not,' he once added in terrible tones, 'I would prefer seeing her in her grave to— But this, *ma foi*,' he went on to say, changing his tone and manner by a strong effort—'this, after all, is but silly bavardage. Cécile is a good girl, and will soon regain her charming vivacity; and, by the way, Maître Guiton, I will trouble you for another *petit verre*.' Laboudie tossed off the liquor, and immediately left the place—a *cabaret*, near Beaufort, called *Le Coq*.

This occurred on the 10th of August 1846; and at about eleven o'clock on the evening of that day—six hours only after Laboudie had left *Le Coq*—two lads—Jacques Broussard and Simon Vesset, both between twelve and thirteen years of age, were met by a party of *gardes champêtres* (rural police), as they, the lads, were hastening to warn the authorities of Beaufort of a tragical event that had just occurred at a place about half a league from where they met the gardes. The story related by the boys, stripped of surplusage, was as follows: They were both swine-herds in the employ of a cultivator named Perron, and, now that beech and oak mast were beginning to fall, passed the night alternately with two other lads, in the woods bordering the Loire between Jumelles and Beaufort, in charge of their master's swine. The *local* to which they were restricted was very solitary and dismal, even in daytime, and of course much more so at night, brief and fine as the nights were at that season; and the boys usually kept close by each other for companionship. They were so at between nine and ten that evening, in one of the temporary huts constructed to shelter them in case of foul weather, when they heard footsteps approaching, accompanied by voices pitched in a loud and angry key. Peeping forth at the unglazed apertures which admitted air and light to the hut, they perceived that the steps and voices were those of Laboudie and La Belle Tambourine, whom they of course knew well by sight. They passed close by the hut, and the boys observed that Cécile was weeping bitterly—an emotion which, there could be no doubt, was excited by the angry abuse of her father, who seemed desperately enraged by the girl's refusal, as the boys gathered from the few sentences they distinctly made out, to give him a sum of money she had earned that afternoon by assisting at a marriage-fête. Cécile carried her tambourine as usual, and Laboudie his cymbals; and it was subsequently ascertained that they were proceeding to a hamlet a considerable distance off, where their services were required, early in the morning, at another nuptial-fête. Curiosity induced the boys to follow the father and daughter, the sinuous path leading through the thick woods enabling them to do so very closely without any risk of being observed. The rage of Laboudie continued to increase in violence, and the lads were soon quite sure that it was excited by Cécile's refusal to part with the money she had earned, for he frequently broke off in what he was saying—which, for the most part, they could not comprehend, from his rapid, passionate way of speaking—to exclaim, pausing in his walk as he did so, and shaking the cymbal in his right hand fiercely at the girl: 'Donnez le moi, malheureuse; donnez moi l'argent ou je t'assomme.' Cécile would not do so; and on they went, till close by the rocky turn about a quarter of a league from the Vallée des Vaux, which, of course, Messieurs les Gardes Champêtres knew perfectly well, leads precipitately down to the edge of the Loire, obliging the traveller to take the narrow footpath on the right. There Laboudie again halted, exclaiming in a fiercer voice than ever: 'Donnez moi l'argent, je te dis; si non—'

The girl, interrupting, said something inaudible to the boys, which had the effect of throwing Laboudie

into a transport of ungovernable rage; and accompanying the cruel deed with a wild, savage imprecation, he struck her a violent blow on the head with the edge of a cymbal, and Cécile fell to the ground dead—murdered!

'Dead—murdered! can it be possible?' exclaimed the gardes in a breath. 'But how did you ascertain that?'

'Very easily,' replied Broussard, the most intelligent of the boys. 'Laboudie had no sooner committed the fell act, than he seemed paralysed with horror; but presently recovering his self-possession, he threw himself on his knees beside his daughter, down whose face the blood was profusely streaming, and called frantically upon the senseless corpse to speak to him—forgive him—feeling her wrists and heart the while, with the hope, no doubt, of finding that she yet breathed.' Convinced, however—so the lads concluded—that she was indeed slain, he rose to his feet, and raged, cursed, gnashed his teeth with maniacal fury. By and by, a sense of his own peril seemed to flash upon him; he glanced eagerly about on all sides, as if to assure himself that the bloody scene had no witnesses; then snatching up the corpse, he made off with it down the precipitous ravine to the river, which in that part of its course is very swift and deep, and vanished from the view of the boys, who stood gazing at each other in mute dismay. Laboudie soon reappeared, looked searchingly about as before, and went rapidly off to the right, in the direction of the hamlet of Pongereau. Full ten minutes must have passed, Broussard thought, before they, fearing the furious man's return, ventured forth from their hiding-place, and crept down the ravine. The body of the unfortunate Cécile was nowhere to be seen, and had doubtless been thrown into the Loire by the unnatural assassin. The boys had hardly gained the concealment of the wood when they saw Laboudie hurrying back to the spot, and they themselves at once set off to apprise justice of what had occurred.

The reader will understand, that while this revelation was being made, the gardes champêtres and their youthful informants were hurrying to the spot where the frightful crime was alleged to have been perpetrated. It was scarcely concluded when they arrived, and obtained abundant confirmation of its truth. Laboudie was still there, and they contrived to approach within half-a-dozen yards of him unobserved. The wretched man had his daughter's tambourine in his hands, which he would one moment kiss and apostrophise with frenzied tenderness, as if addressing his child; the next, he burst into hideous laughter, said she was condemned to death, and it was no use praying, or words, as the horrified auditors understood, to that purpose; then bethinking himself, he hastened to finish his work of fastening a heavy stone to the inside of the tambourine by means of his braces, which he had fastened across the instrument through the bell-apertures. The instant he was satisfied the stone could not slip away, he hurried with the instrument towards the river, with the obvious intention of throwing it in—the idea suggesting the act being of course that the finding of the tambourine would lead to inquiries as to the fate of its owner. He reached the bank of the river, poised the tambourine with both hands, exclaimed: 'Va, suis ta malheureuse maîtresse' (Go, follow thy unhappy mistress), when he was seized by the gardes. His glaring eyes rested for a moment, as if fascinated by fear, upon the official ministers of vengeance, and then shrieking out: 'Ha, ha! the assassin is caught then!' fainted.

The Cour d'Assises for the department of the Maine-et-Loire commenced its trimestrial sittings on the 12th of September 1846, at Angers, under the presidency of M. Ponthieu, conseiller à la Cour de

Cassation, a magistrate of high character and great experience. Laboudie's trial was appointed for the 14th; and five minutes after the doors were opened on the morning of that day, the *tribunes, prétoire*, every nook and cranny of the court, where sitting or standing room could be obtained, were filled by an excited auditory, anxious to witness, and, as it were, participate in the condemnation of the monster that had slain his own child for the purpose of possessing himself of her hardly won earnings!

Upon the appearance of the prisoner, he was greeted with a murmur, which the commands of the president with difficulty prevented from swelling into a shout of execration. Laboudie shrunk back from the scrutiny of so many angry eyes; but silence and order being at length enforced, his self-possession returned, and in reply to the president, he said his name was Jean Gosset Laboudie; that he was born in Clermont-Ferrand, Puy-de-Dôme; was a widower; had served as a Chasseur d'Afrique, was now a musician by profession, and in his forty-first year: he pleaded not guilty.

Messieurs les Jurés were then called and sworn; and that ceremony over, the *acte d'accusation* was read by the *greffier*, as also the *procès verbal* in the case. (Minutes of preliminary evidence, taken by a *juge de paix*, or a commissary of police.) M. Begnard had been, it was angrily remarked, engaged for the prisoner; and immediately after the formal proceedings had closed, he took his seat upon the *banc de la défense* with an *avoué*. 'Scoundrels seldom want eloquent defenders,' growled one of the audience, loud enough to draw upon himself the official rebuke of a *huissier*.

As soon as the *greffier* had finished reading the *procès verbal*, the *procureur-général* was about to call witnesses to substantiate the averments of the *acte d'accusation* by *viva-voce* testimony, when the prisoner interfered.

'Pardon, Monsieur le Président,' he said, in a subdued respectful tone. 'There is an error, involuntary, no doubt, in one of the *procès verbaux*, that drawn up by Monsieur le Commissaire de Police, Tascher. The *garde champêtre* has deposed that he heard me apostrophising, in imagination, of course, *l'infortunée*, who, I admit, came by her death at my hands. Perhaps Monsieur le Greffier will have the complaisance to read the passage.'

'That Jean Gosset Laboudie exclaimed, as if addressing his victim,' so the *greffier* read, at a sign from the president, 'that she was condemned to death, and it was of no use praying or crying.'

'C'est ça. Well, Monsieur le Président, et Messieurs, that is a misapprehension. I remember every circumstance pertaining to that fatal night now. My memory, after scenes of violence and passion, becomes clear and exact, slowly, but completely. I was merely repeating to myself, in my utter despair, the fine verses with which Monsieur le Président is no doubt well acquainted:

La mort a des rigueurs à nulle autres pareilles;
Nous avons beau prier;
La cruelle qu'elle est, bouche ses oreilles,
Et nous laisse crier.'

'It may be as you say, Laboudie,' remarked the president; 'but the correction you supply is only of consequence as shewing that you have not the excuse of want of education for your misdeeds.'

'Be it so,' rejoined the prisoner; 'it is none the less the exact verity. *Au reste*, the depositions of the *gardes champêtres* and others are correct. I did, there is no doubt, cause the death of Cécile, but not,' added Laboudie with extreme emotion—'not with intention: not, as Thou knowest, O God of mercy—not with intention—with malice! I would have

freely given my own life a thousand times for hers.'

'You believe in God, then, Laboudie,' said the president, taking at once the decided part, or apparently so, on the side of the prosecution, which so utterly scandalises an Englishman. 'You forgot Him on the night of the 19th of August.'

'Yes, yes,' replied the accused mournfully; 'it is true. The demon possessed me wholly then. He often does; always after his agent and forerunner, brandy—water of death, not life (*eau de vie*), it should be called—has prepared the way for him.'

The hearing of the witnesses was next proceeded with; and that over, the *duel* between the president and the prisoner, that most revolting feature in the criminal procedure of France, commenced.

'According to your own story, Laboudie,' said the president, 'you, after striking Cécile to the earth with a cymbal, carried her to the brink of the river, in order to try the effect of cold water in restoring her senses. Failing in that, you hurried off towards Ponceau in quest of medical aid; but after traversing about a third of the distance, the thought occurred that help so tardy would be of no avail. You retraced your steps, and upon reaching the spot where you had left the body of your daughter, found it had disappeared. A kerchief that had hung loose upon her neck was floating upon the water, and you thence concluded, either that Cécile upon partially recovering consciousness, had fallen accidentally into the river, upon the slippery, precipitous brink of which you had left her; or that, in a paroxysm of grief and despair, excited by your brutality, she had wilfully drowned herself. This is, I think, a fair *résumé* of your version of the affair?'

'*Remerciements*, Monsieur le Président. It is reproduced with the exactest fidelity.'

'How do you reconcile that statement with the exclamatory confession that escaped you when surprised by the *gardes champêtres*: "The assassin is caught then?"'

'I accused myself at that bewildering moment, as I do now, of having been the involuntary assassin of the unfortunate Cécile.'

'Why, if innocent in intention, did you endeavour to destroy all traces of the deceased by sinking her tambourine and otherwise?'

'Eh, Monsieur le Président, the love of life beats strongly in the breasts of the most fallen and wretched of mankind. I feared, and justly it has proved, to be misinterpreted. Besides, the dreadful catastrophe brought on an access of insanity. I knew not what I said or did.'

'You admit that the immediate cause of quarrel was the refusal of your daughter to give up a sum of money she had received from the *famille Coquard*?'

'Yes, the immediate apparent cause of quarrel, not the real one. I wished to obtain the money because I knew that by it Cécile would be enabled to accomplish a design I would have given my own life to frustrate.'

'What design was that?'

The accused hesitated for a few moments, and then said in a low, determined voice: 'To state that would avail nothing. I have unwittingly slain my child, but I will cast no stain upon her memory.'

A murmur of indignation from the audience followed this apparently hypocritical declaration, but it was suppressed by the president, who, at the same time, echoed it in his rejoinder.

'This is excellent, Laboudie. You, not only a confirmed vagabond and drunkard, but who, not long since, attempted to steal a silver flagon from an *aubergiste* of Beaufort, seek to shelter yourself under a plea of delicacy, forsooth!'

The sallow countenance of the accused had the hue and heat of flame as he replied: 'Vagabond!

drunkard! Yes; but thief, never! The concealment of the cup was a mischievous trick played me by a drunken comrade. It was found, and Meudon the aubergiste has since acquitted me of all blame in the matter.'

Enough of these interpellations, so opposed to our notions of fair-play. As soon as they were concluded, the procureur-général sustained the accusation in an able and elaborate address. M. Begnard made an impassioned speech in defence, in which he questioned the legal soundness of the procureur-général's *dictum*, that the *corpus delicti* had been sufficiently established by the evidence of the boys, and the *quasi* confession of the accused. At all events, a verdict of guilty must be accompanied, he contended, by the qualification of 'extenuating circumstances.'

The avocat-général replied, insisting upon the sufficiency of the *corpus delicti* as established—evidently the weak point of the case. The corpse had no doubt been carried away by the river, or so weighted by the assassin, that it had sunk deep into its soft, muddy bed—a common occurrence, he said. M. Begnard rejoined in a few words, and then Monsieur le Président, a few minutes before the ablest counsel for the prosecution assumed to hold the balance equally between the accuser and accused, 'summed up,' as we say—*résumoit les débats* is the French term; and that done, Messieurs les Jurés, after deliberating for a few minutes, pronounced a simple verdict of guilty, by a majority of nine to three. The procureur thereupon drew his conclusions on behalf of the *vindicta publique*, that Jean Gossot Laboudie be condemned to death—and the costs of the proceedings. The court acquiesced, and Monsieur le Président pronounced sentence accordingly; and ordered the execution to take place on the first day of the *foire de St Michel* (29th September), 'in order that the punishment of the assassin might be as public as his crime was unnatural and horrible.'

I have now brought this sad story down to the moment of the startling appearance of the supposedly murdered Cécile in the Place d'Angers, with the exception of relating how it happened that she had not perished, as everybody, her father included, believed she had. That is told in a few words. The cause of quarrel on the night of the 19th of August was her expressed determination to rejoin a *troupe* of strollers, to one of whom, Etienne Lafont, she was strongly attached. The money she had received would enable her to do so. Some words that escaped her during the altercation revealed to her father the extent to which her intimacy with Lafont had been carried; but the furious blow which instantly followed prevented him from learning that it had been sanctioned by marriage. The stroke of the cymbal, though severe, was but a flesh-wound: Cécile had been stunned only, and, upon regaining consciousness, found herself alone on the edge of the river. Partially divining what had occurred, she, agile and sure-footed as a goat, clambered round a rugged projecting cliff, and hastened away at her best speed, travelling all night and next day by little-frequented paths, and ultimately reached her husband's troupe, just about to depart for a distant part of France. She, of course, accompanied them, and the more readily that they were to return to Angers at the *foire de St Michel*, when she nothing doubted that a reconciliation with her father would be of easy accomplishment.

One only inquiry remains to be answered. Did the fierce outcries of the sight-seeing mob congregated on the Place d'Angers, the frenzied gestures of Monsieur le Président, arrest in time the mechanical action of the guillotine? Enough to reply that in every one of the churches of Angers, Beaufort, and Jumelles, a priest, on every recurring Sunday within the octave of St Michael's Day, addressing the hushed

congregation, says: 'The prayers of the faithful are requested for the repose of the soul of Jean Gossot Laboudie, the anniversary of whose death occurs about this time.'

COUSIN JONATHAN UPON HIS TELEGRAPHIC CABLE.

THE heading of this paper may possibly surprise many readers who have entertained the notion that England had some slight share in the matter of the laying of the Atlantic telegraph, but the fact is as above; we have Cousin Jonathan's own word for it, in that disinterested witness Mr John Mullaly, 'Official Historian of the memorable Expeditions.' In this volume of his,* which is as big as a quarterly, there are nine pages devoted to the biographical notice of Mr Cyrus Field, and six lines to that of Mr Charles Bright; half-a-dozen pages to Professor Morse, and half a page to Mr Whitehouse. It is only casually, and rather in spite than because of the Official Historian, that we come across the trifling facts, that the Telegraphic Cable was made in England; that the British government offered at once very liberal arrangements to the promoters of the scheme, while similar terms requested of the government of the United States were vehemently opposed, and only carried in the Senate by a majority of one; and that the telegraphic squadron, consisting of five vessels, was composed of four 'Britishers,' and only one 'Yankee.' That one, however, if we may trust the narrator in such a matter, did whip all nautical creation. This book is interesting as being the record of her voyage, and as affording a comprehensive view of the whole enterprise seen from the American point of sight. It is written, where the author's national vanity—too ridiculous to be offensive—does not shew its coxcomical head, with a graphic power little inferior to that of the historian of the *Agamemnon*, and contains very interesting incidents, which are new to most of us, connected with the various expeditions. Here is a curious twofold coincidence to begin with. In the autumn of 1856, after Lieutenant Berryman had surveyed and sounded the plateau between Ireland and Newfoundland, and made his report to Mr Cyrus Field (who was procuring specimens and samples of cable on this side the water), that gentleman set off from Cork to London by way of Milford Haven in Wales. 'In the cars that started from Milford Haven was Mr Brunel, the celebrated engineer, whom Mr Field recognised, and to whom he introduced himself. The subject of conversation was the cable, and in course of it Mr Field brought forward a portion of the cable submerged in the Gulf of St Lawrence, the core of which is composed of seven twisted strands, which form the conductor. "Why not have the outer covering of the Atlantic cable formed of twisted strands as well as the conductor?" said Mr Brunel. "By that means you will have a stronger, lighter, and more flexible cable than if you retain the outer covering or armour of solid wire." By one of those strange coincidences that often happen in everyday-life, Messrs Glass and Elliott, the well-known gutta-percha manufacturers, were also in the cars, and overhearing the conversation,

* *The Laying of the Telegraphic Cable*. D. Appleton, New York.

joined in. During a ride of three hundred miles, the party so opportunely thrown together discussed this subject, and the result was an order to Glass and Elliott to manufacture a specimen cable after the plan suggested by Mr Brunel. Sometimes, indeed, the Official Historian, in his liking for anecdotic narration, lets go both ends of the Telegraphic Cable, and grows discursive indeed. Yankee-like, he cannot rest without having a glimpse at Queen Victoria—whose personal appearance Mr Mullaly is unhappily not entirely satisfied with—and Yankee-like, he publishes a fac-simile (with border and all) of the Lord Steward's card of admittance, which gave him (Mr Mullaly) entrance into Buckingham Palace. He stood in the great hall with the mere Thursday crowd to see her pass, it is true, but only 'was not at her drawing-room, nor honoured with an introduction from our minister,' he explains, 'for the simple reason that the favour was not requested of him.'

The thing which Mr Mullaly seems really to have had some right to boast of, is the United States Steam-frigate *Niagara*; although even here the praise is laid on with so broad a brush, that we cannot for the life of us help suspecting such egregious merit. A cynical philosopher of our acquaintance protests that he never hears of 'an eternal truth,' without his mind reverting instantaneously to 'an infernal lie;' and whenever the trumpet of transatlantic self-glorification assails our tympanum, we are prone to look upon the miracle about which the noise is made with the like incredulity.

The spar-deck—so called because all the masts and rigging are visible from it—of the *Niagara* 'presents perhaps a greater extent of clear and unobstructed space than is to be found in any other ship-of-war in the world. In nautical language, it is what is called "a flush-deck," which, reduced to plain English, means that it is as free from all obstructions as it is possible to make it on a vessel of such a character. This is a most essential object in the case of a ship like the *Niagara*, which differs in many points from war-steamers. She is the largest steam-frigate in the world, and exceeds in tonnage the heaviest of the line-of-battle ships in the British navy. While, however, she surpasses them in size, she numbers but twelve guns; but these are of such great calibre, and are capable of doing such terrible execution, as to place her, it is claimed, on a perfect equality with any of them, if they should not render her superior. Each of these guns weighs fourteen tons, including the carriage, and is capable of throwing a shell of one hundred and thirty pounds a distance of three miles.' The following arrangements for saving the life of a man overboard seem to us particularly good, 'when even the loss of five minutes would be too long, and the best swimmer might not be able to keep himself above water till a boat could reach him. To meet such an emergency, there are two life-buoys attached to the stern, and connected by means of wires to two handles, which are within the reach of either of the two men stationed at this part of the vessel. By pulling this handle, the buoy is immediately detached, and falling into the sea, is, in nine cases out of ten, effective in the saving of life. The instant the cry of "a man overboard" is heard by the watch upon this station, his hand is on the handle, the buoy falls from its place, and it not unfrequently happens that it is seized before it is a minute afloat. All this is accomplished in less time than is taken in the description. During this operation, the ship is arrested in her course, the gang of men who are stationed at the life-boat are engaged in unmooring and launching it, and

in about ten minutes from the moment the man has fallen overboard, he is rescued and restored to his shipmates. As the life-buoy would not be visible at night, it is lighted by means of a trigger, which ignites a sort of roman-candle or blue-light that continues burning ten or fifteen minutes. To prevent the possibility of mistake, the following words are inscribed above both handles—"LIFE-BUOY—PORT-FIRE."

More than 1250 miles, or half the entire length of the cable, was coiled in the *Niagara*, and the same enormous amount in the *Agamemnon*; and a sectional view of each of those ships is given, shewing how the various masses were stowed away, from the first inch on the spar-deck, to the 1250th mile in the hold with the electrician sitting in his scientific box at the end of it. It was on the changing of one of these coils of cable to another, during the paying-out, that the chief danger lay. We will leave out all that concerns the first two unsuccessful expeditions, here narrated at fullest length; as well as the description of the paying-out machines, of the cable-guards, &c., which the most graphic pen could scarcely make intelligible without the aid of the pencil. We will omit even the detailed account of the royal and distinguished personages who visited the *Niagara* while at Plymouth, and that very particular account of the carriage and liveries of Mr Dallas, which we are happy to learn make up 'a respectable affair, simple and unpretending,' and one not likely to plunge the American government into debt. And let us suppose ourselves, at once, on board the Yankee steam-frigate in mid-ocean, awaiting with impatience the arrival of the *Agamemnon*. All her cable is snugly coiled and disposed of, 'every foot of which has been laid down with as much precision, as much regularity, and as much neatness, as thread is wound upon a spool.' Mr Everett, the engineer, who developed the admirable plan for 'paying it out,' is himself on board to watch proceedings, having been kindly 'loaned' to the company by the American government, in whose service he is engaged. The *Agamemnon* is detained some days behind, which naturally frets the rest of the squadron, with the thought of so much fine weather wasted; but at last, on July 28th, 1858, she looms in sight. All has been made ready for the splicing, long ago; and in those vessels, a thousand miles from land, the marriage of the Old and the New World, of January and May, is being begun. 'The men were at their posts by the machinery, the stoppers were all arranged, the electricians were on watch, in the long vacant office, the tar-tubs were put in their proper places, the scrapers adjusted, and nothing was left undone that human foresight could do. . . . Captains Preedy (*Agamemnon*) and Aldham (*Valorous*) came on board of our ship, before commencing, and Mr Field, and one of the electricians, visited the *Agamemnon*, to make further arrangements in regard to the work before us. After the necessary time, these are made, and it is concluded that if the cable should be broken after 150 miles shall have been paid out from each ship, both vessels shall at once proceed to Queenstown, there to await orders from the company regarding the final disposal and stowage of the cable. The captains have returned to their ships, the splice is made, and the work of paying-out proceeds, while the two ships move so slowly through the water that their motion is hardly perceptible. The rate of the cable is certainly much faster than that of either of the vessels, for the simple reason that it has to descend to a depth of about two miles, and it will take a considerable time to do that. The announcement comes from the electrician's office soon after the splice has been lowered, that the continuity is perfect, and with this assurance the engineers go on more boldly with the work. In fact,

the engineers may be said to be under the control of the electricians; for if they report anything wrong with the cable, they are brought to a stand, until they are allowed to go on with their operations by the announcement that the insulation is perfect and the continuity is all right. The sailors, who are somewhat in the dark as to the scientific definition of the term, are generally supposed to have a particular animosity to it, under the belief that it is it which causes all the difficulty. "Darn the continuity," said an old sailor, at the end of a scientific but rather foggy discussion which a number of his messmates had on the subject—"Darn the continuity; I wish they would get rid of it altogether. It has caused a darned sight more trouble than the hull thing is worth. I say they ought to do without it, and let it go. I believe they'd get the cable down if they didn't pay any attention to it. You see," he went on, "I was on the last exhibition" (expedition he meant, but it was all the same—his messmates did not misapprehend his meaning), "and I thought I'd never hear the end of it. They were always talking about it; and one night, when we were out last year, it was gone for two hours, and we thought that was the end of the affair, and we would never hear of it again. But it came back, and soon after the cable busted. Now, I tell you what, men, I'll never forget the night, I tell ye; we all felt we had lost our best friend, and I never heard the word continuity or contiguity mentioned but I was always afraid something was going to happen. And that's a fact."

The work of paying-out the cable commenced at one o'clock, and the speed of the vessel was gradually increased after sufficient had been lowered over the stern to reach the bottom; by two o'clock, five miles had left the ship, and she had gone two miles from the starting-point. The observation taken by the *Agamemnon* and *Niagara* shewed the position of both ships as follows: Lat. 52° 09', long. 32° 29'. To accomplish the work, the former has eleven hundred nautical miles, and three hundred tons of coal; while the latter had the same amount of cable, and five hundred tons of coal. This will give our ship from ten to fifteen days' steaming; while the *Agamemnon* has sufficient for ten days, should she burn at the rate of thirty tons per day. But, if we should find that we have not enough to reach the land with, we will, if necessary, burn the spare spars; and should we be still further pressed, we will take down even the bulkheads for fuel.

Nothing, indeed, is more gratifying in this account of life on board the *Niagara*, than the intense interest which every human being on board takes in the success of the enterprise; the personal honour of each individual, as well as that of America, seeming to be concerned in the achievement of success. 'The sea is smooth; the barometer well up; and if we can only do for the next seven days as well as we have done since one o'clock, we will be at Newfoundland by the 5th of August, and to New York some time between the 15th and 20th of the same month. But we have been somewhat too hasty in our calculations, for our ship has just slowed down, and the propeller has ceased working for the last ten minutes. There must be something wrong to cause this interruption. Let us take a look at the machine. The cable still goes out, which certainly would not be the case if it had parted. Ah! the continuity! that's it—there's where the difficulty lies. And as the electricians are the only parties who can inform us on that point, we at once go in search of them. A visit to their office explains the whole matter. The continuity is not gone altogether, but is defective—so defective that it is impossible to get a signal through the cable. Still, there is not "dead earth" upon it, and all hope, therefore, is not

'When dead earth, as it is termed, is on the conductor, then indeed the difficulty is beyond remedy, for it shews that the conductor must be broken, and is thrown under the influence of terrestrial magnetism. But the continuity is not gone, and although with darkening prospects, we are still safe while it remains, even imperfect as it is. The old adage, that "bad news travels fast," was never more fully realised than in this instance. The sad intelligence was known to every one on board the ship about fifteen minutes after it was announced to Mr Field, and those who predicted the failure of the expedition fell back upon their prophecy, and hinted in a modest way at their own perception. It would be absurd to say that the occurrence was not discouraging; it was painfully so, for the hopes of some of us had really begun to revive, and we were gaining confidence every hour. Now nothing could be done. We must wait until the continuity should return, or take its final departure. And it did return, and with greater strength than ever. At ten minutes past nine p.m. the electrician on duty observed its failing, and at 11.30 he had the gratifying intelligence for us that it was "all right again." . . . It was supposed, however, that it had broken on board the *Agamemnon*, and that the end was secured and spliced before it could get out of the ship. This is favoured by the fact, that it would take an hour or so to make the splice, which was about the time that elapsed from the moment the continuity became imperfect, till it was restored. . . . We were alarmed by no more unpleasant reports this night, and retired to bed—some to sleep, and some to spend a restless night in anxious fears about the safety of the cable and in feverish hopes of success.'

To nervous folks, the information which was so perpetually being received, as to how matters were going on, must have been excessively trying. 'An interchange of electric currents is sent alternately during a period of ten minutes by each ship, which not only serve to give an accurate test of the continuity and insulation of the conducting wire, but also to give certain signals which are required to be sent when the ships are far apart. For instance, every ten miles of cable paid out is signalled from ship to ship, as also the approach to land or momentary stoppage for splicing, shifting coils, &c. The electrical apparatus employed on board the two vessels is not very complicated, and is simply composed of testing instruments, wholly different from those to be used for the transmission of messages when the ends of the cable shall be landed.'

All through the first night the satisfactory sound of the machinery never ceased, and the continuity remained perfect. 'At half-past three this morning the last flake of the forward spar-deck coil began to run out, and considerable anxiety is manifested in regard to the change to that on the forward main-deck, which is immediately beneath. Every precaution, however, has been taken to guard against accident, and by a quarter to four, the agony is over; the first turn of the new coil has been reached, and the cable is going out in splendid style. The interest is now transferred to the main-deck, for there is nothing further to attract the attention in the appearance of the circle which has just become vacant—nothing but the thick tar that covers the floor, the broken cone, and the rings or fair-lead-ers through which the cable passes before it runs over the bobbins that lead to the machine. Yet it would be wrong to say that there is little of interest in this circle, for have we not successfully paid out all the cable it contained; and who doubts we would find more pleasure in looking at all the circles when empty? The ease with which the line runs out of the ship at this distance from the stern, for we are now about two hundred and seventy feet from that point, is

calculated to infuse new confidence into every one who sees it; but it is, after all, a confidence terribly shaken by vague fears of the future. We have five or six days to run before we get into Trinity Bay, and in that time, which, in our state of suspense, seems so many years, what may not occur? We are afraid even to think of success, so often have our hopes been blasted by disappointment; the very thought of the magnitude of the undertaking brings with it a feeling almost akin to discouragement. . . . Follow the course of the cable as it comes out of the coil, passes over the bobbins, round the sheaves of the paying-out machine, and so on till it goes overboard, and you will be fully impressed with its practicability. Yet what is the reason that all the attempts hitherto made have failed, you may ask? . . . At any moment we may hear that the cable has parted, and sleeping or waking, the fear that it will, haunts us like a nightmare. Oh, how we long to see that bleak and barren, but, to us, more desirable coast than any that ever met the gaze of enraptured voyager.

If Mr Mullaly really experienced, night and day, all these terrible doubts and fears, he must have worn himself to a thread not thicker than the cable itself before he came to the end of it. A gale threatens upon the second day, and fills all souls with dread—for the crew has become scientific instead of nautical by this time—but the menace of the barometer proves idle. 'Confidence is rising rapidly, and the bids in favour of success are becoming quite heavy in the imaginary stock-market which has been established on board. When it was reported that the continuity was not so perfect as we could wish, stocks went down with a terrible rush, and there were no bidders at any price. But twenty-four hours decided the matter; the Atlantic telegraph ran up to fifty per cent., and continued going up till it reached the remarkable figure of seventy-five. The cable is, indeed, the absorbing subject of conversation on board, and other things are only spoken of as they bear some relation to it. That group of sailors near the cook's galley are engaged in an animated discussion on the all-prevailing topic. One of the number is trying to persuade his messmates that it is impossible to lay it; but they lend him a rather unwilling ear, and are evidently more strongly inclined to the other view of the subject.'

The great point of attraction is of course the coil, since, if that is moving freely, all is well. 'The coilers who sit on the margin of each flake are amusing themselves in the intervals of their work by manufacturing little balls out of the tar, which has become hardened by exposure to the air, and throwing them down before each turn, as it is taken up from the coil. As the cable passes out at the rate of from seven to eight miles an hour, it strikes these balls with considerable force while it courses round the circle, sending them before it with still greater speed. The rate at which they run depends to a great extent on their spherical form, and he who makes them roundest is generally the winner. . . . As it is impossible for any accident to occur from this, and as it affords a harmless amusement to the men, without interrupting the work, they are not interfered with. They are always ready at the end of each flake to lead the cable into the centre, and perform the operation so well that a kink is almost a matter of impossibility. It is a pleasure to look upon their earnest, eager faces, and observe the care with which they handle the line while passing it from the outer edge of the circle to the cone. Although this operation requires to be repeated about fifty times a day, they always perform it successfully. If they allow a single kink to take place, the expedition might be considered as at an end, for it would be next to impossible to remedy the damage. Not a man among them who

does not know that, and who does not realise the full importance of the duty with which he is intrusted.' The change from the main-deck coil to that on the deck immediately below, took place at 5.30 on the third day. 'At least an hour before it was effected, the outer boundaries of the circle in which the cable lay was literally crowded with men, and never was greater interest manifested in any spectacle than that which they exhibited in the proceedings before them. There were serious doubts and misgivings as to the successful performance of this important part of the work, and these only served to increase the feeling of anxiety and suspense with which they silently and breathlessly await the critical moment. The last flake has been reached; and as turn after turn leaves the circle, every eye is intently fixed on the cable. Now there are but thirty turns remaining, and as the first of these is unwound, Mr Everett, who has been in the circle during the last half-hour, gives the order to the engineer on duty to "slow down." In a few moments there is a perceptible diminution in the speed, which continues diminishing till it has reached the rate of about two miles an hour.

"Look out now, men," says Mr Everett, in his usual quiet, self-possessed way. 'The men are as thoroughly wide awake as they can be, and are waiting eagerly for the moment when they shall lift the bight of the cable, and deliver it out safely. One of the planks in the side of the cone has been loosened; and just as they are about taking the cable in their hands, it is removed altogether, so that as the last yard passes out of the now empty circle, the line commences paying out from the circle below, or the "orlop"-deck coil, as it is called. . . . They have hardly passed the cable out of the circle before they are received with as enthusiastic a demonstration of approval as the rules of the navy will permit.'

The sound of the machinery has by this time become as familiar to all as the sound of their own voices, and when it is drowned in any other noise, they listen with eagerness to hear it again. As success gets to become probable, they can hardly think of anything else.

"Well," said a member of one of the messes, approaching some of his associates, "well, it is done at last."

"What is done?" said half a dozen, with the most impatient haste—"what is done—the cable?"

"The cable? No, dinner is done!" he replied, with a tone of disgust that shewed, however his comrades might regard his remark, he certainly did not intend it as a joke.

During the fifth night, the continuity was again affected. 'Both Mr Laws and Mr De Sauty, the two electricians on the *Niagara*, were of the opinion that the insulation was broken in some part of the ward-room coil, and on using the tests for the purpose of ascertaining the precise point, they found that it was about sixty miles from the bottom of that coil, and between three and four hundred from the part which was then paying-out. The cable was immediately cut at this point, and spliced to a deck-coil of ninety miles, which it was intended to reserve for laying in shallow water, and was therefore kept for Trinity Bay. About four o'clock in the morning the continuity was finally restored, and all was going on as well as if nothing had occurred to disturb the confidence we felt in the success of the expedition.

The sixth day, August 3, is the anniversary of the day on which Columbus sailed for the New World; may the omen be prosperous. And yet they are still two hundred miles from land, and a 'kink in the cable, or a hole running through the gutta percha into the conductor—and through which you could not even force a hair—would render the labour of years all unavailing.'

The change from the forehold coil to that in the wardrobe (for the officers have given place to the cable, and are on half-allowance of room) took place at eight o'clock, and with the utmost success.

On the morning of the seventh day, the *Niagara* first came in sight of the island outpost of the American continent; but before that, the *Gorgon*, her consort, telegraphs by flag: 'I congratulate you on your success.' The *Porcupine* meets them in the Bay of Bull's Arm, and leads the way up through the darkness, for it is night. 'The bleak mountains loom up through the night, and a huge bonfire, which has been built up in honour of our arrival on a neighbouring hill, throws out columns of dense black smoke and great tongues of flame.' Before it is light, the electricians report that 'a telegraphic dispatch, or signal, has been sent from the *Agamemnon*, informing them that a thousand and ten miles of cable have been paid out from that ship up to the last hour. The intelligence is peculiarly gratifying at this time, and adds to the enthusiasm which every one feels.'

At five o'clock, the boats of the *Niagara* are ranged in line and connected with a hawser, to tow that on which the cable was coiled to the landing-place. 'All the officers of the *Niagara*, with the exception of those on watch on the ship, were in the boats, the crews of which numbered altogether about sixty men. These, with the crews from the boats of the British ships, and all the officers, English and American, made a total of about one hundred men. The demonstration was certainly anything but a pageant, for there were none of those accessories which make up what is generally understood by the word; but there could be none who were imbued with a higher appreciation of the character of the occasion, nor who were better qualified to do it honour; and it is doubtful whether the presence of thousands would have added anything to its importance or solemnity. It would be a difficult matter for one who has seen nothing but civic processions to form an idea of that which attended the last act in the completion of this enterprise. The scene, the circumstances; all conspired to render it totally different from any celebration the world has ever seen.'

The electric chain soon binds the two worlds together. The continuity is as perfect now as ever it was. 'Mr D. Laws and Mr De Sauty, the two chief electricians, who have accompanied us from England, have "tasted" the current, and about a dozen others at the head of the procession have done the same thing. The writer himself is a witness on this point, and will never forget the singular acid taste which it had. Some received a pretty strong shock—so strong that they willingly resigned the chance of repeating the experiment.' Alas, alas! although we suppose Mr Whitehouse has still the opportunity of tasting the telegraph, he can do with it little else. A voice comes to him yet from more than two thousand miles away; but it is as the voice of a drunkard—of one more than 'half-seas over.' The electric spark hastens, unquenched and as swift as ever, with the message committed to it, but forgets it on its way, and babbles idly when it reaches its destination. Have, then, all this time and money, this labour and pains, this patience, and care, and skill, been thrown away? Most certainly not. Though the 'continuity,' so objected to by our nautical friend, should entirely cease—whch great and wise men have still good hope, at this present writing, that it will not do—yet none of these things will have been thrown away. The Atlantic Telegraph is no longer a dream, a chimera, an idea too tremendous to be carried out by flesh and blood, and wire and gutta-percha. It has been an accomplished fact, and it is only a question of time and money when it will become a fact again. It would be hard to find, throughout the entire history

of the world, a success so honourable, so encouraging to mankind, as this (so-called) failure of the Atlantic Telegraphic Cable.

THE MOLE FROM AN AGRICULTURAL POINT OF VIEW.

THERE is a certain little quiet philosopher who dwells in snug retirement beneath the surface of our fields; he seldom shews himself abroad, because he is aware that nature has behaved like a niggard towards him in the matter of personal graces. His eyes are small, dull specks, almost devoid of organisation; his face is a queer long muzzle, tipped at the end with a lump of bone; his limbs are ungainly and short; and his coat is rough and of uncouth cut; yet, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, he is far from repining. With a spice of practical wisdom that is beyond all praise, he sets to work to make the most of the circumstances in which he finds himself placed. Sensible that he never could have been intended for a gay denizen of the daylight, he keeps himself close at home in his underground retreat, and there contrives to turn strong arms, hard, brawny hands, a pair of sharp ears, and a keen, sensitive nose, to excellent account. He bores and delves for his living, and lucky, indeed, is the insect or worm that escapes his notice when his burrow chances to take the direction in which it lies. Behind his track, a long course of tunnelled galleries is stretched, attesting at once the ingenuity of his operations and the activity of his industry.

The old-fashioned tillers of the soil have, from time immemorial, regarded the proceedings of this subterranean worker with marked hostility. They never could bring themselves to tolerate his presence within their demesnes. If, by accident, they crossed him in his labours at any time, they dragged him forth and hung him up at once, without the benefit of judge or jury. Occasionally, they even went to the length of preaching a crusade against him, and organising extensive schemes of indiscriminate massacre for the extinction of his race. Yet, in reality, this sorely oppressed creature was guiltless of all offence. He did no harm to the interests of his assailants, but rather made them his especial care. The objects he appropriated from the ground were neither useful nor harmless things; they were positively injurious pests that levied a tax upon the crops by most insidious forays. It would almost seem, indeed, that the persecution must have been instigated by the spirit of envy, rather than by that of retaliation; that it must have been the result of shame rather than of revengeful feeling. The farmers found the soil where the mole had worked not injured, but altogether too good for their liking. They saw the most barren earth changed beneath his touch into rich productive mould. The wettest swamp dried itself up, as if by magic, after his operations. He did effectually and well without eyes, what they bungled over miserably and did inefficiently with them. His every step made their incompetency only so much more manifest by contrast. He therefore received an abundant share of the meed that is too often awarded at first to the world's teachers and benefactors. Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, were the recompense of his useful and suggestive labours.

All this has, however, in these table-turning days, been changed. Agriculturists now begin to reverence the mole, and look up to him for practical lessons; they study his mode of tunnelling, with heads intent upon gleaning some hint which may be applied in their own practice of draining; and they look upon the finely-ground material which he flings behind him, as he burrows on, with hearts set upon finding some means whereby they may imitate his doings upon an extended scale. Some enthusiasts among

them even take his name as the symbol of future successes, and inscribe it upon their banners as the inspiring word that is to lead to victory.

The amusing little volume which takes the generic name of the mole—*Talpa*, or the *Chronicles of a Clay-farm*—narrates that the author, having a stiff clay-farm of about 250 acres, which no one could do anything with, he was driven in self-defence to take it in hand himself; and he then goes on to chronicle how he vanquished difficulty after difficulty, until a stagnant waste became a series of fertile and valuable fields.

In the course of the work, we learn on what principle the teachings of the mole are applicable to agriculture: The natural food of vegetable life is water and air, not, however, water and air in their purest states; the water must contain minute quantities of saline and ammoniacal matters, and the air must be contaminated with slight proportions of the heavy carbonaceous gas that is exhaled from animal lungs. The water and air are in fact only vehicles of conveyance; they are not themselves really nutritious. They seem to be so merely because the substances they carry are, under ordinary circumstances, altogether inappreciable to the senses. Plants are helplessly fixed to the spots on which they grow; they cannot roam about in search of food as animals can; consequently, provision must be made for bringing constant supplies to them. The rain that falls into the porous soil dissolves the saline and ammoniacal matters it finds there, and flows with its load through the rootlets into the interior of vegetable structures. Air takes up carbonaceous substance—of the nature of charcoal—into a sort of gaseous solution, and then is blown by every puff of wind into the open mouths that gape upon the surfaces of vegetable leaves. Of water and saline, ammoniacal, and carbonaceous substances, all vegetable bodies are composed. A dilute solution of the fixed and ammoniacal salts is sucked up by the roots. An abundance of leaves is then pushed forth, and carbon drunk in by their myriad mouths. No other demand is made of the soil than a sufficient supply of saline and ammoniacal substances, and water enough for their solution and transport.

In order that the soil may be able to furnish these requisite matters, it is essential, in the first place, that it should have them ready for use in its substance; and in the second place, that its texture should be so loose and porous, that both water and growing roots may find an easy passage through it. In the old practice of farming, the strength of the soil was kept up by burying in it saline ammoniacal and carbonaceous matters mixed indiscriminately together. So soon as Liebig had shewn that the great proportion of the carbon found its way into the plant through the leaf, and not through the root, it was seen that there was great want of economy in the proceeding. When farm-yard manure is ploughed into the land, tons upon tons of carbonaceous substance are placed beneath the surface, which can effect nothing else there but their own escape from a useless position. Hence the custom was slowly introduced of using only concentrated saline and ammoniacal manures, in the stead of the more bulky product of the straw-yard. Now a refinement upon even this refinement is advised. Professor Way says that the soil requires no manuring at all during many years, and that ultimately it will need only a slight dressing of saline materials. He has discovered that it can keep itself rich in ammonia. Clay is, according to his views, mainly composed of a series of ingredients that have the power of attracting this volatile and pungent body continuously from the air.*

* These compounds are called, in the language of the chemists, double silicates of alumina and potash—alumina and soda, and alumina and lime.

The ammoniacal constituents of vegetable nutrition are therefore given to the soil by the air, just as the carbonaceous constituents are to the leaves. The atmosphere is the grand reservoir of nourishment, and the soil plays a very subordinate part indeed. Out of its substance, nothing else is contributed than the very trifling proportion of saline or earthy matter that remains in the form of ash after any vegetable structure has been submitted to the process of burning. Even the poorest soils contain within themselves saline ingredients for multiplied crops of the richest kinds of grain.

It follows, from these data, that the only requirements in a good seed-bed are, that it shall be a layer of loosened and finely comminuted earth, which has been well turned over in the process of preparation. Break up the soil thoroughly, and open out its substance to the air, and it will maintain its own productiveness through lengthened years. In the first place, it will constantly throw more and more of its reserved bullion into active circulation; and in the second place, it will keep a sufficient quantity of floating capital always within call for the safe transaction of affairs. If Professor Way's notions are correct, abundant harvests of grain may be taken off the land, year after year, without any addition of manure at all, provided only a sufficient quantity of labour be judiciously bestowed in pulverising its substance.

But, here again, if improved comminution of the soil, and not increased manuring, is the thing required, a great revolution must be made in a very important particular. A new form of apparatus must be contrived for attaining the end. The plough now in use is merely a barbarous implement, planned in rude days for enabling horses to do man's work. The spade lifts up the soil in mass, turns it over, and leaves it evenly spread as a loosened porous bed; but the ploughshare, on the other hand, squeezes down and condenses one part, while it loosens and turns up another. It is simply a compromise of accurate principle, for the sake of insuring the horizontally acting service of the horse. It is a matter of familiar knowledge that spade-husbandry answers very much better than plough-tillage, whenever it can be employed.

Spade-husbandry cannot, however, be much in use in these luxurious days; human labour has now too high a value in the markets of the world for this to be the case. Some agent must therefore be sought that shall combine in itself the skill of the biped and the strength of the quadruped, and that shall also admit of economical application; in other words, the animal drudge must be exchanged for a mechanical one. That potent slave of the wonderful lamp of science, who never fails to accomplish all that the possessor of the radiant spell enjoins, must be summoned to the agriculturist's aid; steam, ever so ready to transform coarse materials into fine, must now be put in commission to grind down the soil, as it has before ground down hosts of stubborn things, in order that nourishing grain may multiply as fast as hungry mouths.

Assuming that steam has once been enlisted in the service of agriculture, the consideration yet remains of how its enormous power may best be employed. Clearly, it must not be harnessed to the obsolete plough, as some have thought; it would be as much out of place if set to drag, as a horse would be if put to dig. Man works best with an upward lift, the horse with an onward pull; but the genius of steam is rotatory. It likes to have the resistance it is to conquer placed at the circumference of a wheel, the spokes of which it is allowed to drive. The steam cultivator must wear the form of a compact locomotive, carrying behind it a revolving cylinder, fully armed with case-hardened claws of steel. As this

machine travels onwards, it must cut out its trench as the mole digs its burrow, and it must cast back into this trench the mould that results from its abrading influence, 'comminuted, aërated, and inverted,' all at one stroke, just as the 'worthy pioneer that works i' the ground so fast' flings behind him the earth his restless claws have scraped away.

The author of *Tulpa* foretells the speedy approach of the time when the children of the present generation shall be as familiar with the spectacle of locomotives stalking about over the surface of the fields, on agricultural work intent, as we are with the sight of ships of a couple of thousands of tons burden, driving themselves, duck-like, through the water with their invisible web-feet. Already the prophecy begins to be realised; and on behalf of our bread-feeding, fast-multiplying race, we venture to express a hope that the consummation will speedily arrive.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

A short time ago, an act of parliament was passed in relation to bankruptcy, in virtue of which a person in desperate circumstances may come from England to Scotland, and having resided at any spot he pleases in that country for the space of forty days, pass through the bankruptcy court. This is found to be an exceedingly simple and rather an agreeable method of getting rid of debts. Instead of running the gantlet of a bankruptcy process in the city or district where he is known, all that an insolvent Englishman has to do is to make a trip to Scotland, and there, at the distance of four hundred or five hundred miles from his creditors, go through a few trifling forms, which relieve him from his pecuniary obligations.

When this convenient law came into operation, English insolvents—some of them notorious for their transactions—tried to pass through the bankruptcy court at Edinburgh; but that was short-sighted. Edinburgh has newspapers with a corps of reporters, who are on the outlook for interesting events, and accordingly, reports of the examinations of the would-be bankrupts before the sheriff were duly paraded for public edification and amusement. Then, as a matter of course, followed comments of the London newspapers, and there was no peace for the unhappy English visitors, who might as well have stayed at home and become bankrupt in the old-fashioned way.

At length, a great discovery was made. This consisted in the plan of selecting a retreat in some obscure Scotch town provided with a resident sheriff, but without that pestilent thing, a newspaper. And be it known, there are a number of towns of this primitive nature. Two of the most pleasant are Tobermory, in the island of Mull, and Peebles, situated on the upper part of the Tweed. At all events, Tobermory and Peebles seem to have been fixed on for carrying through this species of business, and are likely to become the Gretna Green of English insolvents, should no new law interfere. Tobermory may possibly secure a preference; for it can be reached only by performing a voyage to the Hebrides, which London creditors, however keen, may not like at all seasons of the year. It is true, that in one or two instances, English creditors have been provoked into the adoption of measures to prevent their debtors from walking the course through even a Tobermory bankruptcy; but according to the old Argyleshire saying, 'it is a far cry to Lochawe;' and he must be a very resolute sort of person, who will either go himself or employ an agent to watch over law-proceedings in the distant island of Mull.

We do not usually allude to parliamentary doings, but it is not our vocation to do so. In the present instance, we may be excused for drawing attention to

a very flagrant legislative abuse. Reader, think of a man carrying on business in Regent Street, or some other well-known thoroughfare in the metropolis, and at his good pleasure walking off to a remote and isolated town in the Western Islands of Scotland, and by a few manœuvres, getting completely rid of his debts. Now, this is no fiction; the law allows it, and it is done. What are we to think of the wisdom of senators in concocting and passing so odious a law—a law as ridiculous as anything in the usages of Laputa, only it is rather too painful to laugh at. We can understand the propriety of assimilating the legal practices of England and Scotland, and of opening English and Scotch courts to all parties indifferently; but in the matter of bankruptcy, it is but reasonable that insolvents should resort only to courts within the district where they have chiefly incurred obligations, and which are easily accessible to their creditors. Far be it from us to counsel anything like severity in disposing of bankruptcy cases. We can have no objection to the tender and considerate treatment of persons who from sheer misfortune have fallen into a state of insolvency. All that is insisted on is, that each case as it occurs shall be examined into in its own proper locality, and that Scotland shall not be scandalised by being made the chosen resort of every one who wishes to pass through the *Gazette*, but dislikes the publicity which is incidental to the process. We might indeed add something more. The practices referred to must, we fear, have the unpleasant tendency to make respectable persons in Scotland shy in receiving and paying attention to English strangers, who are not particularly well introduced. If the law remains as it is, which can scarcely be imagined, every Englishman who takes up his quarters for a short time in a country town in the north, will be presumed to be a refugee from his creditors, and shunned accordingly.

M O S S.

CALM sleeper 'long the mould'ring wall
Whereon the robin rests his feet,
And warbles out his love-notes sweet,
While golden elm-leaves round him fall.

Fair circler of the woodland well,
Where water-jewels softly gleam,
Like glowworm lamps by haunted stream,
Or pearls in Beauty's coronal.

Lone hermit—such to me thou art—
That on the old oak's root reclines,
And thy warm arms around him twines,
As if thou'dst clasp his folded heart.

Companion of lone churchyard stones,
Where oft thy velvet hand is seen
Hiding the quaint words from our ken
That sweetly speak of absent ones.

High dweller on the hoary tower,
Screener, yet emblem of decay—
Where Ruin's fingers pick away,
Thou lovest best to build thy bower.

But there's a Queen of fragrant breath,
And fresh as floral child can be,
Thou seem'st to love most tenderly,
And dower with thy brightest wreath.

So I will cull a sweet moss-rose,
And twine it in my lady's hair;
And thus contrast, and prove more fair
My love than fairest flower that blows.

J. E.

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CHRISTMAS CEREMONIES AT ROME.

A SUDDEN influx of visitors at the hotels, a jostling of carriages in the streets, and a certain indescribable air of bustle and activity which prevailed during the Christmas-week last year, announced that many foreigners were congregated at Rome to witness the ceremonies pertaining to the festival of the Nativity at the high seat of Roman Catholicism. Most people, I believe, wished eagerly to be for once free from that human infirmity which, as night draws on, calls more or less imperatively for sleep—sleep, as the great restorer of jaded mind and body. How else would it be possible to hear the Christmas-eve vespers with the choir of well-attuned voices at one church, and the nuns' singing at another; the midnight mass at St Peter's, and the Shepherds' Hymn at two o'clock in the morning, and still rise before dawn so as to secure seats in St Peter's during the celebration of the grand Christmas Mass? Our party not being endowed with frames of twenty-women-power, but all needing some modicum of rest and sleep in the course of the four-and-twenty hours, endeavoured to moderate their desires, and contented themselves on Christmas Eve with passing two hours at the Sistine Chapel.

The Sistine Chapel was built in 1473 by the command of Sixtus IV., and subsequently adorned by many great painters; but it is perhaps most famous as enshrining some of the master-pieces of Michael Angelo, especially his world-renowned Last Judgment. We had visited the chapel by daylight on a previous occasion, and had been impressed by a certain grand simplicity in its design. It may be called, I suppose, with propriety the pope's private chapel, being in reality a lofty oblong chamber attached to the Vatican. It measures about 135 feet in length by 45 in width, and has a gallery running round three sides. A sort of barrier divides it into two unequal parts, the smaller portion—that near the door—being reserved for ladies, who, during religious services, are not permitted to pass beyond. It is the fashion to rave about the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel with an indiscriminating admiration; and I believe them to be master-pieces of design and colouring—the subjects among the grandest that pertain to humanity, and bodied forth by genius that was adequate to its task; but the simple truth is, that these frescoes are so blackened with the smoke of ever-burning lamps, and the vapours of often-rising incense, that hardly the designs, and certainly not their colouring, can be fairly estimated even by the patient examiner, much less by the hurried visitor

who 'does' Rome in a month, and judges of such things as these by the piecemeal revelations of an opera-glass, and by the dim light which ordinarily alone penetrates the chapel.

The wall on the left side as one enters is devoted to fresco-paintings by some of the early masters, of subjects taken from the life of Moses; that on the right side, to subjects from the life of Christ, illustrated by Perugino, Ghirlandajo, and others. It was not till the year 1508 that Michael Angelo, at the entreaty of Pope Julius II., undertook the painting of the roof. At this time, the great artist's triple gifts of genius as architect, sculptor, and painter, were not recognised; but his success as a sculptor had made many rivals envious; and it is said that this commission, though coming from the pope, emanated, in the first instance, from a cabal who had a double aim—that of causing him, by the distraction of his energies, to neglect a grand mausoleum he had recently undertaken to execute, and to venture on an enterprise in which they believed he would fail.

It was already known that Michael Angelo considered oil-painting as worthy only of the powers of 'women and idlers,' and that the grander style of fresco-painting was the one he avowed to be the more congenial to his own genius. Yet so ignorant was he of the necessary process of this branch of art, that he sent to Florence for certain mediocre but practical painters in fresco, and set them to work from his own designs, and under his personal direction. As might have been expected, such assistants proved only artisans, and, however skilful and painstaking, failed in carrying out and embodying the thoughts of the master. After a disappointing trial of a few weeks, he sent these men back to Florence, and shutting himself up alone in the chapel, set vigorously to work, excluding every one, and often painting with scarcely any intermission from dawn till sunset.

This laborious and self-sustained life continued for many months; no one knew what progress was made; and even the pope himself desired that the public, not a clique of artists, should decide on the merit of the paintings. Accordingly, in the beginning of 1511, the chapel was opened, the scaffolding removed, and the work was found sufficiently advanced for a true judgment on its merits to be formed. The people were enchanted; and the little envious band who had plotted the ruin of their rival, found they had elicited from his hand a *chef-d'œuvre*, and been the means of crowning him with fresh laurels. The designs of the roof form a continuation of the Scripture history commenced on the

walls; and by far the larger portion of the subjects are drawn from the Old Testament. Indeed, the 'divine' Raphael, as it has been said, was essentially the painter of the Gospel, and Michael Angelo the grand illustrator of the Old Testament. There was something in the terrible histories associated with the Fall of Man, the Deluge, and the Jewish dispensation, into which he threw his sympathies more readily than he could lend them to the seraphic purity of the Virgin Mother, or the patience, humility, and love, which warmed the hearts of the early converts to Christianity.

Nearly thirty years afterwards, when Clement VII. occupied the papal chair, the same great artist was commissioned to execute the fresco of the Last Judgment. This marvellous work is sixty feet high, and thirty broad, and occupies the end-wall of the Sistine Chapel; but it has suffered from damp as well as from smoke, and is, moreover, partially hidden by the high-altar; consequently, I really believe that ordinary people may derive more pleasure from examining a good copy or good engraving of it, than from seeing the fresco itself. The great painter is said to have acknowledged that he sought his inspiration in the pages of Dante, rather than in the Bible itself, and the treatment he chose to adopt tempted him to introduce the portraits of friends and foes in paradise or in the infernal regions, according to the measure of his love or hate. The curious may still observe in the lower right angle of the picture a figure with ass's ears, and a body twined round by a serpent. This form, represented as writhing in the lowest depth of hell, is the likeness of the pope's master of the ceremonies, Biagio by name, who had raised certain objections to this great work while it was in progress. Biagio, on finding himself thus caricatured, complained to the pope, who requested that the figure might be altered; but Michael Angelo declared that it was impossible, adding, that though his holiness might be able to effect a release from purgatory, he had no power over hell.

This grand fresco, commenced by Michael Angelo in his sixtieth year, occupied him for eight years, and was completed in 1541, during the pontificate of Paul III. In the Colonna Palace, in Rome, there is shewn an ivory carving of the Last Judgment; it is about two feet high, the figures appearing in alto and bass-relief, and is said to have cost two brothers the labour of thirty years to execute.

It was eight o'clock on Christmas-eve when we arrived at the Vatican. Passing up the Scala Regia—that grand staircase by Bernini, so famous for its imposing perspective—we entered the Sala Regia, a large and richly decorated apartment, intended as an audience-hall for ambassadors, but which also forms a vestibule to the Sistine Chapel. When the massive folding-door of the chapel was opened from within, in answer to our tap, we perceived at a glance that the seats reserved for ladies were nearly all occupied, and yet the service was not to commence for nearly an hour. However, by dint of a little patient perseverance, we edged our way on, and at last procured tolerably advantageous places. As perhaps many of my readers are aware, a rigid rule prevails that ladies of all nations and of all ages who appear in the presence of the pope, must be attired in black, and wear black veils. It may be

imagined how funereal was the aspect of about two hundred ladies crowded together thus costumed. A few paces distant from us, a sort of platform or gallery was reserved for the dowager of Spain, Queen Christina, and her suite, who in due time arrived to perform their devotions. Meanwhile, I had time to look about me.

The chapel was lighted with innumerable candles. Massive candelabra, each with many burners, were ranged round the galleries, and lighted up the frescoes of the walls and ceiling in a manner that gave them something of a weird effect. Our end of the chapel was dim, if not dark; but we looked forward to the comparatively vacant space before us, which seemed to rest in a blaze of light, and shewed to advantage the uniforms of the pope's noble guard, and the rich vestments of the priests, as from time to time they made their way to the places apparently reserved for them. By and by, the pope and several dignitaries of the church, entered, the Holy Father being conducted to a throne-like seat beneath a canopy. Then the organ poured forth a swelling strain, and many silvery voices rose and fell in measured cadences. The service in the Latin tongue commenced, ever and anon interrupted by genuflections and pantomimic ceremonies, of which a Protestant can hardly be expected to give a faithful account. We lent ourselves to the free enjoyment of the music; but apparently the monotony of the scene soon became wearisome to a large proportion of the ladies present. By half-past nine o'clock, some of the best seats were vacated, and we were able to push forward almost close to the barrier which separated us from the great body of the chapel. Occasionally, we heard a few words spoken in a foreign tongue; but so frequently did a buzz of English conversation break on the ear, that we concluded at least three-fourths of the ladies present must be English or Americans, who, like ourselves, were attracted by curiosity to see the sight—not drawn to the Sistine Chapel to join in a religious service. I believe this celebration of high-mass lasted till nearly midnight; but probably few strangers remained till the conclusion, for, in retiring about ten o'clock, we ourselves only seemed following a general example.

I know the fine things that have been said and ought to be said in favour of early rising; nevertheless, I persist in considering candle-light rising and candle-light breakfast among the disagreeable incidents of travelling and sight-seeing. I had desired to be called at half-past five in the morning; and when the sharp tap at my door aroused me, I opened my eyes on pitchy darkness; but that very intensity of night revealed what would never have shewn itself in the dawn, a single topaz-like spark that shone from out the wood-ashes. I had not had the heart to desire a fire to be lighted for me at that early hour, but there was the thing beautifully arranged—three puffs from the bellows, and the skilful adjustment of some slender logs, were all that was necessary for my purpose; and in five minutes, a bright flame and a crackling music dispelled the sense of gloom I had experienced. By the by, a pair of bellows, usually asthmatic, and a pair of tongs, always rusty, constitute the 'fire-irons' to be found in such Italian apartments as boast the luxury of an

open chimney. Nor are these all-sufficient weapons to be despised: the management of a wood-fire is not a thing to be rashly or unadvisedly undertaken; and though, when masterly instruction is bestowed on a genius apt to receive and constant to retain, the accomplishment may be acquired in a few practical lessons, I have known unfortunates who, after suffering the severities of many transalpine winters, were still imbeciles at their own hearth-stone.

Even in December the daylight comes and goes in Rome with a visible celerity that reminds a northern traveller of the latitude into which he has passed. There is, in fact, little or no twilight; but Christmas morning rose foggy and dull, and when we left the hotel between seven and eight o'clock, the aspect of the streets was more murky than I have often known London to be at the same season. Then the streets are so narrow, and the shops so mean, that there is nothing to relieve the gloom. As we crossed the Ponte di St Angelo, we observed that the fog crawled and clung about the Tiber even as a London fog crawls and clings about the Thames.

It may easily be believed, that a faithful description and a historical account of St Peter's would fill a thick volume. Nothing of the sort is here attempted: I shall do little more than endeavour to convey to the untravelled reader some of my own passing impressions. This magnificent structure—certainly the largest, and by some critics declared to be the most beautiful church in the world—marks the spot where the martyr-apostle St Peter was interred after his crucifixion, head downwards, on a hill about two miles distant. In the year 90 A.D., a bishop of Rome, who was said to have received ordination from St Peter himself, erected an oratory on the site of the present cathedral; and in 306 Constantine the Great built a basilica here, which henceforth continued a centre of attraction to the Christian world. It lasted till the end of the fifteenth century; and some curious representations of it exist among the paintings of the early Italian masters. Ruin had, however, long threatened the building, and various plans for a new structure had been submitted to different popes, when, in 1503, the assistance of Bramante was secured. In 1506, Julius II. laid the foundation-stone of the new building under the pier against which the statue of St Veronica now stands. This pope indeed entertained the ambitious desire of rendering the new St Peter's a shrine for his own mausoleum, on which Michael Angelo was then engaged, and to which allusion has already been made as a work which gave rise to malicious envy: a work destined never to be completed, but which, in its fragmentary state, rests in another church in Rome—the well-known Moses, a copy of which is placed in the Crystal Palace, being the central and most remarkable statue.

Only four piers, and the arches which spring from them, were completed when Bramante the architect died, and by this time Leo X. filled the papal chair. New architects were chosen, and the assistance of Raphael obtained. The original plan had been that of a Greek cross. Raphael preferred the Latin cross; but Raphael died in 1520, and among the changes of purpose and of patrons which ensued, time passed on; and it was not till the year 1546, when Michael Angelo had completed his seventy-second year, that to this great artist was confided the task of altering, modifying, and completing the work so many hands had attempted to carry out. Michael Angelo returned to the form of the Greek cross, enlarged the tribune and the two transepts, strengthened the foundations, and commenced the dome on a plan suggested by the

dome of the cathedral at Florence*—saying that he would lift the Pantheon into the air. He kept his word; for the external measurement of the dome—diameter 195½ feet—exceeds that of the great heathen temple by nearly two feet. It is true that, though he reached his ninetieth year, Michael Angelo did not live to see the completion of his work; but so far as this portion of the building is concerned, succeeding architects adhered exactly to his plan. We must remember that the building of St Peter's occupied more than a century—at a period when death seemed unusually busy in high places, so that the generations of men in power succeeded each other with strange rapidity. Hence proceeded the frequent changes of purpose which occurred in the erection of this cathedral. Many critics regret that Michael Angelo's design of a Corinthian portico, combined with the Greek cross, was not followed, as this arrangement would have permitted the whole dome to be visible from the piazza. But, on the contrary, succeeding architects returned to the form of the Latin cross, and built a façade which, however beautiful in itself, has the unfortunate effect of so screening the dome, that there is no point of the piazza from which the cupola can be combined with the rest of the building, so as to exhibit all parts in their just proportions.

In fact, it is necessary to ascend above the cupola in order to realise the gigantic proportions of the building. Yet it may give some idea of the height to mention that, on the roof, wooden houses are erected for the convenience of workmen, who seem always occupied on the mosaics or in executing other repairs, such houses being quite shrouded by the angle of the parapets, and consequently invisible from below; and that the thirteen statues of Our Saviour and the Twelve Apostles which crown the façade do not strike the eye as colossal, although they are really 17 feet high.

An inside gallery runs round the base of the cupola, and from this gallery the visitor looks down on the bronze *baldachino* resting far below; and up to the colossal mosaics which line the dome, and which are of necessity executed in large squares, though, when seen from below, they look highly finished and delicate. I was sorry to perceive a crack in the mosaics many inches in width and many feet in length, which indicated too surely a dangerous strain, though this large crack was quite invisible from below. On mentioning the circumstance, I discovered a certain superstitious feeling to prevail in Rome in connection with the dome of St Peter's—a feeling that its permanence and the permanence of the papal power were in some way connected.

It is the interior of St Peter's that in most hearts kindles the sentiment of admiration to intensity. Byron says:

Enter; its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal.

Indeed, some wondrous law of harmony must prevail in St Peter's, which takes from it that stern, if not rude aspect which commonly belongs to immensity in works of art—a law similar to that which rules in nature, for the beautifully rounded and developed tree will always appear smaller than it really is when brought into comparison with those of less graceful

* It is curious to observe how reverential true genius is. Michael Angelo used to gaze for hours in admiration of Brunelleschi's dome at Florence, and often exclaimed when studying it: 'Like it, I will not do; better, I cannot.' and in accordance with his desire, Michael Angelo's tomb in Santa Croce, at Florence, is so placed that *if* *can see* the wondrous dome he so admired.

growth, and a man or woman of perfectly symmetrical figure never looks the same height as a gaunt sort of person of the same inches. In my own case, I never could realise the vastness of St Peter's except by a sort of child's play. I would measure off by my eye a certain space, and say: 'Surely that might be the site of a large church;' and then making the extreme limit of that measurement the starting-point of another, would mentally portion out a second allotment, and so on, till I satisfied myself that many fine churches might stand within the walls of that one. Or I would walk up to the marble cherubim that support the vases for holy-water, and satisfy myself that these figures, which look so infantile, were in reality five feet in height.

I always found St Peter's a particularly comfortable place in cold weather, but never appreciated its warm and pleasant atmosphere more thoroughly than on that chilly foggy Christmas morning. We had been correctly informed that it was only necessary to present ourselves attired in black, with black veils on our heads instead of bonnets, to claim seats at the side of the high-altar, where benches rising one above the other had been placed, capable, I should think, of accommodating from four to five hundred ladies. We were in such good time that we saw at a glance we might choose our places, so we walked leisurely up the nave, enjoying the warmth of the many lamps, and the fragrant remains of the incense. One of the most famous objects in St Peter's is the notorious bronze statue of the saint, which some antiquaries declare to be an ancient Jupiter with the keys added, and the name changed; others say it was the statue of a slave; but the majority of critics, I believe, consider it to be the work of the early Christians, who perhaps melted down a Jupiter, and used the metal for their purpose. I confess I cannot believe the old pagans, who have left us so many forms of beauty, ever made anything half so hideous as this seated image, which resembles a Hindoo idol more than anything else. On Christmas-day, a ring—apparently an enormous sapphire surrounded with large diamonds—blazed upon one of the brazen fingers; and two soldiers were stationed, one on each side, a guard of honour for St Peter—and the ring.

Most people are familiar with the interior of St Peter's, if only by means of drawings and engravings, and I need scarcely remind my readers that the high-altar, with its beautiful bronze baldacchino, or grand canopy, stands immediately beneath the dome. The relics of St Peter are said to rest beneath the altar; and the confessional, where Canova's kneeling statue of Pius VI. is placed, is surrounded by a balustrade of marble, on which are suspended eighty-nine lamps, kept burning night and day. Leaning over this balustrade, we look down on the statue which represents the pope praying at the tomb of the apostle, and likewise on the double flight of steps which lead to the shrine. The baldacchino, which is 94 feet high, and which is profusely ornamented and gilt, was partly composed of bronze stripped from the Pantheon, in those days when there seemed little reverence for the beautiful remains of ancient art, and when the Coliseum itself was used like a quarry to supply building materials for mediæval palaces. It is conjectured that tin from our Cornish mines was a component part of that Pantheon bronze; brought from the island of the barbarians by the Romans, when Rome was the seat and centre of civilisation. How strangely do the generations clasp hands, and weave the chain which stretches through all time!

The great dome is mainly supported by four piers, each pier having a colossal statue at its base; and the seats appointed for ladies stretched on our side from the statue of St Helena—represented bearing

the cross, of which her dream led to the discovery, and other instruments of the Saviour's passion—and the statue of St Longinus—the soldier who pierced His side; opposite, the seats extended between the statue of St Andrew and that of St Veronica. We were by no means too early, for ten minutes after we had secured seats in the first and second rows, ladies thronged in so fast that I began to pity a certain official, a sort of master of the ceremonies, whose duty it appeared to be to superintend the accommodation of the black-robed visitors. This functionary was a gentleman evidently, and one who spoke three or four languages fluently; but he wore a dress that belonged to the Elizabethan period; and by the starched puff, which gave his head a decapitated appearance, the slashed sleeves and ruffles, and numerous chains hanging about him, so reminded one of some ancient knight, that I found myself indulging in a sort of waking dream, and fancying that I saw before me an old picture that had stepped out of its frame, and become vivified for this occasion. But the living picture was a character with decided opinions of his own. His abhorrence of crinoline became painfully evident as he marshalled the ladies to their places, and used hard words about the 'balloons' that so troubled him. He did not look like a married or paternal personage, and, moreover, I believe celibates are chiefly in favour near the 'Saint Siege;' but he spoke as severely of the *mode*, as a Benedict might have done who had to provide dresses to cover the crinolines of a wife and half-a-dozen daughters. Then his temper certainly was tried by the pertinacity with which people would seat themselves just in the way where the new-comers had to pass, on the seat that he insisted must be filled up last. The uninitiated fancied this third row a particularly good place, which it was not, as its occupants discovered later in the day; but our friend of the starched ruff had to renew his explanations and dislodge new-comers every five minutes. On one occasion, when he had spoken to some ladies in three languages, without making the slightest impression, he lost his patience, but startled them into comprehension by abruptly exclaiming, in good English: 'Of what country are you, that you don't understand me?' However, all troubles come to an end some time or other, and his tiresome duty seemed ended by about nine o'clock. I should mention that the very best seats, the extra-reserved, were railed off, and apportioned to the 'ladies of the French garrison,' who, later in the morning, came in by twos and threes on the arms of French officers. A trifling courtesy this, no doubt, and yet significant of the condition of modern Rome, where a foreign soldiery keep guard over her most time-honoured memorials, exercise in the piazza of her cathedral, and take the wall when passing her citizens in the streets, whose very names ring with a rhythm of past glories; the soldiery who seek to drown the audible murmur of discontent with the drum and the fife, and maintain by sheer force an outward calm that can be only the precursor of national convulsion. Ladies of the French garrison, enjoy your reserved seats while you may; I fear the scorn that gleams from the bright eyes of many a Roman maid and matron as your sons and husbands pass by, glances also sideways at you!

Soon after nine o'clock, St Peter's began—I was going to say to fill—but that is a mistake. I cannot imagine St Peter's to be ever filled. It seemed to absorb the crowds who entered; they looked so small, and were so quickly scattered. Now a party of Sisters of Charity arrived, and, before taking their places, bent their knees in profound reverence to some object of their worship; then came the pope's Swiss Guard in their clown-like uniform of black, red, and yellow—said to have been designed by Michael Angelo; then

bare-legged friars with their sandalled feet, serge frocks, and rope-girdles, spitting as well as praying, and giving unmistakable evidence of their standing quarrel with, and separation from, soap and water. Later came more soldiers, and officers in brilliant uniforms, and ambassadors in official costumes, and priests, whose costly vestments and jewels eclipsed every other decoration. I thought, too, that the black dresses of the ladies, scried into masses, formed a contrast or background which set off those brilliant costumes to advantage. It is true there were many ladies in ordinary walking-dresses—especially those who came in for half an hour before proceeding to the English Protestant church—but they were not admitted beyond a certain barrier.

At ten o'clock precisely, the massive centre door was thrown open; and at the same moment, a strain of music was heard. Then began the grand procession of the day, every incident of which has, I believe, some symbolic meaning. It is, I think, a pity that these types are not more generally explained and understood; were their hidden meaning made apparent, these ceremonies would be more instructive and suggestive to the Roman Catholic laity, and more interesting to us heretics. Priests of many denominations walked two and two, generally with hands placed together, and pointed upwards, as if in prayer; then came cardinals in their rich robes, and in the same attitude, which permitted us to see their jewelled rings worn on the third finger. More immediately preceding His Holiness, three jewelled crowns, or mitres, were borne, each on a separate cushion; and two large fans of white feathers, in which the eyes of peacocks' feathers are set, were waved to and fro. I understand these eyes are symbolic of the vigilance expected from the pontiff; and, likewise, that the eyes of all men are turned towards him.

The pope was carried in his chair, or portable throne, and raised high on the shoulders of his bearers; and, with thumb and two extended fingers—said to symbolise the Trinity—he gave his blessing to the people as he passed along. Not believing in the infallibility of any human being, my feelings of respect were not so absorbing as to exclude other emotions; and I must confess a sentiment of compassion for this frail old man was that most prominent with me. I know not how one can go over one of his palaces and mark the arrangements which indicate his isolated existence without pity taking possession of the heart. Why, if it were only that an old man must fade away, and fall into the grave without the intimate companionship and tender care of woman, he must be an object of compassion. Is there no Christian symbol to be traced in the fact that, in our Saviour's history, women were found 'last at the cross,' and 'earliest at the grave,' that may sanctify this Protestant compassion?

Pius IX. has a benevolent expression of countenance, mingled with weakness and indecision. I have seldom seen any countenance so colourless; his closely shaven face on Christmas-day had that peculiar pallor which, in the decline of life, is said to indicate great vitality, and consequently the prospect of a long life. The pope's vestments were of white silk, richly embroidered with gold; and he wore on his head the famous triple crown, which blazed with jewels. It may be worth while to remark that the lower circlet of this crown typifies temporal dominion, while the mitre represents the spiritual; the second circlet shadows forth the union of the spiritual and temporal authority; and the third, the union of the pontifical, imperial, and royal power. In the large space behind the high-altar, the pope descended from his chair, and received the homage of the cardinals—and then commenced the ceremony of High Mass. The music, somewhat dramatic in its character, was exquisite;

a choir of well-attuned voices proceeded from a sort of balcony, with close trellis-like gilded railings, which concealed the persons of the singers—and I for one could not help thinking of birds singing from a gilded cage. I need not express my Protestant feelings about the ceremonies of the mass; but I must confess the scene was impressive when the pope, standing at the high-altar with his assistant-priesthood around him, advanced a step or two forward, and elevated the host for the faithful to worship. By some well-concerted signal, the next instant the cannon of St Angelo thundered out to all Rome the intelligence, so that doubtless multitudes of believers who were not within the cathedral bowed themselves in adoration at the same moment. But that very ceremony, imposing and impressive as it was, had also its disenchanting power; for as every believer in the doctrine of transubstantiation knelt at the elevation of the host, they thus picked themselves out from among that vast throng, and proclaimed how small their number in comparison with the foreign visitors who had been attracted hither from curiosity to see the show. Of course, with only this transient opportunity of observation for one's guide, it is difficult to speak with precision on such a subject; but I certainly think that not more than one out of every fifteen or twenty persons who were in St Peter's on Christmas-morning, exclusive of priests and nuns, acknowledged themselves Romanists at the moment to which I refer.

When the ceremony was over, the pope was again carried in his chair; but this time he passed down the opposite side of the nave, and thus was seen closely by the people congregated in that part of the church, towards whom he extended his hand with the gesture of benediction as he passed along. The crowd now began to move, following the pope like the billows of a receding tide—all but those who paused to worship at the shrine of St Peter, or to kiss the extended toe of the bronze statue.

It was nearly one o'clock when we reached the open air, and looked upon a scene not easily to be forgotten. Slanting rays of sunlight had gleamed through the windows of the cathedral, and had proclaimed with their pencils of light that the morning mist had cleared away; but we were not prepared for a literally cloudless sky of dark, clear blue—a sky that in the rarefied depth and intensity of its ether has no parallel in our northern latitude; a true 'Italian sky,' the memory of which dwells in the mind 'a joy for ever.' The sun blazed from the clear blue vault as from a throne—and pitilessly on the unbonneted heads exposed to its power, as we stood on the cathedral steps waiting for our carriage to draw up. But as this was a tedious process, necessity waived ceremony; and ladies were seen hurrying to whatever shade they could find, or raising shawls from their shoulders to their brows, by way of protection. And yet in the shade so many sought, the north wind was found keenly cutting, so that the alternative for that odd quarter of an hour lay between the chance of a *coup de soleil*, or a severe cold. The scene meanwhile continued to be sufficiently interesting; the bright sunshine gleamed on the cardinals' red carriages, as one after another they rolled away with their priestly burdens, and on the ambassador's gay dresses, and on the Swiss guard and French soldiers stationed in the piazza; and it made rainbows in the bright fountains there which seemed to leap up with a spirit of innocent gladness. The clear blue ether also formed a matchless background for the white statues that crowned the colonnades of the piazza—peopling their entablature to the number of nearly two hundred. These statues represent duly canonised saints, and though really twelve feet in height, appear

only lifelike; but then we must remember that the colonnades are above sixty feet in height.

In due time, our turn arrived, and thankful we were for the shade of a close carriage as we stepped into it. But driving home was no very easy matter; we had to fall into the long line of carriages that was forming, and to proceed at a walking-pace until long after we had crossed the Tiber. High Mass at St Peter's was the great event of Christmas-day in Rome; and the procession that crowded the main lines of thoroughfare for an hour after it was over, demonstrated how numerous and motley had been the congregation beneath that wondrous dome!

IN RE, MIND AND MATTER.

BOBBIE was the name of an old bachelor Scotchman and odd character who kept an old-book shop in a certain university town of North Britain. He was a little man, with keen gray eyes under a high wrinkled forehead, over which straggled one or two friendless hairs, of which there never were so many on his head since I knew it, but that they might have been counted. His features were sharp, with a constant look of care; his whiskers white and thin; his voice shrill; and his lips thin, as if worn with use. Everything was sharp and thin about him, from his knees to his nose. His black coat was tight and bare, and his black trousers yellow and snuffy. He kept himself as he kept his favourite authors—whom he wouldn't disgrace by binding afresh—no, not to make them fetch double the money.

He never had any other name than Bobbie; or if he had, nobody knew it. Something about him forbade inquiry: there was no sign over his door; and he never gave receipts or credit. My instincts told me he was a Smith—Mr Robert Smith. He had the tread of a Smith—laid his feet on the world's soil like one with a right to do it—steadily, frankly, flatly, deliberately. He had the humanity of a Smith—that feeling for the species which, however it may be with other persons, is always perfect in the breast of a Smith. So it ought to be. Aren't the Smiths, in a sort, human society? Others may have the feeling, but it is only among the Smiths that humanity *can* rank with the family affections. And lastly, he had that reserve about his name which characterises the Smiths: he never told it to anybody; nobody knew it. Not that the Smiths generally deny themselves; but none of them ever had so fine a sense of what was due to the family. 'Homo sum,' &c. 'Smith sum,' &c. There is no occasion to mention the particular *genus*; he lived and died as Bobbie the Bookseller.

No one knew what he was in the beginning, or when the raw material of him was cast into the mould of the old-book shop. But the casting was perfect—he fitted it exactly. A cubic foot added to its space—an inch to the counter—would have made harmony impossible between him and it. As it was, he harmonised, soul and body of him, with everything in it. With the stock-in-trade, indeed, his mind had a sort of Corsican brotherhood. Like it, he smacked of every system and of all knowledge; his kaleidoscopic views changed with its changes, whether made by sale or purchase. When nothing was doing, and there was no new book to be assimilated, he would sit for hours as steadily as the books on their shelves, and looking as straight before him, brooding over some owlsh question in metaphysics—Did the owl come from the egg, or the egg from the owl? He had always food for reflection.

Of his many peculiarities, only one is to the purpose. In the flux of his mind, two things were as firmly fixed as posts in a river—his belief in the

supremacy of reason, and his sense of duty. 'Vivere convenienter naturæ' was his sum of all the commandments; and wherever reason pointed the way, Bobbie put his best foot forward—a dreadfully practical little man. But as his own reason—which was none of the best—and not reason in general, was his guide, he was continually falling into extravagances. It was his foible to be always illustrating the power of mind over matter—if mind couldn't triumph over matter, where was reason's supremacy or the stoical doctrine?

The said doctrine had hardly fair-play from Bobbie—he understood it so literally. Nature was something less than a blanket, and included neither cornfields nor stall-oxen, opinion nor laws. We were all right in a state of nature—so said Rousseau—mischievous entered the world with inventions and conventions, especially the latter. Wherever he got the notion—most likely from some forgotten work of the eighteenth century, long since gone out of stock, Bobbie had it, that all the most deplorable evils were due to conventions (meaning conventionalities); and from this sprang, in the obscurities of his brain, a string of heresies as long and sickly as the shoots of a potato in a dungeon. It would shock you to enumerate them. There was reason to fear marriage was a convention. Polygamy here, monogamy there; here many wives, there many husbands: bah, it *was* a convention! Property was a convention—any proof wanted for that?—the evil were less if the law were clearer; it was a perfect muddle of a convention! The very order of society was a convention—pampered aristocracies, high caste, low caste, humane institution of American slavery! Of course it was a convention! Religion—yes, we weep to record it—religion was a convention. Nature in it?—why, on the face of it, it was supernatural!—and Bobbie would array all the religions of the world, from Mumbo-Jumboism to Mormonism, and bewail the folly of mankind. It wasn't much one honest man could do; but he would do it. He wanted nature, and not conventions, and, while there was life in him, he would stand up against conventions!

One day he stumbled on a syllogism, which nearly proved the death of him, by knocking him up against a hitherto unsuspected convention. 'Loss of time is an evil;' the major, good. 'Sleep is a loss of time;' the minor, bad, but not so to Bobbie. 'Therefore sleep is an evil'—conclusion quite alarming! Being an evil, sleep was a convention! Bobbie, who loved his night's rest, and never opened till ten A.M., was distressed at the prospect of this new martyrdom to principle; for him to discover a convention was to stand up against it; he was far too practical and moral a man not to suffer from his false conclusions. So he barged at the joints of that syllogism with all his logic to see whether they were sound; and still the inexorable major and minor turned round on them to the conclusion. He consulted a student of metaphysics on the subject, who attacked the minor with the vigour of eighteen; denied it, used bad language to it, called it a *petitio principii*; and said, in short, that sleep, so far from being a loss of time, was one of the most healthful and necessary ways of employing it. Bobbie's pride of intellect was touched. He defended the minor. Sleep was time lost to activity—an evil—a convention; and he would shew that and the power of mind over matter by doing without it.

The night following his conversation with the goynsman, Bobbie opened the campaign against the newly detected tyranny. He took no one into his secret, and meant to surprise the world by a discovery that would add a third to human life, if it would not pave the way to a triumph over death itself. Filled with these great ideas, he saw to his coal-scuttle,

drew down the blinds on the windows of his room over the shop, and adjusted himself for the night. He spent it on the whole pleasantly, reading a rusty *Locke on the Understanding* before midnight; writing out the fatal syllogism, and a note of his faith and feelings, till three in the morning; drank a glass of cold water, and exercised himself in leaping over the chairs placed at intervals in a circle round the table till half-past three; sat a while at the fire; feeling drowsy about four, went down to the shop for Tom Paine, where he was thoroughly roused by a conversation, in a screaming voice, through the shutter, with a policeman, who was surprised by seeing the light through the chinks; read Tom Paine till seven; cooked his breakfast and ate it till eight, and surprised the neighbours by opening shop for the day at a quarter past eight. During the day he felt very drowsy, but was able to go through the ordinary routine of buying and selling, and conversing with the gownsmen who dropped in, as if there were nothing particular on foot.

Next night, he commenced by continuing the note of his feelings and experiences. The record is before me, but too long and rambling for quotation. It begins (I alter the dialect, which was a bewildering mixture of Scotch and English): 'So far forth I have holden on, and not without hope of triumph. Why should I, the divine *Ego* [Bobbie deified his reason], for a moment be lost in the unfathomed— [A gap here.] Arms of Morpheus, forsooth! the pagan hypothesis. O man! how can you have led us, with your vagaries, into this time-destroying convention—this curious putting of ourselves by in sleep—this voluntary exile of consciousness and power which we nightly suffer—this— [Gap again.] But I am throwing off the thrall.' And then came the particulars. He had to rub his eyes many times before finishing his scribbling; and when the clock struck twelve, and he rose for a change of employment, they were red and hot, and his head was aching. But he firmly believed that the majesty of the will being once asserted, nature would interfere to readjust matters, and he should be free, nor longer liable to be caught and clasped to the bosom of the insinuating pagan hypothesis! When, thereafter, he tried to read, the print danced on the page, and colours red, blue, and black, came and went upon it; and when he shook his head to rid himself of these impediments, he shook out long webs and strings of gauze that spread and hung before his eyes, with broken edges, rents here and there; here blotches of black, and there of blood, always shifting, always going downward out of sight, and reappearing immediately from above on their way down again; while numerous flies went in and out, and up and down, in the gauze, and completed his distraction. Reading became quite impossible. He now bethought him of the shop again. He went down, lit the gas, kindled the fire, and gave the place every appearance of business, save that the door was shut and the shutters on the windows. He set himself in his customary seat, as if he were expecting customers, just as he had done any time for twenty years; and doing nothing, held himself awake, if not by sheer force of habit—it was never heard of that he napped in the shop—at least by a strong effort of will. At three, another change became necessary: his feet were sleeping, if he wasn't—O weakness of matter!—and he had some difficulty in trailing himself up stairs. Once there, he put on the kettle, made and drank a cup of strong tea, ate some bread and butter; and it now being after four, he spent the remainder of the morning till breakfast-time in playing loo with himself for high stakes, working Dumby's cards with great anxiety for that imaginary individual's interests. The shop was opened at eight. The issues in the great cause, 'Mind and Matter,' Bobbie for the

plaintiff, were now rapidly evolving themselves. As the day advanced, he felt like one in an uncomfortable dream. His fancy became active, and twisted everything at its will into the maddest grotesqueries; his thoughts played leap-frog in the chambers of his brain, and congested on his tongue, striving for expression. It was mooted about that day that Bobbie had lost his wits. He stood up as usual to the business of conversation, and the students who dropped in could make nothing of him. The little man's gray eyes were red; the wrinkles on his brow were deepened; and there was a stoop on his back, that used to be straight as a rush. Alas! for the supremacy of Reason! His absurdities and inconsistencies, that spread over many weeks, were amusing, exhibited in so many minutes, were terrific—sheer insanity. In the same breath, he was a baboon with Monboddio, and recollected with Plato the state of pre-existence! In the same breath he agreed with Hume and Berkeley. Conscience was at once the divine monitor and a convention; and he went in for the Ptolemaic system against an intending purchaser of the *Principia*. He shut the shop that night an hour before his usual time, and thus confirmed the suspicions which his behaviour had already awakened in the minds of his neighbours.

The third night opened with a game at 'loo.' No notes, no feelings, no particulars of his experiences. If his crotchets had not been so firmly rooted in him, he would have given up the cards by this time in re, 'Mind and Matter,' as well as literally. But Bobbie was no common litigant. He had foreseen and provided against the weakness of matter leading mind, through sheer pity, into a compromise of its claims. He had printed the fatal syllogism in fatal red ink, in a large hand, and pasted it on the four sides of his room. It stared him into a sense of duty on which-ever side he turned:

NO COMPROMISE!

Loss of time is an evil.

Sleep is a loss of time.

Sleep is an evil.

So on he went with his loo; Dumby now victor, now himself; strict regard for interests of Dumby; double; Dumby sweeps the pool; languid 'Bravo, Dumby!' hitch in reckoning with Dumby; pause to consider; head drops forward; not done yet; game to the last; splashes the cards on to the floor, and paces up and down over them pitilessly, as, hearts, clubs, spades, and diamonds, look up at him, deprecating his anger. It is past midnight. He is on the alert now; avoids chairs, tables, sofas, everything that suggests sitting, leaning, lying. It is one o'clock; he is weak and yielding; thinks of tea, but has not the energy to go and make it. It is two o'clock; how heavily and drowsily the great church-clock sounds the hour! This cannot last. Now, then, for his grand effort. He drags himself down stairs, passes through the shop, and into the street, and in the direction of the fields.

He never reached them. He had bravely wrestled with his enemy, but it threw him. His brain and blood were full of dreams that should have been three days old by this time, and they weighed upon him till he sat down on a cold store by the wayside, when they made brief work of him, and stretched him his full length on the ground. The divine 'Ego' of him went into exile, while the pagan hypothesis roughly held the mortal part to earth! Verdict for the defendant.

It was well for Bobbie that the watchman, who had been for three nights puzzled by his extraordinary proceedings, over and in the little shop, had satisfied himself that all was not right; and being a kind soul, not to say inquisitive, had kept an eye on the

premises, and dogged the little man when he saw him issue haggard as a maniac from his door. His first idea, on coming up to him where he lay, was that he had poisoned himself, and was dead; so he sprang his rattle, and having procured assistance, had Bobbie conveyed to the nearest house, where he was stretched out, apparently lifeless, on a bed vacated for him by the humane landlord, who hurried away for a doctor. The doctor, when he came and inspected him, pronounced him a living man, swore a round oath or two at the watch for their stupidity, and tried to arouse him. This was more than could be done, however. They pulled him, nipped him, poured water on him to no purpose. At last they took him home, put him safely into his own bed, and left him.

It was Friday morning when Bobbie was put to bed. When he awakened, the sun was streaming in upon him, and the church-bells were ringing their last peals, all over the city. Bobbie sat up in bed, bewildered, trying in vain to recall what had happened, when his door opened, and the neighbour-body who, for a consideration, kept things right about him, entered and threw up her hands: 'Thank Heaven, Bobbie, ye've waukened; a' thought ye wis gaen to sleep till doomsday!' The true nature of the catastrophe flashed upon him, and he buried his face, crimson with shame, under the bedclothes.

Bobbie continued in after-times to believe as firmly as ever in the majesty of the will, the supremacy of reason, triumph of mind over matter, and in the diabolical nature of conventions; but it was observed that he always qualified his creed by a saving-clause to the effect that there were some particulars—sleep, for example—in regard to which, from the extreme weakness of the flesh resulting from confirmed habit, the mind was not to be expected to exercise its dominion. He affirmed of this subject to the last, that the thing might be done, under fair conditions: 'Just gie me a bairnie wha hasna been quite spoilt, an' a' warrant a'll mak it dee wi'oot sleep; that a' will.' He never had a chance of making the experiment; so he continued in his self-complacency and hatred of conventions, till the grand smasher of all conventions removed him.

VISITANTS OF SHIPS AT SEA.

ALL persons who have made long voyages, especially in land-locked seas and on board of sailing-vessels, must remember painfully the wearisomeness of protracted calms. But travellers who have a turn for natural history, often find amusement in circumstances which kill others with ennui. At particular seasons of the year, a ship proceeding, for instance, to the Mediterranean, has no sooner been two or three days out at sea, than the passengers observe birds of various kinds perched upon the rigging. Fatigue is generally supposed to be the cause of these visits, though we cannot always have recourse to this explanation, since even when the shore is near at hand, these little explorers of strange things will come and display their beauty to the mariner, reminding him of green woods and sunny glades, in the midst of vast billows, and the watery waste.

We believe that hawks and falcons are not usually reckoned among migratory birds; yet it is certain that they sometimes cross the Mediterranean where it is broadest, as well from Africa to Europe as from Europe to Africa. One day in summer, lying almost midway between Marmarice and Greece, we observed a golden falcon coming up swiftly from the south, and resting upon the top-gallant-sail-yard. As he remained there a considerable time, we inferred that

he meant to make the passage to Europe in our company; and a young sailor went up to do the honours of the ship, and invite him to descend. Having evidently had enough of flying, the falcon made no objection. He suffered himself to be taken without the least resistance; and when brought down to the deck, looked about him, as we thought, with tokens of pleasure. Perhaps he detected the smell of meat; and certainly when some was offered him, the voracity with which he fell upon it suggested the probability that we were indebted for the pleasure of his company to hunger rather than weariness.

Being treated with much kindness, he shewed no desire to quit us, though allowed his full freedom. He flew fore and aft, soared up to the vane, and then, when he thought proper, came down like an arrow.

Everybody on board was amused with him, and loved to gaze at his large bright piercing eyes as he watched everything around him, or turned up quick glances at the clouds. We began to think him as tame as a kitten, gave him, by way of peace-offering, bits of meat with our fingers, and some of the bolder among us even ventured to stroke his speckled breast. This, however, was not done without some apprehension, for he had sharp claws, and his beak was formidable.

When he had already been with us eight or ten days, we came in sight of Etna, towering ten thousand feet into the blue firmament, and with its deep snowy cap looking like a stationary cloud. The falcon no doubt saw it much sooner than we did; but he had been kindly treated, and was doubtless loath to break hospitable ties. But when liberty or servitude was the question, he could not long hesitate; and, after wheeling twice or thrice about the ship, as if to take an affectionate leave of us, he rose aloft, plunged into space, and disappeared in the direction of the great mountain. We could not blame him, though, as he had grown friendly and familiar, we much regretted his departure.

Some of the old Dutch navigators being, like the rest of their countrymen, possessed strongly by the love of gardening, often used to make the attempt to indulge in the pleasures of horticulture on board ship. They made large, long, and deep boxes, filled them with fine earth, and raised for themselves cresses and other salads during their voyages to the east. When the keen-eyed birds perceived, as they could from a great distance, these little floating patches of verdure, they often alighted on the vessels to examine them. But most of the visits paid to ships by birds are owing to precisely the same motive as makes wayfarers pause at an inn on the road—they have travelled far, and need a little repose.

Unfortunately, sailors have formed a strange theory respecting the appearance of birds in the neighbourhood of their vessels, on their sails, or among the rigging; they look upon them as the sure forerunner of storms. Even the most observant travellers are sometimes betrayed—by putting confidence in old seafaring men, usually full of prejudice and superstition—into sharing this belief. An able naturalist, sailing out of the Baltic, observed, just before losing sight of the island of Gothland, a small gray bird of the sparrow tribe following the ship, upon which the captain said they should certainly have bad weather. Accordingly, in less than half an hour, the wind rose, the sea ran high, and the waves broke fiercely over the bulwarks. The same writer remarks that, in the North Sea, the Baltic, and on the coast of Spain, whenever birds came on board, a tempest was sure to follow, which led him to infer that the petrel is not the only bird whose visits portend storms.

We have not yet sufficiently investigated the laws of instinct to know by what signs birds foresee the

coming on of bad weather, though it is certain they do, long before the human eye can discover in sea or air the slightest indication of its approach. The most interesting point connected with this subject is the light it may serve to throw on the migration of birds. We know that many species disappear from the northern parts of Europe early in the autumn, and that they reappear a little later in Africa and Southern Spain. From these facts we might reasonably conclude, that in the interval they perform the passage from one of these parts of the world to the other. Ships bound in the same direction as the birds are often alighted upon by these little voyagers, when the rough wind precipitates them from the upper regions of the atmosphere, through which they would otherwise prefer to fly. Among these are the redstart, the swallow, and others, which the first harbinger of the nipping cold of winter sends hastily away to the beautiful slopes of Mount Atlas, or the southern acclivities of the Sierra Nevada. Sometimes on the Spanish coast the linnet puts forth to sea, either caught by the vortices of the atmosphere, and carried away against its will, or tempted by curiosity to make acquaintance with the ships that sail down the Atlantic towards the Strait of Gibraltar.

Naturalists have observed that the rock of Gibraltar forms, for the English short-winged summer-birds, a resting-place and rendezvous, where they meet in spring and autumn, on their way to and from the north. In this fact, we discover an explanation of the facility with which these feeble voyagers pass from one quarter of the world to another. If they choose, they may avoid long sea-passages, and flit from hill to hill, and grove to grove, all the way from Kent or Sussex to the extremity of Andalusia. Occasionally, however, for reasons not easy to be discovered, or in obedience to some law of instinct altogether unknown, they not only avoid the land, but set out at night to traverse the sea. When overtaken by hard weather, they are sometimes dashed against light-houses, or the rigging of ships, and in the morning have been found dead on the deck, or among the rocks. It has been conjectured, that, disliking the gloom in which they are enveloped by the storm, they make voluntarily towards the strong beacon-light in search of an asylum; but it is quite as probable that amid the fury of the winds, they lose the power of directing their own flight, and are dashed accidentally against the lofty tower.

The nightingale is undoubtedly to be reckoned among birds of passage; yet we know of no instance of its being taken on shipboard. No doubt, it crosses the Mediterranean from Europe to Africa, because the season in which it is found on the northern slopes of the Atlas is precisely that in which it disappears from our latitudes. So, again, in Persia, the bulbul, or nightingale, is only observed to sing during those months in which its song is never heard with us. To Asia, however, it may easily migrate, along the soft valleys of Roumelia and Asia Minor; but to the Barbary States it could hardly travel otherwise than by sea. It may, indeed, proceed to the specular Rock of Gibraltar, and from thence see its way clearly into Morocco. Most ornithologists are of this opinion, as also that it comes over to us from the continent by the narrowest part of the Channel; and this they imagine to be the reason why it does not stroll so far westward as Devonshire and Cornwall. A much more probable reason is that they do not find their proper food in those counties; because, in reference to distance, Carthage, which they do visit, is much further from Dover even than the Land's End.

Navigators in the Indian Ocean sometimes observe upon the yards and rigging of their ships unknown

birds of the richest plumage, which come to them when they are so far out at sea, that nothing but experience could prove the possibility of a bird's flying to so great a distance. There are two species of cuckoo, natives, it is said, of Hawaii, which are known to fly across the ocean all the way from Australia to New Zealand, a distance of a thousand miles, without once resting, because there is no land between on which they could alight. As swift birds, however, fly at the rate of 150 miles an hour, they can perform this formidable passage in less than five hours and a half.

An eastern mariner once related to us a curious anecdote of a bird-visitor which he had many years before on board his ship. Having left the vicinity of Danger Island, he sailed away almost due east for upwards of a thousand miles, when, early one morning, he observed among the cordage a bird, in shape like a swallow, but of the most exquisite and delicate colours; its breast was bright azure, its tail green, its wings were of scarlet, from its head rose a golden crest, and its eyes were surrounded by a circle of pink feathers. It had been subdued, no doubt, by means of hunger, to a temper of the greatest tameness. He held out to it a little rice upon a plate. The bird descended, perched upon his arm, and ate with extreme voracity. It was evidently much used to man, took fright at no one, but at dinner walked coolly about upon the cabin-table among the plates and dishes, now taking a bit from one hand, and now from another. Happening by chance to approach the cabin-door noiselessly, when, as he thought, the bird supposed itself to be alone, he heard it singing in the most plaintive manner, and at intervals pausing to talk in an unknown language. Watching it more narrowly, he observed that it was standing before a looking-glass, and holding a tender colloquy with its own image. On his entering, it seemed ashamed, and flew to the other side of the cabin.

At length the ship arrived at a small island, where, during its stay, several chiefs came on board, and were invited into the cabin. The mariner was surprised to behold them fall on their knees, bow their heads, and mutter a prayer to this bird. Upon inquiry, the mariner found it was their god, who, having gone out upon the ocean for an airing, had lost his way, and owed his preservation to the fortunate accident of meeting with a ship. The chiefs offered a large sum of money for his ransom; but the generous mariner, respecting their prejudices, or else pitying their weakness, restored them their divinity, without even charging for his board and lodging.

Here in Europe—though the plumage of the birds be less brilliant, which may account, perhaps, for their being held in less respect—ships sometimes present the appearance of a moving aviary. A vessel sailing through the Bay of Biscay, a considerable distance from land, became the resting-place of a goldfinch and chaffinch; snipes also, and a white owl, flew round the ship; and, what was more surprising, a hawk appeared in the midst of large numbers of swallows and martins. To explain this phenomenon, we must suppose that the migratory instinct subduces for a season the instinct of ferocity, otherwise the white owl and the hawk would have feasted forthwith upon their companions. Finding themselves to be fellow-travellers with smaller and more defenceless birds, and looking upon the ship as a wandering caravansary, they respected the rights of hospitality, and for several days lived among their inferiors with equal gentleness and condescension. Another visitant to the same ship was a hen redstart, which entered through the port-holes over the guns, and was daily fed by the sailors. Having reposed as long as was needful, these little wayfarers took their leave—we may presume on their way to Africa, since

the ship seems to have been descending from a higher to a lower latitude, and thus afforded the emigrants a welcome lift. On board the same vessel, a small gallinule and a kestrel hawk were caught at a distance of four hundred and twenty-four miles from land.

It is highly probable that, if our naval officers were in general fonder of natural history, we should obtain from them extremely curious particulars respecting the habits of migratory birds. The oldest of the Greek poets alludes, in many parts of his poems, to the migration of cranes, which are so strong of wing that it may be presumed they never have reason to alight for rest on ships. After having passed the winter amid the warm marshes of the White Nile, or those of the Tigris and Euphrates, they traverse the scented valleys of Syria, and move in spring along the picturesque shores of Asia Minor. A learned traveller has an extremely interesting passage on their migration northward. A company of cranes, returning from their winter-quarters, flew in orderly array over Smyrna, on the 9th of March, northward. Another soon followed, and then many; some by day, when they are seen changing their figure and leader; some by moonlight, when they are heard, high in air, repeating their noisy signals. The same writer, sailing in autumn southward from the Hellespont, again saw his old friends on their way to their winter-quarters. Being near Tenedos, he says he was amused by vast caravans or companies of cranes passing high in the air from Thrace, to winter, as he supposed, in Egypt. He admired the number and variety of their squadrons, their extent, orderly array, and apparently good discipline.

Other migratory birds of strong wing scorn the aid of man in their flight, and dart from one continent to another, depending exclusively on the force of their own pinions. Thus the pelicans, though birds of great weight, ascend into the atmosphere, and forming themselves into one compact wedge, cleave the air like an arrow, and traverse the whole Mediterranean at one flight. They present a sight of rare beauty when preparing for their departure. Differing in this from many other birds, they commence their journey in the morning, collecting in myriads on the marshes of the Nile, and soaring aloft with a scream, they form a vast canopy overhead, while the sun playing on their white feathers, delicately tipped with pink, remind the traveller of the snows of the higher Alps, which are often rendered rosy by the touch of dawn.

These powerful birds, as we have said, need no other resting-places in their migrations than such as have been supplied them by nature. It is otherwise with the smaller winged tribes. These, when caught by the foremost blast of high winds, in their attempt to cross the sea, invariably take refuge in ships. A Swedish naturalist, entering the Mediterranean early in the morning, observed that the *Motacilla Hispanica* (a beautiful species of wagtail) almost immediately came on board. It had become conscious of the approach of a storm, and endeavoured to escape from it by flight. Observing beneath it the white sails of a vessel, while Africa was a long way off, it descended boldly, to make friends, and demand hospitality of the Swedish mariners. They seem, however, to have thought more of the high winds, which the arrival of these little pilgrims portended, than of the beauty or habits of their visitors. The wind which brought these aerial voyagers was a strong north-easter, and it came accompanied by thunder and lightning, things little familiar to Scandinavians in the month of October. But it being the migrating season, the birds would not defer their journey on account of stress of weather, but mounting amid atmospheric and electric

currents, undismayed by the thunder's roar or the lightning's flash, they sought to fulfil faithfully the behests of nature. In the morning, however, the waves were covered with the bodies of larks and wagtails, which had been killed by the fury of the elements during the night. Two only, one of either species, reached the ship in safety.

Sometimes birds seem to be induced by mere curiosity or love of mankind to put out from their native shore, and alight on ships at sea. The sparrow, it is well known, has an inveterate fondness for hopping and chirping about human beings, whether on land or water. They will even cling to the dwellings long after the dwellers therein have passed away, and sit sadly on the eaves at dawn, as if expecting the appearance of some new inhabitant. We are not at all surprised, therefore, to find the African sparrow, on beholding a vessel, flying out to it, in order to take a crumb with its inmates. Sicily abounds with sparrows, which, during winter, sun themselves in large troops upon the beautiful old ruins of Grecian temples, where they will go round with you, as if they were quite interested in the antiquities. As soon as they see a ship, they fly away to it in great multitudes, as if delighted to examine anything new; and on reaching it, flit about the sails, perch upon the yards, masts, and rigging, descending frequently to share the meals of the sailors, in whose rough humanity they place the most complete confidence.

Many species of birds love to construct what Shakspeare calls their procreant cradles on the islands of the Mediterranean. Ægina is a favourite spot, where, but for the policy of the inhabitants, they would multiply so fast as to produce a famine. Accordingly, as soon as the breeding-season sets in, the worthy natives disperse themselves over the island, peer into every nook and cranny of the rocks, in search of the nests of doves, pigeons, and partridges, whose eggs they collect and take away, or destroy on the spot without mercy. In this part of Greece, the partridge is reckoned among singing-birds. Its note, they say, is extremely sweet; and, contrary to the instincts of its kind, at least as observed elsewhere, it perches at night. Now and then, the solitary thrush—a peculiar species—alights on the barks that ply among the Cyclades. The Turks set a high value upon this bird, whose song is unrivalled save by that of the nightingale.

It has been suggested by an able naturalist, that a most interesting Fauna might be written on the visitors of ships at sea; and the waters of our own coast would supply considerable materials for such a work. The wheatear, identical with the ortolan or becafico, often rests upon vessels running up along the western coast of England, sometimes remaining on board for twenty-four hours together. This suggests a pleasant idea of sailors, who, instead of killing the little strangers, as many other classes of persons would, are almost invariably kind and hospitable towards them. If they could be induced to apply their leisure hours to the study of natural history, they would be able to furnish the world with innumerable curious particulars respecting the habits of birds. Perhaps the most interesting scene for such observations is the Mediterranean, because of the vernal and autumnal voyages made by all the migratory birds across its waters. About the Lipari Islands alone it would be easy to find materials for an instructive chapter, since many rare birds are often found resting, as if on shipboard, upon their vitrified cones and pinnacles. But when the swallow touches at these isles, it must be for pleasure, not through weariness, since it would be easy for it, with its strong wings, to proceed onward to Sicily. Yet it may often be seen diving, so to speak, through the white smoke of Vulcano, or skimming along the rocky

shores of Felicudi. Having performed these feats to its satisfaction, it plunges away towards the Faro, as if in search of the misty glories of the fata morgana.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MANY noteworthy things are floating about in the talk of artists and savans: the statue to be erected in honour of George Stephenson at Newcastle-on-Tyne; the Stephenson memorial schools now building at Willington Quay, where George lived as engineman; the statue of Isaac Barrow set up in the same Trinity College ante-chapel with Newton and Bacon; the monument which is to perpetuate Hugh Miller's name and fame at Cromarty; the statue of Tollens, a celebrated Dutch poet, about to adorn a public place in his native town of Rotterdam; the bestowal of the Sheepshanks collection of engravings on the South Kensington Museum, where the Sheepshanks collection of paintings so worthily supports the donor's reputation. There is talk about the Royal Academy, and what some call their prejudicial monopoly—on which we may remark in passing, that while the R.A.s comprise only forty, the artists, who are numbered by hundreds, cannot all be R.A.s at once; about the safe hanging of the bells, big and little, in the clock-tower at Westminster; about the reopening of the course of lectures to workmen by Professor Huxley, at the School of Mines; and the evening-classes opened for young men at King's College; and about the twenty-one alpaca sheep shipped to Melbourne, that Australia may raise ship-loads of alpaca wool: of the *Great Eastern*, and the hope that now prevails that the huge steamer—of which it was said so long: 'There go the ships, and there is that *Leviathan*'—will be ready for sea by next June; of the steamer built of steel-plates for the navigation of the Kuban by the Russians, who hope thereby to finally circumvent the Circassians; of the improved method of making telegraph cables by plying instead of twisting the wire, combining greater strength with more flexibility; of the telegraph which Signor Bonelli proposes to lay from Genoa to Buenos Ayres; of the industrial and agricultural exhibition at Bridgetown, Demerara; of the discovery of gold at Port Curtis, north of Moreton Bay, on the east coast of Australia; of the ship-canal which, by a cut to Lake Ontario, is to connect Lake Huron with the sea; of a certain silky kind of cotton which, as is said, Canada can supply in any quantity; and of the new regulation of the Russian government, which opens the Academy for the instruction of civil engineers at St Petersburg to youths of all classes.

In the last number of their *Journal*, the United Service Institution publish a paper on an important subject—Military Dietetics; another on the rifles and small-arms of England, the United States, and France; and one by Mr Bourne on the Internal Communications of India, in which is forcibly shewn, that to develop the river-navigation with properly built steamers to tug trains of barges, will be more for the immediate good of the country than railways. The length of railway sanctioned in India is 4000 miles, at an estimated cost of L.34,000,000; there are 10,000 miles of rivers that may be opened and navigated at an outlay far below this, while the traffic would be cheap and enormous.—From the Pacific, we hear that King Kahmehameha's minister of the interior has issued an official recommendation that English, which is already the language of the court and commerce, shall become the national language of the Sandwich Islands. After this authoritative announcement, we may expect that the time will not be long before

Anglo-Saxon shall have displaced the fluent and musical Kanaka; and especially as there are a *New Era*, an *Argus*, and a *Monthly Magazine* already published at Honolulu. There seems something very like progress in the publication of the Transactions of the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society at their fifth annual meeting. Truly we can foresee nothing but good in the spread of the English language; and we think the suggestion a good one that the Roman character should be adopted in printing and writing the native languages of India. It would be as easy to teach this to children as any other; and if generally adopted in the schools, a few years would see a numerous youthful population familiar with the alphabet of the west. If John Chinaman would but exchange for it his present complex and cumbrous symbols, his gain would be great.

Another explorer has started on the track of Barth and Vogel—Baron von Krafft, who will penetrate Soudan from Tripoli, in the guise of a Turkish physician, and on reaching Timbuctoo, should he prove so fortunate, will then strike out new routes to complete the discoveries of his predecessors.

The Zoological Society have had a notice of a talking canary—the second instance of the kind on record. The bird in question was, owing to the neglect of its parents, brought up by hand, and so became more familiar with human speech than ornithological warblers. At the age of three months, it began to talk, saying *kissie! kissie!* and since then it has gone on adding to its vocabulary, and now repeats for hours a succession of phrases comprehending about a dozen words, whistling from time to time a bar of *God Save the Queen*.—The Society of Arts have opened their 105th session with an address from Mr Dilke, wherein what they hope to do is made to appear worthy of what they have done; they gave medals for the employment of steam-power in the cultivation of the soil, for a paper on the progress of the light-house system, and other practical subjects, and on New Zealand and Canada and their resources.—The Meteorological Society of Scotland is now organised, and fairly at work, Professor Piazzi Smyth, astronomer-royal for Scotland, having consented to give his attention to the arrangement and reduction of the observations that may be sent in.

The Royal Society, at their anniversary meeting, elected Sir Benjamin Brodie as their president, a measure which will probably satisfy those who think that the chair of that ancient corporation should not be filled by a lord. The Fellows should choose the best man, regardless of all other considerations. The retiring president, Lord Wrottesley, drew attention to the scientific questions in which government and the society may be said to co-operate—a co-operation highly beneficial to science—and, as exponent of the sentiments of the meeting, he presented the Copley medal to Sir Charles Lyell, in recognition of his eminent services to the science of geology; a royal medal to Mr Albany Hancock of Newcastle-on-Tyne for studies in natural history and zoology, chiefly as regards the mollusca; a royal medal to Mr Lassell of Liverpool for his astronomical researches; and the Rumford medal to M. Jules Jamin, professor at the Ecole Polytechnique, for investigations and discoveries by which optical science has been greatly enriched. This latter was founded by Count Rumford, to be given every two years for the most important discovery in heat or light, and is worth, with the dividends accruing on the fund, which go with the medal, more than a hundred pounds.

Every week brings to light some new application of that yet novel substance—glycerine. To say nothing of its applications to photography, it serves many purposes in domestic economy and mechanical

operations. It has properties in common with oil, but, unlike oil, will bear mixture with water and alcohol, and does not solidify in a temperature which freezes even mercury. It is useful in pharmacy, harmless as a medicine, and not disagreeable in taste. Some kinds of food which are injured by becoming dry, might be kept moist for months if coated with glycerine, more or less diluted according to circumstances. Confectionary and other things, now protected by tinfoil, might in many instances be better preserved by glycerine; indeed, we hardly see an end to its application in this way. Mustard mixed with glycerine will not dry up rapidly, as housewives know it does when mixed with water. Hitherto, tobacco-manufacturers have used treacle to moisten and sweeten the leaf, and find it at times ferment and turn sour; but with glycerine it may be kept moist and sweet for any length of time—a matter of no small importance to those who indulge in the filthy practice of chewing. Again: gas-meters are liable to get out of order by freezing or evaporation of the water with which they are charged; these inconveniences are obviated by glycerine, diluted until it will absorb no water from the gas on its passage through the meter. For the lubrication of delicate machinery, for watches and chronometers, glycerine will probably be found preferable to oil; it may be used in water-colour painting, and for copying purposes, and in keeping specimens of dried plants in a flexible condition. Moreover, we hear that tincture of iodine and glycerine is a cure for even the most inveterate corns.

An operative chemist at Caen announces that coffee-grounds make an excellent manure, because of the nitrogen and phosphoric acid which he discovers therein. Does he include the chicory which forms so large a proportion of coffee-grounds in France?

Medical and physiological science presents a few noticeable facts. Dr Theophilus Thompson, in a paper communicated to the Royal Society, endeavours to trace the action of cod-liver oil upon consumptive patients, shewing that it largely increases the quantity of the red corpuscles of the blood. Consumption, as is well known, drains away these red corpuscles; thereby depriving the system of much of its vitality; but here we see a means of repairing that loss while taking measures to restore the general health. The fact is a valuable contribution to scientific medicine. Some authorities, however, are of opinion that cod-liver oil is an aliment, and not a medicament, and that its beneficial effects are solely due to nutrition, and not to any special influence which it is supposed to exert on diseases of the chest.

Dr Dickinson of Liverpool has written a paper in which, from personal experience, he recommends the climate of Egypt and Nubia as preferable for invalids to that of any place in Europe or Algiers; care being taken to pass the first part of the winter in Cairo, and then journey up into Nubia for the second part. Rheumatism, diseases of the lungs, indigestion, and other consequences of a sedentary life, there find relief; 'in,' as the doctor observes, 'a brilliant and balmy climate, where mere existence is felt to be a positive luxury, and where the mind enjoys a serenity almost unknown in our foggy land, and the traveller scarcely ever experiences any feeling of ennui, even when confined to his boat.' This is doubtless the truth as regards persons in ill health; but we happen to know a considerable number of persons who find it perfectly possible to preserve a serene disposition even in our foggy land. Health now-a-days is sacrificed to social conventionalities, and the climate gets the blame.

M. Piorry shews that in some cases of defective respiration, enlargement of the heart, and congestion of the liver, a simple and beneficial remedy is to be

found in deep inspirations, filling the lungs full of air several times a day. In a paper published at Paris, he enters at length into the rationale of the question; but we have only space to notice the essential point of his theory, which, at all events, may be adopted without danger.

In the *Proceedings* of the 'Med. Chi.,' as the Medical and Chirurgical Society is familiarly called among the profession, Dr D. F. Rennie of the convict establishment, Western Australia, calls attention to what, in plain English, means the harmful consequences of being careful overmuch about the prisoners in our jails. He found the convicts liable to eruptions and dysentery, when all the rest of the colony was in health, and seeking for the cause, discovered it in the undue quantity of food allowed to each man—27 ounces of bread, and 16 ounces of fresh meat, daily. He remonstrated with the convict authorities, but they would not believe that the food was in excess; he appealed to Governor Fitzgerald, who appointed a committee to examine the question; and they confirmed his views. A reduction was made, which brought down the quantity of food to 1½ lb. a day, and with the best results on the health of the convicts. These men, moreover, as the doctor points out, were of impaired constitution, with imperfect respiration, lungs more or less diseased, occasioned by their sedentary imprisonment in hot cells before transportation. Not only those who had been some time in the colony, but fifty men examined immediately on their arrival, shewed the same impaired respiration. There is something here which, as Dr Rennie thinks, 'strikes at the root of the whole dietetic system pursued during the earlier period of their confinement in England; the state of these convicts with respect to sickness contrasting strongly with that of the inmates of the military prison, who have a simple, wholesome, and yet ample diet, and plenty of exercise in the open air; whereas the convicts, during the first twelve-months of their imprisonment, are shut up like hot-house plants in a warm cell, employed at a sedentary occupation, and placed on a diet double that allowed to the military prisoners.' Apart from its importance as a question of prison-discipline, this subject of excess in food is one deserving of consideration by thousands who are not prisoners.

Dr Pidduck, whose paper on the Osteophosphate of Lime as a dietetic remedy for curvature of the spine, and the long bones of the limbs, we noticed a year ago, now discusses the properties of iodide of calcium, as a valuable addition to the *materia medica*. This substance, a combination of iodine and lime, is an inexpensive and remarkably useful medicine, particularly in cases of chronic metallic poisoning, as with painters, plumbers, brass-founders, and others. 'It is highly probable,' says the doctor, 'that the antidote of every poison is to be found in the several kingdoms of nature whence the poison is derived; as, for example, ammonia is the antidote to animal poisons; potass to vegetable, and soda to mineral poisons; so iodine, chlorine, and bromine may be, and facts lead to the conclusion that they really are, antidotes to the metallic poisons.' The subject, however, is one that requires patient investigation; and much is yet to be learned concerning the symptoms and effects of 'chronic medicinal poisoning of the blood and tissues.'

M. Ozanam has been trying experiments with diluted vapour of prussic acid, shewing that diluted and in moderate doses, it produces a species of anæsthesia. But a very slight increase of strength causes immediate death, and were it not for the microscope, death without any signs of poisoning; with this instrument, however, there is discoverable a rupture of the minute nerve tubules which sufficiently betrays the fatal cause. In cases where the effect is alarming, but short of actual death, the remedy is oxygen;

respiration of oxygen until the last trace of the acid is eliminated.

The subject of Chinese poisons is treated of by Dr Macgowan in an interesting article in an American journal. It is one of which at present but little is known. We find that wholesale destruction of the English troops by an inoculating poison has been a favourite project with the Celestials, and sanctioned by the military authorities; but the opportunity for trying it never came. Another scheme proposed to Commissioner Lin was to inoculate all the Europeans in Canton with leprosy, as a sure means of getting rid of them. It was rejected as too slow in its operation.

The poisons which kill by inhalation are employed in a way which gives us a strange notion of Chinese morality—in *jillicide*. Dr Macgowan coins a word to express the fact. It appears that parents do not scruple to put out of the way a grown-up son who is likely to disgrace his family. We quote a case in point by way of conclusion: a government functionary had a son whose misconduct was such that his removal was determined on. 'To effect the object without publicity, no small finesse was requisite on the part of his father and friends. Suspecting their designs, the young man became excessively wary. On the day agreed upon for his execution, the father feigned to be withholding the son's much-loved opium, until he could induce the hapless youth to take a draught of tea, which he was artfully led to suppose was drugged. At length, affecting to be wearied by the son's contumacy, the father gave him his opium-pipe, having mixed with the genial *papaver* another drug intensely poisonous. After a few inhalations, the victim fell into a stupor, followed by convulsions, to which his athletic frame succumbed in less than six hours.'

ABOUT THE PANTOMIME.

This is Christmas-day, and Monday night will be boxing-night, when a hundred pantomimes, new or old, will be conjured into existence throughout the country, in celebration of the event—the event of the year to the masters and misses of the juvenile world. A countless host of little boys and girls are on that evening gratified with their annual visit to the theatre, and witness, in a paroxysm of excitement, the manifold delights of the ever-after-well-remembered pantomime of 'Harlequin and the Tyrant King Gobblemupandskrunshendowno, or the Doomed Princess of the Fairy Hall, with the Forty Blood-red Pillars'—full of the usual tricks and transformations, and, if we may believe the bill, 'resplendent with new scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations.'

We often wonder if our juvenile friends ever think of the enormous amount of industry which must be evoked before the pantomime can be presented to the audience—before Clown can knock down Picerust the baker, or before Pantaloon can rob the simple-minded butcher, who has been robbed every Christmas in every pantomime that has been produced in the three kingdoms, from the earliest period of their existence down to the present time. Even grown-up people, we have often thought, have a sort of idea that the Christmas pantomime is a thing produced by accident, or that it is knocked together on the spur of the moment, just because people want a hearty laugh for their children on boxing-night; and also, *sub rosa*, a little cachinnatory exercise for themselves. The pantomime is not, however, got up by accident, but is the result of intense labour, mental and bodily, on the part of all

concerned, managers, authors, scene-painters, designers, carpenters, property-makers, costumiers, spangle and lace makers, and pantomimists—that is to say, clowns, harlequins, pantaloons, columbines, sprites, harlequinas, ballet-girls, musicians, and supernumeraries of both sexes. The preparations for the pantomime may be assumed to commence in the large London theatres about the beginning of August, or even earlier, when 'the house-author' and the manager determine what it is to be, and upon the principal ideas for which it is to be made the vehicle. As the autumn progresses into winter, it—having as yet no name, or the name being for a period a profound secret, the pantomime is always, by those interested, spoken of as it—gradually gets into shape; scenes are invented, and tricks planned; advertising tradesmen are arranged with, some of whom willingly pay £50 or £100 for a scene which advertises their goods—that is, a scene having a view of their premises, wherein clown and pantaloons carry out a deal of practical fun with the articles in which they deal. The house-author, of course, only prepares what is called the introduction, or literary part of the harlequinade, which is usually made a vehicle for fine scenery, gorgeous processions, incidental ballets, panoramas, &c. Some one of the pantomimic corps usually take charge of what, in technical phraseology, is called the 'comic business;' but there are persons in London, such as the far-famed Mr Nelson Lee, who make it their special business, for a 'consideration,' to get up this department of our Christmas entertainments.

In the fulness of time the pantomimic corps are summoned to the theatre—they have most of them been engaged since last season, if they are public favourites—and a time is fixed for the commencement of the necessary rehearsals. A troupe of fifty ballet-girls has been engaged for the processions and tableaux. Beverly, the inimitable scene-painter, has promised to do a couple of his finest scenes of fairyland. Dykwyntin has promised designs for the masks and costume of the fifty guards of the tyrant king Gobblemupandskrunshendowno; and by and by things are so far advanced, that the name of the piece is no longer kept secret, and the bill—the bill of the pantomime, with all its comicalities, is drawn up, and is very privately got into proof for the consideration and criticism of the author and manager; for, be it known, the bill is a most particular item of the pantomime, and has been frequently known to be a great deal funnier than the piece it professes to describe. But, previous to all this, when the author has got the piece into something like shape, the stage-manager assembles those who are to take part in the acting or getting-up of the pantomime in the green-room, and reads what is called in theatrical parlance the 'opening,' in order that the mechanists, tailors, artists, &c., of the theatre may each know what is required of him. For this purpose, the necessary explanations are made, and the chief of each department is provided with a list, or 'plot,' as it is called, of everything which will be required in his line of duty; and after this has been given them, there is no excuse for idleness; so these heads of departments at once set to work, assisted by a swarm of *aides* of all kinds; for the gigantic preparations will require every hour of their time, from the date of that reading till boxing-night, before the productions of these working *genii* can go before the public, with their fairy scenery, their comic masks, their elaborate dresses, and all the spangles and golden glitter which are incidental to the creation of a successful pantomime.

Let us imagine, then, that it is the middle of December—the best time for making the tour of that part of the house, from which so many metaphors

have been drawn, Behind the Scenes. 'Here we are,' then, to use the Christmas language of the clown, having got safely through the hall, and passed—a difficult achievement—the Cerberus of the place, on the P. or prompter's side of the stage, at the first entrance. The curtain is drawn up; and the audience portion of the house is all covered over with calico and looks cold and dismal enough without the happy faces whose smiling approbation will, in good time, light it up. A flexible tube conveys gas to an upright in the orchestra, where sits the leader of the ballet-music looking over and trying his grand overture to the forthcoming Christmas novelty, while a *répétiteur* is busy scraping away at the *Elfin Waltz*, which a lady and gentleman, curiously attired, are practising on the stage. The lady is dressed in an old pair of silk tights, dirty satin shoes, worn-out ballet skirt, a felt bonnet, and a warm cloth polka. 'Is it possible!' exclaim our young friends; 'can that be Columbine? and is that really Harlequin?' 'Yes,' we reply, 'that is the doomed princess, afterwards columbine; and her companion in the white trousers, pea-coat, and buff shoes, is the knight of the spangles—harlequin.' These are their working-clothes they have on; but wait till boxing-night, and what couple will be more resplendent! The cadaverous-looking trio in the prompter's corner, who are talking about some alterations of the comic business, consists of clown, pantaloon, and stage-manager. These men lounging on the other side are 'supers'—that is the stage-name for the wretched individuals who, for the sake of eighteenpence a night, will espouse any side of a dispute, and are perfectly indifferent whether they belong to the Montagues or the Capulets. On the present occasion, they are to act alternately, of course with a change of dress, as the retainers of the tyrant king Gobblemupandskrunshemdowno, and of Prince Razorsbanks, his rival in the affections of the Doomed Princess. That little thick-set quiet man, with the intellectual face, is the painter or artist of the house; and the important-looking personage with whom he is talking, is Mr Joints, the eminent mechanist of the establishment. Mysterious voices are sounding loudly far away up in the 'flies;' while a busy carpenter is industriously opening up a 'slole' at the back-part of the stage, and oiling a part of the work, to make it run well. We look through the long narrow opening, and gaze at the wonderful region—the bowels, so to speak, of the place; what wheels, what ropes, what pulleys, what depths and depths there are, away far down below the floor, there, lighted by dim lights in obscure lanterns, and where men in fustian jackets and paper caps lie in wait for signals from above—tinkling bells, or orders through speaking-tubes; while even the stage itself seems a perfect riddle of traps and openings, and a place of danger to the uninitiated. As we come off the boards at the P. or prompt side, passing the green-room, we see the door of the property-room, and although we are warned by a placard that there is 'no admittance except on business,' our young friends may venture in. What a scene! Just imagine a greengrocer's shop, a poulterer's and butcher's stall, a musical-instrument warehouse, an

old-furniture *dépôt*, a china store, a hardwareman's, all compressed into one moderate-sized room, and the reader will then have a faint idea of what a theatrical property-room is. The varied properties are piled away in heaps upon the floor, or on shelves, or are hung around on nails, most of them for use in the pantomime; on the walls, especially, are grinning at us the gigantic false-faces, designed by the aforesaid Dykwynkin, and which are destined to be so provocative of mirth to the wondering Master Toms and Miss Marys of boxing-night.

We shall next visit the workshop where these things are made. That large mass of yielding clay can be easily moulded into the face of one of the tyrant king's guards. The mass, after the comic or terrific physiognomy has been shaped upon it, is smeared over with oil, so that a thin plaster-of-Paris mould can be taken from it. This, in turn, like a shape for moulding jelly, will be well buttered or greased, and then sheets of thin brown paper will be pasted in till the face acquires the requisite strength; then it is taken from the mould, and dried, preparatory to having masses of coloured wool or horsehair sewed upon it, and the necessary amount of rose-pink bestowed upon the nose and cheeks, till it is fitted to pass as the head of one of Gobblemupandskrunshemdowno's retainers. Large quantities of vegetables are also in progress—the great barrel full of saw-dust is for stuffing into these red cases, which, during the pantomime, do duty as carrots at the terrible 'spill' or uproar which terminates each scene of the comic business. These fine-looking legs of mutton, loaves of bread, and sides of bacon, are all 'got up' in this apartment, and, as the bill says, 'regardless of expense,' as are also the tempting pots of beer with the fierce foam upon them; also those miraculous chairs which change into pianos, and those wonderful beds which, with an utter contempt for the centre of gravity, will, the moment clown lies down, mount to the roof of the bedroom; also those dummy figures of harlequin, policemen, &c., which are shot out of cannon, or are pounded to dust in a gigantic druggist's mortar, or are put once or twice through the clown's mangle, and then, by means of water, are remade up into their natural form. Everything required in the pantomime in the shape of properties can be manufactured here, from the crown of the tyrant usurper to the rod used in the third comic scene—Dr Birch's academy—where the tall boy in the white pinafore, who brings up the rear of the boarding-school procession, comes in for a mock flagellation at the hands of a very starved-looking usher.

Next door to this wonderful workshop is the wardrobe, where the theatrical dresses are kept. Those in a large establishment are, of course, very numerous and expensive (the cost of the tartan alone for the dresses in *Rob Roy*, for instance, was £150). At present all hands are busy on the costumes for the pantomime; the dresses for the guards and the tyrant king are now in hand, made of real catskin, with the original hair on. Alas! how many poor cats will have disappeared from their homes and sympathising proprietors, to make up the requisite number of skins. Those young ladies, yonder, are busy sewing spangles and beads on the skirt of a dress intended for columbine to dance in. That pile of white-satin ballet-shoes has just come from the shoemaker's; they are for the fifty pair of feet of the fifty young ladies of the tyrant's court, who dance and attitudinise that terrible bully to sleep. Observe, they are not squared off at the toes, like the white-satin shoes of society, but are beautifully rounded at the point, as the dancing-shoes of theatrical people invariably are. We will not venture even to guess how many yards of gold-sprigged muslin may be required for the fifty dresses of the aforesaid young damsels, but that enormous

* Some ignorant people are accustomed to assert that the pantomimic corps perpetually bathe themselves in oil, to keep their joints supple; but the great oiler of the joints of pantomimists is exercise, and the perpetual motion of their profession. A pantomimist does not live long, as the herculean exertions which he has to go through soon kill him. It is said of Grimaldi that, even while he was a comparatively young man, his exertions had quite debilitated him. 'Men were obliged to be kept waiting at the side-scenes, who caught him in their arms when he staggered from the stage, and supported him, while others chafed his limbs, which was obliged to be incessantly done until he was called for the next scene, or he could not have appeared again.'

mass on yonder table is supposed to contain the full quantity. The green and red baize which lies about in careless confusion, will speedily be converted into tunics for the opposing pantomimic armies, who are to do battle for the rights and liberties of the Doomed Princess. The wardrobe and tailor's shop at such a period as this are perfect hives of industry, and with every person engaged, the order is 'stitch, stitch, stitch,' from early morn till the chimes ring out the midnight hour. Among the other costumes which are in progress, there is a dress for harlequin, made of beautifully woven stuff, and patched all over with variegated pieces of silk. This style of dressing harlequin is exactly fifty-eight years old, and was first introduced in the pantomime of *Harlequin Amulet*, which was produced in 1800. Before that time, we are told, 'it had been customary to attire the harlequin in a loose jacket and trousers, and it had been considered indispensable that he should be perpetually attitudinising in five positions, and doing nothing else but passing instantaneously from one to the other, and never pausing without being in one of the five.

The carpenter's shop is as busy a scene as the tailor's. The hammer and the saw are for ever sounding. 'Flats' and 'wings' are always being nailed into shape, and covered over with canvas, ready to go up to the painting-room. At the time of our visit, a being in canvas overalls, wearing a paper cap, and having a neat little saw in his hand, is busy cutting out the shape of some foliage, or, as the operation is called behind the scenes, marking the 'profile.' Carpenters in some theatres perform a great many duties which are not dreamt of in extra-theatrical shops. We knew a man once who had been at some time or other connected with nearly every provincial theatre in Great Britain and Ireland, and who called himself a carpenter; but he could do anything: he could form a scene, stretch on the canvas, and, if it was for a chamber, he could paint it. He also officiated as a scene-shifter, and went on for 'little business' at night. He could make properties, and did not disdain to act the part of tailor or check-taker when required. Once or twice, upon emergency, he took a place in the orchestra; and with an accordion he has sometimes officiated as the whole band of a theatre rural. Yet for all his usefulness, he never had a larger salary than sixteen shillings a week.

We may now leave the carpenter's shop, and visit the studio of the artist, which is situated at the top of the theatre. The painting-shop is exactly over the back-part of the stage; but it is a great way up. It is a long room, and is filled with a profusion of light, by means of a gigantic glass erection on the top of the house. In this chamber we see the artist at work on the back-part of 'the tranquil lake in the empyrean fields of balmy delight.' The canvas is astonishingly large; but it is quite manageable, and can be lowered or raised to any required height or depth by means of slight machinery constructed for the purpose. The dexterity with which it has been painted is quite wonderful. The immense surface having been sized over, an outline of the landscape is traced out pretty boldly by the principal artist; then it is more minutely outlined in ink, and numerous portions of the design, originally dashed off on Bristol-board, in water-colours; all the principal masses of colour are at once washed in by the assistant-brushes, but the finish conferred upon the whole is left to the principal artist, who executes it with a skill and power which will obtain, we trust, the high encomiums of the critics of the Sunday papers, as well as the volleys of applause bestowed upon it by the 'discriminating' audience who are always sure to assemble on boxing-night. The celerity with which business is carried on in this department of the theatre is quite miraculous; although, aided, no doubt, by the largeness of the canvas operated

upon, which admits of a perfect army of brushes being engaged upon it at the same time, all directed, however, by the great master-brush of the establishment. A considerable portion of the labour in the painting-room is quite mechanical: for instance, straight lines for cornices, &c., are traced on the canvas by means of a tightly drawn piece of cord, rubbed over with dry colour, which is placed against the scene, and then pulled out, and let down again, when, of course, it leaves its mark. This and similar work can be done by a labourer or boy. This elaborate scrolled scene for a chamber in the tyrant's palace, is done by means of 'pouncing'—that is, a small portion of the design is pricked out on a sheet of paper, which is held against the canvas, and then a bag of charcoal is dashed upon it, leaving, of course, the outline to be afterwards finished. This process is repeated till the whole of the large surface is covered, and when finally perfected, it looks very well indeed. When scenes are intended to dazzle and glitter, as is usually the case in a pantomime, they are daubed over with Dutch metal, the artist marking the places to be so done with a thinnish kind of glue; and the bits so prepared are either covered with gold or silver leaf, as may be required.

This finishes our tour of the industrial departments of the house; and if we have not adequately described the great labour involved in getting up the pantomime, we can give our readers another mode of judging of it by stating that the cost of getting up a great London Christmas piece in Covent Garden Theatre a few years ago, was nearly eight thousand pounds; while the weekly bill for salaries and necessities to keep it going, was above seven hundred pounds! A London pantomime of any pretensions to magnitude or splendour will be certain to cost a couple of thousands; the competition is so great, that a manager must spend a great deal of money, or he will be outdone by others, and his house will fail in attraction.

But at length Boxing-night—the night of nights to our young friends—arrives, and, having explored the region which lies behind the green curtain, and seen the details of which a pantomime is made up, we are now ready to see it as it appears to the audience. Before the curtain draws up, and during the time when our company are enduring what somebody has graphically called the purgatorial passage to the paradise of pantomimic delights—namely, the eternal *George Barnwell*, or mayhap *The Stranger*, we express a hope that our young companions who are just about to enjoy their annual peep at the Christmas pantomime, are aware of the great antiquity of this their favourite entertainment. We beg they will remember, while laughing at the drolleries of Mr Clown, or while they are indignant at the buffets bestowed upon poor Pantaloon, that pantomime was known to the ancients, and was practised in various forms by the Greeks and Romans—not, however, at all times as an amusement, but was resorted to in their great festivals and solemnities, as on the occasion of marriages and funerals.

Pantomimes were not got up in this country till the year 1702, when we find that one was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, called the *Tavern Bilkers*. It was brought out by one Weaver, a provincial dancing-master, and was well received. In consequence of his success, he brought out several others; such as *The Loves of Mars and Venus*, all of which were successful. It was not, however, till the advent of the Grimaldi family, in 1758, that pantomime began to be important. Mr Grimaldi—a son of the great dancer and the famous clown—brought this kind of entertainment to a state of great perfection, and for many years assisted in the getting-up of those pantomimes of the good old times about which we hear old playgoers

talk so enthusiastically. Grimaldi was thus apostrophised by James Smith, one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*:

Facetious mime! thou enemy of gloom;
Grandson of Momus, blithe and débonnaire,
Who, aping Pan with an inverted broom,
Can brush the cobwebs from the brows of care.

But we are forgetting the present in these reminiscences. What a buzz there is when the curtain rises, and the tyrant king's band of Christy minstrels are seen, ay, and heard too, playing a serenade before the great entrance to the palace. This morning, no person could have supposed it possible that the piece could come out at all—but here it is, ay, and a great success into the bargain, as might indeed be expected from what we already know of the preparations that have been gone through to insure its 'going' well. 'Could we not go behind to-night?' asks some one. Heaven forbid! we have more sense than to venture behind the scenes on the first night of a new Christmas piece. We know from experience what kind of treatment we should receive, how we should be knocked about at the various entrances of the stage, or perhaps shoved 'on' in some of the mobs *in propria persona*, without being called by the audience. The bustle and animation behind the scenes during the run of a popular Christmas piece can scarcely be described, and every available inch of space is blocked up with the necessary properties. Here a basketful of mock vegetables; there, a lot of chairs; in another place, a heap of kitchen utensils. 'Now, then, by your leave,' and a fierce giant, carrying his head under his arm, twists you aside—not very ceremoniously. Then the shrill treble of a trembling fairy says: 'Please, sir, will you allow me to pass?' Then the stage-manager asks some one who you are. Next, a carpenter condescends to inform you that it is very warm, and hints at 'beer.' 'Take care of your feet!' shouts the prompter, and looking down, you see two gigantic warning-pans ready to be shoved on for the next scene. As you pass up the narrow path between the side-scene and the wall, in order to gain the door, harlequin and columbine, reeking hot, bound from the stage, and nearly overthrow you; while just as you recover your perpendicular, you receive a blow on the cheek from a soft turnip, and a furious knock on the shins from a wooden cheese.

It is said that the spell of pantomime is broken, and that this kind of entertainment will speedily be numbered among the things of the past. But the same thing was said a quarter of a century ago. Just at that date, a public journalist stated that 'ingenious tricks, startling transformations, surprising feats of agility, grotesque masks, smacks, thumps, and tumbles, astonish without amusing, unless they are made to bear upon the action of the story. Wanting purpose, the wit of the concoctors, the cleverness of the machinist, and the humour of the performers, are of no effect: strange, that those most concerned in

the prosperity of pantomime will not see what is so obvious to everybody else!' Notwithstanding these predictions, we still find pantomime in vogue; and since some of the London Christmas pieces run for a period of sixty or seventy consecutive nights, drawing large audiences on each representation, we must conclude that there is yet life in that amusement.

HOLLY BERRIES.

HOLLY berries, holly berries,
Red, and bright, and beaming.
Through the dusky evergreens
Like sprays of coral gleaming;
Ye have power to fill the heart
With memories of glee:
Oh, what happy thoughts can cling
Round the holly tree!

When I see the holly berries,
I can think I hear
Merry chimes and carols sweet
Ringing in my ear.
Christmas, with its blazing fires
And happy hearths I see:
Oh, what merry thoughts can cling
Round the holly tree!

Bring the glowing holly berries;
Snow is lying deep;
All the gay and blooming flowers
Till the spring-time sleep.
Let them grace our happy hours
With their crimson light,
Mingling with the sombre fir,
And the laurel bright

Keenly blows the icy wind,
Shorter grows the day,
Winter scatters cold and gloom
In his dreary play.
Yet we love the closing years
For the joy they bring,
And the holy memories
That round the holly cling.

Holly berries, holly berries,
Red, and bright, and beaming,
Through the dusky evergreens
Like sprays of coral gleaming:
Ye have power to fill the heart
With memories of glee:
Oh, what happy thoughts can cling
Round the holly tree!

C. M. P.

The present number of the Journal completes the Tenth Volume; a title-page and index prepared for it may be had of the publishers and their agents.

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PROSPECTUS.

NO Scientific subject can be so important to Man as that of his own life. No knowledge can be so incessantly appealed to by the incidents of every day, as the knowledge of the *processes by which he lives and acts*. At every moment he is in danger of disobeying laws which, when disobeyed, bring years of suffering, decline of powers, premature decay. Sanitary reformers preach in vain, because they preach to a public which does not understand the laws of life—laws as rigorous as those of gravitation or motion. Even the sad experience of others yields us no lessons, unless we understand the *principles* involved. If one man is seen to suffer from vitiated air, another is seen to endure it without apparent harm; a third concludes that "it is all chance," and trusts to that chance: had he understood the *principle* involved, he would not have been left to chance—his first lesson in swimming would not have been a shipwreck.

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the colder surface of glass or steel, and when, as in winter, the atmosphere is sufficiently cold to condense the vapour on its issuing from our mouths.

This is only one source of the waste of water: a more important source is that of perspiration, which in hot weather, or during violent exercise, causes the water to roll down our skins with obtrusive copiousness. But even when we are perfectly quiescent, the loss of water, although not obvious, is considerable.

To render this intelligible, let attention be fixed on the following diagram, which represents one of the glands that secrete this perspiration. It represents the vertical section of the sole of the foot (after Todd and Bowman).

The gland at *d* is seen to possess a twisted duct, which passes upwards to the surface. From this tube comes the perspiration, sensible and insensible.

It is calculated that there are no less than twenty-eight miles of this tubing on the surface of the human body, from which the water will escape as *insensible perspiration*; and although the amount of water which is thus évaporated from the surface must neces-

Fig. 2.



a is the cuticle or scarf skin (epidermis); the deeper layers, dark in colour, being the *rete mucosum*; *b* are the papillae; *c* the cutis or true skin (derma); *d* the sweat-gland, in a cavity of oily globules

sarily vary with the clothing, the activity, and even the peculiar constitution of the individual, an average estimate has been attained which shows that from *two to three pounds of water* are daily evaporated from the skin. From the lungs it is ascertained that every minute we throw off from four to seven grains of water, from the skin eleven grains. To these must be added the quantity abstracted by the kidneys, a variable but important element in the sum.

It may not at first be clear to the reader why an abstraction of water daily should profoundly affect the organism unless an equivalent be restored. What can it matter that the body should lose a little water as vapour? Is water an essential part of the body? Is it indispensable to life?

Not only is water an essential part of the body, it might be called the *most* essential, if pre-eminence could be given where all are indispensable. In quantity, water has an enormous preponderance over all other constituents: it forms 70 per cent of the whole weight! There is not a single tissue in the body—not even that of bone, not even the enamel of the teeth—^{of} ~~to~~ the composition of which water does not enter as a necessary ingredient. In some of the tissues, and those the most active, it forms the chief ingredient. In the nervous tissue 800 parts out of every 1000 are of water; in the lungs 830; in the pancreas 871; in the retina no less than 927.

Commensurate with this anatomical preponderance, is the physiological importance of water. It is the

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"The Minister of the Interior,

"To Dr. de Jongh, at the Hague."

"(Signed)

VAN DER HEIM.

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"Sir,—The King has charged me to return you his very particular thanks for the homage done to him, by the presentation of your most valuable researches concerning the Cod Liver Oil. As an expression of his utmost satisfaction, His Majesty has given me the order of presenting you with the accompanying large gold medal.

"I remain, with the highest regard, &c.

"Brussels, Oct. 6, 1847.

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"To Dr. de Jongh, at the Hague."

"(Signed)

CONWE.

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"To A. M. Blume, Chemist, Berlin."

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"With my best wishes for your success, believe me, my dear Sir, to be very faithfully yours,

"(Signed)

JONATHAN PEREIRA,

"To Dr. de Jongh."

"Finsbury Square, London, April 16, 1851.

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Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
That mild apostate from poetic rule,
The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favourite May,
Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and trouble,
And quit his books, for fear of growing double;"¹⁷
Who, both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose;
Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls delight in prose insane;
And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme,
Contain the essence of the true sublime.
Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
The idiot mother of "an idiot boy,"
A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,
And, like his bard, confounded night with day;¹⁸



So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,
That all who view "the idiot in his glory,"
Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear?
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.
If Inspiration should her aid refuse
To him who takes a pixy for a muse,¹⁹
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegiac an ass.

How well the subject suits his noble mind!
"A fellow-feeling makes us wond'rous kind."



Oh! wonder-working Lewis! monk, or bard,
Who fain would make Parnassus a churchyard!



Wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
Thy muse a sprite, Apollo's sexton thou!
Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand,
By gibb'ring spectres hail'd, thy kindred band;
Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,
To please the females of our modest age;
All hail, M.P.! from whose infernal brain²¹
Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train;
At whose command "grim women" throng in
crowds,

And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
With "small gray men," "wild yagers," and what
not,

To crown with honour thee, and Walter Scott!
Again all hail! if tales like thine may please,
St. Luke alone can vanquish the dis-
Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir,
Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flush'd,
Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames re-
hush'd?

'Tis Little! young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral, in his lay!
Grieved to condemn, the muse must still be just,
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.
Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns;
From grosser incense with disgust she turns;
Yet, kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
She bids thee "mend thy line, and sin no more."

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,
To whom such glittering ornaments belong,
Hibernian Strangford! with thine eyes of blue,²²
And boasted locks of red, or auburn hue,
Whose plaintive strain each love-sick miss admires,
And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,
Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine author's sense,
Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.
Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place,
By dressing Camoens in a suit of lace?
Mend, Strangford! mend thy morals and thy taste:
Be warm, but pure; be amorous, but be chaste:
Cease to deceive; thy pilfer'd harp restore,
Nor teach the Lusian bard to copy Moore.

In many marble-cover'd volumes view
Hayley, in vain attempting something new:
Whether he spin his comedies in rhyme,
Or scrawl, as Wood and Barelay walk, 'gainst time,
His style in youth or age is still the same,
For ever feeble and for ever tame.
Triumphant first see "Temper's Triumphs" shine!
At least I'm sure they triumphed over mine.
Of "Music's Triumphs," all who read may swear,
That luckless music never triumphed there.²³

Moravians, rise! bestow some meet reward
On dull devotion—Lo! the Sabbath bard,
Sepulchral Grahame, pours his notes sublime,
In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme,
Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch;
And, undisturbed by conscientious qualms,
Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms.²⁴

Hail, Sympathy! thy soft idea brings,
A thousand visions of a thousand things,
And shows, dissolved in thine own melting tears,
The mandlin prince of mournful sonnetteers.
And art thou not their prince, harmonious Bowles?
Thou first, great oracle of tender souls?
Whether in sighing winds thou seek'st relief,
Or consolation in a yellow leaf;
Whether thy muse most lamentably tells
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells,²⁵
Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend
In every chime that jingled from Ostend;
Ah! how much juster were thy muse's hap,
If to thy bells thou would'st but add a cap!
Delightful Bowles! still blessing and still blest,
All love thy strain, but children like it best.
'Tis thine, with gentle Little's moral song,
To soothe the mania of the amorous throng
With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears.
Ere miss, as yet, completes her infant years;
But in her teens thy whining powers are vain;
She quits poor Bowles, for Little's purer strain.
Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine
The lofty numbers of a harp like thine;
"Awake a louder and a loftier strain,"²⁶
Such as none heard before, or will again;
Where all discoveries jumbled from the flood,
Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,
By more or less, are sung in every book,
From Captain Noah down to Captain Cook.
Nor this alone; but, pausing on the road,
The bard sighs forth a gentle episode;²⁷
And gravely tells—attend, each beauteous miss!
When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.
Bowles! in thy memory let this precept dwell,
Stick to thy sonnets, man!—at least they sell.
But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe,
Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe,
If chance some bard, though once by duces
feared,

Now, prone in dust, can only be revered;
If Pope, whose fame and genius from the first,
Have foil'd the best of critics, needs the worst,
Do thou essay; each fault, each failing scan:
The first of poets was, alas! but man.
Rake from each ancient dunghill ev'ry pearl,
Consult Lord Faunty, and confide in Curll;²⁸
Let all the scandals of a former age
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page;

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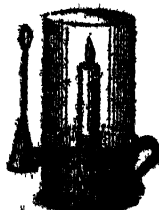
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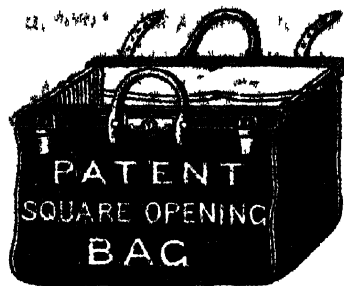
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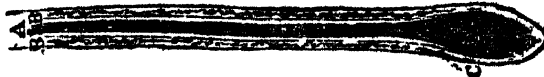
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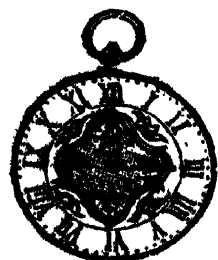
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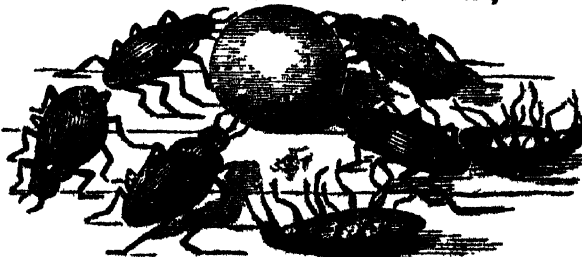
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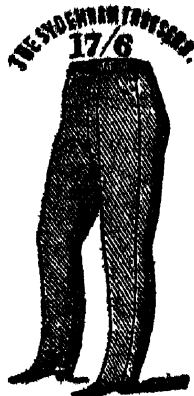
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ON SQUINTING AS ONE OF THE ARTS.

OCCASIONALLY in the world's history arts have been lost. Thanks, however, to man's ingenuity, their number is, on the whole, upon the increase. Sometimes they spring up in a night, invented and patented before morning; sometimes they have a long struggle for existence, but win it in the end. Perhaps the most interesting cases are those where despised merit at length makes good its claim, asserting itself until the Society of Arts is forced to open its ranks for a new member. It seems to us that the claims of squinting, to be considered as such, have never as yet been recognised nor even examined. At the best, it has never taken higher rank than as an accomplishment, giving a very limited pleasure to very few, and utterly barren of other results. Certain new ideas, however, have at length brought it into repute, and made it prominent in society as an intellectual relaxation. Not only so, but the power of judicious squinting—a power susceptible of a high degree of cultivation—has become, in the eyes (how we miss the usual phrase, 'in the hands!') of the philosopher, a valuable instrument of scientific investigation.

These are not paradoxes, but simple matters of fact. If we were not continually being reminded, by the history of science, that the simplest secrets are the last to be discovered, it would astonish us to reflect for how long a time men lived in ignorance of the advantage of having two eyes. They would realise, of course, under the contingency of losing one, the convenience of having the other to fall back upon; but not until the second quarter of this century was it clearly seen what other specific purpose was served by a double organisation; or in what respect except that of beauty, which is after all conventional, the perfect man was superior to the Cyclop. The history of this discovery is wonderfully interesting. It may thus be shortly written: A few ingenious gentlemen squinted thoughtfully and knowingly for a few evenings, and the problem was set at rest. Science was satisfied, but the art of squinting had yet to be popularised. Science, out of gratitude, lent her aid, and invented a stereoscope; thus making a repetition of the original experiment, to which she was so much indebted, to become a charming recreation for all, and teaching, amongst other things beautiful and instructive, how much is gained by the power of judiciously converging our optic axes.

When a one-eyed man looks, as we have seen one look, into a stereoscope, and declares the effect to be wonderful, we feel for him; but delicacy forbids us to expound to him that he has missed the purpose

of the instrument, nor can ever see its true wonders. When a lady, on the other hand, naively declares that the effect is to her improved by closing one eye, we see that she is one who is not living up to her privileges, and proceed gently to show her that she is sacrificing one of her most important optical advantages. 'Madam,' we say, 'you cannot squint with one eye; and this little instrument was invented simply to assist you to squint—nothing more.' Having startled her to attention, we explain to her that with one eye she was simply looking at a photograph slightly magnified, the objects in which were rendered apparently solid only by the distribution of light and shade, as in an ordinary picture; but that there are two pictures on the slide, which are dissimilar, and that both of these must be seen together, before any real solidity is given. That the lenses do combine these dissimilar pictures into one, is perhaps most simply shown by covering them over alternately with a piece of white paper on which cross-lines have been drawn; the cross is then seen, on looking into the instrument, to be lying upon the uncovered picture. 'You see then, madam, that one must be placed on the other.' She evidently thinks it in a double sense an imposition.

However, our present purpose is not with the stereoscope, except in so far as it is an appliance which enables thousands daily, without their knowing it, to practise an art whose claims we happen now to be taking under our especial patronage. Squinting, in fact, opens a new source of pleasure, and puts us in possession of a new power absolutely unattainable by any other process. It was invented long since, this art of seeing double; but probably, from being known to be a power often developed under discreditable circumstances, and obtained, it would seem, only in exchange for other more valuable faculties, it has fallen into disrepute, and is rarely practised in sober society. Now, however, that in these our times its practice has become with artificial aid an almost universal recreation, its advocacy can be open to no suspicion.

We are familiar, and men have long been so, with the idea of machinery superseding manual labour; but few realise the fact, that the purpose of an optical instrument can be to save muscular exertion; and yet we may reasonably enough imagine what would have been the consequences of the *non-invention* of the stereoscope. The wonderful results brought to light by squinting would for a time have remained known only to the philosophers. Those few who could appreciate the scientific import of those experiments, to which we have before made reference, would

have repeated them with their proper eyes, and communicated the results to one another. Soon, however, the general world would have caught up the interest; a mania would have set in, and the optic muscles of society at large would have had a hard time of it. Fortunately, a philosopher appeared as a *Deus cum machinâ*, and saved them; so that now those who want only to enjoy the results, and are content to wonder, are spared the necessity of subjecting their optic axes to a tedious drill.

In this case there is a royal road, cheap and expeditious enough. But it is, as it were, a railway cut through a tunnel and between close embankments, and those who travel by it see nothing by the way; so that, for so short a distance, we advise those who like exercise and roadside interest, to walk it.

It was announced, at the time of the first introduction of the stereoscope, that the same results might be produced without the instrument as with it, by the simple convergence of the eyes to a point in front of and between the two diagrams. There were few, however, who tried the experiment with success, and fewer still who arrived at any conclusion as to how the appearance of solidity was produced by these means. Squinting, in fact, with precision is a difficult matter. With most persons, the attempt to bring the eyes to a point at a distance of eight inches in front of the nose, would probably be not attended with immediate success; and to bring that point back or throw it forward an inch at the word of command would require some practice. The fingers, however, must learn to measure on the violin lengths which are calculable with mathematical nicety, before the right note can be sounded; and so, all the other arts presuppose the exercise of a certain amount of mechanical dexterity. If any possess, or have eighteenpence to spare upon, the well-known stereoscopic slides which consist of mathematical figures in white lines on a black ground, let him endeavour as hereunder written. Holding one about a foot from him, and directly in front, let him place the point of a pencil in the centre between the two diagrams, and then move it gradually towards his eyes, steadily looking at it. At first, the two diagrams will be seen as four, for no single object appears single to us unless we are looking directly at it, as may be verified by holding a printed page about half a foot behind a candle and trying to read it through the flame, when the flame will be seen double. As the pencil, however, approaches, a point will soon be reached when the four diagrams will have become three, the two middle ones approaching one another, and at last coalescing. Here stop, and looking still at the pencil, suddenly withdraw it, and leave the eyes fixed upon the point where it was. A stereoscopic image is now visible to those who will take a little trouble to see it. Not the same, however, as the same slide will give through the stereoscope, but that reversed. Sixteen out of the twenty-five which form the set are reversible without distortion; the others are simply thrown into Chinese perspective. As we are concerned only to view the middle one, the outside diagrams of the three are in our way; can we not get rid of them? The triple appearance is simply accounted for: the right eye looking at the left-hand picture still sees the other one—just as, though looking at one candle, we still are conscious of another, if it happens to be near it—and the left eye, again, though it is looking across at the other picture, still sees out of its corner that which is immediately in front of it. To shut the obtrusive images out, all that is wanted is a card with a hole in it about an inch square: this held with the middle point of the hole where the pencil was before it was withdrawn, will let the stereoscopic image through, and stop the two others.

A small cardboard box about the size and shape of an ordinary stereoscope, with such a screen as we have described fixed permanently in it at the proper distance—which may readily be found by experiment—and two holes at the top for the eyes, will, we may promise our readers, fully repay the small investment of ingenuity and trouble required for its construction. If across the aperture of the screen a thread is stretched with a small knot in the centre, it will generally direct the eyes even of the uninitiated squinter at once to the precise point at which the stereoscopic effect starts into view. We have thus not only put ourselves out of all obligation to lenses, but we have obtained a most curious and interesting result. The solid image we now see differs, as we have said, from that which the same diagrams produce for us when looked at through the ordinary stereoscope. It seems nearer to the eyes, and smaller than before, and is, besides, reversed, concavities having become convex, a raised pyramid showing like a hollow box, and a railway tunnel being turned inside out, as one might serve a stocking. Does any one ask the reason, he is in a fit state to receive further instruction. Perchance, friend, thou knowest not the distinction between fore and aft squinting. The former of these mysteries of the art we have already descanted upon; the latter, though not generally open to neophytes, we are not unwilling to divulge.

There are, we imagine, few persons who can readily converge their eyes to a point *further* from them than two objects, as two candles, so as to see an image of a third candle between them. It is not, however, by any means an unattainable feat. The first condition of success is that the two objects be nearer together than the two eyes. The ordinary stereoscopic slides are unfit for the purpose of these further experiments, corresponding points upon them being not closer to one another than two inches and a half. Some of those geometrical diagrams which we have mentioned are, however, so simple that they may readily be drawn to a diminished scale. With a pair so drawn, the attempt may be made. A hint to success may be furnished from these considerations. We shall want, as before, to banish the two side-images; but as the eyes are now not to cross in front of the diagrams, the left-hand diagram must be concealed from the right eye, and conversely, so that the eyes may look straight forward at the pictures in front of them respectively. To do this at once will therefore simplify the problem. Place the two diagrams nearly close together upon the table; hold a card vertically as a wall of partition between them, so that the eyes may look each down a different side of the card. Soon a single picture will be seen, or rather, we should say, a solid image produced by the combination of the two pictures. This image will be the same as is produced in the ordinary stereoscope by the same diagrams placed in the same way: so that, if we construct a small box with a vertical wall of partition permanently fixed in it, we have a home-made stereoscope without lenses; its only imperfection being that it is not adapted for viewing pictures of the size of those with which photography now so abundantly supplies us. These may be used with the box we first described, and since that will reverse them, strange and highly curious results will sometimes be produced. The foreground of a landscape, for instance, may retire into the distance, and the objects in the background come forward, while a street may be thrown into perspective that agrees better with Hogarth's caricature than with the rules of the Academy. If we cut a slide in two, however, and make the diagrams change sides, our first box will unite them into a true solid image, while a box of the construction last described would, if the distance between our eyes

were greater than it is, distort them. The lenses of a stereoscope, therefore, aid us in two ways: they give us the advantage of viewing larger pictures; and, again, save us the trouble of finding the right point at which to look, by artificially placing the two pictures together, and leaving us to look at them at our leisure. For our part, gratefully acknowledging this assistance, we yet contend that as long as the optic axes remain uneducated, men will not appreciate at its true value a discovery which throws clear light on part of the mystery of vision, and distinctly gives the nineteenth century a new idea. That we obtain our perception of solidity from the fact, that the two images of a solid body formed in the two eyes are dissimilar, could not be demonstrated otherwise than by recombining two such dissimilar plane images, and obtaining therefrom a perception of solidity. Herein was the art of squinting the handmaid to science. Most persons, regarding the stereoscope as belonging to the genus 'optical instrument,' are content to set its wonders down to natural magic, or say generally that it is an illusion of the eyes. True; but as it is an illusion which any one, with ten minutes' practice, may reproduce at pleasure without any instrument whatever, and helps, moreover, wonderfully to explain that other illusion of our seeing things as they really are, it is well to try our own powers, and reflect upon what they make manifest to us. Therefore do we advocate an art, through the practice of which a few minds in the present generation have been led up to the discovery of highly interesting truths of science, and the multitude enjoy a pleasure which never would have existed but for that discovery. There must be something in it.

THE SANTA CASA OF LORETTO.*

RECRUITED by a night of well-earned sleep, the morning following our arrival in Loretto found us assembled in the general sala of the inn, waiting for breakfast and the return of the V—— family, who, the servants told us, had gone out soon after dawn. They speedily came in with cheerful faces, having fulfilled all the devotional exercises prescribed by devout Roman Catholics on their first visit to the Santa Casa, and were now ready to enter cordially into the survey of the church and all the curiosities it contained.

While we were still at table, we heard a voice in rich oily tones, accompanied by a boisterous laugh, inquiring for the *Signorine Inglese*. Presently a short, stout, very stout, priest entered the room, and apostrophised as *il Signor Canonico*, was greeted by my cousins with unfeigned friendliness. It appeared he had known the family some years before, having been the curate of their parish in Ancona. The exercise of his duties used occasionally to lead him to my uncle's house—at such times, for instance, as blessing it at Easter, or distributing the tickets for confession to the servants—opportunities which he never failed to improve in a little attempt at converting the signorine. Now it would be the present of a life of Santa Filomena, or some other saintly legend, which they were implored to substitute for other reading; or again, a medal or relic to be suspended round their necks, and win them to the fold. These simple devices invariably proving abortive, the poor padre would shake his head, look at them with tears in his eyes, and plunging his hand into a capacious pocket, draw thence a goodly

packet of sugar-plums, in the discussion whereof all controversial bitterness was soon forgotten.

These amicable relations had for some time been suspended, owing to his prospering in the world, and having been translated to a canon's stall at Loretto—evidently an easy and thriving post. As soon as the first expressions of pleasure at this unexpected meeting were over, the canonico was introduced in form to the V——s, the officers, and the *cugina forestiera*, and had a varied compliment for each member of the party; after which, without the slightest modulation of voice, but rather if possible pitching it in a higher key, and with an indescribable play of feature and vivacity of gesture, he began inveighing against his young friends for not giving him timely notice that they were coming to Loretto, when they might have eaten *due bocconi* (two mouthfuls) at his house. Precisely for this reason, they replied, had they determined not to apprise him beforehand, knowing his hospitality would have led to the commission of some *pazzia* or folly upon their account. At this pleasantry he laughed and wheezed till he was nearly black in the face; but on recovering his breath, insisted that, although it was certainly too late to think of preparing a dinner, they should not be let off so easily as they expected, and must therefore, with all the honourable company—making a circular movement with his hands—come at noon and take *la cioccolata* under his poor roof.

The good man was clearly so much in earnest, that it would have been ungracious to decline, and an appointment was accordingly made for that hour. This important business being satisfactorily adjusted, he took his leave, and we set forth to visit the fane where pilgrim-kings have worshipped.

Strangers were evidently no rarity in Loretto, and the admiring gaze of the population did not greet our appearance as at Umana. Simply looked upon as travellers, and legitimate objects of prey, we were soon beset by the vendors of the trinkets peculiar to the place, and imposed on without mercy. I have no hesitation in saying that the *corone*, or chaplets, with which the midshipmen persisted in filling their pockets, and the bracelets of ten beads called *corone alla moda*—an indefinite supply whereof *l'officier marié* seemed to consider indispensable to his wife—were charged them at least three times their value. The main street, already noticed, opens upon a spacious square, adorned by a fountain and two handsome colonnades, and flanked by the palace of the bishop and the Jesuits' College; at the upper end, on a rising ground, stands the church of the Santa Casa, a large and commanding edifice.

The interior is profusely decorated, and contains numerous side-chapels enriched with pictures in mosaic; but the object on which the eye first rests on entering is a structure of an oblong form of white Carrara marble, completely incrustured with statues, Corinthian columns, and exquisite bass-reliefs, placed on a platform accessible by three or four broad steps, immediately beneath the cupola. This is the far-famed Holy House, or, more properly speaking, the costly building raised over the reputed cottage of Nazareth, at once to impede its future migrations, and preserve it for the edification of the faithful. Passing into the sacred tabernacle, a gorgeous vision strikes upon the senses—golden lamps suspended from the ceiling, shed a mellow but subdued light upon an altar, where jewelled chalices, crucifixes, and candelabras are arrayed in glittering profusion, surmounted by an image, whence literally a blaze of diamonds is radiating. Here prostrate forms are always seen, and brows bent low in penance or adoration; and here many a guilt-worn wretch, coming from distant realms in penury and toil, has sunk exhausted in his

* See Journal No. 205, *From Ancona to Loretto*. The present article forms the sequel of a somewhat remarkable series of papers descriptive of life and manners in Italy, written by an English lady brought up in an English family, but in the heart of native society. In the preceding one, the authoress, accompanied by a party, already introduced to the reader, proceeded from Ancona to Loretto; and this contains a description of the

Above, around, on every side, are evidences of the piety and liberality of the princely votaries to the shrine, whose offerings were pointed out with conscious pride by the young priest who had attached himself to our party. The figure of the Madonna and Child, rudely carved in cedar, and said to be the workmanship of St Luke, is absolutely covered with gems. The two heads are encircled with tiaras of immense value, and the black velvet in which the shapeless trunk of the image is enswathed, is scarcely discernible amid the ear-rings, necklaces, and chains of the most sparkling brilliants overlaying it. Each jewel, and candlestick, and lamp, has its donor and its history, all duly registered in printed catalogues annexed to the authenticated relation of the house and its mysterious flittings. This book sets forth how, in the year 1294, the Santa Casa, where the Virgin had meekly dwelt, and watched the childhood of her son, was first lifted from its foundations by angel hands, and borne from Palestine to Dalmatia. After a short interval, the same supernatural agency transported it across the Adriatic to a hill in the vicinity of Ancona; thence, after one or two brief haltings, it was finally conveyed to Loreto, where the speedy erection of a church over the precious deposit, attested the piety of the inhabitants, and secured them the continuance of its presence.

From that time the cottage of Nazareth went on increasing in fame and riches; miracles were wrought by its influence, and princes and pontiffs contended who should do it honour, until 1797, when the sun of its prosperity became clouded. The pitiless exactions of the French compelled Pius VI. to have recourse to the treasures of the Madonna di Loreto to meet his conquerors' demands; and in the following year, the fierce invaders captured the town, and sent the venerated image to Paris. It was restored, however, a few years afterwards, to the joy of all sincere adherents to the church, and was solemnly crowned by Pius VII. with those same diadems whose rainbow lustre dazzles the beholder.

The internal dimensions of the Santa Casa are those of a mere hut—27 English feet in length, 12½ in breadth, and proportionably low. The ceiling is blackened by the smoke of the many lamps which are perpetually burning; the lower walls are covered with plates of silver, gilded and wrought into bas-reliefs, except on one side where a portion of the original masonry is left exposed. It is of course brick-work, discoloured by time, and worn smooth by the kisses continually pressed upon it. The priest pointed to a rude sort of recess, which he told us was the fire-place of the Holy Family, and then produced a cup or bowl called *La Scodella Santa*, from which the Madonna used to drink. All the faithful reverently press their lips to this relic, and then place in it their chaplets, crosses, or medals, to be blessed.

The well-known story of a channel being worn on the pavement immediately surrounding the Holy House, by the knees of pilgrims, is not in the least exaggerated. There are two distinct furrows in the marble, traced there by the thousands who have yearly dragged themselves, in this attitude of devotion, for a given number of times around its walls. At the moment of our visit, several peasant-women were thus shuffling along, seemingly without much inconvenience, with the exception of one, whose attitude and appearance produced a painful impression on my mind. She was working her way round on her hands and knees, drawing as she went a line with her tongue upon the pavement. I know not how long she had been in that position, but it was horrible to view: her face was black and swollen; her eyes starting from their sockets; the veins on her forehead standing out like tight strained cords, and mingled blood and saliva flowing from her mouth. Our conductor looked unconcernedly

at the poor wretch as we passed, and said in answer to my appealing glances: 'It is only a great penance; you may be sure she richly deserves it: there are many who come here in this way to expiate their sins;' and then walked on, leading the way to the treasury, as if the subject were too commonplace for further consideration.

The *Sala del Tesoro* is a magnificent hall richly painted in fresco, the ceiling representing the death of the Madonna, surrounded by the apostles, and the walls furnished with immense presses with glass-doors, in which are deposited the numerous and yearly increasing offerings to the shrine. Many of these are of great value, although of course not equalling the splendour of those displayed upon and around the image. Some evidence considerable eccentricity in the donors, such as the king of Saxony's wedding-suit, a full court costume of gold and silver brocade, estimated at I forget how many thousand crowns; others, again, are of a devotional type—silver statuettes of saints, crucifixes, and church vessels; but the majority of gifts comprise necklaces, gold chains, rings, brooches, watches, cups, flagons, silver hearts—contributions from every nation and every class—from the gemmed *serigné* that lately sparkled in the saloons of the quartier St Germain, to the coral pendants a poor *contadina* has proffered in gratitude for last year's vintage.

At a moderate computation, the present collection would amply stock a score of jewellers' shops; nevertheless, as a gray-haired sacristan informed us with a sigh, it is not worthy to be named in the same breath with the glories of the ancient treasury.

Thence we were reconducted to the church, to see the mosaic pictures in the side-chapels, full-sized admirable copies of celebrated masters, and of course most valuable from the tedium and minuteness requisite in their execution. Besides these there are some originals by Guercino, and other celebrated artists, their subjects mostly referring to different passages in the life of the Virgin, as supplied by legends of the east, the writings of Dionysius the Areopagite, and other traditional sources. But of all the monuments of the piety or ostentation of the Roman pontiffs, who for centuries lavished large sums on the adornment of this edifice, nothing can compete with the marble casing that encloses the Santa Casa. This costly monument of the best times of Italian art, projected by Julius II., was commenced under Leo X.; and in its execution the most eminent sculptors seem to have vied in leaving worthy memorials of their skill. Designed by Bramante—Sansovino, Bandinelli, Giovanni da Bologna, besides others scarcely less illustrious, were employed on the bas-reliefs, and those groups of prophets and sibyls, which in majestic beauty still rivet the admiration of the beholder. There is a figure of Jeremiah, by Sansovino, at the angle of the western façade, the sublime mournfulness of which haunts me even now.

We were still engaged in our survey, when we were joined by my cousins' friend the canonico, panting for breath, who had come to remind us of our engagement. Accordingly, we adjourned *en masse* to his habitation, situated in a very miserable narrow street, or rather lane; and climbing up a steep, dark, and indescribably dirty staircase, arrived at last at the *ultimo piano*, where the door was opened with many courtesies by a middle-aged, demure-looking personage, introduced by the canonico as La Signora Placida, his niece and house-keeper.

The entrance-hall was in the usual style of dwellings of this description, with four carved-back settles or benches, some undistinguishable oil-paintings in frames that had once been gilded, a clothes-horse, a broom, and dust-pan—whose offices were mere sinecures, to judge by the appearance of the floor—and so on.

From this we were ushered into the *sala*, which contained a horse-hair sofa, so hard and high that one was perpetually slipping off, and six chairs to correspond; a folded card-table whereon stood a silver *lucerna*, and a press with glass-doors, in which a set of cups and saucers was displayed.

To accommodate their numerous guests, our host and his niece brought in a number of chairs from adjoining rooms, and seated us with great bustle and ceremony; an operation diversified by the Signora Placida's continually darting into some obscure region of the house, whence she could be overheard disputing with a shrill-voiced attendant, or energetically clattering glasses and plates, in a manner that singularly belied her name. Meantime, the canonico talked and gesticulated, patted the youngest midshipman on the head, to his evident disgust, entertained Madame V—— with the history of his relative, on whose virtues he pronounced a glowing panegyric, and recounted to the consul the latest miracles performed at the Santa Casa, while he shook his finger playfully at my cousins, as if menacing them with a return to their ancient hostilities. Presently the circle received an addition in the shape of another priest, Don Antonio, a great friend of our canonico's, and almost as rosy, and puffy, and jovial as himself, who now came to have his share of the good things and see the *finestieri*.

This was one of those quaint Italian friendships I have so often noticed. It commenced in boyhood at the seminary, had been renewed on our host's establishing himself at Loretto, and would probably continue unbroken till the end of their days. Regularly as clock-work used Don Antonio to come every evening to make *la società*—limited to himself, I believe—play at cards, and discuss the petty scandal of the place. I asked him if they ever read, at which he shrugged his shoulders, and said that after going through the daily office in the breviary, for his part he must own he had had enough of study. This facetious response was loudly echoed by the canonico, and they laughed over it in chorus with a sound more resembling the shaking of stones in a barrel than any human manifestation of hilarity.

The chocolate was now brought in by the *serva*, and handed to us by the two friends and the niece. It was made thick, and served in cups without handles, and tea-spoons not being apparently considered requisite, the uninitiated found some difficulty in discussing it with propriety; but after watching our entertainers, we perceived that the approved method was to steep in it morsels of rusks which had been distributed at the same time, and then convey them daintily to one's lips through the medium of the thumb and forefinger. This was followed by trays of ices and sweetmeats from the caffè, the canonico observing significantly, he well remembered the signorine were always fond of *dolci*; and when, to please him, every one had eaten as much as he possibly could, he insisted on pouring all the remaining bon-bons into our handkerchiefs, to amuse us, as he expressed it, on our way home.

When it was time to think of going, he declared we must first see the house, and took us into a small adjoining room, containing a writing-table with a dried-up inkstand, and two or three shelves adorned with some very dusty dry-looking folios in parchment covers. This den, he told us, he retired to when he studied or had letters to write—both rare occurrences, it was evident. Next we were shewn the dining-room, with no furniture but a table and rush-bottomed chairs, and opening into the kitchen—a custom also generally followed in houses of higher pretensions, but opposed to all our notions of quiet or refinement; and, lastly, into his and the niece's sleeping apartments, in each a clumsy wooden bedstead, rickety chest of drawers—on which, under a glass shade, stood a figure of the infant St John in wax, with staring blue eyes

and flaxen curls—two chairs, the usual tripod-shaped washing-stand, and an engraving of some devotional subject, with a crucifix, a little receptacle for holy-water, and a palm that had been blessed at Easter, hanging near the pillow. You may enter a hundred bedrooms in families of the middle class in this part of Italy, and see them fitted up after the same pattern; those of the provincial nobility have a little more display in mirrors, or pictures, but no greater comfort.

The introduction of all the visitors into the canonico's chamber was not, I suspect, wholly without design; for our attention was speedily attracted to a *cotta* or alb of fine white cambric lying upon the bed, the most elaborate specimen of the art of *crimping* it was possible to behold. The niece immediately held it up for our closer inspection, while the uncle stood by smiling; and in answer to our praises of the exquisite designs of flowers, leaves, &c., with which it was wrought, entirely by a manual process, told us it was the work of the nuns of a particular order—I forget the name—a very strict one, moreover, who, by way of serving the altar, dedicate themselves to the preparation of this part of the priestly vestments. This marvellous example of fine plaiting, however, was but the least recommendation of the ephod, which was trimmed with a deep founce of the most magnificent point-lace.

'Look at that, look at that!' chuckled the canonico, rubbing his hands with glee; 'that is the lace which all the ladies of Loretto, and Recanati, and Macerata—yes, all of them together—are envious of, when I walk in the procession of the Corpus Domini! I have been offered five hundred dollars for it by a Russian princess who came here on a pilgrimage; but I could not make up my mind to part with it. Look at that tracery—look at that ground, it is perfect—not a thread broken;' and he descanted on it with the zest of a connoisseur.

When he paused in his raptures—'Signor Canonico,' meekly suggested La Signora Placida, 'may I fetch the stole you have just had worked?'

'Ah, the little vain thing!' was the rejoinder; 'she is so proud of my vestments! It is a trifle though—Well, well, bring it out.' And from a long pasteboard box, duly enveloped in tissue-paper, the Signora Placida drew forth a gorgeous stole, the original texture cloth of silver, but almost concealed by raised embroidery in gold.

'The canonico has not worn this yet; it is for the great *funzione*—that is, church-ceremony—of the Madonna in August,' said the niece, with as much earnestness as if she were a lady's-maid talking of her mistress's preparations for a ball, and disposing it so that it might be viewed to the greatest advantage. It really was beautiful as a work of art, due to the skill, as Don Antonio informed us, of another set of nuns, who exclusively applied themselves to needle-work in gold and silver.

The pleasure this good man took in the display of his friend's possessions, impressed me very favourably. 'Per Bacco!' he exclaimed, handling the vestment with respect—'each time I see it, it strikes me more! It is worth—ss—ss—ss—ss,' emitting a long sibilatory whistle, expressive in the Marche of something unlimited, whether of good cheer, astonishment, money, or so forth.

'Via, via,' said the canonico modestly, 'it is not much a poor priest can do. Still, we may place it at the same value as the lace, and be within the mark.'

Our reiterated admiration evidently enchanted the trio; in fact, it was altogether with the most amicable feelings, and with mutual thanks and protestations, we took our leave, the politeness of our entertainer and Don Antonio leading them to give us their company in visiting the bishop's palace and the Farmacea, or pharmacy of the Santa Casa, the last

renowned for its collection of *majolica*, consisting of three hundred vases coloured from designs by Raphael and his pupils.

No adventures befell us in these perambulations, except that we were more beset and pestered than before, if possible, by the beggars, who followed us in troops, and for whom, I learned with astonishment, no almshouse or refuge of any kind existed. Concluding our sight-seeing with another visit to the Santa Casa, there remained but time for a hasty dinner, ere we set out on our return to Ancona—the state of the neighbourhood, as we were repeatedly reminded, necessitating our departure in broad daylight.

The usual scene of clamour, begging, imprecations, and blessings attended our exit from Loreto, a place which presents the strongest contrast of wealth and poverty it has ever been my lot to witness, or entered my imagination to conceive.

A VOICE FROM BAKER STREET.

'I COME from Alabama,' but my father's name being of no sort of importance to the public, I reserve it. Suffice it to say that I am an American citizen who has kept pace with his age. I am not only a transcendentalist, but a spirit-rapper; not only a spirit-rapper, but a *clairvoyant*; and *clairvoyance*, comprehending of course the well-known faculty of understanding the thoughts of animals, is all that at present I have to do with. Concluding to judge for myself upon every institution of which the old country boasts, I was present at the Smithfield show this year, in Baker Street, and observed narrowly—if 'narrowly' can be applied to such animals—the fat cattle, and with the most interesting results. I here subjoin an account of a conversation held, upon the evening of the last day of the show, with an enormously obese, but nevertheless exceedingly intelligent pig. Almost all his brethren had been removed to a place which, from motives of delicacy, we had tacitly agreed to call 'elsewhere,' so that our discourse was quite uninterrupted. I had been putting some leading questions to the animal regarding his personal history, and nothing could exceed the candour and openness of his replies. The following is the substance of his experiences, which—as he is, alas! now no more—I feel no hesitation in giving to the public. On my remonstrating with him, at the commencement of his communication, upon his perpetual use of the monosyllable 'Umgh, Umgh,' he repeated it with some acerbity, and continued as follows:

'Umgh, Umgh! I wish I could set down in writing the sentiment which that expression in the mouth of any one of our much-suffering family conveys to porcine ears. No sigh of lover was ever half so affecting, or cost its utterer one-tenth part of the effort, believe me. I am a swine myself, a porker, a Baker Street prize-pig, and I ought to know. Umgh, Umgh. I don't say it comes from the heart, because, like some other over-fed people I might name, I have no heart worth mentioning; but it comes from that spot which the organ of my softer affections, the home of my early memories, the sacred receptacle of the purest feelings of my nature, *did* once occupy—before it was turned into fat. It emanates—does this "Umgh, Umgh"—from "flabby lungs," with "nodules of the size of a kidney-bean imbedded in them;" and if you don't believe me, why, ask Mr F. G. Gant of the Royal Free Hospital, who saw the very last of my dear brother-in-law, who was at my side but the other day.'

'Who is Mr Gant?' said I, with feeling.

'Mr Gant,' replied the pig, 'is a medical gentleman who has most humanely given a good deal of his time

to an investigation of our wrongs. You may have seen some of his letters, perhaps, in the daily papers. In reply to a *post-mortem* examination by this surgeon, it transpired, that my stout connection—he was of a celebrated Berkshire family, and highly esteemed—had been going about, or at least had been lying down upon one side, for the last six months "with a hypertrophied left ventricle, and a liver of a dark livid colour;" besides which he enjoyed "congestion of the hepatic veins of the left lobe." I overheard this as being in the *Post*, one morning, among the rest of the fashionable intelligence, and it gave me quite a turn; which, considering that I weigh one-and-twenty stone, is not, as you may imagine, a very easy thing to do. What did Mr Gant write there in illustration of the pathognomonic condition of my brother-in-law, and other of his Berkshire relatives, while exhibiting in the Baker Street Bazaar? Why this: "They lay helplessly on their sides, with their noses pressed up against each other's backs, as if endeavouring to breathe more easily; but their respiration was bad, suffocating, and at long intervals. Then you heard a short catching snore, which shook the whole body of the animal, and passed with the motion of a wave over its fat surface, which, moreover, felt cold." I protest that, when I heard this, a shudder passed with the motion of a wave over my surface, and I dare say, had you put your hand on me just then, that I should have, moreover, felt cold. Why, this beats anything that one ever heard of aldermen. They have laid their heads together often enough for foolish purposes—that of making wooden pavements, for one—but not "with their noses propped against each other's backs," I do believe.

'They do breathe rather stertorously under their pocket-handkerchiefs after dinner, perhaps, but—"Umgh, Umgh"—the most apoplectic of them has the aspiration of a sleeping infant compared with mine. Turtle even twice a day is no match for oil-cake, you may depend upon it. A certain Devon cow, an acquaintance of my deceased brother-in-law, attracted the benevolent surgeon's attention in this exhibition by looking extremely ill, and "laying her head and neck flat upon the ground like a greyhound." He asked an attendant what was the matter with her, who replied: "I knows nothing of them beasties in particular, but it's the case with many on 'em, I knows that." He might have said, with very little exaggeration, "with all on 'em." There was, for instance, His Grace the Duke of Richmond's fat wether—for I am not making a plea for my own kind only, but for sheep or what not, wether or no, in one common cause—had a heart weighing two and a half ounces. "Its external surface was very soft, greasy, and of a dirty brownish-yellow colour," observes the doctor. "On opening the two ventricular cavities, their external surface and substance were equally soft, greasy, and yellow throughout; an appearance due to the infusion of fat between the muscular fibres of which the heart should chiefly consist. This substitute of fat for muscle is proved (by the microscope) to have ensued; for when examined, the muscular fibres no longer presented the characteristic cross-markings, but the *fibrillæ* within the fibres were entirely broken up by bright globules of fat. The healthy structure of the beast had therefore thoroughly degenerated by its conversion into fat." The heart of the Prince-consort's Devon heifer had both ventricles completely turned into fat. "Did you hever?" as my poor master used to observe to the general company, when enraptured at some proof of my superporcine sagacity. It was through his good offices—severe as they at the time appeared to me—that I became a scholar.

'I was once the learned pig of Greenwich and other fairs, too numerous to mention. Those fairs have long been abolished. Those days have fled for ever;

but the remembrance of them is still to me most sad, most sweet. "Tears from the depth of some divine despair," well up as I think of them, from the fatty ventricles about my heart, glimmer at those eyes whose lids I am unable to raise without the aid of my friendly feeder, and trickle down my brown pig's cheeks in silence. Umgh, Umgh! Little did the giantess of Kent, in the same caravan with whom I had the honour to travel, imagine that I should ever come to rival her in weight and bulk. I think I see, even now, that magnificent arm of hers, hanging, as if inadvertently, out of the caravan-window, so that the people outside were induced to rush in in crowds to pay their pennies. I should have admired it more myself, had it not been for its extreme resemblance in size and colour to a Bologna sausage—a delicacy which I understand to have at least the flavour of pig-meat. Our very dancing-dog was at that time but little thinner than I. We were at feud with one another from first to last. I bit one of his dog's ears, I remember, during a little difficulty we had concerning the equal division of some edible; and it is to his rapacity that I owe the fact of my being destitute of a tail; but now my bowels yearn—figuratively, that is, for I have no bowels that can be called such, says Mr Gant—towards my sprightly companion of other days. Happy Rigdum Funnidos, or, as we, his intimates, were wont to call him, Happy Rig! Though thou wast half shaven as to thy body, in fanciful and even ridiculous resemblance to the king of beasts, and redder as to thine eyes than the very albino whose rival attractions excited our old master to frenzy at every fair, thou art yet at least safe from Baker Street. Be content with thy lot. Whatever haps to thee, it is not likely that "the apex of thy left ventricle has given way" through extreme obesity; or that "the thin lining of the cavity thus produced alone prevents thy death occurring instantaneously."

"When I was a learned pig, and wise in mine own conceit, I was wont to murmur: "Umgh, for a life of idleness! Umgh (or "Ah!" as a man would say), to lie in the sunshine all the day long, with plenty of food to be got at without the trouble of rising!" At that time, I despised intellect. My occupation of trotting about in a literary circle—that is to say, in a circle of capital letters—seemed to me then to be a round of existence tedious enough. The stopping sagaciously opposite to the young lady who was to be married within the year, and to the young gentleman who had not paid for his boots, and the guessing at the probable number of olive-trees which should bless their union, seemed very hard work indeed. Shaking hands with my proprietor at the conclusion of the performance was to me a most painful manifestation of friendly feeling: bowing to the company three times was a considerable effort; and standing upon my hind-legs was perfect agony. But what were such slight personal inconveniences to the miseries I suffer now? It is only when my friendly feeder lifts my eyelids that, as I have before mentioned, I possess any evidence of having either hind-legs or fore-legs. The notion of my now standing up on two—nay, upon any, however great a number of legs—would set me laughing, only that I am fully aware that the slightest cachimnation would cause my immediate decease. Any attempt at a bow would now be indeed a *congé*, and shaking hands, my final farewell to the world. Judges (*sic*) of what is excellent in pigs, connoisseurs in cattle, umpires of this Baker Street abomination (held, as is most fitting, by the by, under the floor of the Room of Horrors itself), have gloated over me admiringly. They have punched and sounded that delicate ground which lies upon either side and above the spot where my little tail once "gracefully curled." (It is a comfort to reflect that even if this had been spared to me, I could

certainly have never turned round so far as to catch a view of it.) They have highly commended me as "Improved Blankshire Breed;" by way of recompense, perhaps, as they fondly imagine, for my "mouth lying open, and nostrils dilating at each painful inspiration."

"They have given me a gold medal to wear at my breast, as if to hide that spot beneath which play—play indeed? *work*, and work very hard—my congested lungs."

"They have called me with their flattering tongues "a picture," but never bestowed one thought upon what it cost me to be put in such a frame. With my spoiled heart, with my labouring chest, with my vitiated life-fluid, I must be a healthy article of food truly; don't you think so, Brother Jonathan?"

"Poor fat pig," said I, "you have my most sincere pity. I calculate that you are going to—a—elsewhere, to-morrow; is it not so?"

"Umgh; yes, I suppose such will be my fate. My hope is, my only recompense will be, this—that they, the judges, the arbiters of the destinies of cattle, may buy many pounds of me at the—in point of fact, at the butcher's (the poor animal uttered this hateful name with an emphasis that almost proved the death of him); and then, ah, then—umgh—won't I just disagree with them!"

FRENCH CRITICISM ON SHAKSPEARE.

THE first attempts one nation makes to understand another are generally of a curious character: only the more salient points, the angularities and apparent eccentricities, will be attended to at first—those things which, taken by themselves, are most likely to be provocative only of laughter and ridicule. Men are always more easily taken by the peculiarities than by the general characteristics of their neighbours; and much more is this the case when the people are of a different nation, speak a different tongue, and have different manners, customs, institutions, and forms of government. This is admirably illustrated by the general and popular notion the English and French nations have of each other. Nothing can be more opposite to the true natures of each than this popular judgment. To Frenchmen we are in general a rough, barbarous, wife-selling, beer-drinking, and beef-eating nation; while to us the French are a light, fickle, grimacing, frog-loving, bowing, fiery, restless, volatile race. Now, both people have in a greater or less degree all these characteristics, and are what these adjectives designate; but these are not their abiding natures, the things which have made it possible for each to become the great and mighty nation it is: we must seek for these below the surface; and find out what is permanent, high, and noble in the hearts of them both before we can understand the causes of their greatness, and read the lessons of their histories aright.

It is not, however, to enter into the philosophical inquiry we write the present paper; our object is not of so large and ambitious a character; nor, if we were inclined to pursue this most interesting course, would our space permit of any analysis that would lead to a profitable result. We confine ourselves to the more pleasing process of shewing our readers what one or two of the noted living ones of France are doing to make their countrymen understand Shakspeare—a labour in which we are sure every Englishman will wish them unbounded success.

Times have changed since Voltaire called Hamlet the best of "those monstrous farces they call tragedies;" and since he was astonished "how men's minds could have been elevated so as to look at these plays with transport; and how they are still followed after in a century which has produced Addison's *Cato*!"

Our French *philosophe* thus sums up the reason for this extraordinary fact. 'The English chairmen, the sailors, hackney-coachmen, shop-porters, butchers, clerks even, are passionately fond of shows: give them cock-fights, bull-baitings, fencing-matches, burials, duels, gibbets, witchcraft, apparitions, they run thither in crowds; nay, there is more than one patrician as curious as the populace. The citizens of London found in Shakspeare's tragedies satisfaction enough for such a tone of mind. The courtiers were obliged to follow the torrent: how can you help admiring what the more sensible part of the town admires. There was nothing better for a hundred and fifty years; the admiration grew with age, and became an idolatry. Some touches of genius, some happy verses full of force and nature, which you remember in spite of yourself, atoned for the remainder, and soon the whole piece succeeded by the help of some beauties of detail.'

Since Voltaire wrote, a new race of critics have arisen in France. They have loved, admired, and in a French fashion, idolised Shakspeare. Some of his best plays have been translated, and (alas!) adapted to their stage. *Hamlet* has been performed without a ghost, and Banquo's has been banished from *Macbeth*. Still, the French are trying to understand and appreciate our great poet. Dumas has played with him; and a greater than Dumas, George Sand, has given a condensed and 'arranged' French version of *As you Like it*. Victor Hugo has translated the sonnets into French prose, and has preceded them by a theory which we shall explain by and by. M. Ernest Lafond has translated into French verse the poems and some of the sonnets; and a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* had an able article upon Shakspeare by one of the most learned of modern French pens. In time, we may hope with something of confidence that the French may know a little more about Shakspeare than M. Voltaire taught them.

Place aux dames; and first we pay our devoirs to George Sand. This author's notions of poetic (and dramatic) justice are sadly outraged at the issue of the delightful comedy, *As you Like it*. In a long preface to M. Regnier, she explains her notions in detail. Her ladylike sensibility is shocked at the union of the 'sweet Audrey with the sprightly Touchstone, and the devoted Celia with the detestable Oliver.' She in nowise approves of this, and so she alters it altogether. Of course in real life no devoted Celias ever marry detestable Olivers. nor shall they on the stage, at least not on George Sand's stage; she therefore makes our old favourite, the melancholy Jaques, marry the 'devoted Celia.' We shall quote this curious love-scene, and recommend the perusal of the whole play to our readers. They will see what it is possible for such glorious poetry as the speech, 'All the world's a stage,' to become in French prose. But for the last scene of *As you Like it* by George Sand:

SCENE XIII.—CELIA and JAKUES.

Celia (to *Jaques*, seated on her right hand). Adieu, *Jaques*!

Jaques (trembling). Adieu, madame!

Cel. (retreating, but always looking at him). Adieu!

Jaq. (without regarding her). Adieu. (He buries his face in his hands.)

Cel. (pausing). You then will remain here all alone!

Jaq. And, I ask of you, what should I do elsewhere? Yes, this cabin which you leave is mine. I shall remain there alone, all alone, for the rest of my life, and I shall love nothing but the trees which have seen you pass under their shade, and the grass on which your feet have trod.

Cel. But ere three months have passed, the trees will lose their foliage, and the grass will not preserve for three days the traces of my steps.

Jaq. Go; it is well as it is: I wish to see you

no more. (*Celia* comes softly behind him, and puts her two hands upon his shoulders—with passionate despair.) What do you want with me?

Cel. Let us go; let us retrace our steps. Give me this hopeless existence, and follow me.

Jaq. No, madame, I have not sold my soul to you: it was dead! But it is reanimated—it lives—it suffers! It would perish bound to your caprices. It belongs to me: I retake it. What does it matter to you? (He passes to the left.)

Cel. What, then, shall I do with mine, if you abandon me?

Jaq. What say you?

Cel. I say that a loyal woman would not take without giving, and that in wishing to take you, I have delivered up myself.

Jaq. *Celia*! No—you joke! I am no longer young.

Cel. Do you love?

Jaq. I am poor, melancholy—discontented with all things—

Cel. You do not love then?

Jaq. (transported). Ah! hold! you are right. I am young, I am rich, I am gay, I am happy. Yes, yes; the firmament glows above, and the earth flowers below. I breathe with love a new life, and my eyes open to the truth. Who—I melancholy? No; I am no more impious. Heaven is good, men are gentle, the world is a garden of delight, and woman is the angel of pardon (he falls at her feet), if I do not dream that you love me!

Cel. He still doubts. *Jaques*, by the roses of spring, by the virginity of the lilies, by youth, by faith, by honour, I love you! Now, will you leave me?

Jaq. Never! for I love thee also. Oh! the most beautiful word that man can say: I love thee!

Cel. Ah, well! since my father is neither rich nor powerful—then, thanks to Heaven, I can be yours—am I!

Let our readers compare this sentimental passage with Shakspeare's termination of the play, and say which he likes best—the French or English poet's notion of poetic justice?

We now turn to M. Victor Hugo's translation of the sonnets. We said above that the translator had a theory. He enters into a careful examination of the sonnets—studies them thoroughly—until, as he thinks, he wrests their secret from them; and in accordance with his own view, he makes a complete change in their existing arrangement. He finds in the sonnets a complete drama, 'in which figure three personages—the poet, his mistress, and his friend. There the poet appears, not under the name which the human race gives him, but under that which he received in private life. It is no more William Shakspeare: it is Will whom we see. It is no more the dramatic author who speaks; it is the friend—the lover.' He finds that Shakspeare loved the woman to whom many of these sonnets are addressed, that for a time she coquetted with him, and then, upon the poet's turning round upon her, and threatening her with a 'declaration of war,' she bends to his will; but in the very moment of his victory, he finds that she has another lover, and that that lover is his own bosom-friend. To him the remainder of the sonnets are addressed. He admits that this friend, the W. H. of the dedication, was Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton; and this once acknowledged, our translator says: 'The mystery with which the sonnets were published is easily explained. The Virgin Queen is brought in to make up the *dénouement*. She had forbidden this nobleman to marry, and the poet urges him to marry.' Shakspeare, shewing to Southampton how charming is the woman, said to him: 'Marry!' But the queen, shewing him the Tower of London, said to him: 'Marry not!' Here, then, is the knot of the difficulty untied; here is the key to the mystery furnished. We translate M. Hugo's concluding remarks upon this curious view: 'We understand

now why the publishers, in general rather timid, shewed such little eagerness in publishing the sonnets in which this fatal union had been advised, and in which Shakspeare attacked with so much audacity the celibacy commanded by the queen. It was only after the death of Elizabeth, when the terror inspired by the daughter of Henry VIII. had passed away, that the sonnets of Shakspeare found an editor. But then the high position which Southampton held, and many family considerations, would prevent them from giving to publicity without reserve, the intimate drama in which one of the first personages in England figured. To direct the attention of his contemporaries, the editor imagined the mysterious dedication in which the initials of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, were preserved, but inverted: he did better still; he published the sonnets in premeditated disorder, which broke their logical unity, and rendered them almost incomprehensible, leaving to patient posterity the care of divining the enigma. This is the secret which we have now the indiscretion to betray.

This theory of M. Hugo requires a new arrangement of the relation of the sonnets to each other. We shall indicate the complete change this made, when we state that the first sonnet in the French edition is the 135th of the English, and the last in the French answers to the 55th in the English.

The following one, which we copy as a specimen, is the 60th in our editions, and is represented by the 150th in the translation of

VICTOR HUGO.

Comme les vagues qui se jettent sur les galets de la plage, nos minutes se précipitent vers leur fin, chacune prenant la place de celle qui la précédait; et toutes se pressent en avant dans une pénible procession.

La nativité, une fois dans les flots de lumière, monte jusqu'à la maturité et y prend sa couronne. Alors les éclipses tortueuses s'acharnent contre sa gloire et le temps détruit les dons dont il l'avait comblée.

Le temps balafre la fleur de la jeunesse et creuse les parallèles sur le front de la beauté: il ronge les merveilles les plus pures de la création;

Et rien ne reste debout que sa faux no tranche. Et pourtant dans l'avenir mon vers restera debout, chantant tes louanges, en dépit de sa main cruelle.

And now for

SHAKSPEARE.

Like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow,
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

We cannot conclude this paper more appropriately than by translating the admirable words of M. Lafond, whose introduction contains some of the best things which any Frenchman has ever written upon Shakspeare. He says: 'If there be a man who has painted humanity with all the shades of passion which agitate and attract it whether for good or evil, it is indeed Shakspeare. He is the confessor of human society. Love, jealousy, friendship, hatred, cold policy, ambition, the intoxication of power, the baseness of the courtier, envy, grandeur of soul, the ignorance of the masses, and their inconstant caprices—whatever has made the heart of man beat in all times, unfolds

itself under our eyes in the most vital and striking tableau; and if we wished to attach a proper name to each of these passions, this name would be that of one of the persons of his dramas.'

Surely, after this, it cannot be said that no Frenchman can understand Shakspeare.

O Ç E O L A :

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XLVII.—THE CAPTIVE.

LATE as was the hour, I determined to visit the captive before going to rest. My design would not admit of delay; besides, I had a suspicion that, before another day passed, my own liberty might be curtailed. Two duels in one day—two antagonists wounded, and both friends to the commander-in-chief—myself comparatively friendless—it was hardly probable I should escape 'scot-free.' Arrest I expected as certain—perhaps a trial by court-martial, with a fair chance of being cashiered the service.

Despite my lukewarmness in the cause in which we had become engaged, I could not contemplate this result without uneasiness. Little did I care for my commission: I could live without it; but whether right or wrong, few men are indifferent to the censure of their fellows, and no man likes to bear the brand of official disgrace. Reckless as one may be of self, kindred and family have a concern in the matter not to be lightly ignored.

Gallagher's views were different.

'Let them arrist and cashear, an' be hanged! What need you care? Divil a bit, my boy. Sowl, man, if I were in your boots, with a fine plantation and a whole regiment of black nagers, I'd snap my fingers at the sarvice, and go to raisin' shugar and tobaccay. Be St Pathrick! that's what I'd do.'

My friend's consolatory speech failed to cheer me; and, in no very joyous mood, I walked towards the quarters of the captive, to add still further to my chances of 'cashierment.'

Like an eagle freshly caught and caged—like a panther in a pentrap—furious, restless, at intervals uttering words of wild menace, I found the young chief of the *Baton Rouge*.

The apartment was quite dark; there was no window to admit even the gray lustre of the night; and the corporal who guided me in carried neither torch nor candle. He went back to the guard-house to procure one, leaving me in darkness.

I heard the footfall of a man. It was the sound of a moccasined foot, and soft as the tread of a tiger; but mingling with this was the sharp clanking of a chain. I heard the breathing of one evidently in a state of excitement, and now and then an exclamation of fierce anger. Without light, I could perceive that the prisoner was pacing the apartment in rapid irregular strides. At least his limbs were free.

I had entered silently, and stood near the door. I had already ascertained that the prisoner was alone; but waited for the light before addressing him. Pre-occupied as he appeared to be, I fancied that he was not conscious of my presence.

My fancy was at fault. I heard him stop suddenly in his tracks—as if turning towards me—and the next moment his voice fell upon my ear. To my surprise, it pronounced my name. He must have seen through the darkness.

'You, Randolph!' he said, in a tone that expressed reproach; 'you too in the ranks of our enemies! Armed—uniformed—equipped—ready to aid in driving us from our homes!'

'Powell!'

'Not Powell, sir; my name is Oçeola.'

'To me, still Edward Powell—the friend of my

youth, the preserver of my life. By that name alone do I remember you.'

There was a momentary pause. The speech had evidently produced a conciliating effect; perhaps memories of the past had come over him.

He replied:

'Your errand? Come you as a friend? or only like others, to torment me with idle words? I have had visitors already; gay gibbering fools with forked tongues, who would counsel me to dishonour. Have you been sent upon a like mission?'

From this speech I concluded that Scott—the pseudo-friend—had already been with the captive—likely on some errand from the agent.

'I come of my own accord—as a friend.'

'George Randolph, I believe you. As a boy, you possessed a soul of honour. The straight sapling rarely grows to a crooked tree. I will not believe that you are changed, though enemies have spoken against you. No—no; your hand, Randolph—your hand! forgive me for doubting you.'

I reached through the darkness to accept the proffered salute. Instead of one, I grasped both hands of the prisoner. I felt that they were manacled together: for all that, the pressure was firm and true; nor did I return it with less warmth.

Enemies had spoken against me. I needed not to ask who these were: that had been already told me; but I felt it necessary to give the captive assurance of my friendship. I needed his full confidence to insure the success of the plan which I had conceived for his liberation; and to secure this, I detailed to him what had transpired by the pond—only a portion of what had passed. There was a portion of it I could not intrust even to the ears of a brother.

I anticipated a fresh paroxysm of fury, but was agreeably disappointed. The young chief had been accustomed to harsh developments, and could outwardly control himself; but I saw that my tale produced an impression that told deeply, if not loudly, upon him. In the darkness, I could not see his face; but the grinding teeth and hissing ejaculations were expressive of the strong passions stirring within.

'Fool!' he exclaimed at length—'blind fool that I have been! And yet I suspected this smooth-tongued villain from the first. Thanks, noble Randolph! I can never repay this act of chivalric friendship; henceforth you may command Ogeola!'

'Say no more, Powell; you have nothing to repay: it was I who was the debtor. But come, we lose time. My purpose in coming here is, to counsel you to a plan for procuring your release from this awkward confinement. We must be brief, else my intentions may be suspected.'

'What plan, Randolph?'

'You must sign the treaty of the Oclawaha.'

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE WAR-CRY.

A single 'Ugh!' expressive of contemptuous surprise, was all the reply; and then a deep silence succeeded.

I broke the silence by repeating my demand.

'You must sign it.'

'Never!' came the response, in a tone of emphatic determination—'never! Sooner than do that, I will linger among these logs till decay has worn the flesh from my bones, and dried up the blood in my veins. Sooner than turn traitor to my tribe, I will rush against the bayonets of my jailers, and perish upon the spot. Never!'

'Patience, Powell, patience! You do not understand me—you, in common with other chiefs, appear to misconceive the terms of this treaty. Remember,

it binds you to a mere conditional promise—to surrender your lands and move west, only in case a majority of your nation agree to it. Now, to-day a majority has not agreed, nor will the addition of your name make the number a majority.'

'True, true,' interrupted the chief, beginning to comprehend my meaning.

'Well, then, you may sign, and not feel bound by your signature, since the most essential condition still remains unfulfilled. And why should you not adopt this ruse? Ill-used as you certainly have been, no one could pronounce it dishonourable in you. For my part, I believe you would be justified in any expedient that would free you from so wrongful an imprisonment.'

Perhaps my principles were scarcely according to the rules of moral rectitude; but at that moment they took their tone from strong emotions; and to the eyes of friendship and love the wrong was not apparent.

Ogeola was silent. I observed that he was meditating on what I had urged.

'Why, Randolph,' said he, after a pause, 'you must have dwelt in Philadelphia, that famed city of lawyers. I never took this view before. You are right; signing would not bind me—it is true. But think you that the agent would be satisfied with my signature? He hates me; I know it, and his reasons. I hate him, for many reasons; for this is not the first outrage I have suffered at his hands. Will he be satisfied if I sign?'

'I am almost certain of it. Simulate submission, if you can. Write your name to the treaty, and you will be at once set free.'

I had no doubt of this. From what I had learned since Ogeola's arrest, I had reason to believe that Thompson repented his conduct. It was the opinion of others that he had acted rashly, and that his act was likely to provoke evil consequences. Whispers of this nature had reached him; and from what the captive told me of the visit of the aid-de-camp, I could perceive that it was nothing else than a mission from the agent himself. Beyond doubt, the latter was tired of his prisoner, and would release him on the easiest terms.

'Friend! I shall act as you advise. I shall sign. You may inform the commissioner of my intention.'

'I shall do so at the earliest hour I can see him. It is late: shall I say good-night?'

'Ah, Randolph! it is hard to part with a friend—the only one with a white skin now left me. I could have wished to talk over other days, but, alas! this is neither the place nor the time.'

The haughty mien of the proud chief was thrown aside, and his voice had assumed the melting tenderness of early years.

'Yes,' he continued, 'the only white friend left—the only one I have any regard for—one other whom I—'

He stopped suddenly, and with an embarrassed air, as if he had found himself on the eve of disclosing some secret, which on reflection he deemed it imprudent to reveal.

I awaited the disclosure with some uneasiness, but it came not. When he spoke again, his tone and manner were completely changed.

'The whites have done us much wrong,' he continued, once more rousing himself into an angry attitude—'wrongs too numerous to be told; but, by the Great Spirit! I shall seek revenge. Never till now have I sworn it; but the deeds of this day have turned my blood into fire. Ere you came, I had vowed to take the lives of two, who have been our especial enemies. You have not changed my resolution—only strengthened it; you have added a third to the list of my deadly foes: and once more I swear

—by Wykome, I swear—that I shall take no rest till the blood of these three men has reddened the leaves of the forest—three white villains, and one red traitor. Ay, Omatla! triumph in your treason—it will not be for long—soon shalt thou feel the vengeance of a patriot—soon shalt thou shrink under the steel of Ogeola.

I made no reply; but waited in silence till this outburst of passion had passed.

In a few moments the young chief became calm, and again addressed me in the language of friendship.

'One word,' said he, 'before we part. Circumstances may hinder us—it may be long ere we meet again. Alas! our next meeting may be as foes in the field of fight—for I will not attempt to conceal from you that I have no intention to make peace. No—never! I wish to make a request; I know, Randolph, you will accede to it, without asking an explanation. Accept this token, and if you esteem the friendship of the giver, and would honour him, wear it conspicuously upon your breast. That is all.'

As he spoke, he took from around his neck a chain, upon which was suspended the image of the rising sun—already alluded to. He passed the chain over my head, until the glistening symbol hung down upon my breast.

I made no resistance to this offering of friendship, but promising to comply with his request, presented my watch in return; and, after another cordial pressure of hands, we parted.

* * * * *

As I had anticipated, there was but little difficulty in obtaining the release of the Seminole chief. Though the commissioner entertained a personal hatred against Ogeola—for causes to me unknown—he dared not indulge his private spite in an official capacity. He had placed himself in a serious dilemma by what he had already done; and as I communicated the purposed submission of the prisoner, I saw that Thompson was but too eager to adopt a solution of his difficulty, easy as unexpected. He therefore lost no time in seeking an interview with the captive chief.

The latter played his part with admirable tact; the fierce, angry attitude of yesterday had given place to one of mild resignation. A night in the guard-house, hungered and manacled, had tamed down his proud spirit, and he was now ready to accept any conditions that would restore him to liberty. So fancied the commissioner.

The treaty was produced. Ogeola signed it without saying a word. His chains were taken off—his prison-door thrown open—and he was permitted to depart without further molestation. Thompson had triumphed, or fancied so.

It was but fancy. Had he noticed, as I did, the fine satirical smile that played upon the lips of Ogeola as he stepped forth from the gate, he would scarcely have felt confidence in his triumph.

He was not allowed to exult long in the pleasant hallucination.

Followed by the eyes of all, the young chief walked off with a proud step towards the woods.

On arriving near the edge of the timber, he faced round to the fort, drew the shining blade from his belt, waved it above his head, and in defiant tones shouted back the war-cry: 'Yo-ho-eh!'.

Three times, the wild signal pealed upon our ears; and at the third repetition, he who had uttered it turned again, sprang forward into the timber, and was instantly lost to our view.

There was no mistaking the intent of that demonstration; even the self-glorifying commissioner was convinced that it meant 'war to the knife,' and men were hurriedly ordered in pursuit.

An armed crowd rushed forth from the gate, and

flung themselves on the path that had been taken by the *ex-devant* captive.

The chase proved bootless and fruitless; and after more than an hour spent in vain search, the soldiers came straggling back to the fort.

* * * * *

Gallagher and I had stayed all the morning in my quarters, expecting the order that would confine me there. To our astonishment, it came not: there was no arrest.

In time, we obtained the explanation. Of my two duelling antagonists, the first had not returned to the fort after his defeat, but had been carried to the house of a friend—several miles distant. This partially covered the scandal of that affair. The other appeared with his arm in a sling; but it was the impression, as Gallagher learned outside, that his horse had carried him against a tree. For manifest reasons the interesting invalid had not disclosed the true cause of his being 'crippled,' and I applauded his silence. Except to my friend, I made no disclosure of what had occurred, and it was long before the affair got wind.

Upon duty, the aid-de-camp and I often met afterwards, and were frequently compelled to exchange speech; but it was always of an official character, and, I need not add, was spoken in the severest reserve.

It was not long before circumstances arose to separate us; and I was glad to part company with a man for whom I felt a profound contempt.

CHAPTER XLIX.

WAR TO THE KNIFE.

For some weeks following the council at Fort King, there appeared to be tranquillity over the land. The hour of negotiation had passed—that for action was nigh; and among the white settlers the leading topic of conversation was how the Indians would act? Would they fight, or give in? The majority believed they would submit.

Some time was granted them to prepare for the removal—runners were sent to all the tribes, appointing a day for them to bring in their horses and cattle to the fort. These were to be sold by auction, under the superintendence of the agent; and their owners were to receive a fair value for them on their arrival at their new home in the west. Their plantations or 'improvements' were to be disposed of in a similar manner.

The day of auction came round; but, to the chagrin of the commissioner, the expected flocks did not make their appearance, and the sale had to be postponed.

The failure on the part of the Indians to bring in their cattle was a hint of what might be expected; though others, of a still more palpable nature, were soon afforded.

The tranquillity that had reigned for some weeks was but the ominous silence that precedes the storm. Like the low mutterings of the distant thunder, events now began to occur, the sure harbingers of an approaching conflict.

As usual, the white man was the aggressor. Three Indians were found hunting outside the boundary of the 'reserve.' They were made captives by a party of white men, and fast bound with raw-hide ropes, were confined in a log-stable belonging to one of the party. In this situation they were kept three days and nights, until a band of their own tribe hearing of their confinement, hastened to their rescue. There was a skirmish, in which some Indians were wounded; but the white men fled, and the captives were released.

'On bringing them forth to the light, their friends

beheld a most pitiable sight'—I am quoting from a faithful history—'the rope with which these poor fellows were tied had worn through the flesh; they had temporarily lost the use of their limbs, being unable to stand or walk. They had bled profusely, and had received no food during their confinement, so it may readily be imagined that they presented a horrible picture of suffering.'

Again: 'Six Indians were at their camp near Kanapaha Pond, when a party of whites came upon them, took their guns from them, examined their packs, and commenced whipping them. While in the act, two other Indians approached, and seeing what was going on, fired upon the whites. The latter returned the fire, killed one of the Indians, and severely wounded the other.'

Exasperation was natural—retaliation certain. On the other side, read:

'On the 11th of August, Dalton, the mail-carrier between Fort King and Fort Brooke, was met within six miles of the latter place by a party of Indians, who seized the reins of his horse, and dragging him from the saddle, shot him dead. The mangled body was discovered some days afterwards concealed in the woods.'

'A party of fourteen mounted men proceeded on a scout towards Wacahonta—the plantation of Captain Gabriel Priest—and when within one mile of the place, they came upon a small hommock, through which some of the party declined passing. Four of them, however, dashed into it, when the Indians suddenly arose from ambush, and fired upon them. The two in advance were wounded. A Mr Foulke received a bullet in his neck, but was picked up by those in his rear, and borne off. The other, a son of Captain Priest, had his arm broken, and his horse shot dead under him. He fled, and sinking his body in a swamp, succeeded in eluding the search of the pursuers.'

'About the same time, a party of Indians attacked a number of men, who were employed cutting live-oak timber on an island in Lake George. The men escaped by taking to their boats, though two of their number were wounded.'

'At New River, on the south-east side of the peninsula, the Indians attacked the house of a Mr Cooley—murdered his wife, children, and a tutor engaged in the family. They carried off twelve barrels of provisions, thirty hogs, three horses, one keg of powder, over two hundred pounds of lead, seven hundred dollars in silver, and two negroes. Mr Cooley was absent at the time. On his return, he found his wife shot through the heart with her infant child in her arms; and his two oldest children also shot in the same place. The girl still held her book in her hands, and the boy's lay by his side. The house was in flames.'

'At Spring Garden on the St Johns, the extensive plantation of Colonel Rees was laid waste, and his buildings burnt to the ground. Sugar-cane, sufficient to manufacture ninety hogsheds, was destroyed; besides thirty hogsheds of sugar, and one hundred and sixty-two negroes were carried off. The mules and horses were also taken. The same Indians destroyed the buildings of M. Depeyster, with whose negroes they formed a league; and being supplied with a boat, they crossed the river, and fired the establishment of Captain Dummett. Major Heriot's plantation was laid waste; and eighty of his negroes moved off with the Indians. Then on towards San Augustine, where the extensive plantations of General Hernandez were reduced to a ruin—next Bulow's, Dupont's of Buen Retiro, Dunham's, MrRae's of Tomoka Creek, the plantations of Bayas, General Herring, and Bartalome Solano, with nearly every other from San Augustine southward.'

Simple historic facts. I quote them as illustrating the events that ushered in the Seminole war. Barbarous though they be, they were but acts of retaliation—the wild outburst of a vengeance long pent up—a return for wrongs and insults patiently endured.

As yet, no general engagement had taken place; but marauding parties sprang up simultaneously in different places. Many of those who had inflicted outrage upon the Indians were forthwith repaid; and many barely escaped with their lives. Conflagration succeeded conflagration until the whole country was on fire. Those who lived in the interior, or upon the borders of the Indian reserve, were compelled to abandon their crops, their stock, their implements of husbandry, their furniture, and indeed every article of value, and seek shelter within the forts, or concentrate themselves in the neighbouring villages, around which stockades were erected for their better security.

The friendly chiefs—the Omatlas and others—with about four hundred followers, abandoned their towns, and fled to Fort Brooke for protection.

The strife was no longer hypothetical, no longer doubtful; it was declared in the wild *Yo-ho-chee!* that night and day was heard ringing in the woods.

CHAPTER L.

TRACING A STRANGE HORSEMAN

As yet but few troops had reached Florida, though detachments were on the way from New Orleans, Fort Moultrie, Savannah, Mobile, and other depôts, where the soldiers of the United States are usually stationed. Corps of volunteers, however, were being hastily levied in the larger towns of Georgia, Carolina, and Florida itself; and every settlement was mustering its quota to enter upon the campaign.

It was deemed advisable to raise a force in the settlements of the Suwanee—my native district—and on this duty my friend Gallagher was despatched, with myself to act as his lieutenant.

Right gladly did I receive this order. I should escape from the monotonous duties of the fort garrison, of which I had grown weary enough; but what was a still more pleasant prospect, I should have many days at home—for which I was not without longing.

Gallagher was as overjoyed as myself. He was a keen sportsman; though, having spent most of his life within the walls of cities, or in forts along the Atlantic seaboard, he had found only rare opportunities of enjoying either the 'fox-chase' or 'deer-drive.' I had promised him both to his heart's content, for both the game and the 'vermin' were plenteous in the woods of the Suwanee.

Not unwillingly, therefore, did we accept our recruiting commission; and, bidding adieu to our companions at the fort, set out with light hearts and pleasant anticipations. Equally joyous was Black Jake to get back once more to the 'ole plantayshun.'

In the quarter of the Suwanee settlements, the Indian marauders had not yet shewn themselves. It lay remote from the towns of most of the hostile tribes, though not too distant for a determined foray. In a sort of lethargic security, the inhabitants still remained at their houses—though a volunteer force had already been mustered—and patrols were kept in constant motion.

I had frequent letters from my mother and Virginia; neither appeared to feel any alarm: my sister especially declared her confidence that the Indians would not molest them.

Withal, I was not without apprehension; and with so much the greater alacrity did I obey the order to proceed to the settlements.

Well mounted, we soon galloped over the forest

road, and approached the scenes of my early life. This time, I encountered no ambuscade, though I did not travel without caution. But the order had been given us within the hour; and having almost immediately set forth, my assassin-enemies could have had no warning of my movements. With the brave Gallagher by my side, and my stout henchman at my back, I dreaded no open attack from white men.

My only fear was, that we might fall in with some straggling party of red men—now our declared enemies. In this there was a real danger; and we took every precaution to avoid such an encounter.

At several places we saw traces of the Indians nearly fresh. There were moccasin prints in the mud, and the tracks of horses that had been pointed. At one place we observed the debris of a fire still smouldering, and around it were signs of the red men. A party had there bivouacked.

But we saw no man, red or white, until we had passed the deserted plantation upon the creek, and were approaching the banks of the river. Then for the first time during our journey a man was in sight.

He was a horseman, and at a glance we pronounced him an Indian. He was at too great a distance for us to note either his complexion or features; but the style of dress, his attitude in the saddle, the red sash and leggings, and above all, the ostrich-plumes waving over his head, told us he was a Seminole. He was mounted upon a large black horse; and had just emerged from the wood into the opening, upon which we had ourselves entered. He appeared to see us at the same time we caught sight of him, and was evidently desirous of avoiding us.

After scanning us a moment, he wheeled his steed, and dashed back into the timber.

Imprudently enough, Gallagher put spurs to his horse and galloped after. I should have counselled a contrary course; but that the belief was in my mind that the horseman was Ogeola. In that case, there could be no danger; and from motives of friendship, I was desirous of coming up with the young chief, and exchanging a word with him. With this view, I followed my friend at a gallop—Jake coming on in the rear.

I was almost sure the strange horseman was Ogeola. I fancied I recognised the ostrich-plumes; and Jake had told me that the young chief rode a fine black horse. In all likelihood, then, it was he; and in order to hail, and bring him to a halt, I spurred ahead of Gallagher—being better mounted.

We soon entered the timber, where the horseman had disappeared. I saw the fresh tracks, but nothing more. I shouted aloud, calling the young chief by name, and pronouncing my own; but there was no reply, save the echo of my voice.

I followed the trail for a short distance, continuing to repeat my cries; but no heed was given to them. The horseman did not wish to answer my hail, or else had ridden too far away to understand its intent.

Of course, unless he made a voluntary halt, it was vain to follow. We might ride on his trail for a week without coming up with him. Gallagher saw this as well as myself; and abandoning the pursuit, we turned once more towards the road, with the prospect of soon ending our journey.

A cross-path, which I remembered, would bring us by a shorter route to the landing; and for this we now headed.

We had not ridden far, when we again struck upon the tracks of a horse—evidently those made by the horseman we had just pursued, but previously to our having seen him. They led in a direct line from the river, towards which we were steering.

Some slight thought prompted me to an examination of the hoof-prints. I perceived that they were wet—water was oozing into them from the edges; there was

a slight sprinkling of water upon the dead leaves that lay along the trail. The horseman had been swimming—he had been across the river!

This discovery led me into a train of reflection. What could he—an Indian—want on the other side? If Ogeola, as I still believed, what could he be doing there? In the excited state of the country, it would have been risking his life for an Indian to have approached the Settlement—and to have been discovered and captured would have been certain death. This Indian, then, whoever he was, must have some powerful motive for seeking the other side. What motive? If Ogeola, what motive?

I was puzzled—and reflected; I could think of no motive, unless that the young chief had been playing the spy—no dishonourable act on the part of an Indian.

The supposition was not improbable, but the contrary; and yet I could not bring myself to believe it true. A cloud had swept suddenly over my soul, a presentiment scarcely defined or definable was in my thoughts, a demon seemed to whisper in my ears: *It is not that.*

Certainly had the horseman been across the river? Let us see!

We rode rapidly along the trail, tracing it backwards.

In a few minutes it guided us to the bank, where the tracks led out from the water's edge. No corresponding trail entered near. Yes, he had been across.

I plied the spur, and plunging in, swam for the opposite shore. My companions followed without asking any questions.

Once more out of the river, I rode up the bank. I soon discovered the hoof-marks of the black horse where he had sprung off into the stream.

Without pausing, I continued to trace them backwards, still followed by Gallagher and Jake.

The former wondered at my eagerness, and put some questions, which I scarcely answered coherently. My presentiment was each moment growing darker—my heart throbbed in my bosom with a strange indescribable pain.

The trail brought us to a small opening in the heart of a magnolia grove. It went no further. We had arrived at its end.

My eyes rested upon the ground with a sort of mechanical gaze. I sat in the saddle in a kind of stupor. The dark presentiment was gone, but a far darker thought occupied its place.

The ground was covered with hoof-tracks, as if horses had been halted there. Most of the tracks were those of the black horse; but there were others of not half their dimensions. There was the tiny shoe-mark of a small pony.

'Golly! Massr George,' muttered Jake, coming forward in advance of the other, and bending his eyes upon the ground; 'looker dar—dat am tha track ob de leetle white Fox. Missa Vaginy's been lya for sartin.'

THE CITY OF LONDON.

THE long-promised measure for the reform of the corporation of the city of London has recently been brought forward in the House of Commons; and perhaps this may be a suitable time for giving to our readers a sketch of that great corporation, which has hitherto successfully resisted all the attempts that have been made for its reformation, and which has had influence enough, even at the last, to turn away, in a great measure, the destruction which threatened its cherished privileges.

The antiquity of London is undoubtedly very great: it is mentioned by Tacitus as a 'great mart of trade and commerce;' but the corporation, unlike most of the other municipal corporations of the

kingdom, has no definite constitutional charter at all; its rights result from a series of royal grants or charters, from statutes of the realm, and from orders and ordinances of the courts of aldermen and common council. The Anglo-Saxon law of King Athelstan mentions it; and though we do not find it named in Domesday-book, yet a charter of William the Conqueror, addressed to the bishop, the 'Portgerefa,' or chief-magistrate, and the 'Burhwara,' or burghers, recognises it as a city. This is the earliest charter in the possession of the city, the latest is one granted by George II., in the fifteenth year of his reign; and the total number of charters amounts to 120. The boundaries of the city were fixed at a very early period; and the area enclosed by them, as compared with the metropolis generally, is very small; the former comprises little more than a square mile; while that of the latter is, from north to south, about eleven miles; and from east to west, about sixteen miles, or about 176 square miles. Within the last fifty years, the metropolis has nearly doubled its population, the city remaining almost stationary. Besides the city, properly so called, the corporation has exercised a certain jurisdiction over the borough of Southwark. This was granted in the year 1327, in consideration of a yearly rent of L.10. They hold courts-leet for the borough, appointing the steward and other officers, including the high-bailiff and coroner. They also go through the form of holding quarter-sessions. A grand jury is impanelled, and are addressed to this effect: 'Gentlemen, by virtue of certain charters, we have been obliged to call you together; we are happy to tell you there is nothing for you to do.' Then the jury say: 'Why did you then call us together?' The answer given by the late recorder, Mr Law, was: 'Surely it is better to call you together and say: "Now you may go home," than to keep you here two or three days.' This jurisdiction the new bill proposes entirely to do away with, and for the future the borough of Southwark will be constituted in all respects like the other metropolitan boroughs.

The city of London is governed by a lord-mayor, a court of aldermen, and a court of common council, whose full title is, 'The Lord-mayor, Aldermen, and Commoners of the City of London.' The lord-mayor is elected annually; and the form of his election is for the livery in common hall assembled, which is composed of the members of the different city companies, who are also citizens, to nominate two of the aldermen who have served the office of sheriff—usually the two senior ones below the chair—and for the court of aldermen to select one of those presented by the livery. The lord-mayor is the chief-magistrate of the city, is a member of the privy council, though it is doubtful whether he can take his seat, except upon the demise of the crown; and he has an allowance of L.10,000 assigned to him out of the revenues of the city, together with the official residence of the Mansion House, to enable him to keep up the accustomed state and hospitality of the city. The aldermen are twenty-six in number: one elected by each ward of the city, and one for a ward which has now ceased to exist, and to which the senior member of the court usually succeeds by rotation. When elected, they remain in office for life. The title of alderman may be traced back as early as the time of Henry II.; but being a Saxon term, it has probably existed much longer. Each alderman has the government of the ward for which he is elected; and in ancient times, the Watch, then an efficient body, was under his command; and he bore his coat of arms and banner as a baron. The aldermen are all justices of the peace, and attend in rotation the police-courts of the city, and are named in the commission of the central criminal court. They assemble together, and form a court of their own,

but are also members of the court of common council, and *ex officio* governors of the royal hospitals. The court of common council consists of two hundred and six members, also elected by the different wards, though only for one year, like the popular representatives under every constitution. This court is now the most important, their principal function being their unlimited command over the funds of the city. The court is presided over by the lord-mayor, who has power to dissolve a meeting at any time, by ordering the sword-bearer to take up the sword. The sheriffs are two in number, the shrievalty of London and Middlesex being united in one office. They are elected by the livery in common hall, and not appointed by the crown, as is the case in all other counties. A fine of L.400 is imposed on a person refusing to serve the office; and the sum obtained by the levying of these fines during the first fifty years of the present century, amounted to more than L.66,000. The corporation has several important officers of its own, the recorder being the chief: his duties are chiefly judicial; and by him the city appears whenever any of its customs are called in question. The common serjeant, who is the counsel for the city, also sits as a judge in some of the courts; and the chamberlain, who is the treasurer of the city funds, likewise holds a position of importance and emolument: his office is generally considered as a kind of provision for decayed aldermen.

The funds of the corporation are very large, the revenue for the year 1852 amounting to L.551,971, 5s. 4d. It is derived from the rents of the city's landed estates and house-property, from street-tolls, the coal-duty, the metage of corn, fruit, &c., the harbour-dues of the port of London, and the various rates assessed on the inhabitants. The city has also large estates in the north of Ireland, which they acquired by a grant from the crown in the time of James I. That district was then in a most unsettled and disaffected state, and the rebellion of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel had caused large forfeitures of land there. The king wishing to repeople this part of his dominions, the corporation undertook to settle it at their own expense. Large estates were allotted to each of the companies who had contributed, and the property has continued to be managed by a committee of the corporation. Its revenues are applied partly in grants to the municipal institutions of Londonderry, and partly to charitable and educational purposes in the districts around that town and Coleraine.

The city of London has the power of levying tolls on certain articles, and exercises some other rights corresponding very much with the custom-duties levied by the crown. It claims the right to measure all corn landed within its jurisdiction, and for this, some small toll is charged. It is compulsory; and the city uses its own bushel for the purpose. The exercise of this right alone adds about L.10,000 a year to the revenues; it also extends to all fruit imported from abroad, and all sea-borne oysters. A toll of twopence upon all carts entering the city which do not belong to citizens, is also levied; and this comparatively small toll produces in the course of the year more than L.5000. The city exercises jurisdiction over the navigation of the Thames, from Staines in Middlesex, to Yantlet Creek, in Kent; and these metage rights extend not only to goods landed within the limits of the city, but also to goods landed anywhere within its jurisdiction. The conservancy of the Thames also belongs to the lord-mayor, and has some valuable rights attached to it. There was formerly a metage-duty upon coal, but this has been commuted into a fixed duty on the ton. There are now three duties imposed upon all coal imported either by land or water into a district extending

within a circle of twenty miles from the General Post-office, of the several amounts of one penny, fourpence, and eightpence per ton. The net produce of the three branches of coal-duty in 1852 was L.179,857; but upon this some heavy charges exist, and in the same year the city only was able to apply L.15,305 to its own use. All persons acting as brokers within the city must be admitted by the court of aldermen; and an annual payment of L.5 from each is required; also, no one can exercise any retail trade who is not free of the city; and upon admission to the freedom, a fine is imposed. These are some of the principal rights and privileges now exercised by the corporation of London; and with the exception of the coal-tax, which it is proposed to retain at present, they are all abolished by the new bill.

Some great changes will also be introduced into the constitution of the corporation itself: the number of aldermen will be reduced to sixteen, and their separate court altogether abolished; the number of common councilmen will also be lessened, and they with the aldermen will form only one court; but to them will be intrusted the election of all officers, including the lord-mayor; and for that office all citizens with a small property qualification will be eligible. The aldermen still retain their places as police magistrates, but they and the lord-mayor will cease to sit in the central criminal court.

These are the most important provisions of this bill, the object of which is to administer to the city of London that measure of reform which the other municipal corporations of the kingdom underwent in the year 1835, but which London at the time avoided. At present, nothing seems to have been attempted but the remedy of its most pressing defects.

NANA SAHIB.

As we have no doubt that many of our readers would be glad to be acquainted with the parentage and other antecedents of the man who bears this blood-stained name, we propose, in the present article, to give a brief sketch of him.

Nana Sahib, Rajah of Bithoor—whose correct name is Sree Munt Dhoondoo Punt—is the eldest son, by adoption, of the late Badjee Rao, ex-Peishwa of the Mahrattas.

For many years previous to his death, Badjee Rao had been a dethroned pensioner of the East India Company. When in the fulness of his power, he had, as a native prince, assisted the East India Company in their war against Tippoo Sahib, the tiger of Seringapatam; and, as a reward for his doing so, the Company, after years of strife with him—after negotiations and exactions, and treaties, and violations of these treaties on their part—contrived, in 1817, to get hold of his dominions. After numerous and fierce conflicts, Badjee Rao, at the head of 8000 men, and with an advantageous post, was prepared to do battle for the sovereignty of the Deccan; when Brigadier-general Sir John Malcolm, who commanded the British army, sent a flag of truce to him, with proposals for a surrender.

The proposals made on the part of Sir John Malcolm were, that Badjee Rao, the Peishwa of the Mahrattas, should renounce his sovereignty altogether; that he should come, within twenty-four hours, with his family and a limited number of his adherents and attendants, into the British camp; that they should there be received with honour and respect; that he should be located in the holy city of Behares, or in some other sacred place of Hindostan; that he should have a liberal pension from the East India Company for himself and his family; that his old and attached adherents should be provided for;

and that the pension to be settled upon himself and his family should not be less than eight lacs of rupees—that is, L.80,000 per annum.

After long and anxious deliberation with his prime minister and other great officers of state, the Peishwa accepted these proposals—went with his family and adherents into the British camp—and Bithoor was afterwards assigned as his residence. The East India Company, with their usual grasping and illiberal spirit of covetousness, were displeased with Sir John Malcolm for his granting these terms. But they, and the governor-general, Lord Hardinge, could not recede from them; and they took care to limit the stipulated allowance to the smallest sum mentioned in the treaty—namely, eight lacs of rupees, or L.80,000 per annum.

We have stated that the pension was to be conferred upon Badjee Rao and his family. Now, before we proceed further, we must mention, that by the Hindoo Shasters, or scriptures, there is a fearful doom awarded against those who die childless; that doom is, the being consigned, after death, to 'a place called *Put*, a place of horror, to which the manes of the childless are supposed to go, there to be tormented with hunger and thirst, for want of these oblations of food and libations of water, at prescribed periods, which it is the pious, and indeed indispensable duty of a living son to offer.'*

Such are the principles of the Hindoo religion with regard to the want of natural male issue. Now, the same principles, in order to remedy the defect, permit the system of adoption where natural issue fails. It was in accordance with this that Badjee Rao, in his old age, finding himself naturally childless as to male issue, by his will declared Nana Sahib to be his eldest son, heir, and representative.

In his day, Badjee Rao, as chief of the powerful Mahratta nation, had been a great sovereign. He survived his downfall—exercising civil and criminal jurisdiction, on a limited scale, at Bithoor—thirty-five years. On the 28th of January 1851, he died.

No sooner was his death made officially known, than Lord Dalhousie tabled a minute at the council board of Calcutta, ruling that the pension, expressly guaranteed to the great Badjee Rao, and his family, should not be continued to the latter. Nana Sahib, Badjee Rao's widows, and the other members of his family, were naturally stricken with grief and terror. They saw themselves reduced to poverty. They had no other pecuniary resource than some trifling sum which Badjee Rao had left behind him.

On the 24th of June 1851, Nana Sahib forwarded a memorial to the lieutenant-governor of the North-west Provinces of India on the subject. In reply, he was told that the pension could not be continued, but that a certain tract of land would be his for life. The commissioner of Bithoor, a public officer of high rank and standing, and who knew the circumstances and claims of the ex-Peishwa's family, forwarded an urgent appeal on their behalf; but, in a letter from the secretary of the governor-general, of date September the 24th, 1851, he received a severe reprimand for so doing. His recommendation was stigmatised as 'uncalled for and unwarrantable.'

After some further efforts in India, Nana Sahib addressed the Court of Directors, at Leadenhall Street, in England. His appeal to them was dated the 29th of December 1852.

In the eyes of the East India Company, the appeals of native princes of India do not seem to have been matters of much consequence. The Company appear to have considered that it added to their dignity to have the advocates of such princes waiting in their

* Strange's Elements of Hindoo Law.

anterooms. Somewhere about December 1853, the Company sent back Nana Sahib's memorial to the government in India, and the result was, that nothing was done.

It would appear that Nana Sahib, with smooth and gentlemanly manners, unites superior abilities; and that to these abilities he adds passions of the strongest and most vindictive nature. His spirit is high, and his vehemence of the most determined character. At the period of the breaking out of the mutiny which has rendered his name infamous, he seems to have become a monomaniac on the subject of what he believed to be his wrongs.

In the preceding sketch, subject, of course, to correction, we have endeavoured to state facts, not with a view to advocating any cause, but simply for the purpose of communicating to our readers information as to some of the numerous causes which have led to the dreadful events which have recently occurred in the East.

[We have been informed that an Oriental named Azimullah was in London in 1855, for the purpose of making a last appeal in behalf of his employer, Nana Sahib. He lodged in a respectable private hotel in George Street, Hanover Square, where a friend of ours, living in the same house, formed his acquaintance, was entertained by him in gentlemanlike style at dinner, and found him a well-bred, agreeable person, of good intelligence about English matters. Our friend, on lately revisiting the house, learned from its proprietor that the polite Azimullah, before departing from England, shewed symptoms of a moody and soured feeling, and let fall several hints to the effect that England would yet regret the manner in which it had used his master. This same Azimullah has since appeared in the dismal transactions connected with the destruction of the Cawnpore garrison.—Ed.]

AN EXECUTIONER'S LITTLE BILL.

THE following notice of the doings of the hands of justice, in a neighbouring country, in the year 1712, may not be without some historic interest; and certainly it is calculated to make one rather contented than otherwise with the state of Europe in 1858. In the year 1712, it was the custom in Amsterdam to make use of the services of an executioner from the neighbouring town of Haarlem; and in order to avoid the expense of repeated journeys, the worthy magistrates contrived that the various sentences of the criminal law should be carried out as much as possible on the same day. The following is the little bill of the Haarlem Calcraft for the work of a single day:

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 17, 1712.

To account for business done.

	Florins.
To one beheaded,	6
Item for the use of the sword of justice,	3
Item for the cloth,	3
Item for the coffin,	3
To one strangled,	6
Taken down and put into the coffin,	3
To one put on the wheel, with nine strokes, at 3 gulden the stroke,	27
For the strangling,	6
Taken down and carried out of the town,	9
To two hanged with a sword over their heads,	18
One taken down, and carried out of the town,	9
One taken down,	3
To four hung on the gallows, at 6 gulden apiece,	24
One with a sword over the head,	3
Two with letters on their breast,	12
To four-and-twenty scourged, at 3 gulden apiece,	72
Three with the sword over their heads,	9

	Florins.
One fettered, and set in the pillory,	6
One branded on the back,	6
Item wages,	12
Item road-money,	12
Item for the use of the rope,	12
Item for the assistant,	12
Amount,	276

All this, we repeat, was the work of a single day, and it came off in one public place—before the town-house of Amsterdam. The account seems to have suggested to the citizens of the time merely that the hangman-business was a thriving one (*dat zulk eene executie eene goede neering zy*). To us in our day and generation, it is an interesting document, as a fragment, and a genuine one, of the history of those days which people in Holland and Germany, and some other parts of the world too, are wont to call 'the good old times.'

AN OLD MAID'S RETROSPECTIONS.

I look into the dreamy past, and see—what do I see?
They look like visions now, but *then*, how real were they to me!
I see my girlhood full of hope, my lover true and brave;
In fancy still I hear his vow, as a pledge of truth he gave.
It was a ring: he smiling said: 'Twill serve to guard the space
Upon thy finger, till I put another in its place.'
That first love-gift, see, here it is—Oh, what a slender band
Though tethered by a golden chain to this poor withered hand.
And it was in that girlish time when I perchance might see
A youthful mother's glance of pride at the babe upon her knee,
I envied her that happiness, and oh, my heart beat wild
That I might one day be the matron mother of *his* child.
'Twas woman's nature in me spoke; but scarcely had the thought
Been formed, ere maiden pride and shame a mingled colour brought:
Vain was the guiltless blush, for though these hopes of mine might seem
So near fulfilment then, alas, they proved indeed a dream.
Too poor to wed, my lover true, left his own native strand,
Thinking to win a home for me in a far distant land.
Years passed: he wrote that silver threads were mingling with his hair.
They were in mine—those fruits, from seed sown by the hand of Care.
Now, whiter than the snow-clad hill, or foam that crests the wave,
Are my thin locks; his weary head rests in a foreign grave.
Ay, maidens, you may sigh, God grant that happier be *your* lot;
For me, no power could make me wish this true-love dream forgot.

But after all my pains, my fears, my visions of the past,
One ever-present hope of mine will be fulfilled at last;
And I am happy, for I know my bridal draweth nigh—
A union, purer, holier far in realms beyond the sky.
In every dream by night and day I hear again *his* voice;
I fancy that he beckons me, and calls me to rejoice;
That, when my eyes to earth are closed, my truly-loved will be

The first by the Eternal sent to meet and welcome me.
Grimsby. RUTH BUCK.

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POLITICAL ECONOMY.

MEN of science are rarely popular characters. Without incurring, as a general rule, much dislike or ill-will from their neighbours, they are not usually favourites, either individually or as a class. They are sometimes objects of a not very friendly curiosity, sometimes of what very nearly approaches to contempt, on the part of the vulgar. The gentleman whose days are spent in roaming over hill and dale in search of a small fern or a rare species of grass, is considered by the wondering rustics to be wasting his time in a strange kind of busy idleness. The chemist's housemaid can barely refrain from despising, while she pities, the master whose life is spent in a close room, amid glass bottles and bad smells. The conventional type of the scientific student, as we find him in novels and in the minds of novel-readers, is generally a subject for good-humoured pity or sarcastic ridicule. Spectacles, a shabby coat, and an unclean shirt-collar, are his outward apparel; the inner man is clothed in stolid indifference to the fate of mankind, and wrapped in devotion to the study of butterflies or the calculation of logarithms. But certain classes of scientific men are liable to yet worse treatment. As each department of knowledge is rescued from the domain of prejudice and conjecture, and made the subject of systematic inquiry, a persecution, social if not legal, is sure to be the doom of the adventurous investigator. So it was in the days of Galileo with the astronomers; so it has been, in more recent times, with the anatomists, whose practice of dissection drew down upon them a storm of popular execration which has hardly yet subsided. But perhaps no science was ever more unpopular, and no body of philosophical writers ever so heartily abused and decried, as political economy and the political economists. Among the vulgar and ignorant of all ranks, indeed, the very name of political economy excites a shout of ridicule or a smile of contempt. Among more earnest and more observant people, there is often found a spirit of bitter and irrational hatred towards this obnoxious science, which argues a strong though unacknowledged suspicion of its truth and importance. The wholly ignorant may indeed sneer at what they cannot understand; but men revile generally what they fear. And there is a certain class of men, prejudiced, obstinate, ill-informed, but earnest and philanthropic withal, to whom the name of economical science is indeed a sound of terror, and in whose eyes an economist is an intolerable abomination. They hate the science, because it reveals to them stern laws and stubborn facts: laws, to which their

systems must, on pain of failure, conform; facts, by which their best laid schemes for the improvement and elevation of mankind must often be baffled and overthrown. Starting in horror from the vision, they turn indignantly upon the prophet, and charge him with an attempt to deceive them—not because they have detected any error in his demonstrations—not because they can convict him of ignorance or misrepresentation—but simply because he would not 'prophesy unto them smooth things.' They accuse him of harshness, selfishness, cruelty, as if he had created the laws which he explains. They denounce him as indifferent to human wretchedness, because he points out the sources from which wretchedness has arisen, and from which, so long as they are suffered to exist, it must continue to arise. And their outcry is echoed by thousands, who are too ignorant to know what it is they are criticising, and too indolent for the labour of mastering a new and difficult study. It does not seem to strike these gentlemen, that, after all, they are only, as the American critic says, 'screaming at the calm facts of the universe.' As little does it occur to the herd of clamourers to inquire into the nature, the purpose, and the sources of the science they denounce and reject.

Political economy is, in very truth, the science of philanthropy. It is the study of human welfare, so far as that welfare depends upon material prosperity—the investigation of the means by which nations attain to wealth, and classes to comfort. It is the exposition, in a word, of those laws of nature which regulate the material condition of communities and individuals—of the causes on which depends the question, whether this man or that body of men shall or shall not have enough to spare of this world's gear—shall or shall not enjoy their fair share of this life's blessings. It is the science which shews how material good may be wrought, and social amelioration effected—which teaches us what objects can be achieved for mankind by human efforts, and in what manner and by what means those objects can be attained. It is perfectly true that it deals only with the grosser conditions of happiness. Except in so far as they bear on those conditions, it leaves education to the schoolmaster, and morality to the pastor. These are no more within the province of the economist, than within that of the physician or the astronomer: his business is simply to explain what are the laws of nature relative to the material wellbeing of mankind, not to discuss the comparative importance of material and moral advancement, or the effect of wealth upon

the intellect and virtue of men and nations. His office is not to teach how men are to be made wise or good, but how they may be supplied with food and raiment. It is not his function to aid and to advise the clergyman or the moralist, but to guide the labours and enlighten the path of the practical philanthropist and the social reformer.

Such being the nature and such the functions of political economy, it is obviously incumbent on every one who aspires to confer immediately solid benefits on his fellow-men, to improve their material condition, to study carefully the laws upon which that condition depends. The physician does not attempt the cure of physical suffering without cautious study, not merely of the individual disease, but of all the ills that flesh is heir to. His youth is a long training in the knowledge of the human frame; he has made himself acquainted with every part of its wonderful mechanism; he has made himself familiar with all its operations; he knows the laws which regulate those operations, and the disturbances to which they are liable. Not until he has acquired this knowledge, not until he has been qualified for the task by this course of laborious study, is he intrusted with the care of patients and the cure of disease. The empiric who disdains this preparation or shrinks from this toil, lays hold of some nostrum, and vaunts it to the world as an infallible remedy for all corporeal diseases. He finds credulous listeners: perhaps he manages to kill a few of them; but for so doing he is liable to severe legal punishment, if his victims have friends more sceptical than themselves. Unhappily, the quack who practises on the social body, is liable to no such penalties: no course of study is thought necessary for him; to see evil, and to be anxious to redress it, is esteemed a sufficient qualification. The results of this empirical philanthropy are every day made manifest in some new form of disastrous blundering. The zealous friends of some distressed class are anxious to alleviate their sufferings—often intolerably severe—sometimes aggravated by gross oppression or neglect on the part of others. Work is terribly hard; wages are shamefully low. These grievances must be redressed; an association is formed, and public meetings are called on behalf of the sufferers. Facts and incidents of appalling distress are brought to light, and humanity is shocked, and benevolence terrified by the revelation. Subscriptions are poured in; a committee is formed; aid is freely given. How is it that distress is so rarely cured? Relieved for the time it may be; but neither public benevolence nor legislative interference can permanently eradicate it; and the earnest and large-hearted men who have been striving for its cure, turn away in sickness of heart, and, according to their temper, marvel at the failure of their labours, or curse political economy, and those who warned them that such failure was all they had to expect. They had set to work with an utter ignorance and disregard of the only method in which their objects could possibly be attained. They had cut off the head of the weed, and left the root in the soil; what wonder that it soon sprouted afresh? They had repressed the symptoms of the disease; they had cooled the fevered skin, and healed up the unsightly sore; but they had not even touched the seat of the evil: they were utterly ignorant of its real nature. Can they marvel if the patient died under their hands? The physician stood by their side, and warned them: they would not hear him. They believed that all social suffering was the result of human wrong, and might be amended by human justice and charity. They obstinately refused to learn that the social condition of mankind depends, in great part, upon laws as certain as those which regulate the motions of the planetary bodies;

that poverty, squalor, starvation, are evils which charity alone can no more eradicate, than it can prevent typhus fever or cholera. Social evils and physical diseases alike may be alleviated or averted by a careful attention to the warnings of science: neither can be mitigated or extirpated by any other means. The laws of social economy are not less certain than those of medical science. It is certain that when in any place population is overcrowded, that place will be unhealthy. It is certain that when in any trade there are more labourers than suffice for the work, there will be low wages, hard work, scant food. These things must be. We cannot remove them by denying them. What wisdom and goodness can do, is only to recognise the consequence, and to attempt the eradication of the cause.

The reason, then, of the unpopularity which attaches to the name of political economy, is simply the popular aversion to painful truths. This aversion manifests itself in an obstinate reluctance to recognise the disagreeable fact, and an angry denunciation of those who enforce its claim to attention. The economist demonstrates to the poor that their poverty arises mainly from causes altogether beyond the control of legislature or aristocracy; and he is denounced as a partisan of existing evil by every agitator whose pet theme is the injustice and oppression of the rich. He explains to the ill-paid labourer that wages are not dependent on the caprice of the employer, but on the condition of the labour-market; and he is hated as an ally of the master and an enemy of the men. He sets forth calmly the nature of the social machinery which regulates the adjustment of supply and demand; and he is cursed by the socialist visionary as the advocate of that terrible ogre and bugbear—Competition. It would surprise many of those who delight in reviling what they are too impatient to study, were they informed that the ablest and most impartial summary of communistic theories and aspirations ever given to the world is contained in an economical treatise by one of the greatest living masters of the science. But Mr John Stuart Mill takes care distinctly to explain what may, and what may not, be hoped from any improvements in the organisation of industry. He indulges in no visions, and gives vent to no rhapsodies. The dreamer revels in a socialistic paradise; the economist points out not only by what steps that vision may be realised, if its realisation be possible, but how many evils there are which no such realisation would remove, and what its actual worth and value would be. But dreamers are ill-pleased with those who thus criticise their illusions; they cannot endure the man who coolly weighs the gold and tests the jewels of their fairyland. It is to the man who is intent rather on doing good than on dreaming of it, that political economy appeals. To him it indicates the means of beneficence; it realises the intentions of the philanthropist, and teaches him how to be charitable without being a patron of vice, and how to make his benevolence a permanent blessing to others, rather than a present gratification to himself. Men who are anxious rather for the praise and pleasure of generosity than for the solid results of beneficence, cannot be expected to study such a science, or to walk by its precepts. Men who, like the ostrich, think to evade the laws of nature by blinding their eyes to their operation, may loudly denounce the exponent of truths unwelcome to them. So in Galileo's day was the revolution of the earth on its axis condemned as heresy, and persecuted as blasphemy. 'Still it does move,' in spite of the inquisitors; and still, in spite of its unpopularity, political economy continues to be a science, and the laws of nature, which it is the function of that science to explain, continue to operate. Only by regarding these laws is there hope of effecting any permanent

improvement in the condition of any class or community; and while they are disregarded, the more good is attempted, the more evil is likely to result. Truth is strong, however; and the economists may appeal with confidence to Time for the justice which popular caprice now denies them, and for the respect due to those who have conscientiously laboured at a task harsh, indeed, and ungrateful, but second to none in human interest, or in importance to humanity.

THE OLD BABY.

TAKING advantage of the facilities afforded by the last transatlantic invention, the Thought-reflector—a boon indeed to those who are too idle, or incompetent, to express their ideas in speech, and a very great improvement upon the rude copying-machine which could only reiterate mere words—I venture to submit to a discerning public the grievance under which not I alone, but the vast majority of my fellow-infants are labouring. Few and favoured are those children-in-arms who have no cause to range themselves under my banner. Blessed is the babe whose parents have preserved the unities in never associating with it a rival and a usurper. Happy indeed is that exceptional infant who has never yet been stigmatised as the Old Baby.

I was born of the masculine gender, with a bald head, like Sir John Falstaff, and partycoloured, precisely three hundred and sixty-four days ago. To-morrow, at 4.30 in the morning, to an instant, I shall have arrived at a year, if not of discretion, at least of human experience. I shall be 'going on' for two years old. This consideration by no means intoxicates me with a boastful joy. To live, as I have already learned, alas! is but another name for to suffer. In this little span of life, what vicissitude of fortune have I even now endured! How Time's inevitable yoke has bowed my little neck and pressed my chin into my bib! I would that it had been permitted to me to remain for ever lobster-red, spotty, fishy-eyed, habitually or with the rarest exceptions naked, cross, smiling (with the wind, and not with joy), exclusively confined to a milk-diet—rather than have grown to what I have become. Where are the comforts of my youth?—the warm soft sponges which were wont to dab me daintily, the scented powders which were scattered over my then respected person, the bottles with soothing liquids that welled through the softest channels to my toothless but far from unappreciating gums. 'Whither are they fled, the glory and the dream?' Where are now the gorgeous habiliments in which, upon festive days, I was then arrayed?—the Brussels lace, the bishop's lawn, the lily train which kept my baby legs so delicately snug, so decently concealed, the embroidered cap, the endless folds of flannel. Where are the troops of young-lady friends who were once so eager to dandle, to caress me, to lay their soft fair cheeks to mine, as they replaced me in my couch after these endearments? Did I sob?—they kissed me; did I yell?—and I did holla a bit sometimes, I flatter myself—they kissed me; did I crow?—which was my infant method of expressing satisfaction—they kissed me all the same. My career was, in a word, luxurious, but, alas! it was but brief. Another reigneth in my stead, and I am denominated now, with bitter disrespect, the Old Baby. The late lord mayor, sunk to a nameless alderman; the ex-minister of state, with nothing to give, and despised by every patriot; the last year's *Bridshaw's Railway Guide*; the shoes which one has grown out of, and that through the upper leathers; the type of all things that have seen their day, and will never see another—the Old Baby!

Is it, then, a sin to be old? Is it wrong to have hair, to be of a flesh-colour, to cease to stare like a

stuffed fish, to devote the hours of the night to sleep, and not to gormandising? If not—since in these respects alone have I offended—why have I thus been punished? I am no longer the idol of my once doting mother, the pride of my father, the boast of my nurse.

The conversation which is now addressed to me ceases to be distinguished by those endearing epithets with which it was so liberally garnished, and is no longer studiously couched in terms supposed to be especially suitable to the infant ear:

'Darling, warling; did it dribble then? Dribbley ibbley, dribbley ibbley, dribbley ibbley: tum and look out at the window pindow, and see the red soldiers go by on their gee-gees: ook at the gee-gees! Did they frighten it? (pathetically.) Was it then? Naughty soldiers, naughty paughty; they shall be popped (with vivacity), popped, popped. Was he hungry, and would he have his dindin (two courses of milk, over the second of which I used to get uncommonly drowsy); dindin, dindin (singing), wrap him in a rabbit-skin; baby go to byby, byby, byby.'

Thus was I wont to be apostrophised in my earlier days. Gorgeous spectacles, always of a novel character, were perpetually being submitted to my notice; food was administered to me, if I did but open my mouth; sleep stole upon me, to the accompaniment of slow music and soft Lydian (or other) airs, and, in particular, with a delicious sideways motion which I miss now extremely. It is remarkable how, as we grow older, we lose not only the pleasures themselves, the innocent pleasures of our youth, but even the capacity for enjoying them. It is sad to reflect, for instance, that that rocking of the human frame, which to the tune of 'Hushy pushy, Baby Bunting,' was once so soothing to it, produces, when attempted at a later period, a feeling akin to sea-sickness!

The same venerable female visitors who were wont to call so often about luncheon-time, and at whose arrival I was at once equipped in my most splendid attire, call now—but it is to see the Other, the new arrival; a most grasping and pugnacious babe, with no nose at all, so far as I can see, and a face, indeed, altogether, which, if it were mine, I should be downright ashamed to let people look at. And yet to hear them talk!

'Oh, what a bew-w-tiful baby! What a char-r-ming baby! Only six weeks old! Is it possible, nurse? What notice it takes! [This is when it shrieks with terror and bad temper.] What an eye it has! [This is very true; its left eye is always at the western angle of the lid, trying, as it seems to me, to discover a passage under its blob of a nose, by which it may join the other one.] What a duck of a mouth! [It's much more like an oyster.] I suppose its nose will get all right in time. [Ha, ha!] It's rather small at present, is it not? [Rather.] What a chin! [They might just as well say: "What a couple of chins!" for there are two of them. One of the foolish women perhaps lays down her parasol, and offers to take up the little wretch, who resists frantically.] Won't it come to its —? Never mind, then, my loveliest one! [Oh, to see its wrinkled, crabbed, screaming, variegated countenance, at the moment when this epithet is conferred upon it!] Frightened at the bonnetty ponnetty, was it not? Now then; now she has taken her bonnet off, now it will come to its Margery Fargery! Lor bless me, nurse, if it does not think that I am its mamma! Now, isn't that strange?' And if the reader could see Miss Margaret Crabapple, he would think it strange too. It may require some wisdom in a child to know its own papa; but not to know one's own mother is, in my humble opinion, little short of idiotic. Yet I remember when I was young myself—that is to say,

younger—Uncle George's playing off a trick upon mamma, the humour of which I was at that time unable to appreciate. My dear mother was for ever vowing—for ever, that is, until within the last two months—that I was the most extraordinary infant that had come into the world from the earliest times unto the present, and that there could never be such another in the revolving ages that were to come, and for ever boasting, in particular, of how she should be able, on account of my distinguished appearance, to pick me out from among a hundred others at a baby-show. Now, this latter assertion Uncle George denied; and in order to prove himself in the right, he hit upon this device. Upon my being taken out for a constitutional upon a certain morning, he caused me to be equipped in an entirely new suit of raiment, secretly procured at his own expense, and then to be brought back again to my mother in some quarter of an hour's time by the nursemaid of Mrs Brown, our neighbour, who had been herself confined almost simultaneously, in the character of her son Undecimus Brown. Poor dear mamma fell into the snare at once. She allowed that I was a fine enough child, a more than averagely respectable baby, but still that there was a something wanting, she couldn't say what, which her particular offspring possessed in an uncommon degree. I did not seem, somehow, *quite* so intelligent, *quite* so clear complexioned, *quite* so sweet tempered. No, it was not her fancy; there was a marked difference: there was a certain flabbiness about my flesh, and a lack of that healthy firmness about the calves, which was indeed a peculiar and touching *spécialité* about her own darling son. When Uncle George burst out a laughing, and disclosed the trick, it was Falstaff and Prince Hal in *Henry IV.* again, and *The Devil to Pay* as well. My mother insisted upon it that she had known it all along. What an absurd idea that she, a mother, should not know her own dear darling child! What a cruel and unnatural uncle the man must be who could thus trifle with the tenderest feelings of our nature; and then hysterics and the governor sent for, and a regular scene.

My uncle is a bachelor, and did not understand that women will bear anything better than a practical joke. I never was deceived, mind. Even at that period, when I was of course comparatively without experience, it was not easy to take me in. But what is the use of intellect to one in my present state? It would be far better for me, indeed, if I had a less keen appreciation of the position in which I now crawl. I use that expression advisedly; I cannot stand yet, even when holding on to the chairs by the tips of my small fingers. This is, however, the accomplishment to attain which I am directing all my infant energies. I find that crawling brings me into currents of cold air from under doors and elsewhere, and that a higher elevation would partly obviate this; besides which, I am apt to get trodden upon, and when I utter my indignant protest against such conduct, the iron of that sarcasm, long since rusted with my tears, is driven into my infant spirit by the remark: 'Oh, never mind; it's only the Old Baby!' It will scarcely be credited, perhaps, that the principal staple of my present nutriment consists of gravy, saved—that is to say, left—from the mutton or beef of the family dinner of the preceding day, mingled with crumbs of bread swept off on the same occasion from the table-cloth—leavings, offal, garbage, in fact, that is my daily food!

I have seen with my own eyes the Other going out for her perambulation in her perambulator (once my property) attired in my private embroidered pelisse, and sheltered under my particular umbrella from the rays of the sun. My complexion is now of no sort of consequence. I may get black and tan—I'd rather be that than red and yellow as the Other is—for all they care, and be exhibited to the public in a cotton dress

without the least ornament of *fancy*. Deprivation of necessary milk-diet, neglect, and robbery, are the three simple charges which I have to make against the members of my family and household. Also, inhumanity in short-coating me before my time, through which I have suffered severely in my extremities from the late east winds. Also, and lastly, cruelty in not providing me with anything to sit upon, or, more correctly, with any place where I can sit with comfort and satisfaction, now that there is no more room for me upon my nurse's knee. That generation after generation should 'push us from our stools,' as each grows old, is, as the poet has told us, an event to be expected; but to be pushed about from one article of furniture to another, disrowned, throneless, a very Lear of the nursery, is, I think, rather hard upon a superannuated infant. At present, my existence may be said to be, like any approaching marriage in high-life, upon the *tapis*, or Kidderminster only, from which nobody, save Uncle George, ever takes the trouble to pick me up. In a word, out of revenge, I suppose, for having exceedingly little of that feature himself to boast of, the Other has put my nose out of joint. I'm the Old Baby.

THE CARMELITES OF JESI.*

A FEW days after my excursion to Loretto, I had my last glimpse of *real* Italian scenes and Italian life, in a visit to Jesi, a small city of great antiquity, about twenty miles distant from Ancona. The circumstances that led us thither hinged upon the acquaintance of my uncle's family with an Irish priest, who belonged to a convent of Carmelites in that place. Father O'Grady was a jovial, burly personage, with a round bullet-head, an athletic frame, and a stentorian voice, that always reminded me of the holy clerk of Copmanhurst in *Ivanhoe*. His great delight in his occasional visits to Ancona, where he always lodged in a monastery of the same order, was to be invited to our house to have 'a raal English dhinner,' as he termed it, which he dolorously contrasted with the fare provided by the cook at the Jesi convent. Once, too, the provincial of the order, a fine, dignified old man of seventy-five, with a silvery fringe of hair and regular impressive features, like one of Perugino's saints, came to dine with us, attended by another monk, a certain Padre Fiorenzo, as well as Father O'Grady—both of them very much subdued in his presence. Our Hibernian friend, however, always protested himself indemnified for this restraint, by his gratification at the approval the entertainment drew from his superior, who, as the spring advanced, was urgent that we should test the hospitality of Jesi in return.

Some English travelling friends, waiting for the steamer to Trieste, were comprised in this invitation, which my uncle, though not without some sighs at the long hours of *conversazione*, and making the amiable with the brotherhood, which lay before him, was coaxed into accepting; and a beautiful morning in the latter part of June saw the two families in motion.

After following the high road towards Senigallia along the curve of the bay for some miles, the way to Jesi turns inland in a westward direction. Long rows of mulberry-trees, connected by ample festoons of vines; cornfields nearly ripe for the sickle, interspersed with plantations of young maize, beans, and olives, equally indicated the fertility of the country and its staple productions. Less hilly and romantic than the scenery near Loretto, it still had no lack of beauty; a background of mountains was never wanting, and gifted with that marvellous brightness and diversity of colouring peculiar to this clime, the landscape rarely sank into monotony.

* See Journal, No. 222—The Santa Casa of Loretto.

Jesi is an interesting little town, of some 5000 inhabitants, tracing its origin to an indefinite number of centuries before the foundation of Rome, and famed in the middle-ages as the birthplace of Frederick II., the great emperor of Germany, whose constant wars with the Roman pontiffs and encouragement of literature, render his memory very popular amongst Italian writers. A thriving trade in silk has preserved it from the squalid misery discernible in most of the inland towns of the Marche; and it can boast of some palaces in tolerable preservation, a casino, a very pretty theatre, and several churches, that of the Carmelites being amongst the principal.

Father O'Grady, radiant with joy, was awaiting us in the street, to shew the way to the hotel where we were to take up our quarters—for within the cloister itself, no woman may set her foot—until two rooms adjoining the church and sacristy were prepared for the day's festivities. They had been up since day-break, the good man said, but 'the last touch was still wanting.'

The last touch being a lengthy process, and the inn barren of resources, a walk was proposed. We were conducted by the father and Padre Fiorenzo, his great friend, through the market, the principal square, and the main street called the Corso, the worthy pair being evidently desirous the citizens of Jesi should all participate in the novelty of the presence of strangers, for the town, lying out of the general route of travellers, is very rarely visited. After this promenade, somewhat fatiguing under a noonday's sun, we went over the casino. The billiard, conversazione, and ball rooms, all well arranged, and in good taste, incomparably superior to any corresponding establishment in towns of far higher pretensions in England; but then, as Lucy was at hand patriotically to remark, had we not mechanics' libraries, and schools, and charitable institutions, to atone for this deficiency? Admitting all this to its fullest extent, I cannot see why casinos, on the same simple footing as those so common in Southern Italy, should not be advantageously grafted on English county society. In towns too small to have a *casino de' nobili* to themselves, the higher and middle classes are content to waive questions of caste, and meet, as at Ancona, or Macerata, or Jesi, on this neutral territory. Once a week, during Lent or Advent, when there is no opera to serve as a rallying-point, reunions for music and cards draw together the subscribers, without any extravagance in dress on the part of the wealthier ladies, provoking the less affluent to foolish emulation. Two or three times in the course of the year, balls are given, where a greater display is permitted, yet still without the inequalities of fortune thus rendered more apparent leading to any offensive airs of superiority. No refreshments are supplied on these occasions, the low amount of the subscription, twelve dollars a year for each member—inclusive of his family, however numerous—not furnishing funds beyond those necessary for attendance, lights, and music, and keeping up the establishment for the old bachelors and heads of houses, who frequent it regularly every day and every evening the whole twelvemonth round.

We concluded our peregrinations by the inspection of the theatre, Padre Fiorenzo having an acquaintance with one of the *employés*, through whom access to it was obtained. Even with the disadvantages of being seen by daylight, it might be pronounced a very elegant little structure; the columns and ceiling ornamented in white and gold, and the three tiers of private boxes draped with blue silk. Father O'Grady trod the stage with a mock-heroic air, and favoured us with two or three *roulades* of so much effect, that we protested he must often be hearing operas, and hinted he perhaps occasionally ventured there in disguise. At this insinuation, he shook

his portly sides with laughter, but Padre Fiorenzo related with complacency that in fact one night the previous Carnival, they and several others of the brotherhood had been present at a concert given in that same theatre on behalf of the poor, which the bishop permitted all the clergy and *religiosi* to attend; dwelling with the simplicity of a child upon the great enjoyment this had afforded them.

From these mundane resorts—a messenger having come to say all was now in readiness—we adjourned to the church of the Carmelites, where a side-door gave admission to the sacristy, and beyond this to a dark, low-ceiled room, lined with massive walnut-wood presses, in which all the vestments and ornaments for the great religious solemnities were deposited. An iron-barred window looked into the inner quadrangle of the monastery; and through a half-opened door we had glimpses of a long table spread for dinner; around which several dark-robed figures were hovering, the silvery head of the provincial himself now and then discernible as he directed the arrangements.

Father O'Grady being troubled in his mind about a certain plum-pudding, on the manipulation of which the dawn of morning had found him engaged, now ceded his post as chief spokesman and squire to Padre Fiorenzo, who, with two other elderly monks, very gladly engaged to do the honours.

The next half-hour saw the good father revolving perpetually between us and the kitchen, now disputing with the cook, an octogenarian artist, who had no sympathy for such outlandish compounds, now restraining the merriment of some of the younger visitors, for whom the idea of transgressing convent etiquette was irresistibly attractive. A door from the sacristy temptingly stood open, leading down by two or three steps into the court, of which the church and the rooms we occupied formed the southern extremity and barrier. Under pain of the severest excommunication, the monks repeatedly assured us, females were interdicted from proceeding further; the threshold on which we crowded on hearing these particulars, being the utmost boundary. The two blooming, joyous sisters, just out of the school-room, who had accompanied us from Ancona, with a mother too indulgent to act as any check on their spirits, and an elder brother, a barrister, almost as full of sport as themselves, proved amusingly refractory on this occasion. Whenever the provincial—who had come in once or twice to pay his compliments—was out of the way, or my uncle's attention was engaged, they made a feint of dancing down the steps and rushing into the forbidden ground; just for the amusement of being chased back again by the terrified Padre Fiorenzo, and rebuked by Father O'Grady, who evidently enjoyed the joke, though he tried to look serious upon it, with: 'Children dhear, why can't ye remain quiet? Shure, now, it's excommunicated ye'll be! Ah! more's the pity that ye don't care for that! Now jist be asy, and don't turn the house out of windows.' But as the 'children' would not be 'asy,' after one or two more *escapades*, the door was locked; and they were fain to resort to some new device to beguile the time. Visible from the iron-barred window were some of the younger brethren walking up and down the prohibited quadrangle, trying to get a glimpse of the English heretics, whose visit had thrown the whole community into such pleasurable excitement. With black silk scarfs and white handkerchiefs, the delighted mad-caps extemporised some nuns' costumes, in which they took their stations at the window, and confronted Father O'Grady as he was crossing the enclosure on his return from one of his expeditions to the kitchen.

The admiration of Mother Hubbard, in that renowned epic of our infancy, on finding her faithful canine attendant travestied in a court-suit, has its parallel in the father's astonishment and laughter at

this apparition, in which he was chorused by Padre Fiorenzo and the others; until hearing the provincial approaching, they wiped their eyes, and entreated them to remove their impromptu attire; while to keep them out of further mischief, and provide some employment for the more sober members of the party, they asked the superior's permission to shew us the church vestments. This was graciously accorded; and one after another the presses were opened by the monks; and rich brocades, tissues of gold and silver, silks embroidered in various colours, were successively drawn forth, the provincial himself deigning to explain for what they were designed.

The welcome announcement of dinner still found us thus engaged. We were ushered with great glee—for I cannot repeat too often that, with the exception of the provincial, they all seemed as easily set laughing as a parcel of school-boys—into the next room, where our venerable host and the fathers who had previously been making *conversazione*, took their seats with us at the table. We were waited upon by two lay-brothers, whose broad smiles and occasional remarks, showed they participated in the general hilarity; the provincial himself playing the courteous attentive host to perfection, seeming to sanction and approve it. To say the repast was seasoned with Attic salt would be a flower of speech; neither was there anything peculiarly droll in the sallies with which Padre Alberto, the *bel esprit* of the convent, sustained, or, in Father O'Grady's opinion, enhanced his reputation; but there was something so pleasant in the intense childlike happiness of these good Carmelites, that it would have been invidious to scan their intellectual attainments at such a moment. Dr Primrose's oft-quoted words were exactly applicable to that party: 'I can't say whether we had more wit among us than usual, but certainly we had more laughing.'

Of the dinner itself, I shall say but little; the readers of these sketches must be by this time familiar with Italian bills of fare. The soup of clear broth, wherein floated little squares of a compound resembling hard custard; the unfailing *lesso*; a *fruttura* of brains and bread-crumbs, sprinkled with powdered sugar; larded capons; a dish of fennel-root, dressed with butter and cheese; roast kid; a pie, of which cookscombs were the principal ingredients, with a sweet crust; a *zuppa Inglese*, cake steeped in rum and covered with custard; 'on purpose,' the provincial said, 'for the English ladies, accustomed from childhood to mix spirits with their food'; and, lastly, Father O'Grady's plum-pudding, but, alas! served in a soup-tureen, for the flour had been forgotten in its composition, and no amount of boiling had availed to give it the desired consistency. Still the innumerable jokes this furnished, amply compensated for its partial failure; the young barrister told them it was exactly like the plum-broth served out at Christmas at St Cross's Hospital, one of the most famous institutions in England, he asserted, for good cheer, and incited every one by example as well as precept to do justice to Father O'Grady's culinary achievements. Though he had already shewn himself emulous of a boa constrictor's capacity, he now sent his plate for a second supply, compelling Padre Fiorenzo, as a tribute to friendship, to do the same.

At the conclusion of the banquet, Fra Carmelo, the old cook of whom we had heard so much, and who was declared to have acquitted himself right manfully, was summoned to receive the thanks of the company. The messenger found him playing the guitar, with which he was wont daily to solace himself at the completion of his duties in the kitchen, and triumphantly led him forward. In his brown Carmelite dress, he certainly looked a most interesting cook. Though past eighty, his tall spare figure was only slightly bowed; and there was a vivacity in his light-blue

eyes and ruddy complexion, which led to the conclusion that his alleged occasional shortcomings in his art were more the result of inattention than incapacity.

On rising from table, the provincial offered to *fare due passi*, a great distinction, which was of course accepted. Again the whole party sallied forth, he and my uncle—who won golden opinions, though suffering martyrdom throughout the day—leading the van. We went to see two or three churches, and then, at Father O'Grady's suggestion, were taken to a nunnery, which he knew would be a treat for us. All the sisters crowded to the *parlatorio* to see the strangers. It was not a grating, as in the stricter orders, but simply a large aperture like a wide unglazed window, at which they clustered, talking eagerly to the monks, asking questions about the little world of Jesi, and gazing with unrestrained and delighted curiosity upon us.

Amongst fifteen or sixteen thus assembled, little beauty, less mind, was discernible. I saw but one interesting face—a face that had, or might have had, a history written on it. Indeed, several of these nuns were positively ill favoured, evidently devoted to the cloister because their parents had found it impracticable to get them otherwise disposed of. Some told us they had never left the convent since their first entrance as *educande*, seven or eight years of age; they grew attached to the nuns and their companions, and as the time for returning home drew nigh, estranged by many years' separation from their families, besought that they might not be removed, and passed through their novitiate, and took the veil, without ever going beyond the walls. They all talked as fast as possible, as if to make the most of the opportunity; interspersing whatever they said, or commenting on whatever they heard, with invocations to the Madonna and saints, and ejaculations of simple wonder. I was amused, though, at noticing how well informed they were of all that was passing in Jesi society; their information being derived, the monks told us with an air of pitying superiority, through whatever they could glean from occasional visitors; but especially from the gossip collected at market by the woman charged every morning to purchase their supplies, and who, in consigning the provisions at the convent-wicket, communicates any novelties she has picked up. A single observation denoting deep thought or enthusiasm, I sought in vain to hear; indeed, as I reflected at the time, it would be difficult to convey any notion of their limited capacity. Not tending the sick, not instructing the poor; with only four or five *educande* to bring up till the age of sixteen or seventeen, exactly as they themselves have been educated—embroidery and the making of confectionary filling up all the leisure left after the performance of their stated religious exercises, which call them for several hours daily to the choir, what a dreary unsatisfactory life, according to our notions of existence and its duties, stretches itself before these women. But they said they were happy; and, looking at the bevy of English girls before them, lifted up their eyes and hands in sadness to think their hearts were not disposed to follow their example.

It was pleasant to know what delight our visit had afforded them, and to note the earnestness with which they begged us to return to Jesi and come to see them; to have the conviction that we had furnished the whole sisterhood with materials for at least a fortnight's conversation, and several years' reminiscences.

The good Carmelites, too, if our self-pride did not greatly mislead us, marked this day with a white stone; and long after the pursuits and interests of a busier life have dimmed its recollections with the majority of their guests, will continue to treasure every incident of their visit.

My leave-taking of the good monks of Jesi was soon followed by a long farewell to Ancona and its kindly people. In bringing these sketches to a conclusion, I

of £500 was offered by a body, entitled the 'Steam-coal Collieries Association,' for the best method of applying fuel to a given multitubular boiler, so as to consume the fuel, and leave no visible smoke to escape into the atmosphere. The question of breadth of fire-grate was left an open one to each competitor; a drawing of the boiler was furnished to each; the coals to be employed on the trial were drawn from the same pit; the results of each stage of the experiments carefully recorded; the residuary portions accurately weighed, and, in short, everything done so as to insure the most perfect fairness in the trials.

Judging from the Report now before us, we should conclude that the four plans selected for actual trial were considered the most likely, *a priori*, to meet the required conditions; and, as such, were tried at the expense of the Association. The other candidates, to the number of ninety-nine, refused to avail themselves of the opportunity which was given them of testing their plans at their own expense. We have, therefore, only to do with the four selected ones—namely, those of Messrs Hobson and Hopkinson, Huddersfield; Mr C. W. Williams of Liverpool; Mr B. Stoney, Dublin; and Mr Robson, South Shields. Of these four, the competitor who was declared by the judges to have satisfied the conditions laid down by the Association, was Mr Williams, a gentleman to whom the public are already very deeply indebted for his researches on subjects of this nature; and who is said, in fact, to have taught us all we know of any moment as to the consumption of fuel upon useful and scientific principles in steam-furnaces. We remember the name in connection with an air-jet some twenty-five years ago, which it was said at the time had been found to produce a conversion of the dense smoke of the marine-boiler furnace into a volume of bright flame, and thus to have achieved a great and double advantage. That steamers at the present day continue to announce their approach, while still far in the 'offing,' by the characteristic cloud of smoke, is no proof that Mr Williams was given in that case more credit than he deserved; for, of all slow-coaches in adopting improvements, steam-companies seem to be the very slowest.

Before explaining the different plans brought to trial, and the causes of Mr Williams's success, we shall dwell a moment on some curious and important scientific facts brought under our notice by the Report.

It would seem that the question of *perfect combustion* is not set at rest by the absence of smoke; invisible gases may be passing away unconsumed from want of oxygen—that is, from want of air; and when air is supplied only through the face of the fire-grate, this, on the production of visible smoke, will be the result. Air, then, must be largely admitted; some think it should be *heated* for the purpose, but the judges very properly observe that the heating of air involves so many inconveniences, that it is in no way to be recommended unless absolutely indispensable. It considerably enhances the merit of Mr Williams's system, that it has nothing to do with heated air, or any other troublesome or expensive complications. Its simplicity, indeed, taken in connection with its perfect success, is one of its greatest merits; for it is evident, upon a moment's reflection, that an object may be attained in the laboratory of the chemist by the application of processes and manipulations of a kind which may be quite inadmissible on a grand scale.

It further appears that the mere passing of gases through a body of burning fuel will not of itself destroy the smoke. On this account, it has been proposed to supply a jet of air to the gases just as they are entering the fire from below. The judges remark upon this, that the destructive effect upon the bars supporting this fire has not been sufficiently considered by projectors. The intense heat generated

by the process speedily destroys these bars; and it has been proposed to obviate this difficulty by substituting for them hollow tubes, filled with air or water. From this, it is replied, even if successful to a certain extent, might arise too many inconveniences, in regard of sea-going ships, to render its adoption desirable. The failure of one such tube—and, in spite of all that can be said, we know that, exposed to an intense heat, failure would be extremely probable—might render the whole boiler useless, and stop the voyage.

Again, the judges disapprove of the introduction of steam with air into the furnace, which has likewise been proposed; and, without going into the rather deep science of the matter, it must be obvious that this method would be highly objectionable on the ground of expense and complication.

We now come to a brief description of the competing systems, beginning with that of Mr Robson, which was the first brought to trial.

The principle of this plan is to divide the furnace into two fire-grates, the one at the back being shorter than the other, and at a lower level. This back-grate is quite a separate affair, furnished with separate doors for cleaning and the supply of fuel; this door has a valve in it for the admission of air; and there is also what is called a 'distributing tube,' perforated with holes, to allow air to get at all parts of the fire at once.

The plan of proceeding is, to burn coal in the front-grate, and coke or cinders in the second. It was expected that the gases generated in the outer, and forced to pass through and over the bright clear fire in the inner, grate, would be all consumed; but in this the judges found that the object was 'only partially accomplished.' The idea, however, is ingenious and interesting; and very probably may contain the germs of success, after some further improvements, likely enough to be suggested in practice. It appears that air is not admitted directly to the fire in the front-grate, and consequently it can excite no surprise that the mass of fuel there burns slowly, with a loss of effective force in the boiler. This is one of the weak points which may be strengthened in time.

The next plan was that of Messrs Hobson & Co. In this, air is freely admitted in various ways, which we shall not pause to describe. There is here a complication of brick pillars and brickwork to distribute and equalise the currents of air, and effect the mixture of it with the gases. 'As to prevention of smoke, this plan was pronounced efficient, though in hard firing it requires considerable attention from the stoker.' The objection is stated to be, that the brickwork is liable to crack, and get out of order, but the judges do not attach much importance to this, as they consider its efficiency to depend, not on the brickwork, but on the equable diffusion of the gases. They further say, that this system is applicable to all forms of boilers; the combustion is very good, and with moderate firing, it does not depend upon the stoker. They are therefore of opinion that it complies with all the prescribed conditions.

We shall now describe Mr Stoney's plan, although not next in order, reserving that of Mr Williams for the last.

This is 'in principle, as far as the admission of air goes, identical with that of Mr Williams;' and this, we may now observe, differs from the first described in allowing the air to enter through the front door. 'Its peculiarity consists in the adoption of a shelf outside the boiler, forming, in fact, a continuation of the dead-plate outwards.' On this shelf the fuel is placed, partly within and partly without the furnace, the door of which is a sliding one, shutting from above, so that the air passes partly through the coals, and partly through perforations made in the door for the

purpose. The coal is pushed forward to supply the furnace as required; but, as it is declared not to have prevented smoke, we shall not dwell longer on its details.

The successful competitor, Mr Williams, admits air in front, at the bridges, and also by small apertures elsewhere, in order to its complete diffusion, in streams and jets, among the gases. In the plan adopted in the present instance, Mr Williams introduces the air only at the front, by means of cast-iron casings furnished on the outside with shutters, so as to vary the area at will, and perforated on the inside with a great number of small holes. 'The mode of firing consists in applying the fresh fuel alternately at each side of the furnace, so as to have one side bright while the other is black.' The results obtained by this method shew a large increase above the standard in every respect. 'The prevention of smoke,' say the judges, 'was, we may say, practically perfect, whether the fuel burned was 15 pounds or 27 pounds the square foot per hour. Indeed, in one experiment the extraordinary quantity of 37½ pounds of coal per square foot per hour was burned in a grate of 15½ square feet, giving a rate of evaporation of 5½ cubic feet of water per hour, per square foot of fire-grate, without producing smoke.' All readers may not exactly understand this; but it will serve to shew, that according to some of the most competent judges in England, Mr Williams has succeeded, not only in producing the *standard* quantity of steam in relation to the size of the fire-grate employed, but done very much more than this—involving a much greater consumption of coal, and this *without producing smoke*; or, on the other hand, without leaving any portion of the valuable gases contained in the coal unconsumed.

One short quotation more: 'No particular attention is required from the stoker; in fact, in this respect, the system *leaves nothing to desire*, and the actual labour is even less than that of the ordinary mode of firing.' 'Mr Williams's system is applicable to all descriptions of marine-boilers, and its extreme simplicity is a great point in its favour. It fully complies with all the required conditions.'

The substance of this last quotation is, in our view of it, most important. We know quite enough of stokers and firemen to be well aware that, if the effect depended on any extraordinary care on their parts, a few only could be counted upon for such attention. It is a well-known fact that, even in the ordinary furnaces, a *continuous* and moderate supply of fuel will burn almost without smoke; but it was always heaped on in large quantities at a time, and so *distilled*, to the injury of the proprietors, and the annoyance of the neighbourhood.

The general applicability to marine purposes holds out a hope that, 'at long last,' a characteristic feature of a voyage by steam will no longer be the intrusive presence of small balls of lampblack upon the cheek and forehead of beauty, and that, on the approach of a steamer, we may look out for her hull, and not her smoke.

Again, we feel tempted to ask: 'Is there any chance that "Palmerston's act" will now be something more than a "flash in the pan," puffed into our faces by that astute and experienced political engineer?' At present, every proprietor of a volcano claims a legal fifteen minutes for smoking; and what with one difficulty, and what with another, it requires a more experienced eye than ours to distinguish the difference between 'smoky Brummagem,' Manchester, and Leeds, before or since the passing of 'the act.' Now, it will admit of no excuse; and the persecuted and suffering 'natives' will have only themselves to blame if they do not owe their deliverance to this 'excellent device' of Mr Williams.

We trust they will see this clearly—if they do,

it will be the first thing they have ever seen clearly in their own localities—and that they will bestir themselves accordingly.

If, after this notice, they remain indifferent, wrapped up in 'their sulphurous canopy,' we shall quite despair of the case; and say, as the Yorkshirewoman said when depriving the eels of their external cuticle: 'Let 'em alone; *they likes it*.'

It would be unfair to Mr Williams to omit that he has munificently devoted the sum awarded to him as a prize—namely, L.500—to the use of an association of a scientific kind connected with the combustion of fuel on scientific and economical principles. This is justly observed upon as highly honourable to his liberality, since he must have been at great expense in the prosecution of those researches, the result of which promises such extensive advantages to the public—indeed, we might have said the world—at large.

[We have now had smoke-prevention in our own premises, with entire and unfailing success, for *nine years*, by means of Jukes's patent—gradual introduction of coal by means of revolving bars.—ED.]

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LI.—WHO WAS THE RIDER?

I FELT faint enough to have reeled from the saddle; but the necessity of concealing the thoughts that were passing within me, kept me firm. There are suspicions that even a bosom-friend may not share; and mine were of this character, if suspicions they could be called. Unhappily, they approached the nature of convictions.

I saw that Gallagher was mystified; not, as I supposed, by the tracks upon the ground, but by my behaviour in regard to them. He had observed my excited manner on taking up the trail, and while following it; he could not have failed to do so; and now, on reaching the glade, he looked upon a pallid face, and lips quivering with emotions to him unintelligible.

'What is it, Geordie, my boy? Do you think the ridskin has been after some dhirty game? Playing the spy on your plantation, eh?'

The question aided me in my dilemma. It suggested a reply which I did not believe to be the truth.

'Likely enough,' I answered, without displaying any embarrassment; 'an Indian spy, I have no doubt of it; and evidently in communication with some of the negroes, since this is the track of a pony that belongs to the plantation. Some of them have ridden thus far to meet him; though for what purpose, it is difficult to guess.'

'Masser George,' spoke out my black follower, 'dar's no one ebber ride da White Fox, 'ceptin'—'

'Jake!' I shouted, sharply interrupting him, 'gallop forward to the house, and tell them we are coming. Quick, my man!'

My command was too positive to be obeyed with hesitation; and, without finishing his speech, the black put spurs to his cob, and rode rapidly past us.

It was a manœuvre of mere precaution. But the moment before, I had no thought of despatching an *avant courier* to announce us. I knew what the simple fellow was about to say: 'No one ebber ride da White Fox, 'ceptin' Missa Vaginnny,' and I had adopted this ruse to stifle his speech.

I glanced towards my companion, after Jake had passed out of sight. He was a man of open heart and free tongue, with not one particle of the secretive principle in his nature. His fine florid face was seldom marked by a line of suspicion; but I observed that it now wore a puzzled expression, and I felt uneasy. No remark, however, was made by either

of us; and turning into the path which Jake had taken, we rode forward.

The path was a cattle-track—too narrow to admit of our riding abreast; and Gallagher permitting me to act as pilot, drew his horse into the rear. In this way we moved silently onward.

I had no need to direct my horse. It was an old road to him: he knew where he was going. I took no heed of him, but left him to stride forward at his will.

I scarcely looked at the path—once or twice only—and then I saw the tracks of the pony—backward and forward; but I heeded them no more; I knew whence and whither they led.

I was too much occupied with thoughts within, to notice aught without or around me.

Could it have been any other than Virginia? Who else? It was true what Jake had intended to say—that no one except my sister ever rode 'White Fox'—no one upon the plantation being permitted to mount this favourite miniature of a steed.

Yes—there was an exception. I had seen Viola upon him. Perhaps Jake would have added this exception, had I allowed him to finish his speech. Might it have been Viola?

But what could be her purpose in meeting the Seminole chief?—for that the person who rode the pony had held an interview with the latter, there could not be the shadow of a doubt; the tracks told that clearly enough.

What motive could have moved the quadroon to such a meeting? Surely none. Not surely, either; how could I say so? I had been long absent; many strange events had transpired in my absence—many changes. How could I tell but that Viola had grown 'tired' of her sable sweetheart, and looked kindly upon the dashing chieftain? No doubt, there had been many opportunities for her seeing the latter; for, after my departure for the north, several years had elapsed before the expulsion of the Powells from their plantation. And now, that I thought of it, I remembered something—a trifling circumstance that had occurred on that very day when young Powell first appeared among us: Viola had expressed admiration of the handsome youth. I remembered that this had made Black Jake very angry; that my sister, too, had been angry, and scolded Viola—as I thought at the time—for mortifying her faithful lover. Viola was a beauty, and like most beauties, a coquette. My conjecture might be right. It was pleasant to think so—but, alas, poor Jake!

Another slight circumstance tended to confirm this view. I had observed of late a change in my henchman; he was certainly not so cheerful as of yore; he appeared more reflective—serious—dull.

God grant that this might be the explanation!

There was another conjecture that offered me a hope; one that, if true, would have satisfied me still better—for I had a strong feeling of friendship for Black Jake.

The other hypothesis was simply what Gallagher had already suggested—although White Fox was not allowed to be ridden, some of the people might have stolen him for a ride. It was possible, and not without probability. There might be disaffected slaves on our plantation—there were on almost every other—who were in communication with the hostile Indians. The place was more than a mile from the house. Riding would be pleasanter than walking; and taking the pony from its pastures might be easily accomplished, without fear of observation. A great black negro may have been the rider after all. God grant that this might be the true explanation!

The mental prayer had scarcely passed my thoughts, when an object came under my eyes, that swept my theories to the wind, sending a fresh pang through my heart.

A locust-tree grew by the side of the path, with its branches extending partially across. A strip of ribbon had caught on one of the spines, and was waving in the breeze. It was silk, and of fine texture—a bit of the trimming of a lady's dress torn off by the thorn.

To me it was a sad token. My fabric of hopeful fancies fell into ruin at the sight. No negro—not even Viola—could have left such evidence as that; and I shuddered as I spurred past the fluttering relic.

I was in hopes my companion would not observe it; but he did. It was too conspicuous to be passed without notice. As I glanced back over my shoulder, I saw him reach out his arm, snatch the fragment from the branch, and gaze upon it with a puzzled and inquiring look.

Fearing he might ride up and question me, I spurred my horse into a rapid gallop, at the same time calling to him to follow.

Ten minutes after, we entered the lawn and pulled up in front of the house. My mother and sister had come out into the verandah to receive us; and we were greeted with words of welcome.

But I heard, or heeded them not; my gaze was riveted on Virginia—upon her dress. It was a riding-habit: the plumed chapeau was still upon her head!

My beautiful sister—never seemed she more beautiful than at that moment; her cheeks were crimsoned with the wind, her golden tresses hanging over them. But it joyed me not to see her so fair: in my eyes, she appeared a fallen angel.

I glanced at Gallagher as I tottered out of my saddle: I saw that he comprehended all. Nay, more—his countenance wore an expression indicative of great mental suffering, apparently as acute as my own. My friend he was—tried and true; he had observed my anguish—he now guessed the cause; and his look betokened the deep sympathy with which my misfortune inspired him.

CHAPTER LII.

COLD COURTESY.

I received my mother's embrace with filial warmth; my sister's in silence—almost with coldness. My mother noticed this, and wondered. Gallagher also shewed reserve in his greeting of Virginia; and neither did this pass unobserved.

Of the four, my sister was the least embarrassed; she was not embarrassed at all. On the contrary, her lips moved freely, and her eyes sparkled with a cheerful expression, as if really joyed by our arrival.

'You have been on horseback, sister?' I said, in a tone that affected indifference as to the reply.

'Say, rather, pony-back. My little Foxey scarcely deserves the proud title of horse. Yes, I have been out for an airing.'

'Alone?'

'Quite alone—*solus bolus*, as the black people have it.'

'Is it prudent, sister?'

'Why not? I often do it. What have I to fear? The wolves and panthers are hunted out, and White Fox is too swift either for a bear or an alligator.'

'There are creatures to be encountered in the woods more dangerous than wild beasts.'

I watched her countenance as I made the remark, but I saw not the slightest change.

'What creatures, George?' she asked in a drawling tone, imitating that in which I had spoken.

'Redskins—Indians,' I answered abruptly.

'Nonsense, brother; there are no Indians in this neighbourhood—at least,' added she with marked hesitation, 'none that we need fear. Did I not write to tell you so? You are fresh from the hostile ground, where I suppose there is an Indian in every bush; but remember, Geordy, you have travelled a

long way, and unless you have brought the savages with you, you will find none here. So, gentlemen, you may go to sleep to-night without fear of being awakened by the *Yo-ho-ehes*.'

'Is that so certain, Miss Randolph?' inquired Gallagher, now joining in the conversation, and no longer 'broguing' it. 'Your brother and I have reason to believe that some, who have already raised the war-cry, are not so far off from the settlements of the Suwanee.'

'Miss Randolph! Ha, ha, ha! Why, *Mister* Gallagher, where did you learn that respectful appellation? It is so distant, you must have fetched it a long way. It used to be Virginia, and Virgine, and Virginny, and simple 'Gin—for which last I could have spitted you, *Mister* Gallagher, and would, had you not given up calling me so. What's the matter? It is just three months since we—that is, you and I, *Mister* Gallagher—met last; and scarcely two since Geordy and I parted; and now you are both here—one talking as solemnly as Solon, the other as soberly as Socrates! George, I presume, after another spell of absence, will be styling me *Miss* Randolph—I suppose that's the fashion at the fort. Come, fellows,' she added, striking the balustrade with her whip, 'your minds and your mouths, and give me the reason of this wonderful "transmogrification," for by my word, you shall not eat till you do!'

The relation in which Gallagher stood to my sister requires a little explanation. He was not new either to her or my mother. During their sojourn in the north, he had met them both; but the former often. As my almost constant companion, he had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with Virginia; and he had, in reality, grown well acquainted with her. They met on the most familiar terms—even to using the diminutives of each other's names; and I could understand why my sister regarded 'Miss Randolph' as a rather distant mode of address; but I understood, also, why he had thus addressed her.

There was a period when I believed my friend in love with Virginia; that was shortly after their introduction to each other. But as time wore on, I ceased to have this belief. Their behaviour was not that of lovers—at least, according to my notion. They were too *friendly* to be in love. They used to romp together, and read comic books, and laugh, and chatter by the hour about trivial things, and call each other jack-names, and the like. In fact, it was a rare thing to hear them either talk or act soberly when in each other's company. All this was so different from my ideas of how two lovers *would* act—so different from the way in which I should have acted—that I gave up the fancy I had held, and afterwards regarded them as two beings whose characters had a certain correspondence, and whose hearts were in unison for friendship, but not for love.

One other circumstance confirmed me in this belief: I observed that my sister, during Gallagher's absence, had little relish for gaiety, which had been rather a characteristic of her girlish days; but the moment the latter would make his appearance, a sudden change would come over her, and she would enter with *abandon* into all the idle bagatelle of the hour.

Love, thought I, does not so exhibit itself. If there was one in whom she felt a heart-interest, it was not he who was present. No—Gallagher was not the man; and the play that passed between them was but the fond familiarity of two persons who esteemed each other, without a spark of love being mixed up in the affection.

The dark suspicion that now rested upon his mind, as upon my own, had evidently saddened him—not from any feeling of jealousy, but out of pure friendly sympathy for me—perhaps, too, for her. His bearing towards her, though within the rules of the most

perfect politeness, *was* changed—much changed; no wonder she took notice of it—no wonder she called for an explanation.

'Quick!' cried she, cutting the vine-leaves with her whip. 'Is it a travesty, or are you in earnest? Unbosom yourselves both, or I keep my vow—you shall have no dinner. I shall myself go to the kitchen, and countermand it.'

Despite the gloomy thoughts passing within, her manner and the odd menace compelled Gallagher to break into laughter—though his laugh was far short of the hearty cachinnation she had been accustomed to hear from him.

I was myself forced to smile; and, seeing the necessity of smothering my emotions, I stammered forth what might pass for an explanation. It was not the time for the true one.

'Verily, sister,' said I, 'we are too tired for mirth, and too hungry as well. Consider how far we have ridden, and under a broiling sun! Neither of us has tasted a morsel since leaving the fort, and our breakfast there was none of the most sumptuous—corn-cakes and weak coffee, with pickled pork. How I long for some of Aunt Sheba's Virginia biscuits and "chicken fixings." I pray, let us have our dinner, and then you shall see a change in us! We shall both be as merry as sand-boys after it.'

Satisfied with this explanation, or affecting to be so—for her response was a promise to let us have our dinner—accompanied by a cheerful laugh—my sister retired to make the necessary change in her costume, while my friend and I were shewn to our separate apartments.

* * * *

At dinner, and afterwards, I did my utmost to counterfeited ease—to appear happy and cheerful. I noticed that Gallagher was enacting a similar *métier*.

Perhaps this seeming may have deceived my mother, but not Virginia. Ere many hours had passed, I observed signs of suspicion—directed equally against Gallagher as myself. She suspected that all was not right, and began to shew pique—almost spitefulness—in her conversation with us both.

CHAPTER LIII.

MY SISTER'S SPIRIT.

For the remainder of that day and throughout the next, this unsatisfactory state of things continued, during which time the three of us—my friend, my sister, and myself—acted under a polite reserve. It was triangular, for I had not made Gallagher my confidant, but left him entirely to his conjectures. He was a true gentleman; and never even hinted at what he must have well known was engrossing the whole of my thoughts. It was my intention to unbosom myself to him, and seek his friendly advice, but not until a little time had elapsed—not till I had obtained a full *éclaircissement* from Virginia.

I waited for an opportunity to effect this. Not but that many a one offered—many a time might I have found her alone; but on each occasion my resolution forsook me. I actually dreaded to bring her to a confession.

And yet I felt that it was my duty. As her brother—the nearest male relative, it was mine to guard her honour—to preserve the family escutcheon pure and untarnished.

For days was I withheld from this fraternal duty—partly by a natural feeling of delicacy—partly by a fear of the disclosure I might draw forth. I dreaded to know the truth. That a correspondence had passed between my sister and the Indian chief—that it was in all probability still going on—that a clandestine meeting had taken place—more than one mayhap—all this I knew well enough. But to what

length had these proceedings been carried? How far had my poor sister compromised herself? These were the interrogatories to which I dreaded the answer.

I believed she would tell me the truth—that is, if entreated; if commanded, *no*.

Of the last, I felt satisfied. I knew her proud spirit prouder of late. When roused to hostility, she could be capable of the most obstinate resistance—firm and unyielding. There was much of my mother's nature in her, and little of my father's. Personally, as already stated, she resembled her mother; intellectually, there was also a similitude. She was one of those women—for she now deserved the title—who have never known the restraint of a severe discipline, and who grow up in the belief that they have no superior, no master upon earth. Hence the full development of a feeling of perfect independence, which, among American women, is common enough, but in other lands can only exist among those of the privileged classes. Uncontrolled by parent, guardian, or teacher—for this last had not been allowed to 'rule by the rod'—my sister had grown to the age of womanhood, and she felt herself as masterless as a queen upon her throne.

She was independent in another sense—one which exerts a large influence over the freedom of the spirit—her fortune was her own.

In the States of America the law of entail is not allowed; it is even provided against by statute. Those statesmen-presidents who in long line succeeded the Father of the Republic, were wise legislators. They saw lurking under this wicked law—which at most appears only to affect the family relations—the strong arm of the political tyrant; and therefore took measures to guard against its introduction to the land. Wisely did they act, as time will shew, or indeed has shewn already; for had the congress of Washington's day but sanctioned the law of entail, the great American republic would long since have passed into an oligarchy.

Untrammelled by any such unnatural statute, my father had acted as all men of proper feeling are likely to do; he had followed the dictates of the heart, and divided his property in equal shares between his children. So far as independence of fortune went, my sister was my equal.

Of course, our mother had not been left unprovided for, but the bulk of the patrimonial estate now belonged to Virginia and myself.

My sister, then, was an heiress—quite independent of either mother or brother—bound by no authority to either, except that which exists in the ties of the heart—in filial and sororal affection.

I have been minute with these circumstances, in order to explain the delicate duty I had to perform in calling my sister to an account.

Strange that I reflected not on my own anomalous position. At that hour, it never entered my thoughts. Here was I affianced to the sister of this very man, with the sincere intention of making her my wife.

I could perceive nothing unnatural, nothing disgraceful in the alliance—neither would society. Such, in earlier times, had done honour to Rolfe, who had mated with a maiden of darker skin, less beauty, and far slighter accomplishments than Matimec. In later days, hundreds of others had followed his example, without the loss either of *caste* or character; and why should not I? In truth, the question had never occurred to me, for it never entered my thoughts that my purpose in regard to my Indian *fiancée* was otherwise than perfectly *en règle*.

It would have been different had there been a taint of *African blood* in the veins of my intended. Then, indeed, might I have dreaded the frowns of society—for in America it is not the colour of the skin that condemns, but the blood—the blood. The white

gentleman may marry an Indian wife; she may enter society without protest—if beautiful, become a belle.

All this I knew, while at the same time I was *slave* to a belief in the monstrous anomaly that where the blood is mingled from the other side—where the woman is white and the man red—the union becomes a *mésalliance*, a disgrace. By the friends of the former, such a union is regarded as a misfortune—a fall; and when the woman chances to be a *lady*—ah! then, indeed—

Little regard as I had for many of my country's prejudices regarding race and colour, I was not free from the influence of this social maxim. To believe my sister in love with an Indian, would be to regard her as lost—fallen! No matter how high in rank among his own people—no matter how brave—how accomplished he might be—no matter it were Ogeola himself!

CHAPTER LIV.

ASKING AN EXPLANATION.

Suspense was preying upon me; I could endure it no longer. I at length resolved upon demanding an explanation from my sister, as soon as I should find her alone.

The opportunity soon offered. I chanced to see her in the lawn, down near the edge of the lake. I saw that she was in a mood unusually cheerful.

'Alas!' thought I, as I approached full of my resolutions—'these smiles! I shall soon change them to tears. Sister!'

She was talking to her pets, and did not hear me, or pretended she did not.

'Sister!' I repeated in a louder voice.

'Well, what is it?' she inquired drily, without looking up.

'Pray, Virginia, leave off your play, and talk to me.'

'Certainly that is an inducement. I have had so little of your tongue of late, that I ought to feel gratified by your proposal. Why don't you bring your friend, and let him try a little in that line too. You have been playing double-dummy long enough to get tired of it, I should think. But go on with the game, if it please you; it don't trouble me, I assure you.'

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,

Tally high ho, you know!

Won't strike to the foe while the sky it is blue,
And a tar's aloft or alow.

Come now, little Fan! Fan! don't go too near the bank, or you may get a ducking, do you hear?'

'Pray, sister Virginia, give over this badinage: I have something of importance to say to you.'

'Importance! What! are you going to get married? No, that can't be it—your face is too portentous and lugubrious: you look more like one on the road to be hanged—ha, ha, ha!'

'I tell you, sister, I am in earnest.'

'Who said you wasn't? In earnest? I believe you, my boy.'

'Listen to me, Virginia. I have something important—very important to talk about. I have been desirous of breaking the subject to you ever since my return.'

'Well, why did you not?—you have had opportunities enough. Have I been hidden from you?'

'No—but—the fact is—'

'Go on, brother; you have an opportunity now. If it be a petition, as your looks appear to say, present it; I am ready to receive it.'

'Nay, Virginia; it is not that. The subject upon which I wish to speak—'

'What subject, man? Out with it!'

I was weary with so much circumlocation, and a little piqued as well; I resolved to bring it to an end. A word, thought I, will tame down her tone, and render her as serious as myself, I answered:

'Oçcola.'

I looked to see her start, to see her cheek turn alternately red and pale; but to my astonishment no such symptoms displayed themselves; not the slightest indication of any extraordinary emotion betrayed itself either in her look or manner.

She replied almost directly, and without hesitation:

'What! the young chief of the Seminoles? our old playfellow, Powell? He is to be the subject of our discourse? You could not have chosen one more interesting to me. I could talk all day long about this brave fellow!'

I was struck dumb by her reply, and scarcely knew in what way to proceed.

'But what of him, brother George?' continued my sister, looking me more soberly in the face. 'I hope no harm has befallen him?'

'None that I know of: the harm has fallen upon those nearer and dearer.'

'I do not understand you, mysterious brother.'

'But you shall. I am about to put a question to you—answer me, and answer me truly, as you value my love and friendship.'

'Your question, sir, without these insinuations. I can speak the truth, I fancy, without being scared by threats.'

'Then speak it, Virginia. Tell me, is Powell—is Oçcola—your lover?'

'Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!'

'Nay, Virginia, this is no laughing matter.'

'By my faith, I think it is—a very capital joke—ha, ha, ha!'

'I want no trifling, Virginia; an answer.'

'You shall get no answer to such an absurd question.'

'It is not absurd. I have good reasons for putting it.'

'Reasons—state them, pray!'

'You cannot deny that something has passed between you? You cannot deny that you have given him a meeting, and in the forest too? Beware how you make answer, for I have the proofs. We encountered the chief on his return. We saw him at a distance. He shunned us—no wonder. We followed his trail—we saw the tracks of the pony—oh! you met: it was all clear enough.'

'Ha, ha, ha! What a pair of keen trackers—you and your friend—astute fellows! You will be invaluable on the war-path. You will be promoted to be chief spies to the army. Ha, ha, ha! And so, this is the grand secret, is it? this accounts for the demure looks, and the old-fashioned airs that have been puzzling me. My honour, eh? that was the care that was cankering you. By Diana! I have reason to be thankful for being blessed with such a chivalric brace of guardians.'

In England, the garden of beauty is kept

By the dragon of prudery, placed within call;

But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,

That the garden was carelessly watched after all.

And so, if I have not the dragon prudery to guard me, I am to find a brace of dragons in my brother and his friend. Ha, ha, ha!'

'Virginia, you madden me—this is no answer. Did you meet Oçcola?'

'I'll answer that directly: after such sharp espionage, denial would not avail me. I *did* meet him.'

'And for what purpose? Did you meet as lovers?'

'That question is impertinent; I won't answer it.'

'Yes! I implore you!'

'And cannot two people encounter each other in

the woods, without being charged with love-making? Might we not have come together by chance? or might I not have had other business with the Seminole chief? You do not know all my secrets, nor do I intend you shall either.'

'Oh, it was no chance encounter—it was an appointment—a love-meeting: you could have no other affair with him.'

'It is natural for you to think so—very natural, since I hear you practise such *duettos* yourself. How long, may I ask, since you held your last *tête-à-tête* with your own fair charmer—the lovely Maïmee? Eh! brother?'

I started as if stung. How could my sister have gained intelligence of this? Was she only guessing? and had chanced upon the truth?

For some moments, I could not make reply, nor did I make any to her last interrogatory. I paid no heed to it, but becoming excited, pressed my former inquiries with vehemence.

'Sister! I must have an explanation; I insist upon it—I demand it!'

'Demand! Ho! that is your tone, is it? That will scarcely serve you. A moment ago, when you put yourself in the imploring attitude, I had well-nigh taken pity on you, and told you all. But, demand indeed! I answer no demands; and to shew you that I do not, I shall now go and shut myself in my room. So, my good fellow, you shall see no more of me for this day, nor to-morrow either, unless you come to your senses. Good-bye, Geordy—and *au revoir*, only on condition you behave yourself like a gentleman.'

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew.

Tally high ho, you know!

Won't strike to the foe, &c. &c.

And with this catch pealing from her lips, she passed across the parterre, entered the verandah, and disappeared within the doorway.

Disappointed, mortified, sad, I stood riveted to the spot, scarcely knowing in what direction to turn myself.

BURIED TO-DAY—

FEBRUARY 23, 1858.

BURIED to-day!

When the soft green buds are bursting out,
And up on the south wind comes the shout
Of the village boys and girls at play,
In the mild spring evening gray.

Taken away,

Sturdy of heart and stout of limb,
From eyes that drew half their light from him,
And put low, low, underneath the clay,
In his spring—upon this spring-day.

Passes to-day

All the pride of young life begun,
All the hope of life yet to run;
Who dares to question when One saith 'Nay!'
Murmur not! Only pray.

Enters to-day

Another body in churchyard sod,
Another soul on the life in God.
His Christ was buried, yet lives away—
Trust Him, and go your way.

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THE SPORTING WORLD.

We who live cleanly, and have eschewed, perhaps never tasted sack, should nevertheless, it is fitting, turn our attention sometimes to the publicans upon whom also the sun is yet permitted to shine, and for whom—rather superfluously—the waters flow; if even with no other purpose than enjoying a pleasant Pharisaic comparison. These publicans are positively very numerous, and form a considerable, and unhappily by no means unimportant portion of society. Let us with delicate hand, then, lift a corner of the flaring bar-curtain which conceals them, and let in upon them the pure ray serene of our intelligent observation. The Canadian philosopher has observed that 'Life is not all beer and skittles;' but it is quite clear that he did not comprehend in that remark the well-known and popular journal called *Bell's Life*. There is a number of that accredited organ of the sporting world now lying before us, and it is our purpose—having not so much the interests of science (the culture of the fistic art is there so denominated) as the amusement of the public in view—to dissect it.

We find, then, in these annals of a single week, information concerning no less than forty-eight fights, recent or to come; notices of fifty-two pedestrian matches; of fifteen pigeon-shooting engagements; of twelve 'shows' of a canine character; of three ratings; of five matches at quoits; of seven wrestling-matches; of twenty-eight boat-races; of four performances at bowls; of two rabbit coursings; of three swimming-matches; of one effort of bird-fancy; and of five encounters at a game called Nurr and Spell: besides many score descriptions of yachting, of steeple-chasing, of cricket, of chess, and of racing. With these last more legitimate sports, almost all of us, including the ladies, are acquainted. Scarcely a Quaker sister of us Britons but must have heard, for instance, that *Blinkbonny* won the Derby of '57 with plenty in hand; she must surely have some 'wet' Quaker cousin, or cousin no Quaker at all, who is as interested in the spring meetings at Newmarket as her respectable papa is in those at Exeter Hall. Perhaps no well-regulated middle-class family in the metropolis is so fortunate that no single member of it at any period has ever had a bet upon some 'coming event,' even if he may have never dropped into Tattersall's to pick up a thing or two upon a Sunday. We are confessedly a racing nation, from the aristocratic followers of the head of the 'great Conservative party,' down to the no less credulous professional gentry of the ring, who call *Aphodite*, *Aphrodite*, 'because Mr Davis says so, and he must know.'

We must study *Bell's Life* where it treats of other topics than these familiar ones, to be made aware how numerous and influential—for it has lots of money—the sporting world, the beer-and-skittle population, really is. What enormous concourse of people, it seems, assemble nightly at the *Spotted Horse*, or the *Weasel Asleep*, to see, not a pugilistic encounter (for on an occasion of that sort whole towns are covered with a locust flight of 'the fancy,' and special trains break down with the weight of them), but the mere 'posting' of the third or fourth deposit-money of twenty-five pounds for the great fight for two hundred pounds, between the Lively Butcher and Young Sambo. How much more crowded (we read) the great room at the Lower Welsh Harp is sure to be, on Wednesday next, at the scaling, which is to take place between twelve and one, and whereat neither man must exceed in weight ten stone; where the *venue* or whereabouts of the forthcoming mill will also be disclosed, which may, however, be learnt even now by safe hands at the Bell and Cauliflower, Barbican, or at Jenny Durdan's, Crown. What really large sums of money seem to be betted upon these events! how flush of the 'needful,' the 'Californian,' the 'stumpy,' our sporting friends appear to be! How great must be the aggregate amount of deposits in the hands of the editor of *Bell's Life* alone, for all these matches, in which the total sums contended for vary from four pounds to five hundred. Possessing, thus, considerable wealth, the sporting world, however, is far from being proud or exclusive, the most distinguished members of it being almost invariably referred to by familiar titles, such as these—Billy Duncan, Young Reed, Doe of Paddington, Nat Langham, and Jem Ward. Of this latter gentleman, we read: 'Jem Ward is again sparkling in his old horizon (King's Arms, Whitechapel Road); he has painted a picture which he has challenged the world for colour, and can be seen at his house.' We do not consider ourselves capable, nor are we desirous, of criticising this passage, only, with the greatest humility, we should so very much like to know what it means.

One great peculiarity of the ring is the anonymous character of almost all its heroes at the commencement of their profession; they seem to be quite content to lose all individuality in a name such as 'the Novice,' or even to do without a name at all. For instance: 'Alco Keene has an old man, fifty-eight years of age, he will back to fight Jesse, Hutton for ten pounds, or twenty pounds, a side, at catch-weight. Our own weight, although we are far from stout, is certainly not what we should understand by 'catch-

weight; so we suppose there must be some non-natural meaning attached to this term; but apart from that, who would like, at fifty-eight years of age, to be Alec Keene's or anybody else's old man? Jesse Hatton himself seems to hold a far from enviable position. There are no less than four challenges besides the above thrown at that athlete in this present number of *Bell*, all of which are couched in contemptuous language. Jemmy Walsh, whose money—one hundred pounds—is always ready at the Blue Cow, Spitalfields, will fight him on almost any terms. The *Spider* is astonished at J. H.'s impudence in offering to find a man to fight him at eight stone four pounds, when his (the *Spider's*) weight is well known to be seven stone seven pounds; but he offers to accommodate Jesse Hatton himself with a very great deal of pleasure. Also, a gentleman will be at Mr Short's, Leaping Bar, Old Street, on Monday evening, to back a novice who never fought for a shilling, against Jesse Hatton for twenty-five pounds a side, at his own weight: also, a novice who never won above five pounds, weight about ten stone, will fight Jesse Hatton for another twenty-five pounds; and if articles with a deposit are sent to us (editor of *Bell's Life*), a match will be made. Poor Jesse Hatton! Well for him that 'Jem Cross regrets to state that his novice, Campbell, has left for Australia' (leaving, as it appears, sundry debts incurred during his novitiate, to pay which, a benefit at J. C.'s would be desirable), or he would certainly have had another adversary upon his hands. Any gentleman seems to be at liberty to take to himself a sparring benefit, whensoever he chooses. The Caledonian Mouse intends to have one at *The Black Boy and Still* next week, he says, and all of the right sort will of course be there.

How strange it seems that while Mr Benjamin Caunt here is expressing a wish to back his Enthusiastic Potboy against any man in the world at nine stone eight pounds for two hundred sovereigns, Topper Brown, Esq., should be also advertising in the same column his willingness to accommodate any man in the world at nine stone six pounds! Surely this trifling difference of two pounds should not be allowed to keep asunder heroes like these. There is a certain Elastic Potboy—of little less repute—who will afford, next Monday, in donning the gloves with Johnny Walker, 'a treat in himself, independently of all other considerations.' It would be tedious to narrate the many attractions of the boxing-boudoirs here so much extolled, at all of which the *Bibliotheca Pugilistica* is kept for reference; and where *Fistiana* and the *Fights for the Championship* are to be had at the bar. Tedious, too, to tell where the best sing-songs at the east-end are held nightly, and where are the snuggest snuggeries at the west; where the Lancashire champion step-dancer holds his harmonic meetings; or where the Indian club and Sir Charles Napier feat are imparted upon moderate terms. Let us rather take a glance, once for all, at the ring itself, to which these others are but mere ministers and accessories. What a peculiar phraseology it has, and yet how thoroughly understood of the people! Neither foot-note nor marginal reference is considered necessary to elucidate a statement of the following kind: 'Seventh round—the *Nigger* came up looking five ways for Sunday.'

Now, what was Sunday to the *Nigger*, or the *Nigger* to Sunday, that he should be so superfluous as to look for it in five several directions? One would have thought it would have been about the very last thing with which this gentleman would have concerned himself, and that which he would know least what to do with when he had found! But the phrase is in common use, it seems, to express the confusion and 'all abroadness' consequent upon having

head and eyes punched to excess in the previous rounds. The weakness of the *Nigger* was such, we are told, that he 'could not make a dint in a pound of butter'—also a pugilistic phrase, and not, as might be supposed, the result of an ingenious experiment proposed by his seconds or other interested persons. He 'had his ruby drawn,' and was then caught up and dashed violently upon the ground by his opponent, the *Young Un*, who, however, 'with the greatest generosity, declined to fall upon him.' Honour to the brave! The *Nigger* was so punished (we read on), that had not his bottom been of the very first quality, the sponge would most certainly have been thrown up even at this early period. He had 'to spar for wind!' We have heard of whistling for wind in extreme nautical emergencies, but this picture of a black man so faint with heat that he has to impart a rotatory or fan-like movement to his fists for the sake of air, is really terrible. Perhaps it was for time only in which to recover breath; at all events, he sparred for wind, but 'the *Young Un* got home heavily upon his occiput (there is no place like home), and then knocked him clean out of time by a hit under the left ear.' Does this fearful sentence mean that the younger of the two antagonists destroyed the other's power of discriminating melody, or that he absolutely killed, launched into eternity, as the chroniclers of the executions have it, this poor black person? who, never let us forget, is a man and a brother, when the hat is going round for the beaten man—beaten because he was knocked out of time—and hence perhaps the expression 'knocked into the middle of next week,' or, more poetically, 'wrapped into future times,' and could not recover in the minute allowed between the rounds. The *Young Un*, who was the favourite from the first, must, it is written, have rocked the gold cradle to some purpose, so many of his handkerchiefs having been distributed before the fight began, upon the usual terms—a sovereign if he won, and nothing if he lost.

This, we suppose, must be the somewhat illegitimate offspring of that chivalrous custom of the knights of old, who always got possession, if they could, of their fair ladies' kerchiefs to wear upon their helms; but a pound apiece seems certainly a very long price for them. Besides this graceful distribution of what, we are distressed to say, are elsewhere denominated 'wipes,' there is another curious piece of delicacy in this account of the late fight between Mr Benjamin Caunt and Mr Nathaniel Langham. 'Ben,' we read, 'barring his mug, was a study for a sculptor; his powerful legs being set off to the best advantage by pink silk stockings and well-fitting drawers.' Why, one would think the man was going to dance a ballet, instead of subjecting himself to such excessive ill-treatment as this: 'Nat fiddled him to within due distance,' 'popped his larboard daddle on his jowl,' 'nailed him prettily on the left squinter,' 'got sharply on to his tenor trap,' 'dropped smartly on to his snorer,' 'set his warbler bleeding;' and, in fact, rendered the whole of his features as unrecognisable physically, as they must appear to any exclusive reader of Messrs Addison and Steele. Still, we think, we would rather be even prize-fighters than wrestlers, who are subject to such conditions as these: 'Two back-falls out of three, Lancashire fashion; no hanging allowed, catch as catch can, in pumps and drawers. The spikes not to exceed a quarter of an inch in length.' The generosity of the *Young Un*, before mentioned, in not throwing himself upon his prostrate antagonist, pales, in our opinion, before the humanity of this regulation. Think of 'drawers,' 'spikes of a quarter of an inch long' (only), and 'catch as catch can!'

Of all the societies which we ever heard of, the least interesting, and yet the most extraordinary, must

certainly be a 'Fancy Rabbit Society,' whereof, it appears from *Bell's Life*, there are scores all over England. Mr W., of the Rochester and Chatham F.R.S., is happy to observe, at the last numerous and harmonious meeting of his club, that 'an infusion of new life has entered into the breeders of this society;' and, certainly, these are scarcely too strong terms to apply to its productions—'sooty fawns,' 'blue and whites,' and 'tortoise-shells'—which were placed upon the table for inspection. One female, with her four young ones, was exhibited, 'whose united measurement of ears was no less than 102 inches; the mother's own ear being nearly two feet long! Even Mrs Caudle could scarcely have objected to her husband belonging to a club of this description—it must surely be the very mildest form of rakishness that ever broke out in a domestic man. We cannot but think that a long course of attendance at the meetings of a Fancy Rabbit Society would be the very thing for softening character and removing asperities.

What a strange but significant communication has our friend *Bell* in his very first page, addressed to a Mr De C—: 'Unless Mr De C— pays certain bets lost by him on the Liverpool and Goodwood Cups, without further application, full particulars of the same will be advertised next week.' Again, what delicate evasions of the laws against betting-houses appear in these singular columns under the attractive titles of 'Winning made Certain,' and 'The Golden Secret Gratis.' '*Judicium (sic) vulgaris est fallax*—public opinion is deceptive,' writes the classical H. J., 'especially in selecting winners for any racing event; therefore, apply for advice to the true source alone;' which is, of course, H. J. himself, who has 'several ready hints for the coming Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.'

A number of these gentlemen also 'execute commissions to any amount,' 'the position of whom in the sporting world is such that they must needs be always in possession of the very latest intelligence.' Crossed cheques or Post-office orders are received indifferently, only, '*N.B.*—No personal interviews can be granted.'

What is Nurr and Spell, at which Tommy Stephenson of Wortley is open to play any man sixty years of age for five pounds a side, providing he will give him ten score in thirty-one rises? Also, is there any man short of a bird-fancier who can translate this? 'J. Arnold, of the Rising Sun, Stoke Newington, will match his goldfinch against any other for five pounds, for the best and most slamming of a goldfinch, also male one in the month for the same sum.' Mule one in the month! What possible misprint or assemblage of misprints could have produced this? Here is something like a pigeon: 'Thomas Miller's checkered cock will fly R. Wall's black cock, Podgers' sandy cock, or John Dawson's white cock, or will take a quarter of minute's start of Thomas Leech's blue cock, all from North Shields station.' Also: 'Samuel Binns of Bradford is surprised after what has occurred at seeing John Shannik's challenge of Lamberhead Green: if he really means flying, let him send a deposit to *Bell's Life*, and articles to Davy Deacon's at once.'

There are scores upon scores of other sporting matters here referred to, with the very nature of which folks out of the different 'fancies' can know nothing, each evidently exciting considerable interest, and having large sums depending on it. Those who concern themselves with these exploits, seem to be almost as numerous as the fast men, within everybody's observation, who restrict themselves mainly to the turf, and go about whispering solemnly of good things and certainties. Are they then publicans? Are they small tradespeople? Are they gentlemen's servants? Or are they the collected

edition of that Idler whom we see at every street-corner with a straw in his mouth?

Here, again, is quite a riddle to anybody unversed in the mysteries of *Bell*: 'James Carey, *alias* Merryman, will run James Jones, *alias* Titler, a hundred yards level, and take two yards of Edwards, *alias* Fake, in a hundred.' How many people are there, and how many run? Here follow a few of the names of the correspondents of the sporting journal. Had we not read already what we have, we should have pronounced them at once to be fictitious; as it is, we know not what to think. Diddleum Dumps, Happy-go lucky, An Old Lady Cousin, Ipse Dixit, Bolus, Pickaxe, and Campus Martius.

Even the advertisements are not the least like the advertisements of other papers. Who out of the sporting world ever had a fashionable tailor recommended to him in such a manner as this? 'Do you want a well-built pair of Kickseys?' Whoever saw elsewhere such headings to medical advertisements as these: 'Given away for the good of nervous sufferers,' or, 'For the benefit of suffering humanity, gratis?' What a compliment to the taste of our military is presented in this little paragraph: 'In consequence of the interest evinced by gentlemen in the army (many of whom are now quitting this country, unhappily, for India), the great case in fashionable life before Chief Baron Nicholson, at the Coal Hole Tavern, will be repeated every evening for another week.'

The advertisements conclude with the information that 'Mr Thomas Senn can be seen in Arthur Street, Bloomsbury, daily.' Is this gentleman a *lusus nature*, a beast with a bill, an albino, a lawyer, or a physician? Can he be seen gratis? or if we pay for it, is his appearance worth the money?

Among the answers to correspondents, which vary in subject from dynamics to tossing, there are the following:

'W. H., Reading.—Yes, you idiot.'

'Blucky must have been drunk to ask such questions.'

'J. B.—The accent is on the o.'

'W.—Her depth is sixty feet.'

'We do not know what you mean by "Bar the Bottle."' (Think of the editor of *Bell's Life* not knowing an expression of that kind!)

And 'J. R. P. is informed that by a solution of soda, frequently applied, he may get rid of all his warts.'

Finally, where deaths would occur in most journals, the place is occupied in *Bell's Life* by 'scratchings.'

'On the 4th instant, at eight p.m., Diggers Daughter, Star of the East, and Cock-a-doodle-do, out of the Triennial.'

Instead of births we find only 'greyhound produce':

'At Newry on the 20th instant, Mr Savage's black bitch Nameless, whelped nine puppies—namely, four dogs and five bitches, all black, to Mr Rageley's black dog, Master Charles, by Bedlamite out of Perseverance.'

While the nearest approach to a marriage seems to us like the breaking off of one: 'On the 1st instant, at eleven a.m., Miss Harkaway, out of all her engagements at Chester.'

Many of our readers will perhaps be surprised to find by the foregoing account how thriving and populous 'the sporting world' still is. They have supposed, and hoped, no doubt, that the particular classes to which we have been referring belonged to another era, and had died out a quarter of a century ago. Nevertheless, there is balm in Gilead for this matter. It is satisfactory to reflect that this portion of the sporting world is now confined to certain limits, represented only by particular organs, and is

not, as was heretofore the case, suffered to intrude itself through countless channels upon respectable society.

MECHANICAL SELF-CONTROL.

THERE is scarcely a spectacle on this round mechanical world more interesting than a huge steam-engine bending its pivot-joints, and plying its iron limbs with a giant's power. The circle of the writer's familiar acquaintance includes a grim Bolton-and-Watt framed Titan of this species, whom it is particularly pleasant to be on visiting terms with. The writer has long been free to lounge into this grim giant's reception-room whenever it pleases him, and has often stood there entranced in gazing at the monster as he heaves his massive spine up and down, and turns a huge twenty-foot wide fly-wheel, weighing, Messrs Bolton and Watt only know how many tons of iron, by the unceasing pressure of his cranky hand. The strength he puts out upon his whirling task, is altogether as prodigious as it seems. The relentless sweep of the rim of that colossal wheel, as it rushes past the eye with a speed of nearly twenty miles an hour, amply tells how fearful a task it would be to have to arrest its progress. The strength of a hundred horses concentrated in the effort, would be of no avail.

The steam-giant under notice is a very contented workman, in his way. When he has been once set going, he does not at all care how long he is kept at his labour; minutes or hours, weeks or years, are all the same to him; he is entirely indifferent about holidays and sleep. All he requires is, that his employers shall feed him well while his limbs are exerted in their service. He never strikes for wages, but he will strike at any time if food is withheld from him when he ought to receive it, and then not another turn can be extracted from his mighty and otherwise willing arm. He is by no means either an epicure or a gourmand, but it has been found to be good policy to have him treated with great consideration in the matter of diet. A trustworthy and experienced attendant is kept to watch the indications of his appetite, and to serve his meals at proper times. If the curious observer goes round into his dining-room, he will see this attendant shovelling food into the giant's yawning mouth, for he does not care to take his own hand from his labour even whilst at his meals. It will be noticed, too, that his food consists of black glistening lumps, and the giant will be heard to roar with satisfaction as each mouthful is pitched into his capacious gullet, and gulped down. All the energies of the Titanic labourer come, in fact, out of that black, glistening food. Having swallowed it, he digests it in his furnace-stomach, and there assimilates it into fervid power. Since he thus knocks off such a quantity of work, it will be readily conceived that he is somewhat of a hearty feeder. He eats at least three tons of solid food every day!

There is one peculiarity about this Titanic labourer of the iron thews which is worthy of remark. A giant by nature, of noble extraction, he nevertheless condescends to busy himself with operations that seem to be more appropriate occupations for spiders and caterpillars than for his mighty energies. He expends his gigantic force upon a myriad of pigmy movements, which are individually of the most trifling character. His lot has been cast in the yarn-factory of the Messrs Blake of Norwich. It is those gentlemen who feed him, and it is for their advantage that he labours. Those who would see what it is that he is doing for his board, must pass round to the further side of the party-wall of the giant's reception-room; and there they will observe that the axle of the great fly-wheel passes through the wall, and moves a vertical shaft by the agency of a sort of cogged pinion, which, in its turn, sets a series of horizontal shafts revolving in a

number of long rooms packed one over the other. These shafts whirl round other rods and rollers innumerable. The final result is, that the movement of the great wheel is diffused into that of 10,000 spindles, which wind upon themselves fine filmy threads of woollen yarn after they have been duly drawn out, and slightly twisted. The machinery accomplishes a few other subordinate tasks; but the great item in the account of work done is still the rotatory evolutions of the almost countless spindles. Placed in the form of an equation, the statement would be: 100 horses = 10,000 caterpillars. The power of the 100 horses draws out and winds 10,000 caterpillar-like threads of filmy wool.

The scattering of great effort into diffused gentle movement, is a notable affair. In mechanical concerns, there is no such thing as the creation of force; all motory effects are merely mutations of exertion. The stream of power may be dammed up until it breaks forth as a cataract, or it may be spread out into a wide, smooth, lake-like reservoir; or it may be twisted and turned into new channels; but it cannot be absolutely originated out of nothing. The 100 horse-power of the steam-engine was primarily accumulated in the black coal, being communicated to it from the atmosphere when the wood, out of which the coal was made, was growing. That 100 horse-power suffices to drive 10,000 spindles, and would, perchance, turn some few hundreds more, but if successive additions were made, there would surely at last come a time when yet another pigmy spindle would be all that was required to arrest the heavings of the mighty giant—when a minute spindle would indeed be the final straw that broke the camel's back. An instructive illustration of this principle of transmutation of power could be seen until recently at the Messrs Blake's yarn-factory. It occasionally chanced that all the spindles contained in one of the apartments of the factory needed to be stopped at once, without arresting the movement of the rest of the machinery. Whenever this was done, the force which had been previously devoted to the driving of those spindles was immediately left in the arm of the giant as redundant strength. In an instant, this redundant power was transferred to the machinery, which still remained at work, and its spindles began to rattle round with a mad speed that threatened dire mischief to the work on hand. It has happened on more than one occasion, that the sudden putting out of gear of the frames in one room of the factory, has occasioned so much alarm to the work-people stationed in the other rooms, as to cause them to rush in frantic terror from their stations, possessed with the idea that the mill was about to be torn down about their ears.

Every casual inequality in the rate of a powerful steam-engine, whose proper work is of this diffusive kind, is attended not only with inconvenience, but also with absolute loss to the proprietors of the concern, from breakage of yarn, and from other analogous results. It hence becomes an affair of the utmost moment that some means should be contrived whereby an even and steadily regulated movement of the engine may be insured. The ordinary rotating governor, composed of the pair of balls on the divergent rods, does act as a bridle upon the machine, but unfortunately this bridle only comes into action when the increased speed has been entered upon; it is the increased speed that causes the centrifugal divergence of the balls. The engine must be tearing on too fast, before the rise of the more rapidly rotating balls can close the throttle-valve which admits the steam to the cylinder. What is especially required is a hand constantly applied to the lever-handle of the throttle-valve, which shall be so ready, and of such exquisite sensibility, that it can almost anticipate the fatal irregularities of the machinery. This requirement

the receiver said: 'What, thief! thou art not content with robbing thy employers, but thou wishest to cheat me. I shall soon hear of thee in the mines of Siberia.' He then offered an insignificant amount for the gold, saying that he gave him five minutes to consider whether he would take the money or be handed over to the police. The arrest of the gang then took place by the agents of the police who had been called upon by the spy, who, having accomplished his mission in Omsk, started for Ekaterinburg, and procured the arrest of the merchant who had been previously taken up, but acquitted of the murder, his wife now revealed where the gold was buried, and on searching for it, they found the axe with which the murder had been committed. This man had long been engaged in gold-smuggling, he associated with those who stole it from the mines. For this purpose, he required good horses, and possessed one of extraordinary power and speed. As soon as the gold had been secured after Major's murder, he mounted his horse, and in about four hours, rode ninety versts, presenting himself to the director at Kamenskoi. The murder was now proved against all who had been engaged in it, they were sentenced 'to run the gantlet' (that is, to walk between the lines formed by a regiment of soldiers consisting of 3000 men, each man striking the victim with a rod), and died immediately after the punishment. The bands of gold-stealers were broken up, some were sent to the mines in Siberia, and the gendarme returned to St Petersburg to receive a reward for his really dangerous labour.

The Altai is the mountain range in the south of Siberia, in which the Yenisei, and other large rivers of Siberia, flowing into the White Sea, have their source. Parts of it are covered with dense forests of cedars, with a thick underwood which renders progress slow, other parts are clear of bushes, the ground being covered with grass and plants, and above, gigantic cedars, their gnarled and twisted branches forming a canopy through which the sun scarcely penetrates. This is on the northern slope of the Altai, but the southern slope has very little forest. Here are seen in summer the skeletons of Kalmuck winter-dwellings—the birch-bark is stripped off these conical houses, and only the bare poles remain. At this time of the year, the inhabitants are up in the mountains, where they find plenty of grass for their cattle, and where they are free from the mosquitoes. In autumn, they return to the lower grounds, cover their *yurts* with new bark, and, in a few days, their winter dwellings are completed. On the river Arakym, Atkinson saw many black squirrels, skipping about in the branches, they enlivened the scene, sitting among the foliage. Their fur is a dark gray in winter, at which season Kalmucks kill them, for the fur is not good in summer. Stags are numerous in these mountains, and the Arakym Valley is a great battle-field of bucks in the rutting season. In summer, they are all in the higher regions near the snow, where the mosquitoes and flies cannot follow them. Even the bears, with their rough shaggy coats, cannot remain in the valleys in summer, where these insects are extremely numerous.

Bear-hunting exploits are common in these mountains. One afternoon, a Cossack officer was quietly strolling through the forest alone and unarmed, when he observed a she-bear and her two cubs playing together. When she became aware of his presence, she growled, drove her young ones into a tree for shelter, and mounted guard at the foot of it to defend them. The Cossack then made a temporary retreat, and selected a birch club, four feet long, the quality of which he tested by blows on a tree. When the old bear saw him, she began to growl and pace about anxiously; but the man advanced over a fine grassy turf, with no shrubs or bushes, to entangle

his feet. The bear then made a rush at him, and rising on her hind-legs, intended to give him a settler with her powerful paws, or hug him to death; but he made a sweep with his club, and dealt such a blow that she toppled over. Many rounds were fought, her antagonist keeping clear of her paws. She endeavoured to get behind him, but a blow of the cudgel drove her back, until at last she began a retreat towards the forest, but the moment the Cossack moved to the tree, the bear would rush out, taking care not to come within his reach, the cubs remaining in the branches as spectators. At this time, a woodman, returning to the gold-mine, rode into the glade, his first impulse was to run, but the Cossack ordered him to dismount, take off his saddle-bags, and secure the cubs in them. They then started for the village, followed by the bear, that charged repeatedly, and was as often beaten back by the Cossack with his club, who covered the retreat; each time the bear was laid prostrate, and finally would not approach within striking distance; she returned to the forest, and was never seen again. This was a feat of extraordinary daring, skill, strength, and activity, but, after all, our sympathies are with the poor inoffensive bear.

The bear, however, it must be admitted, is not always the injured party. When at the Lake Baikal, Atkinson mentions that three villagers went to hunt in a forest. His informant lost eight of his two companions, lighted a fire, took his evening meal, and was soon fast asleep. Two or three hours had passed when he was awakened by something near him, and, turning his head, he observed by the light of his fire a large bear going down the bank to the little stream. He divined the object of the brute in an instant. Bruin was going for water to put the fire out, that he might then devour his victim, for it is an ascertained fact that a bear will not attack a man when sleeping by a fire, but will first go into the water and saturate his fur, to put out the fire. It was but the work of a moment for the hunter to seize his rifle, and stop the proceedings of the animal with a bullet as it was ascending the bank.

The adventures in Mongolia, particularly in the Gobi, lying between the Siberian Altai and the Chinese mountain of Syan Shan, are highly interesting, and we are introduced to the nomadic Kirghizian sultans, who appear to be the purest orientals of the Turkish race, having no tincture of European civilisation, like those of Persia, Siberia, or Turkey proper. Every Kirghizian has his battle-axe hanging from his saddle, as in the days of Genghis Khan; and these so-called sultans live like the patriarchs of the Old Testament, estimating their power by their sheep, their goats, and cattle. There was a corruption, as Mr Atkinson approached the *acut* of Sultan Baspashan; and the escort guided him to a large cattle enclosure, with a tall spear stuck into the ground at the door, and a long tuft of black horsehair hanging beneath its glittering head. This is an old Kirghizian custom, whence the dignity of a pack of camels, two, or three tails, who, since the modern reforms in the Ottoman Empire, are called *swa ferik*, and *swa*, corresponding with the ranks of major-general, lieutenant-general, and full general.

Sultan Baspashan, who welcomed Mr Atkinson, was a strong ruddy-faced man, dressed in a black velvet tunic edged with sable, and wore a deep crimson shawl round his waist. On his head was a red cloth conical cap trimmed with fox-skin, with an owl's feather hanging from the top, showing his descent from Genghis Khan. A Bokhara turban was spread, and two boys entered, bringing sugar and fruit. These were his two sons. Silk curtains hung on one side covered the dining-place, and on the other a carpet, or large blue rug, was spread.

chained to their perches, every person keeping at a respectful distance from the feathered monarch. On the opposite side, kids and lambs were secured in a pen; and outside the door was a group of women, with their small black eyes fixed on the stranger. Mr Atkinson says: 'My belt and pistols formed a great attraction. The sultan wished to examine them. Having first removed the caps, I handed one to him, he turned it round in every direction, and looked down the barrels. This did not satisfy him; he wished to see them fired, and wanted to place a kid for the target, probably thinking that so short a weapon would produce no effect. Declining his kid, I tore a leaf out of my sketch-book, made a mark in the centre, and gave it to the Cossacks. He understood my intention; split the end of a stick, slipped in the edge of the paper, went out and stuck the stick in the ground some distance from the yurt. The sultan arose, and all left the dwelling. I followed him out, and went to the target. Knowing that we were among a very lawless set, I determined they should see that even these little implements were dangerous. Stepping out fifteen paces I turned round, cocked my pistol, fired, and made a hole in the paper. The sultan and his people evidently thought this a trick; he said something to his son, who instantly ran off into the yurt, and brought to his father a Chinese wooden bowl. This was placed upside down on the stick by his own hand, and when he had returned to a place near me, I sent a ball through it. The holes were examined with great care; indeed, one man placed the bowl on his head to see where the hole would be marked on his forehead. This was sufficiently significant. The people we were now among I knew to be greatly dreaded by all the surrounding tribes; in short, they are robbers, who set at naught the authority of China, and carry on their depredations with impunity. On looking round, I noticed that a set of daring fellows had been watching my movements.'

The banquet then followed. A small space in front of the sultan was left cleared, the male elders near him, and fifty men, women, and children assembled in front; the boys sat behind the men, and behind them successively, the women, girls, and dogs. After ablutions with warm water, the cooks brought in long wooden trays, piled up with heaps of boiled mutton, garnished with rice, when each man drew his knife and fell to. 'The Kirghis who sat nearest the trays selected the things he liked best, and after eating a part, handed it to the man sitting behind; when again diminished, this was passed to a third; then to the boys; and having run the gantlet of all these hands and mouths, the bone reaches the women and girls, divested of nearly every particle of food. Finally, when these poor creatures have gnawed till nothing is left on the bone, it is tossed to the dogs.'

A hunting excursion then followed in a day or two, the sultan's three hunters leading the van, followed by eagle-bearers. The eagle had shackles and a hood, and was under the charge of two men. They had not gone far when several large deer rushed past a jutting point of reeds, and bounded over the plain. In an instant, the bearcoote was unhooded and his shackles removed, when he sprang from his perch and soared up in the air. Mr Atkinson watched him ascend as he wheeled round, and was under the impression that he had not seen the animals; but in this he was mistaken. He had now risen to a considerable height, and seeming to poise himself for a minute, gave two or three flaps with his wings, and swooped off in a straight line to his prey. The deer gave a bound forward, and fell, the bearcoote having struck one talon into his neck, and the other into his back, while he tore out with his beak the animal's liver. Wild goats, wolves, and even foxes are hunted in this

way. The bearcoote is unerring in its flight, unless the quarry can escape into holes in the rocks.

We have many other lively descriptions of life in the Mongolian Steppe, and of sublime scenery in the mountainous regions. The whole territory is among the least known in the habitable globe.

We conclude with a few traits of Barnaul, which is the centre for the administration of the mines of the Altai. The governor, Tomsk, who is chosen from the mining-engineers, is at the head of this department. He resides three or four months of the year at Barnaul, and under him is the chief director of the mines, who must visit every smelting-work in the district once every year, travelling several thousand versts in a mountainous country, or descending rivers in rafts. His power is extensive, and he has a population of about 60,000 miners, peasants, and officers under his charge. It appears that convicts have not yet been sent to work in the mines of the Altai. Every summer, eight or ten young officers are sent into the mountains, each with a party; and the chief in Barnaul assigns to him the valley to be examined by his company. They start in May, with provisions of bread, sugar, tea, and brandy, their animal food being the game they kill. The officer receives a map, and then the experiments commence—the officer noting down how many *tolatniks* of gold can be obtained from the hundred poods of sand. Several places are tried, and on this the director in Barnaul decides what gold is to be worked. While one party are seeking gold in the sand, another party are seeking silver in the rocks. These operations are usually concluded by the middle of October, when they return home to Barnaul.

Barnaul is well stocked with smelting-works, chemical laboratories, public offices, and private dwellings, all connected with the mining operations, and during the winter, which is undoubtedly very severe in point of climate, balls, soirees, and concerts are given. It has also a bazaar, where European articles, fashions, French silks and bonnets, are sold, besides delicacies of the table, comprising English porter, Scotch ale, and French and Spanish wines. There is also a museum at Barnaul, comprising choice specimens of Siberian minerals, and stuffed Siberian animals, including four tigers, which came from the Kirghisian Steppe; their capture having, in two instances, proved fatal to some of the peasants engaged, who had thought to expel the intruder from their farms by pea-rifles and hay-forks. To conclude, such is Barnaul, the capital of the most productive mining district of Siberia.

THE BONSPIEL.

CAN our English readers imagine a Scottish loch or lake in the winter season after four or five days' hard frost—a beautiful white plain surrounded by white heights, and all under the stillness which allows of an ordinary sound being heard at a great distance? The existence of such circumstances in nature has given birth to an appropriate game which might be described generally as *bowls played on ice*, though with certain peculiarities, the chief being the use of flat-bottomed stones to slide, instead of bowls to roll, said stones being furnished with handles to grasp by, much in the manner of smoothing-irons.

The frost having set labour free in some degree, men assemble at the loch, and give the day to this ancient national sport, usually wakening into wild excitement and glee a scene which would otherwise wear the torpor of death. To stand on a height near by, and see the bustle going on below: to hear the

roar of the stones careering along the icy surface, and the shouts and cachinnations of the players as these knock against each other and settle in their respective destinies, is, we can assure our friends, no commonplace amusement. To be, however, an actual player—a curler—‘a keen, keen curler,’ as the natives phrase it—is something far beyond all this; for there are joys in curling that none but curlers know. How else could it be that there are local clubs, county clubs, and a national association of clubs, binding all ranks and denominations of people together for the enjoyment of this game? How else could it be that curling has its almanacs, its annual, its literature; that, curling is a kind of second freemasonry in Scotland?

There is a kind of piquancy given to this game by the very uncertainty of the means and opportunities of playing it. The curlers watch for a hearty frost, woo it as mariners do a wind, and when it comes, ‘snatch a fearful joy.’ That no time may be lost in making an appointment, a flag hoisted on a hill-top sometimes informs a district of ten miles’ radius that the loch will bear, and the game hold. Then are seen farmers, lairds, village tradesmen, ministers, ploughmen, and shepherds, converging to the rendezvous, all full of charming anticipation. Society is at once convulsed and cheered by the affair. No great regard is paid to common distinctions in making up the game. The laird is glad to have a clever ploughman on his side. Masters and servants often play together. The distinctions most thought of are local: the people of one estate or parish will often play against each other—or it may be county against county—in which cases the match is termed a *bonspiel*. Each man requires at the ice two curling-stones and a broom wherewith to sweep. Two marks, called *tees*, being made on the ice at the distance of thirty-eight yards, and several rings drawn round each, the players arrange themselves, perhaps four, six, or eight on a side; each with two stones to play, and each side having a director or chief called a *skip*. The space of ice between the *tees* is called the *rink*. The object of course, for each side, is to have as many of its stones as possible in positions as near to the *tee* as may be. When a stone fails to reach a certain limit, called the *hog-score*, it is laid aside. On any one, therefore, appearing likely to be laggard, all the players on that side busy themselves in sweeping the way before it. ‘Soop, soop!’ becomes a great cry among the curlers. An English stranger once remarked that he heard them always crying for soup, but no soup ever came; much, no doubt, to his disappointment. When one side counts thirteen, twenty-one, or thirty-one, as may be, before the other, it has gained the victory.

There was lately a *bonspiel* in a well-known district of the southern Highlands of Scotland, and a characteristic account of it having been obligingly sent to us by one of the players, we hasten to insert it, as perhaps the best means of conveying an idea of this national game. The original language is so appropriate that, notwithstanding its being possibly obscure to some readers, we have left it almost unchanged.

‘You remember,’ says our correspondent, ‘that I promised to send you something of our *bonspiel* with the Mitchell-hill lads, whenever it should be played. Well, it was a bad winter for frost: not aboon two or three days of it till Candlemas; but at last we got

a hard one for about a week, and a’ was right. So, one afternoon, two of the Mitchell-hill lads came to us at Blendewan, and asked if we had any objections to meet them next day, providing the frost held. They said they had been at the laird’s, and that he was willing to come out, and bring a guest of his—Sir Alexander Gordon—along with him; that the herds of Stanhope and Eildon were to be there; and that Wully Wilson, the wright, and Andrew Blair, the smith, were both keen to give us our revenge for last year’s drubbing. So I mentioned that if I could get our side made up in time, we would meet them on the ice by ten o’clock next morning. The two lads were rather crouse about the match, and said they hoped we would not let them win so easy a victory this year as last. I said nothing; but, thinks I, wait a wee, my lads, and we’ll see who will crawl the loudest the morn. So away went Johnny Armstrong and Peter Blackstocks back to tell the laird and the rest o’ their folk that we would meet them, on the understanding that if anything happened to interfere, I was to send them a line not to come.

‘Well, Mr Editor, I ken ye like particulars; so ye see I threw my work bye, put on my cap, and went through the village, speering at the folk if they would be ready to come forrit next morning; and I must add that I was very fortunate too: but who could refuse the chance o’ playing a *bonspiel* for the honour o’ Blendewan! I soon got the minister to promise, and the precentor too (Janie Forgrieve, the miller, could not be spared from home); Adam Prentice, the old herd, said he would be our man; Sandy Grieve, the tailor, swithered a wee, but promised at last; so there was five, and we wanted other three—but these I kent where to find. I gaed the length o’ the Fairy Knowe, and secured Mr Thompson—a keen hand—and a boarder of his, who was learning farming—another keen hand, and a great wag; and I made up the number with Isaac Melrose, the cadger. Isaac’s horse was not sharpit for the frost, and was sair fatigued forbye; so the carrier was glad of the opportunity o’ joining us against the Mitchell-hill curlers.

‘It was late before I got our side made up, and my wife was beginning to give me up for lost. But ye’ll mind Nancy, sir, and ye ken she’s no ill to temper down! Well, everything was settled, and I sent two lads to the pond early in the morning, to sweep it clean and make the rink; and just as I was getting my stones ready, the laird and Sir Alexander drove up to my door. I went out and gave them time o’ day, and the laird speered at me if we were prepared, as the players on his side were just coming down the road in a cart. I told him we were all ready, and that our chaps had gone down to the pond with the minister a few minutes before. Wi’ this, up drove the Mitchell-hill cart with the six rival players; but when they saw the laird and Sir Alexander cracking with me, they never halted, but drove straight on. The laird got me in his dog-cart, and gave me a lift down; and when we got to the ice, his servant drove the gig back to the nearest farmhouse, where the beast was put up.

‘Well, Frank,’ says the laird, ‘what sort of trim are you in?’

‘Oh, sir,’ says I, ‘I’m thinking I’m in kind o’ guid trim.’

‘That’s right, Frank. See and don’t let us run away with the match, as we did last year.’

‘Well, I think, sir, it will tak a’ your pouthier to master us this time.’

"Think so, Frank? Why, here's Sir Alexander Gordon on our side, and he's one of the best curlers in the country."

"That may be, sir, but he'll maybe find his match in the cadger."

'In the meantime the minister and two gentlemen were holding a preamble about which side was to be the winner, and I must say the gentry were just as keen as us chaps. But you will better understand how the match was made up if I give you the players' names on each side, in the order of their playing:

Our Side—Blendewan.

1. Rev. Mr Montgomery.
2. Adam Prentice, the auld herd.
3. John Donaldson, the precentor.
4. Sandy Grieve, the tailor.
5. Mr Thompson o' the Fairy Knowe.
6. Mr Robert Sibbald, his boarder.
7. Isaac Melrose, the cadger.
8. Myself, Francis Baldwin, souter (skip).

Their Side—Mitchell-hill.

1. Wully Dalgleish, the Stanhope herd.
2. Tam Anderson, the Eldon herd.
3. Wully Wilson, the wright.
4. Andrew Blair, the smith.
5. Johnny Armstrong, the laird's overseer.
6. Mr Dalrymple, the laird.
7. Sir A. Gordon, a guest at the Ha'.
8. Peter Blackstocks, the laird's forester (skip).

'Well, sir, in about a quarter of an hour the rink was ready, the stones lying a' thegither about the brugh (the brugh, ye'll remember, is the ring round the tee), and every man had his besom in his hand. Just to try the keenness o' the ice, we sent our stones to the other end—of course not counting. Sir Alexander, I must admit, laid on his stones well, and, faith, I began to think he was like to be fashious a wee, from his easy style and curler-like appearance. In driving his two trial-shots, the laird asked him to tak the wick—which means to strike the stone on the side, and glance off at an angle—o' one o' Tam Anderson's stones; which, faith, he managed; and his second one he drew to the laird's besom, and lay. I saw our chaps looking rather queer when they saw the shots played, but I counselled them never to mind that, for he couldna aye play the same.

"Now, Frank," says the laird, when I was about to play my trial-stones down the rink, "here's a chance for you; raise that stone."

'I played a fine shot; but being out o' practice, I couldna be expected to do very well at first, so, instead o' raising (which, as you know, means just striking it fair—your own stone lying) the stone at the laird's besom, I missed it, and took an outwink on another stone, which sent it close to the tee. Though the laird nickered and laughed at my miss, he wasna sae ready to laugh a while afterwards.

'For the first two or three hours, the spirit of the game was never very high; both sides played tolerably well, but without that roaring fun which I have known to accompany every "end" at curling-matches like ours; in fact, the company was beginning to get a thought dull, though the scoring was even enough to have excited more enthusiasm between rival parties, when a halt was called, the besoms flung down, and half an hour was allowed for bread and cheese. There was a good deal of sport going on while we sat on the banks of the pond, all mixed throughthier; the laird and the cadger were holding a confab about something I couldna hear, and Sir Alexander and auld Adam Prentice were smoking their pipes thegither as crouse as ye like.

"Now, Frank," says the laird, "we'll have a dram together. I know that's what you want."

"Weel, laird, may be if we had had one sooner, we might have shewn you more sport; but better late than never, if it's your pleasure!"

'So we all got a dram—a guid ane too, which I must say improved the spirits of the company most

wonderful, and then we commenced to curl in earnest. It was but child's play before: we begood to play like men now.

'I will not take up your time by alluding to the various outs and ins of the game either before the mid-day halt, or up till nearly the finish; but I will go on to relate how we gained the bonspiel after as tough a contest as the Mitchell-hill players would ever wish to have.

'At 3 o'clock, P.M. the game stood thus: Mitchell-hill, 24; Blendewan, 29—the latter wanting but two to be game.

'The closing shots were lost and won thus: Mr Thompson o' the Fairy Knowe played uncommonly well, and his boarder chield not amiss; and Johnny Armstrong, the forester, and Wully Wilson, the wright were bye-ordinar guid. Wully played his first stone a perfect pat-lid on the tee, and with his second guarded it within two feet. The first remained a pat-lid till the end was played out, though his guard was chippit frae its place. They were unco near getting other two forbye this one, and indeed they were three shots in, till my last stone inwicked from one and curled in second. They were now twenty-five to our twenty-nine.

"We're gradually making up on you, Frank," the laird quietly observed. "You'll have to play your best, or we'll be upsides with you yet."

"That'll be seen next end, Maister Dalrymple, or I'm cheated."

'And the next end began by Wully Dalgleish, the Stanhope herd, making a hog. "That's one off the ice, at any rate, says I to our side; and you'll see more o' that kind before the end's played out, for the ice is beginning to be dour. Now, lads," says I, "this end must decide it; there's nae use in hinging on or saying ony mair about it: we want but two; the minister's to be first shot this time, and, faith, I'll be second myself."

'And up comes the worthy minister's stone, fine howe-ice—that's straight along the centre o' the rink, as you know, sir—and lies within three feet o' the tee. The herd's second stone was better than the first, and lay a goodish side-shot. They were on their metal, and playing their very best; sometimes putting in plenty o' poulder when it was needed, and whiles playing gently for a draw when it was needed. Three hogs had been already played through over-caution. Adam Prentice shewed that he was still the auld man, and a swankin' player into the bargain. The tailor and precentor did their best, which, however, was by no means bye-ordinar; but Mr Thompson and his boarder proved themselves curlers o' the right sort, and played every shot in grand style. On the other side, the players were just as good—not a hair to judge by, and each man following the skip's direction "errible weel. Well, sir, the stones were lying well about the brugh, and they were two shots in. It was Sir Alexander's turn to play, and fortunately for us, he unintentionally opened up a port—which you know means a clear passage between stones—the very thing they should have avoided, but just what we wanted; and then the cadger stood ready to play.

"Now, Isaac," says I, "ye ken as weel as I, what to play for. The port is open, and they are two shots in."

'The cadger's stone is delivered, and, for a wonder, he misses the port; however, "She's coming forrit well enough, lads," says I; "soop her up, soop her up, so-op her weel—there now—come: that's as good as the port yet. You've positively brought one of the minister's stones in for shot." And great was the consternation on their side at this unlooked-for turn in our favour. However, Peter the skip told them not to mind that, for the port was still open for Sir Alexander's second and last stone. And so that

gentleman's praise I *will* say, he took the port in first-rate style; and had he given his stone a little less poulder, he would have retrieved: but his stone curled away to the other side o' the brugh, and lay outside.

"Isaac, man, I want you to close that port—draw to my besom; and if you *do* touch any of the stones, break an egg, and no more, for they're both against us."

"Put your bannet on the ice, where ye want me to lie, Frank."

"I'll do that, my man: there's the verra bit." And by one of the cadger's best strokes, the port was filled.

"It was now Peter Blackstock's turn to play, so the laird acted skip for him.

"Peter, if you'll take an inwick on this stone at my besom, I'll make your wife a present of a new gown."

"I saw the stroke fine, for I etled [intended] to play it myself when my turn came; and says I to myself: 'Oh for a miss from Peter, though it *should* lose a gown to the wife!' Peter's hand was trembling with anxiety, and he fairly bungled the stroke altogether.

"Od, laird," says I, "ye shouldna have spoken about the gown till after the stroke was played, for you've fairly dumfounded the forester's nerves!"

"Now, Frank," says the cadger, "I wasna feared for onything the forester could do, for I kent it wasna one o' his kind: but that's not to say I'm frightened for *you*. Try for the verra same stone; and if ye tak the wick at my besom, we're game."

"Stand awa' from the stone, Isaac, my man. I ken what's wanted: here goes." And up comes the stone. "I believe she has it—no—yes, she has it. Dinna soop, callants—she's there, she's *there*, she's *THERE*!"

"Frank, you're a gentleman (the first time I was ever called that before, Mr Editor), and no mistake!"

"A kind of unnatural calmness now spread over the laird's countenance; and after the bursts of enthusiasm had subsided on our side, a perfect silence reigned over the rink, for on the forester's last stone depended all their hopes of cutting us out yet; twenty-nine before, we were now thirty-one, or game, unless the forester's last stone should render his side a service by knocking out one, or maybe both, of ours. In a calm, clear voice, the worthy laird informed Peter what he, poor chap, already knew too well—namely, how the game stood.

"There's but one chance left, Peter—a forlorn-hope, and it's do or die. Come up the ice all your force, and take that stone" (pointing to one of ours at some distance in front of the tee).

"The forester eyes with an air of determination the group of close-set stones that close up every road to the tee; he sets himself firmly in his crampets, to the precise posture requisite for a dashing stroke; his stone steadies for an instant in the air behind him, and away it careers with tremendous force.

"Splendid!" cries the laird, the only word he has time to say. "Mind your feet," cries Sir Alexander Gordon, as half-a-dozen stones are sent scattering in all directions. But to no purpose; for though the minister's stone was slightly touched, it still remained first shot, and mine second. "Game—game—GAME!" and up went our bonnets fleein' in the air.

"Give us your hand, Maister Montgomery," says I, "for you and me's played unco weel;" and the worthy pastor and I shook hands up to the shouthers.

"But you must be tired o' me by this time, Mr Editor; so I will only add that the laird had us all up at the Ha', where we had plenty o' everything, not forgetting beef and greens, and plenty of good ale to synd it over. I'll maybe write another account if we are spared to see another year; and in the meantime,

if you will be good enough to send us a few copies o' the Journal, for the chaps to see their names in, you will oblige your old friend—the SKIR.'

THE CITY OF MEN.

HOLINGSHEAD, in his *History of Mancuniensis*, repeats a prophecy well known to all northern antiquaries:

When all England is aloft,
Weel ar they that are in Christ's Croft;
And where should Christ's Croft be,
But between Ribble and Mersey?

And however learnedly Camden may dispute the etymology which derives the name of Manchester from the English tongue, instead of referring it to a purely British origin, the former will still find favour in our eyes, since, as he tells us, its good people call the city Manchester because it is a 'city of men!' And they are right, those good people; that is a conclusion I have come to from a recent close, however brief, inspection of themselves; and I give my vote accordingly for the English etymology.

If ever a place could apply to itself the account Black Topsy gave of her origin, it would surely be this great capital of the north of England: for when one sees its most important streets, with scarcely two houses together of uniform appearance, and with commerce sitting enthroned at one end to dispense millions of wealth, while at the other the huckster hawks his petty wares from a stall; its princely edifices hustled by mean low-browed shops; its warehouses of palatial vastness and decoration, side by side with factories that are mere brick boxes; and its long, long rows of poor streets, bare, plain, and monotonous as the calico which the inhabitants have spent their lives in producing: he is by no means inclined to question the Topsyman surmise—"aspects I growed." Yes, we have here the America of England, not certainly in the shape of a Philadelphia or a Washington, no deliberate brick fulfilment of a paper plan, but a heap of spontaneously formed Smithvilles and Jonesvilles, that have risen up impulsively just when, and where, and how the need of the moment required, each capitalist centre having apparently given birth to its own surrounding accretion, and all together forming an inartistical and unattractive whole.

It is a disappointment, too, to see the coal-born haze ever shutting out heaven's sunshine, and sprinkling all things with its dismal flakes, while the very mud, soot-tempered, seems muddier than even the renowned compound of London. It is a disappointment, because not very long since we were told that these grim furnaces were to be endowed with the saturnian power of devouring everything they generated; and the City of the Thames was admonished to look to the City of Men, and profit by the example. But now while roses even have learned to bloom in the purified Temple atmosphere, smoke, checked but for a time in Manchester, again rears its head, and flings out its serpent-wreaths from nearly every *stall*.

There is something repulsive in shops of inferior dimensions, and generally shabby appearance, announcing their ownership and wares in colossal inscriptions, letters three or four feet high, while the legends of vast warehouses and factories, in the modesty of conscious worth, lurk upon door-posts, or peep in smallest type from beneath some deep-arched portal. Yet Manchester streets may be irregular, and its trading inscriptions pretentious, its smoke may be dense, and its mud may be ultra-muddy; but not any nor all of these things can prevent the image of the great city from rising before us as the very symbol of civilisation, foremost in the march of improvement, a grand incarnation of progress. That commerce has

had no unduly materialising influence upon those engaged in it here, that vast building at Old Trafford which rose at their bidding, and whose glorious contents were collected under their auspices, presents sufficient proof; but there is no lack of minor evidence. 'When any of these great cotton-lords gives me a commission for a picture,' observed an artist, a Londoner by birth, but now resident in Manchester, 'they always speak and seem to feel as if it were they who were the obliged party.' There is nothing among them of the too common vulgarity of the petty tradesman, none of that demand for a servile gratitude so often one of the trials most galling to genius. Again, in the rooms of the Royal Institution hangs a picture of an old French abbe, equally attractive on the grounds of its merit and its history. It is the work of a French lady who devotes all the produce of her art to purposes of benevolence, and was originally sent here to an exhibition by native and foreign artists. A gentleman delivering a lecture on this exhibition, commented on the extraordinary excellence displayed in the picture, and regretted, as it was still unsold, that it should be allowed to leave the country. He had no sooner ceased than the appeal was responded to; the picture was at once purchased, and at rather a high price, by one of his hearers, who then observed that he thought he could not do better than present it to the Institution with which they were connected: and, accordingly, there it hangs at this moment on the walls of that noble building. Nor is this spirit confined to the upper classes. On the recent exhibition of the competition-works of students in the schools of art, it was truly gratifying to see what flocks of rough-looking, ill-dressed people crowded in the evening to the rooms, and to observe with what attention they examined the various merits of even chalk-shadings and pencil-outlines: and people like these are hardly to be suspected of affecting an interest they do not feel.

Much has been said—perhaps too much—about the humanising influence of art; but, simultaneously with the fine feeling we have alluded to, the men of the City of Men are unquestionably more than usually devoted to the small amenities of life. An illustration of this may be met with in every street in the polite and painstaking anxiety of the passers-by to direct a stranger on his way. The minute directions, patiently repeated when not understood, will even sometimes be followed up by a long walk *out of the way*, in order to make sure that the road shall not be mistaken; and no touched hat and appealing look at the end of the journey imply that 'your honour's health' was the expected conclusion. The general intelligence, also, of the lower classes is remarkable. A boy in a warehouse, a lad from the factory, will not only readily reply to any inquiries as to the processes going on in his own department, but will shew himself equally conversant with the general details of the business, and in respect to the materials employed, the amount of trade, and the average of wages. Returning once from an excursion to inspect a mill a short distance from Manchester, I happened to remark to one of my companions that a medical friend of mine had been deploring the prevalence of female labour: in the factories, on the ground that the feminine character was exclusively adapted for domestic seclusion, and invariably deteriorated in congregations even of her own sex, when a clear though somewhat feeble voice behind begged to be permitted to make a remark upon the subject. I was then in a third-class carriage, for the very purpose of studying the character of the masses, and I turned quickly, and saw the pale thin face and sightless eyes of a man about thirty, neatly but very meanly clad, and evidently of the lower rank.

'You are speaking,' said he, 'of the way the female character is injured in factories: the causes may be

easily traced. The children are the chief workers in a family here; they are regarded according to what their labour will fetch, and as soon as they are old enough, are sent forth to earn. The money-power must always be the ruling power: the parents, therefore, who are often idle, are subordinated to the children, on whose wages they mainly depend; parental authority is overthrown; the harmony of family-life broken up; and the female character of course injured in proportion.'

This was at least the substance of the speech, though it gives but an imperfect idea of the clearness of his argument, or the felicitous language which conveyed it. Our pleased surprise was not lessened when an individual, of equally humble appearance, in another compartment, made some remarks on the comparative characters of the factory-worker and agricultural labourer, and in words more homely than those of the blind speaker, but not less fluent, maintained his view of the question. The subject veering round to the physical differences in different ranks, led to a discovery of his occupation. For on my mentioning having heard that hatters kept assorted sizes of hats for the various classes of society—gentlemen, servants, mechanics, &c.—and that the gentlemen's were usually the largest, he observed that at least the gentlemen's servants were invariably the smallest; adding—'And my opinion may be received as something worth on this subject, for I am a hatter.'

And how is this general intelligence and cultivation to be explained? One cause of the advance, though not of the tendency, may be easily traced. When the question of the free-library system was first discussed, Manchester was one of the first towns to demand the institution; and amid long mean streets, well fitted to supply its readers, stands one of the noblest efforts made in the cause of human culture, the Camp Field Free Library. Here a large and handsome ground-floor hall is filled with desks and tables devoted to periodical literature; and the poorest wanderer may drop in and acquaint himself with the chief events and great discussions of the day. Here, if it be washing-day at home, and the wet linen still hangs in the one room, or the workman is weary with his labour, and his children are ill or noisy, what a resource is within his reach when he can repair to this lofty, well-lit room, with its comfortable seats and unfailing stores of amusement! Here, too, is a circulating library for home-reading, available on presenting a recommendation; while a staircase, profusely adorned with excellent engravings, leads to a large room containing a library of reference, the valuable books of which can be perused only within the room, but are freely handed to any applicant without question or introduction.

But, in addition to the kind of intelligence alluded to, there is a certain completeness in the mind of Manchester, which recognises the mutual dependence of the physical and intellectual nature. Here, for instance, public baths and wash-houses were founded some time before they made their way to London. Even swimming-baths for females have begun to make some progress, at least in principle: at Peel Park, the Gymnasium affords not only to sedentary men and boy-workers an opportunity of healthful exercise, but a secluded portion of the grounds is set apart for girls, to allow them also some small chance of proper muscular development. Might not the authorities of the London Parks take a hint from this great charity, and so enable many a poor girl who sits all day working bugles or quilling blond, or making artificial flowers, to enjoy the means of obtaining stronger limbs and a straighter spine?

Leaving Peel Park, the eye is caught by an announcement at its gates concerning a school in connection with the Salford Institute; and here again a striking fact presents itself. Not only is general

education offered at a very moderate rate, but there are also special classes for instruction in various arts; and among these one, at five shillings a quarter, a class for dress-making. Now, any one who has kept servants can hardly have failed to remark, how important an influence the being able to make a dress for herself, has upon the female domestic—how much neater an appearance she can maintain—how much better able she is to restrict her expenditure to something less than her earnings—and how, besides, as an interesting occupation for her leisure hours, it tends to prevent their being wasted, as is too often the case, on a debasing literature, if it be lawful to give it the name. And the visitor of the poor sees, still more strikingly, the vast difference this knowledge makes in a poor man's home, when his wife is 'handy at her needle,' and out of one old gown can make two new frocks.

As another educational effort pointed out by social science, one mill-proprietor mentioned, that as soon as the buildings for the purpose were completed, he intended to open a school for teaching cookery to girls. This, it is true, has been done in London; but the idea was not born there, for local history informs us, that as long ago as 1720, 'in order to perfect young ladies in what was then thought a necessary part of their education, a pastry-school was set up in Manchester, which was frequented not only by the daughters of the towns-people, but those of the neighbouring gentlemen.' It were well that young ladies in the present century should not deem it a vulgarity to learn to make a digestible pie-crust: but the principle which makes the economical preparation of food a part of a factory-girl's education, is even more important. And considering the fact, that towards the recently completed chapel in connection with these intended schools, the 'hands' of this one factory, in number about 1000, contributed no less a sum than £300, it need hardly be feared that they will not appreciate any educational advantages.

But social science applies itself not merely to the claims of poverty, it is her part also to see that those who have money to spend shall have their penny's worth for their penny. The Manchester omnibus may be instanced, which provides for its general three-penny fare a lofty, well-ventilated vehicle, with fair room for the lower extremities of all.

It has been admitted that the city's appearance is not very prepossessing; and if this be the case by day, it certainly gains little by night. But all honour to this nocturnal dimness, for it is due to the early closing: and so well is this movement carried out, that a great number of the shops are shut as early as seven; and very few are open after eight. When to this daily margin, reclaimed from the labour-tide, the Saturday half-holiday, now so general here, is added, we may conceive how vast a stock of leisure is gained for all classes, to afford room for social improvement and social happiness.

But it may not be amiss to advert to some of the more latent causes that have led to the advancement of this interesting city. McCulloch, speaking of England at large, says, that 'to excel in machine-making is to excel in what is certainly the most important branch of manufacturing industry. Superiority in any single branch, except this, may exist simultaneously with great inferiority in others; but eminence in the manufacture of machinery is almost sure to lead to eminence in every other department.' We may suppose, then, that the amount of intellect required for the perfecting of the processes here carried on, cannot all be expended on this primary object; and thus a surplus is left to be devoted to other kinds of improvement.

In regard to the handiwork itself, Mr Stevenson, in the article on 'English Statistics,' in the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*, lays much stress on the practice, almost

universal in factories, of piece-work payment, as giving the workmen an interest in industry, and an inducement to execute the greatest amount of work in the least space of time; such an influence even reacting upon day-labourers by rousing their emulation, and inducing them, in order to avoid invidious comparisons, to make exertions unknown in other countries.

Dr Ure, again, in his *Philosophy of Manufactures*, thus comments on the kind of employment here chiefly followed: 'Occupations which are assisted by steam-engines, require for the most part a higher, or at least a steadier species of labour, than those which are not; the exercise of the mind being then partially substituted for that of the muscles constituting skilled labour;' and this, as he adds, is always paid more highly than unskilled. He also observes, that 'of all the common prejudices with regard to factory-labour, there is none more unfounded than that which ascribes to it excessive tedium and irksomeness above other occupations, owing to its being carried on in conjunction with the unceasing motion of the steam-engine. In an establishment for spinning or weaving cotton, all the hard work is performed by the steam-engine, which leaves for the attendants no hard labour at all, and literally nothing to do in general, but at intervals to perform some delicate operation, such as joining the threads, &c.' His remarks apply especially to the children, of whom three-fourths of the number employed are engaged in piecing; at which he computes that a child working even twelve hours a day, and attending two mules, would yet have six hours of inaction, occurring at periods of three-quarters of a minute or more at a time, and mentions that 'spinners sometimes dedicate these intervals to the perusal of books.' This, one would suppose, can scarcely be generally or easily done, but at least such snatches of leisure occurring so largely and regularly, must afford favourable opportunities for cultivating the reflective faculties; and that they are thus made use of, seems to be proved by the general intelligence which prevails.

While, then, this wondrous city, this giant of the English north, is thus advancing with seven-leagued strides in the path of progress, let no mere adventitious circumstances cause it to be viewed unfavourably; let no unworthy jealousy prevent the full recognition of that foremost position it is pressing forward to. That it is a powerful rival in the race, even compared with the proud metropolis, must be admitted when we consider all it has done and is doing for social amelioration and national prosperity; its devotion at once to commerce and industry, to science and art; its fostering of kindly feeling and cultivation of intellect; its attention to the requirements of those who can afford to purchase comfort, and the wants of those who have nothing to pay; its provision for every bodily demand, and every mental and moral need. Herein, indeed, in this universality of genius which cares for everything, and overlooks or neglects nothing, lies the great secret of its success. One of the most eminent inhabitants of the city, accompanying a party in the inspection of one of its great establishments, introduced them to the steam-engine which keeps in motion all the machinery on the premises, with the exclamation: 'Here is the real Manchester Man!' It may at least symbolise him. Making its energy felt throughout every part, its influence as active in the remotest corner as in its immediate neighbourhood; not putting forth its efforts in one mode of operation only, but doing whatever is to be done, lifting or pressing in one place, rolling or stamping in another, taking in here, sending out there, just as need may require; and with no capricious intermittent exertion, but in steady, unwearied diligence moving all, regulating all, the tiniest pin not eluding its grasp, the hugest wheel not beyond its capacity; this mighty worker is indeed

no inapt image of those who evoke its powers, and who, not only by using its services, but by imitating its action, have obtained the present high place, and the prospect of a yet loftier future, for the City of Men.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LV.—THE VOLUNTEERS.

My sister kept her word. I saw no more of her for that day, nor until noon of the next. Then she came forth from her chamber in full riding costume, ordered White Fox to be saddled, and, mounting, rode off alone.

I felt that I had no power over this capricious spirit. It was idle to attempt controlling it. She was beyond the dictation of fraternal authority—her own mistress—and evidently determined upon having her will and her way.

After the conversation of yesterday, I felt no inclination to interfere again. She was acquainted with my secret; and knowing this, any counsel from me would come with an ill grace, and be as ill received. I resolved, therefore, to withhold it, till some crisis should arrive that would render it more impressive.

For several days this coolness continued between us—at which my mother often wondered, but of which she received no explanation. Indeed, I fancied that even her affection towards me was not so tender as it used to be. Perhaps I was wronging her. She was a little angry with me about the duel with Ringgold, the first intelligence of which had gravely affected her. On my return I had received her reproaches, for it was believed that I alone was to blame in bringing the affair about. 'Why had I acted so rudely towards Arens Ringgold? And all about nothing? A trumpety Indian belle? What mattered it to me what may have been said about the girl? Likely what was said was nothing more than the truth. I should have behaved with more prudence.'

I perceived that my mother had been informed upon most of the material points connected with the affair. Of one, however, she was ignorant: she knew not who the 'trumpety Indian belle' was—she had not heard the name of Maimee. Knowing her to be ignorant of this, I listened with more calmness to the aspersive remarks.

For all that, I was somewhat excited by her reproaches, and several times upon the point of declaring to her the true cause why I had called Ringgold to an account. For certain reasons I forbore. My mother would not have believed me.

As for Ringgold himself, I ascertained that a great change in his fortunes had lately taken place. His father was dead—had died in a fit of passion, whilst in the act of chastising one of his slaves. A blood-vessel had burst, and he had fallen, as if by a judgment of God.

Arens, the only son, was now master of his vast, ill-gotten wealth—a plantation with some three hundred slaves upon it; and it was said that this had only made him more avaricious than ever.

His aim was—as it had been that of the older Ringgold—to become owner of everybody and everything around him—a grand money-despot. The son was a fit successor to the father.

He had played the invalid for a while—carrying his arm in a sling—and, as people said, not a little vain of having been engaged in a duel. Those who understood how that affair had terminated, thought he had little reason to be proud of it.

It seemed the hostility between him and myself had brought about no change in his relations with our family. I learned that he had been a constant

visitor at the house; and the world still believed him the accepted suitor of Virginia. Moreover, since his late accession to wealth and power, he had grown more than ever a favourite with my ambitious mother. I learned all this with regret.

The old home appeared to have undergone a change. There was not the same warmth of affection as of yore. I missed my kind, noble father. My mother at times appeared cold and distant, as if she believed me undutiful. My uncle was her brother, and like her in everything; even my fond sister seemed for the moment estranged.

I began to feel as a stranger in my own house, and, feeling so, stayed but little at home. Most of the day was I abroad, with Gallagher as my companion. Of course, my friend remained our guest during our stay on the Suwanee.

Our time was occupied, partly with the duties upon which we had been commanded, and partly in following the amusement of the chase. Of deer-hunting and fox-running we had an abundance; but I did not enjoy it as formerly; neither did my companion—ardent sportsman though he was—seem to take the delight in it which he had anticipated.

Our military duties were by no means of an arduous nature, and were usually over before noon. Our orders had been, not so much to recruit volunteers as to superintend the organisation of those already raised; and 'muster them into service.' A corps had already advanced some length towards formation, having elected its own officers, and enrolled most of its rank and file. Our part was to inspect, instruct, and govern them.

The little church, near the centre of the settlement, was the head-quarters of the corps; and there the drill was daily carried on.

The men were mostly of the poorer class of white settlers—small renting planters—and squatters who dwelt along the swamp-edges, and who managed to eke out a precarious subsistence partly by the use of their axes, and partly from the product of their rifles. The old hunter Hickman was among the number; and what did not much surprise me, I found the worthies Spence and Williams enrolled in the corps. Upon these scamps I was determined to keep a watchful eye, and hold them at a wary distance.

Many of the privates were men of a higher class—for the common danger had called all kinds into the field.

The officers were usually planters of wealth and influence; though there were some who, from the democratic influence of elections, were but ill qualified to wear epaulettes.

Many of these gentlemen bore far higher official titles than either Gallagher or myself. Colonels and majors appeared to be almost as numerous as privates. But for all this, they did not demur to our exercising authority over them. In actual war-time, it is not uncommon for a lieutenant of the 'line,' or the lowest subaltern of the regular army, to be placed in command of a full colonel of militia or volunteers!

Here and there was an odd character, who perhaps, in earlier life, had 'broken down' at West Point, or had gone through a month of campaigning service in the Creek wars under 'Old Hickory.' These, fancying themselves *au fait* in the military art, were not so pleasant to deal with; and at times it required all Gallagher's determined firmness to convince them that he was commander-in-chief upon the Suwanee.

My friend's reputation as a 'fire-eater' which had preceded him, had as much weight in confirming his authority as the commission which he brought with him from 'head-quarters.'

Upon the whole, we got along smoothly enough with these gentlemen—most of whom seemed desirous of learning their duty, and submitted to our instructions with cheerfulness.

There was no lack of champagne, brandy, and cigars. The neighbouring planters were hospitable; and had my friend or myself been inclined towards dissipation, we could not have been established in better quarters for indulging the propensity.

To this, however, neither of us gave way; and our moderation no doubt caused us to be held in higher esteem, even among the hard drinkers by whom we were surrounded.

Our new life was by no means disagreeable; and but for the unpleasantness that had arisen at home, I could have felt for the time contented and happy.

At home—at home—there was the canker: it appeared no longer a home.

CHAPTER LXI.

MYSTERIOUS CHANGES.

Not many days had elapsed before I observed a sudden change in the conduct of Gallagher; not towards myself, or my mother, but in his manner towards Virginia.

It was the day after I had held the conversation with her, that I first noticed this. I noticed at the same time that her manner towards him was equally altered.

The somewhat frosty politeness that had hitherto been observed between them, appeared to have suddenly thawed, and their old genial friendship to become re-established on its former footing.

They now played, and sang, and laughed together, and read, and chattered nonsense, as they had been used to do in times past.

'Ah!' thought I, 'it is easy for him to forget; he is but a friend, and, of course, cannot have the feelings of a brother. Little matters it to him what may be her secret relations, or with whom. What need he care about her improprieties? She is good company, and her winning way has beguiled him from dwelling upon that suspicion, which he must have entertained as well as myself. He has either forgotten, forgiven, or else found some explanation of her conduct that seems to satisfy him. At all events, I appear to have lost his sympathy, while she has regained his confidence and friendship.'

I was at first astonished at this new phase in the relations of our family circle—afterwards puzzled by it.

I was too proud and piqued to ask Gallagher for an explanation; and, as he did not volunteer to give one, I was compelled to abide in ignorance.

I perceived that my mother also regarded this altered behaviour with surprise, and also with a feeling of a somewhat different kind—suspicion.

I could guess the reason of this. She fancied that they were growing too fond of each other—that, notwithstanding he had no fortune but his pay-roll, Virginia might fancy the dashing soldier for a husband.

Of course my mother, having already formed designs as to the disposal of her daughter, could not calmly contemplate such a destiny as this. It was natural enough, then, she should look with a jealous eye upon the gay confidence that had been established between them.

I should have been glad if I could have shared my mother's suspicions; happy if my sister had but fixed her affections there. My friend would have been welcome to call me brother. Fortuneless though he might be, I should have made no opposition to that alliance.

But it never entered my thoughts that there was aught between the two but the old rollicking friendship; and love acts not in that style. So far as Captain Gallagher was concerned, I could have given my mother assurance that would have quieted her fears.

And yet to a stranger they might have appeared as lovers—almost to any one except myself. They were together half the day and half the night: they rode together into the woods, and were sometimes absent for hours at a time. I perceived that my comrade began to care little for my company, and daily less. Stranger still, the chase no longer delighted him! As for duty, this he sadly neglected, and had not the 'lieutenant' been on the ground, I fear the 'corps' would have stood little chance of instruction.

As days passed on, I fancied that Gallagher began to relapse into a more sober method. He certainly seemed more thoughtful. This was when my sister was out of sight. It was not the air he had worn after our arrival—but very different.

It certainly resembled the bearing of a man in love. He would start on hearing my sister's voice from without—his ear was quick to catch every word from her, and his eyes expressed delight whenever she came into the room. Once or twice, I saw him gazing at her with an expression upon his countenance that betokened more than friendship.

My old suspicions began to return to me. After all, he *might* be in love with Virginia?

Certainly, she was fair enough to impress the heart even of this adamant soldier. Gallagher was no lady's man—had never been known to seek conquests over the sex—in fact, felt some awkwardness in their company. My sister seemed the only one before whom he could converse with fluency or freedom.

Notwithstanding, and after all, he *might* be in love?

I should have been pleased to know it, could I only have insured him a reciprocity of his passion; but alas! that was not in my power.

I wondered whether she ever thought of him as a lover; but no—she could not—not if she was thinking of—

And yet her behaviour towards him was at times of such a character, that a stranger to her eccentricities would have fancied she loved him. Even I was mystified by her actions. She either had some feeling for him, beyond that of mere friendship, or made show of it. If he loved her, and she knew it, then her conduct was cruel in the extreme.

I indulged in such speculations, though only when I could not restrain myself from dwelling upon them. They were unpleasant; at times even painful.

I lived in a maze of doubt, puzzled and perplexed at what was passing around me; but at this time there turned up a new chapter in our family history, that, in point of mystery, eclipsed all the others. A piece of information reached me, that, if true, must sweep all these new-sprung theories out of my mind.

I learned that my sister was *in love with* *Arens Ringgold*—in other words, that she was 'listening to his addresses!'

CHAPTER LVII.

MY INFORMANT.

This I had upon the authority of my faithful servant, Black Jake. Upon almost any other testimony, I should have been incredulous; but his was unimpeachable. Negro as he was, his perceptions were keen enough; while his earnestness proved that he believed what he said. He had reasons, and gave them.

I received the strange intelligence in this wise:

I was seated by the bathing-pond, alone, busied with a book, when I heard Jake's familiar voice pronouncing my name: 'Masser George.'

'Well, Jake?' I responded, without withdrawing my eyes from the page.

'Ise wanted all da mornin' to git you 'lose by yarsself; Ise want to hab a keetle bit ob a convassation, Masser George.'

The solemn tone, so unusual in the voice of Jake,

awoke my attention. Mechanically closing the book, I looked up in his face: it was solemn as his speech.

'A conversation with me, Jake?'

'Ye, massr—dat am if you isn't ingage?'

'Oh, by no means, Jake. Go on: let me hear what you have to say.'

'Poor fellow!' thought I—'he has his sorrows too. Some complaint about Viola. The wicked coquette is torturing him with jealousy; but what can I do? I cannot make her love him—no. "One man may lead a horse to the water, but forty can't make him drink." No; the little jade will act as she pleases, in spite of any remonstrance on my part. Well, Jake?'

'Wa, Massr George, I doant meself like to intafere in tha 'fairs ob da family—daant I doant; but ye see, massr, things am a gwine all wrong—all wrong, by Golly!'

'In what respect?'

'Ah, massr, dat young lady—data young lady.'

Polite of Jake to call Viola a young lady.

'You think she is deceiving you?'

'More dan me, Massr George—more dan me.'

'What a wicked girl! But, perhaps, Jake, you only fancy these things? Have you had any proofs of her being unfaithful? Is there any one in particular who is now paying her attentions?'

'Yes, massr; berry partickler—nebber so partickler before—nebber.'

'A white man?'

'Gorramighty, Massr George!' exclaimed Jake, in a tone of surprise; 'you do talk kewrious: ob coorse it am a white man. No odder dan a white man dar shew 'tention to tha young lady.'

I could not help smiling. Considering Jake's own complexion, he appeared to hold very exalted views of the unapproachableness of his charmer by those of her own race. I had once heard him boast that he was the 'only man ob colour dat could shine *thin*.' It was a white man, then, who was making his misery.

'Who is he, Jake?' I inquired.

'Ah, massr, he am dat ar villain debbil, Arums Ringgold!'

'What! Arens Ringgold?—he making love to Viola?'

'Viola! Gorramighty, Massr George!' exclaimed the black, staring till his eyes shewed only the whites—'Viola! Gorramighty, I nebber say Viola!—nebber!'

'Of whom, then, are you speaking?'

'O massr, did I not say da young lady? dat am tha young missa—Missa Vaginnny.'

'Oh! my sister you mean. Poh, poh! Jake. That is an old story. Arens Ringgold has been paying his addresses to my sister for many years; but with no chance of success. You needn't trouble yourself about that, my faithful friend; there is no danger of their getting married. She doesn't like him, Jake—I wonder who does or could—and even if she did, I would not permit it. But there's no fear, so you may make your mind easy on that score.'

My harangue seemed not to satisfy the black. He stood scratching his head, as if he had something more to communicate. I waited for him to speak.

'Scoose me, Massr George, for da freedom, but dar you make mighty big mistake. It am true dar war a time when Missa Vaginnny she no care for dat ar snake in da grass. But de times am change: him father—da ole thief—he am gone to tha udda world; tha young un he now rich—he big planter—tha biggest on da ribber: ole missa she 'courage him come see Missa Vaginnny—'cause he rich, he good spec.'

'I know all that, Jake: my mother always wished it; but that signifies nothing—my sister is a little self-willed, and will be certain to have her own way. There is no fear of her giving her consent to marry Arens Ringgold.'

'Scoose me, Massr George, 'scoose me 'gain—I tell you, massr, you make mistake: she a'most consent now.'

'Why, what has put this notion into your head, my good fellow?'

'Viola, massr. Dat ere quadroon tell me all.'

'So, you are friends with Viola again?'

'Ye, Massr George, we good friend as ebber. T'war only my s'picion—I war wrong. She good gal—she true as de rifle. No more s'picion o' her, on de part ob Jake—no.'

'I am glad of that. But pray, what has she told you about Arens Ringgold and my sister?'

'She tell me all: she see somethin' ebbery day.'

'Every day! Why, it is many days since Arens Ringgold has visited here?'

'No, massr; dar you am mistake 'gain: Mass Arums he come to da house ebbery day—a'most ebbery day.'

'Nonsense; I never saw him here. I never heard of his having been, since my return from the fort.'

'But him hab been, for all dat, massr; I sec 'im meself. He come when you gone out. He be here when we goes a huntin'. I see um come yest'day, when you an' Mass Garger war away to tha volunteers—dat he war sat'n.'

'You astonish me.'

'Dat's not all, massr. Viola she say dat Missa Vaginnny she 'have diffrent from what she used to: he talk love; she not angry no more; she listen to him talk. Oh, Massr George, Viola think she give her consent t' marry him: dat would be dreadful thing—berry, berry dreadful.'

'Jake,' said I, 'listen to me. You will stay by the house when I am absent. You will take note of every one who comes and goes; and whenever Arens Ringgold makes his appearance on a visit to the family, you will come for me as fast as horse can carry you.'

'Gollies! dat I will, Massr George: you nebber fear, I come fass enuff—like a streak ob de greased lightnin'.'

And with this promise, the black left me.

With all my disposition to be incredulous, I could not disregard the information thus imparted to me. Beyond doubt, there was truth in it. The black was too faithful to think of deceiving me, and too astute to be himself deceived. Viola had rare opportunities for observing all that passed within our family circle; and what motive could she have for inventing a tale like this?

Besides Jake had himself seen Ringgold on visits—of which I had never been informed. This confirmed the other—confirmed all.

What was I to make of it? Three who appear as lovers—the chief, Gallagher, Arens Ringgold! Has she grown wicked, abandoned, and is coquetting with all the world?

Can she have a thought of Ringgold? No—it is not possible. I could understand her having an affection for the soldier—a romantic passion for the brave and certainly handsome chief; but for Arens Ringgold—a squeaking, conceited snob, with nought but riches to recommend him—this appeared utterly improbable.

Of course, the influence was my mother's; but never before had I entertained a thought that Virginia would yield. If Viola spoke the truth, she had yielded, or was yielding.

'Ah, mother, mother! little knowest thou the fiend you would introduce to your home, and cherish as your child.'

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SIR.

It is doubtful whether there be another monosyllable in the language which admits of such delicate distinctions as that most common one which heads this paper—Sir. Not the trembling 'No' of the bashful maiden, whose command of verbal inflection is so perfect that she makes it to fill the place of 'Yes,' could be more significant: not the emphatic 'There' of the dined alderman, who pushes his last plate an inch or two from his encroaching stomach with a satisfied sigh, and a comfortable and firm belief in his own mind that he has, in the highest and noblest sense, said Grace: not the 'Well?' of the rival conversationalist, interrogatively fitted in at the conclusion of your very best narration, as though the point were yet to come: not the facile 'Ah!' of the debt-hardened borrower, when he is reminded of the little account which, with the utmost delicacy, you have forborne to speak of until it has almost run clean out of sight for ever underneath the statute of limitations: not the 'Bah!' of the attorney, so different from the same expression in the mouth of the innocent wearers of his sheepskins, when you inadvertently let fall some moral axiom or some tender sentiment, forgetting in whose presence you stand: not even the 'Chur-r-r-ch, Chur-r-r-ch' of the Hyde Park democracy, when they flung, some months ago, that elongated monosyllable, with so great distinctness of meaning, at the titled Sabbath-breakers and miserable sinners of 'carriage-people' in the Ring; nothing equally brief had ever such variety of meaning as this 'Sir.'

Even in writing, and when it stands apart and unrelieved by 'My dear,' or 'Dear,' it has a certain unpleasant significance. It shews that the writer has no acquaintance, and far less friendship with the person he addresses; that, for certain, he does not know anything about him, and that, in all probability, he does not care. There is not only a stiffness and reserve, but an absolute antagonism in a 'Sir' of this sort. It is more than possible that it may be followed by, 'As the legal advisers of Messrs Harpy,' &c., and that the whole may be concluded—like an unprepossessing scorpion, whose worst has yet to come in the tail of it—by the signature of a legal firm. One has, in this case, to write back 'Gentlemen,' too, in return for it, which, it may be, is as tremendous a sacrifice of truth as of inclination. The editor of the *Moral Lever*—by no means the talented Irish novelist of that name—begins with the 'Sir'-indignant, when he writes that he is in truth astonished at his once esteemed contributor requiring compensation in dross for that blessed privilege of elevating the masses

which has been afforded to him by the publication of his article; and the once esteemed contributor has made previous use of it, apologetically, in demanding modestly to know whether the *Lever* was accustomed to balance its accounts at the end of every six months or of a year.

This 'Sir' epistolary may be the herald of a compulsory marriage (when it emanates, for instance, from one of the big brothers of the three Miss Malonies, denominated, for certain reasons, 'Plague, Pestilence, and Famine'); of unexpected offspring of a doubtful paternity; of death, itself, even—provided, at least, that there is no property bequeathed to us, in which case we may be sure it would become 'My dear Sir,' or 'My very dear Sir,' in proportion to the sum; but it is never by any chance the harbinger of anything satisfactory, except perhaps in the extremely mitigated form of a receipt for the second payment of a disputed bill. 'Sir' never asks you to dinner, nor even pays you a compliment, except of the most artificial character, such as that of representing somebody as your most obedient and humble servant, who, if not an utter stranger, is a foe determined upon your ruin. 'Sir' is the dogged submission which the most savage hand is compelled to pay to the law of civilisation, the transparent veil through which it strikes with undiminished power. The only social invitation which it ever heralds is that which belongs to the duello, the pressing summons to 'pistols for two in the sawpit,' or other unfrequented meeting-place; nor has it anything to do with love, except at the extreme fag-end of it, when it sometimes announces Cupid's death and the birth of mammon coincidentally, in the notice of action for breach of promise of marriage. It is the sign that the chain of friendship is broken, and that the remaining life-links which connect us and the writer must needs be formed of a far baser metal. Indeed, the only sort of excellence which the 'Sir' epistolary possesses, is of a decidedly negative character; it does not, as far as we are aware, form part of the formula of a writ.

The 'Sir' colloquial, on the other hand, may be urbane and graceful enough; the tongue can express by inflection what it is not in the power of the pen through the same term to convey. A trivial and common-place remark of ours—for we do make such things on rare occasions, and at very long intervals—to a fellow-traveller in a railway-carriage, has been sometimes replied to by this little word, in a manner (before our marriage, that is) which has set our heart beating, and our cheeks aflame; our youth and beauty were remarkable at one period, and we have

now and then been forcibly recalled to a sense of them by the silvery softness of this monosyllable 'Sir,' expressed with all the admiring modesty of sweet seventeen. What a totally different significance has the very same word in the mouth of our friend, Bullion of the Exchange!—Bullion, who sits opposite to us in church, and annoys us by his condescension and assumption of supercelestial dignity—Bullion, whom one wonders the clergyman does not rebuke from the pulpit, saying: 'Miserable sinner, behave yourself as such,' instead of giving a piece of his mind to the charity-boy asleep in the aisle, who does not want it. You should hear his 'Sir' in a railway-carriage. Ask him what's o'clock, offer him a newspaper, tread upon his gouty toe, (bore him, be polite to him, or insult him, the result will be all the same,) and if he does not happen to know that you also are a very rich man indeed, what a terrible monosyllable he will make of it! 'Do you know to whom you are addressing yourself?' 'Confound your impertinence!' and 'Who in the name of all first-class passengers may you be?' are all implied in his enunciation of 'Sir!'

Alone, this word is absolute and of the greatest consequence, like any rich bachelor uncle; like him, too, married to another, it loses all importance, and becomes of quite fifth-rate account. The snarling 'Yessir,' the mendacious 'Comingsir,' of the hotel waiter, express only respect with the chill off, and very little even of that. The 'By-your-leave-sir' of the luggage-porter, so far from being a homage to your rank and character, is the prologue, and sometimes even the epilogue, to your being run over by a cast-iron truck. The 'What, Sir!' 'Me, Sir?' of offended dignity, instead of being relieved and palliated by this respectful monosyllable, is sharpened and rendered all the more ferocious by it; while the phrase 'You, Sir,' possesses all the sombre significance of the ancient 'Sirrah,' and is commonest in the mouth of the angry pedagogue, with cane in hand. Lastly, what a world of meaning, deep and wide, is conveyed by the 'Sir' oratorical! While it appears to refer solely to some august personage in a wig and other superfluities, who may happen for the nonce to be the Speaker of the House of Commons, it in reality typifies the whole civilised world, and sometimes (when an honourable member gets impassioned) even the starry firmament in addition. Heaven itself is called to witness to the shameful treatment of the independent electors of Ballyblarney, to their having been serched under the harrow of the Saxon, by the aid of this unconscious 'Sirrh-rh-rh.' By 'Sir-r-r,' too, a treacherous and perfidious government is warned that, though it may not be placed in an ignominious minority *that night*, a day *will* come when the vials of wrath will be poured out upon it, and when not a place above the value of two thousand a year will be left among its dissipated atoms; and, by the same word, a factious opposition is solemnly advised, as by the still small voice of conscience itself, to cease to assist by their unscrupulous and obstructive policy, the foreign invader and the domestic anarchist. By this, too, the country is informed, amidst tumultuous cheering, that its state of prosperity is unexampled, and its present height of social happiness the greatest which it has ever yet attained; and, by this, it is adjured to hesitate, amidst tumultuous cheering likewise, lest the small end of the wedge be introduced, and the flag which for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze be hoisted half-mast high, because England's glory has set. It is indeed the unalterable opinion of the

writer of this paper that, should this term of 'Sir' be eliminated from our language, the destruction of the constitution would follow as a matter of course.

THE PURGATORY OF PRISONERS.

THERE is a class of men in the world the fundamental doctrine of whose gloomy creed appears to be disbelief in social progress. The ray of new light in which more cheerful temperaments are rejoicing, serves for them only to deepen the shadow. Their vocation is to state and re-state each social problem, and to ignore or denounce all attempts at its solution. When the philanthropist talks of decrease in the amount of evil, they suspect mere variety of development: the change, they say, is but in kind, the degree is as high as heretofore. Let an enterprise be ever so noble in its aim, no throb of sanguine sympathy prevents them from coolly calculating the retarding force which will, they maintain, in a given time, check its impetus, and diminish its results. Talk to them of preventive or reformatory measures, they answer you with a shrug and a sigh. 'Once bad, always bad' is a dogma of minds of this desponding cast. Yet, since facts are stubborn things, we should like to put into the hands of such men certain treatises on Irish convict-prisons at this moment before us. We think they would find it difficult to deny that these report a very remarkable amount of success in solving one of the vital questions the Sphinx of our times keeps putting to society, and which society must reply to properly, or woe betide it!—the question, namely, What is to be done with our criminal population? Or, rather, since in theory it is universally allowed that criminals are to be deterred by punishment, and reformed by discipline, the Sphinx's present question may be more correctly stated thus: 'In what manner do you propose to set about deterring and reforming?'

To this the papers before us return a most satisfactory answer. They tell us what has actually been accomplished by the system pursued in Ireland for the last year and a half—no very lengthened period, it is true, yet amply sufficient to prove the soundness of the principle on which the system is based, and the excellence of the machinery by which it is worked. Its distinctive feature consists of its intermediate prisons—'places of purgatorial purification,' to use the language of one of their advocates; 'filterers between the prisons and the public,' according to the metaphor of another—in which, the penal stage past, the prisoner becomes subjected not only to additional reformatory influences, but to actual probation; and this, it is obvious, must act favourably both on the man himself, and on the public feeling concerning him, by fitting him to return to the duties of the free, and affording evidence of his power to perform them, by restoring his self-respect, and giving him a claim to the respect of others. We now proceed to give an account of the present plan of Irish convict-management, contrasting it, first of all, with that which it happily replaces.

'It's always the darkest the hour before day,' prettily says the Irish proverb. 'When things are at the worst, they mend,' according to our more prosaic way of stating the same truth.

In 1853, Captain Crofton was authorised to inquire into the state of Irish convict-prisons, and here is his account of them, given in a year after: 'It was as deplorable as it is possible to conceive—the prisoners were morally and physically prostrate. There was a want of the element of hope in them, of education, and of everything else one would wish to find. The prisons were overcrowded in a very great degree.' After hearing this, we are prepared to find that Irish prisoners were an intolerable nuisance to the colonies.

From Western Australia, the governor writes to deprecate their being sent out with tickets of licence, suggesting—with some prevision of the present system—'twelve months' rigid control to train them into fitness for relative liberty.' The same gentleman goes on to remark, as 'a noticeable feature in the idiosyncrasy of the Irish prisoners, that they evince a singular inaptitude to comprehend the nature of moral agencies, or to be affected by them.' Again, he speaks of six hundred of these men as 'lost to every impulse of independent thought or action, debilitated, diseased, indolent, and noticeably ill-trained.' Such, then, was the raw material with which the new system has had to deal, such was the desperate case which called for prompt and radical remedy.

The Irish Prisons Act of Parliament having passed August 7, 1854, the first step taken was to do away with the overcrowding of the jails. The best conducted prisoners were, according to a suggestion of the lord-lieutenant, Lord St Germain, recommended for discharge; a hundred warders were sent away; every schoolmaster save one dismissed; many of the superior officers superannuated; and the prisons reduced to comparative order. 'We then,' continues Captain Crofton, 'followed out the English system with regard to public works, establishing gratuities, to give convicts the element of hope, and to induce them to conduct themselves steadily.'

The element of hope! In these words lie the strength of the whole beneficent scheme, and the secret of its success. There are certain impossibilities which people either never attempted, or have long left off attempting. Armaments, Herodotus tells us, were once fitted out against the south wind; but, taught in that case by experience, people gave up such expeditions pretty soon. Plants are not expected to grow gorgeous-hued deprived of sunlight, nor animals to qualify for the prize-show on other than a nutritive diet; but characters have been expected to soften under heart-hardening treatment, to grow moral through demoralising association, to strive hard with no definite end in view, to improve without the soul's vital breath—without the element of hope. There were better prospects of beating back the south wind! Now, then, with this bright ray of light thrown on the subject, this element of hope conceded henceforth to convicts—hope of more than mere liberation, mere freedom to fall again into crime—we pass over the next step taken by the prison reformers, the separation of juvenile from adult offenders, because this is a measure universally adopted in theory, at all events, and not distinctive of the Irish system.

The present career of the Irish convict may be said to consist of three stages, of which the first may be characterised as specially penal; the second, reformatory; the third, probational. A convict on coming under the control of the board goes first to the cellular jail called Mountjoy. Here he is placed day and night in strict separation from his fellows; 'except in chapel, the exercise-ground, and the school-room,' where, of course, all conversation is prohibited. In this almost absolute seclusion, alone with bitter and unholy memories, full of regret or remorse for his former career, we can well believe that the chaplain's ministrations are 'all-important;' and for a time this discipline approves itself as 'most wholesome,' drawing as it does 'a broad line of demarcation between the past and the future, subduing and almost invariably leading to a change of sentiment.' But as Mr Cooney, one of the Mountjoy chaplains, wisely remarks: 'It is vain to expect that religion can exercise this absorbing influence for a very long period. These poor men are not called by God to a contemplative life, and hence their minds soon require to be relieved by their occupations.' Mr Cooney further recommends that, after the lapse of two or three months, these

occupations should be such as would employ the convict busily and pleasantly.

Supposing the prisoner to have behaved well, this stage ends at the end of nine months. From the very first, the convict's 'fate is placed in his own hands,' and thus a fresh start in life, so to speak, is afforded him. Inside these walls, at least, he may begin well. He is made to feel that he has prospects dependent upon his present conduct, and not irremediably clogged with the burden of his past.

His next move is to Spike Island, a fortified station in the Cove of Cork. Here things begin to brighten—'though hard at work all day at the repair and enlargement of the military works, and shut up at night in the cellular divisions of a barrack,' he may exchange words with his comrades, and then his is now outdoor work—he sees the sky, the flight of the clouds, the burst of sunshine, the play of the waves around his ocean-prison, and though perhaps it were too much to say of one whose taste for the beautiful has been so little cultured, that

The common air, the earth, the skies
To him are opening Paradise;

yet, after nine months' experience of the gloomy cell, the fresh free breeze and the associated labour must necessarily have an exhilarating influence on body and mind. The man has gained a step; his self-respect revives; and that blessed germ of hope he took with him into the Mountjoy cell, puts forth green shoots now, and will blossom by and by. At Spike Island he is employed according to his abilities, in outdoor work. If his be an indoor trade, he is sent to another prison, Philipstown, forty miles from Dublin. In both places alike, his privileges and means of improvement are extended. 'The schoolmaster becomes a lecturer, also adapting his subjects to the wants, capacities, and tastes of his hearers,' turning their attention to the colonies, the goal of their general ambition, and enforcing moral truths in a popular manner. The prisoner has also now gained the power of earning by industry and good conduct certain gratuities, small enough at first, but which increase with continued good conduct; while, on the other hand, men that misconduct themselves forfeit all claim to gratuities.

'If change of station were possible at every step of the convict's progress,' remarks Mr Hill, in his most interesting paper on this subject, read at the late Birmingham meeting for the promotion of social science—'some advantages would be gained; but this is impossible. The board has therefore devised subsidiary stages and classes.' The prisoner entering always in the third, may be promoted to the second at periods of two, three, or four months, according as his conduct has been exemplary, very good, good, or indifferent. 'With regard to prisoners in the second class, the minimum of time before they reach the first is six months, the maximum is undefined.' (Always we see the prisoner's fate is in his own hands.)

Once in the first class, blameless behaviour for a year qualifies for the last stage—transference to the Forts, to Lusk, or to Smithfield, according to circumstances. The artisan goes to Smithfield, the agricultural labourer to Lusk, the mechanic to Forts Camden and Carlisle in Cork Harbour. In each of these, 'the numbers are restricted to one hundred, in order that individualisation may be brought to bear upon the inmates, and a measure of voluntary action permitted to all.' The prisoner has now arrived at the intermediate or probationary stage, which, as we have before stated, is the distinctive feature of the Irish system. Here 'nearly all connection with prison-life is suspended;' the dress is that of the ordinary workman; the hair is free to grow; the man is fast shaking off his degrading antecedents. 'New objects, new aspirations, new desires, are to be cultivated.' The

divine model of forgiveness being kept in view, and reverently followed, none of his former offences are any more remembered against him. He is treated with respect; his honour is appealed to and confided in, and an *esprit de corps* enlisted on the side of the institution; he learns to care for its honour too. At the same time, here, where so much is given, much also is required. 'The prisoner is subject to very strict supervision, and holds his post under arduous responsibility.' Idleness infallibly leads to a return to Spike Island, and is indeed the most frequent cause of such a retrograde step. 'The man who proves himself unworthy of partially restrained liberty, is considered unfit for the greater liberty of ticket of licence, still more so for unconditional discharge.' In short, this stage is eminently a probationary one. Men have scope here for the exercise of self-denial, being now, in addition to their gratuities, entitled to a small portion of their own earnings, out of which they may draw sixpence weekly, to be spent as they will, with the one merciful exception of all intoxicating drinks whatever. Sometimes the prisoner goes on adding this weekly sixpence to his little fund, not only increasing it, but strengthening himself in the grand attainment—for which, by the way, we sadly want a name—of *going without*. Or should he invest the sum judiciously, it is still well. If not discreetly spent, no word of disapproval is spoken, else the man might feel his right of free expenditure a mere nominal thing. However, in a case of this kind there is still something to be done by a wise and loving-hearted director. On one occasion, we are told that Captain Crofton, having found that a prisoner's sixpences had been for some months wasted on tobacco, skilfully went to work in the following manner. He began by asking the man what first brought him into trouble.

'Drink,' was the reply.

'Are you not afraid of again being decoyed into the habit of drinking when you leave this place?'

'Not at all. I have had no drink for years, and I do very well without it.'

'But you were for years without tobacco; and although you suffered at first, you discovered, after a time, that tobacco was not essential to your comfort; yet the moment you are allowed to purchase it, you do so. How can you be sure that, as you have not been able to resist tobacco, you will be able to resist drink when you have the power of obtaining it?'

The man thought these words over, the tobacco entries gradually but steadily decreased; in six weeks, the victory was won!

Again, the honesty of intermediate men is tried as well as their self-denial. They are sent out on errands, trusted with money by the authorities, and, what is more remarkable, implicitly trusted by their comrades. We have two pleasant anecdotes given us in illustration of this. A certain Patrick O'Hagan goes out one day with about fifteen shillings in his pocket, and all manner of small commissions to execute for his neighbours. When he returned, delivered his parcels, and counted up his money, he found to his dismay that a sixpence was wanting. But no one suspected him; his fellow-convicts were quite sure that some mistake had been made, or the money lost—nothing worse. The following morning, another prisoner, in sweeping the yard, found the missing coin. On another occasion, a man at the Cork Forts mislaid the considerable sum of four shillings. He, too, was totally without suspicion of those around him; he firmly believed the money lost, not taken. The event proved—we are not told how—that he had been quite right in this charitable conclusion.

At these intermediate prisons, mental culture is carefully attended to. At Smithfield, the prisoners are fortunate in possessing for their schoolmaster and

lecturer one of those remarkable men, endowed with a natural ascendancy over their fellows, who seem raised up at the beginning of every reformatory measure to give it the impetus it needs to be set fairly in motion. Could a succession of such men be insured, what results might not be expected! This indefatigable Mr Organ, friend, teacher—guardian angel, one might say—'possesses the gift of captivating the hearts while cultivating the minds of his pupils; nor does his kind tutelage come to an end on their enlargement. So far as it is possible, he watches over them, even when they are far away. His successful labours have attracted the attention of the lord-lieutenant, who not seldom joins the audience at the evening lectures, and takes part in questioning the men.' The favourite subject of inquiry among the pupils is, we find, emigration; but elementary science and the principles of political economy are practically taught and applied. But special mental culture by no means occupies an undue portion of the intermediate man's day. Its routine is as follows: Preparation for day's work and prayer, 1½ hours; meals and exercise, 2½ hours; lectures and study, 3¼ hours; labour, 9¼ hours; sleep, 8 hours.

Turning to the other establishments of the kind, we meet with the same system of management. Here, however, the exemplary convicts are located by fifties in 'corrugated iron huts, lined with wood,' experience proving these to be very comfortable habitations. Obviously, however, they lack the security of the permanent prison, and are therefore only fit for men amenable to moral restraint. But for intermediate men, with 'their fate in their own hands,' and a character to support, it would be the worst policy in the world to desert. 'Accordingly, convicts with two years of their sentence still to run, are working unrestrainedly at Lusk, draining the common, leveling, building, &c.' And out of the total of nearly 900 prisoners, under the surveillance of one superintendent, one schoolmaster, and six warders to each hundred, only one attempt to escape has been made during the eighteen months for which the system has been at work.

We come now to its results upon the public mind. Great difference of opinion, we are all aware, prevails in England respecting the success of the ticket-of-leave system; but every one is agreed that the main difficulty in the way of its working is that of obtaining employment for the ticket-holders. The many feel that the whole scheme is but 'an engine for turning felons loose to prey on society.' Accordingly, society shudders. As the *Times* once remarked: 'The position of ticket-of-leave men is most pitiable, nor, unless some means exist of obtaining back for them that which they have lost—namely, character—is there much chance that it will ever receive any sensible amelioration.' As things are, how can we wonder at society, which instinctively feels that the prison test of conduct, still more of character, is wholly unsatisfactory and inadequate, and that whatever chaplain and prison-officers may think of the prisoner, the chances are that he will very probably return to his old ways as soon as free agency is restored. Colonel Jebb gives utterance to a very prevalent popular impression when he says: 'I wish it were possible to give greater weight to the opinions of the chaplains as to the religious state of the men.' On the other hand, if society be naturally shy of the ticket-of-leave man, how natural that he should again fall into offences against society! He has had no opportunity of testing his own principles or regaining his own respect, and his nature is imbibed by feeling himself an object of suspicion and contempt to those around him. Under these circumstances, it is matter of surprise that the percentage of recommitment for fresh offences is not greater than we find it to be.

Now, in Ireland, we have it upon the authority of Mr Hill that the demand for the services of discharged prisoners exceeds the supply, and that the average of wages which these men can command is at least ten shillings a week. So adequate does the public consider the 'filtering process' of the intermediate establishments.

The next question that suggests itself is this: 'Have the men thus welcomed into employment proved themselves worthy of it?' This question is answered by the fact, that though slight irregularities are always noticed, and 'the terms of the licence most strictly enforced,' revocations of these licences amount to little more than 3 per cent.

With reference to the five hundred men absolutely discharged, it is, of course, impossible to speak with equal precision. We rejoice to be told that 'large numbers of these still continue in correspondence with the authorities,' and that 'scores of these letters are to be seen at the institutions;' but special supervision by the police being impossible in their case, there is no other than negative evidence to be had respecting them. The chairman, however, considers that recommitments from among this class do not exceed 10 per cent.

So much for the highest success—the reformation of the criminal; and now for the economical side of the question. 'The statistics of the expense,' says the Rev. Orby Shipley, one of its most fervent advocates, 'will be as palatable to the rate-payer, as the moral results to the Christian. . . . The agricultural colonies are self-supporting; the trade departments can be made so.' One of the wise economies adopted is the appointing tradesmen as warders in the latter, and qualified foremen of the works in the former case. It is found that, under a proper system of discipline, the labour of a hundred men, no longer given grudgingly and of necessity, but hopeful energetic labour, with eventual liberty for its reward, is amply sufficient to pay all their needful expenses, including more liberal salaries to a superior class of prison-officers. The return given by Captain Crofton in his Annual Report, actually proves that a large balance in favour of the public may be expected from the labour of intermediate prisoners applied to public works, such as 'harbours of refuge and coast-defences,' such works, in short, as Adam Smith pronounces it the duty of a sovereign to 'erect and maintain'—works 'which, though they may be in the highest degree advantageous to a great society, are, however, of such a nature as that the profit could never repay the expense, and which it cannot therefore be expected that any individual should erect and maintain.' Such works as these will be greatly facilitated by the recent adoption of iron huts, which, inexpensive in themselves, preclude the heavy cost of permanent prison-building, and render it an easy matter to transfer selected convicts from station to station, according as their labour is required.

We have left ourselves but little space to glance at prisons and refuges for female convicts. The system pursued in these is the same in principle, but there are necessarily peculiar difficulties in its way. The fragile texture of a woman's character is more seriously warped and ravelled by crime than that of man is found to be. Her excitable, irritable temperament renders her more incapable of passing through the penal stage without danger to mental and physical health. Again, she has not the outdoor work so favourable to the strength and spirits of the men, so pleasantly and cheerfully diversifying their reformational period. Refugees must, in the case of women, supply the only 'filtering process' possible. We rejoice that such are increasing in Ireland, and that the results of three now in operation are highly satisfactory. It is but justice to say that the devotion of

their Roman Catholic sisters to this blessed mission may well provoke Protestant women to an equal measure of 'love and good works.'

There remains one dark fact to consider and provide for. While it is assumed that from seventy to seventy-five convicted prisoners may be profitably subjected to special treatment in intermediate prisons, there still remains a minority of—humanly speaking—the hopelessly irreclaimable. How little responsible these may be, we cannot know; how dangerous they are, we see, and have to provide against. These men, we are told, are easily distinguishable at an early portion of their prison career. Virtually lunatics, it is proposed that they be treated as such, 'located in special prisons, guarded by special officers, and placed at special labour.' Until lately, this class, removed from the parent country, made Norfolk Island in very truth a hell upon earth. Captain Crofton believes that the sending such men abroad never has succeeded, and never will, either as a reformatory or deterrent measure; and another high authority, M. Brœnger, has arrived at the same conclusion. One of the most important features of the new act is its authorisation of exceptional methods to be carried on at home in these exceptional cases. The length of a prisoner's sentence is no longer exclusively decided by the offence he committed outside the prison-walls, but by his conduct within them. The executive possesses 'powers of life-long incarceration for the life-long incorrigible, life-long supervision for the life-long unimpressible.' Of these, however, it is confidently and reasonably hoped that improved education and improved prison-training may materially diminish the number.

We sum up the whole system in Mr Hill's emphatic, hopeful, yet solemn reply to the long vexed question—What shall we do with our convicts? 'Keep your prisoners under sound and enlightened discipline until they are reformed—keep them, for your own sake, and for theirs. The vast majority of all who enter your prisons as criminals can be sent back into the world, after no unreasonable term of probation, honest men and useful citizens. Let the small minority remain; and if death arrive before reformation, let them remain for life.'

A 'RAREY' SIFOW.

WHEN glorious old Homer wanted an epithet with which to round off his description of a Hector or a Diomedes, he called the hero a 'horse-conqueror,' a 'tamer of steeds'—a very different association of ideas, it is true, from that of our modern hippodromos, or 'horse-breaker.' Setting aside the mere question of bone and muscle, about which no doubt much poetic licence is taken by bards in all ages, we must admit some differences as to the outer man. The glittering helmet with nodding plumes of the noble Phrygian, Priam's best and bravest son, must give place to an old battered felt, or wide-awake; the brazen plates and scales, to a greasy cast-off hunting-coat; while the seedy and blotchy 'tops' finishing off no less seedy and blotchy 'shorts,' must stand instead of the graceful yet muscular limbs and picturesque greaves of the well-booted Grecians.

Still, with all his faults, the horse-breaker is, in the eyes of our youth, a heroic man. If we have seen a great, long-legged, slapping colt gamboling at liberty for four long years in the paternal pastures, since we first patted his nice little velvety nose as a new-born foal in the paternal paddock; if we have marked his growth, and trembled with the undulations of the soil as he has rushed past us, snorting indignation and contempt at our puny attempts to pen him up in a corner with no better force than half-a-dozen school-boys like ourselves;

if this has been our previous experience in reference to 'the colt,' it cannot be but that the man who undertakes to bring this wild Bucephalus under the dominion of the saddle or collar, is, in our eyes, a great man, and no mistake. We know that there is danger to be encountered, exaggerated a thousand-fold by our boyish feelings and inexperience, and we feel that this illiterate, drunken old fellow can do something which any number of us would be quite unable to accomplish. Thus we exalt the crazy creature into the dignity of a hero; proving thereby that it is a fact intimately connected with the heroic side of man's character and history, that he has been able to subdue and render amenable to his purposes, in peace or war, this magnificent quadruped. A mature judgment would correct much of this impression, so far as it regards the personal danger attending the process; but the inveterately drunken habits of modern horse-breakers really do place their lives at times in imminent peril. There are also accidents to which even sober hippodromoi would be exposed under the present injudicious management—of which more anon—and I have myself known three generations of them in the same family 'killed off' in succession by broken necks, after fractures, bruises, and contusions innumerable had been surmounted. I suppose the experience of most persons who have lived in the country and been much 'about horses,' is somewhat similar.

It is certainly exciting to see a fine colt, such as I have introduced above, strapped up to the 'german rider' (or dumb jockey), and trotting proudly round and round in the ring. Still more so is it if, after some days' 'working him over the ground,' the old crippled horse-breaker, probably after an encouraging 'bit of lunch' in the servants' hall, thinks he will 'just see and back him a bit this afternoon.'

Up he gets on his, in our eyes, perilous eminence—Cardinal Wolsey himself was not in greater danger, we being the judges—and, after settling himself for some time, and giving little jerks of his body to let the horse know that he is *there*, the stalwart attendants lead him on a little, and then the word is given to 'let him go!'

Sometimes this all ends peaceably enough, and we boys are rather disappointed than otherwise at seeing that no serious objection is made by the colt to his new burden; but it will happen that the old dingy spurs, which look as if they were rusted into the boots, have not been laid aside for the first 'backing;' and as the 'german rider' wears no spurs, this particular arrangement is quite unknown to the pupil. If, in such circumstances, a touch of the cold steel should be inadvertently given, there may be quite enough of trouble in the wind to satisfy even a school-boy's taste for the exciting and terrible. The surprised animal will then snort and plunge in a fearful manner, and use every effort to get rid of his tormentor; in this he sometimes succeeds, to the damage of life or limb; but, more frequently, and if the ale has not been too strong, the tough muscles of the rider, long accustomed to exert their utmost tenacity in a particular direction, enable him to literally 'ride out the storm.' A struggle takes place like what we read of as occurring in the South American pampas, and goes on until the nobler animal gives way from sheer exhaustion, and exhibits a practical illustration of the old saying, 'what can't be cured, must be endured;' and although it may be months before he can be depended on, yet he does, in time submit, and put his shoulder to the collar, or yield his back to the saddle, in a wonderful manner; as shewing that, in the long-run, intellect must gain the day against mere brute force. Still the 'palm is not without dust.' While the struggle goes on, the old fellow now lurches to one side, now rolls to the

other; now he seems as if he must go off over the head of the steed, and again as if he would capsize in the opposite direction; but, as I have said, the horse's struggles exhaust only himself, and leave the victory in the hands of all-subduing man.

As regards the general practice, it is quite deplorable to think of the needless barbarity with which this breaking-in process is conducted. The poor colt is—without being familiarised even for a day to a great bar of cold iron thrust across his mouth—sharply tied up to the 'rider,' so as to excoriate his lips and gums, the result of which excoriation is a callosity quite fatal to our hopes of a good mouth, and rendering all the nuisances connected with the curb-chain indispensable; then he is incommoded with a crupper, excoriating another part; and then he is forced to go forward against opposing and painful pressures.

With a little gentle preparatory training, while young, all this could be greatly ameliorated, as I have often proved by experience. By accustoming the young animal to be handled, bitted, saddled, and led about, and avoiding high-feeding at the time of actual backing, I am satisfied that nearly all of this infliction of needless suffering can be done away with; not to speak of the saving of wear and tear of the animals themselves.

I shall never forget the regret and indignation I felt at seeing the stupid mismanagement of an old groom who was intrusted, many years ago, by a friend of mine, with the training of some very fine and valuable colts of his own breeding. They were, as I say, strikingly fine, promising, and high-bred animals, four years old, and full of high-feeding and courage. It was only to be expected that they should revolt most violently against the discipline of the bridle and saddle; and I saw plainly enough that the severe and constant 'ringing' to which they were subjected each day, in order to tame them down to the point when they could be safely handled and mounted, and the long exercise on hard ground afterwards, *must*, of necessity, founder them in great measure, before they had 'come in' for the master's use. I suggested, with all possible urgency, that if oats were altogether withheld for the time, and only a moderate share even of hay allowed them, all this unmerciful pounding of their young limbs upon hard ground—for at that time the green fields were even worse for them than the high road itself—might be avoided. I was, however, met by derision, and told, in good set-terms, that I knew nothing about the matter; that you never 'can be sure of a horse, unless you bring him in in his full spirit,' &c. The result was, that the best and most valuable hunters of that 'lot' were prematurely 'cast off,' because they had no 'fore-legs' at seven years of age. At that very period I adopted what was derisively called the 'starving system,' with two young animals of about the same sort, but less valuable on some accounts; and with perfect success. One of them I sold while young; the other I used as a 'ride-and-drive' horse for eleven years, and gave him to a friend, at fourteen or fifteen, as sound on his legs as ever, after a life of real, although fair, work on hard roads, both in saddle and harness.

A vast amount of useless wear and tear might, I am fully convinced, be thus saved, and most young horses would come to their work unfounded, by such a gentle and judicious system of management as I have suggested—but chiefly by low-feeding at the critical period. There are, however, vicious brutes—some born such, and some rendered dangerous by improper treatment—the breaking-in of which has always been a matter of infinite trouble and difficulty. A friend of mine once bought, for a mere song, a high-bred and beautiful colt which it was found impossible to bridle. He paid the money, asked for the key

of the stable, put it in his pocket, and rode home; taking care that all food, except some dirty litter, was removed. Thus twenty-four hours were suffered to elapse, and then he came again, provided himself with a handful of oats in a sieve, entered the stable, and while the famished animal was greedily feeding on the corn, he slipped the bridle into his mouth and over his ears, and led him away in triumph. I need hardly observe that the bridle was left on for a time, and by the adoption of moderate means and low-feeding, this 'vicious' horse was soon tamed, and subsequently sold for a high price.

Every one has heard of Sullivan the Irish 'Whisperer,' who stood alone in his day in the possession of some secret, known only to himself and the subjects on which he operated, and by which he most undoubtedly succeeded in taming, in a few hours, the most refractory horses submitted to the trial. A graphic instance of this is given in Mr Youatt's book, *The Horse*, on the authority of an eminent veterinary surgeon of Dublin, who witnessed the scene.

The subject of this experiment was a celebrated racer called King Pepin. This horse was sometimes dangerously vicious; and on one particular day, when he was engaged to run on the 'Curragh,' he would let no one into the stable to put a bridle upon him. A great lumbering country fellow volunteered to do this, but his enraged majesty seized him by the back with his teeth, and shook him like a terrier shaking a rat. Fortunately, like all his countrymen who have it in their power to do so, this daring individual had put on as many coats as he could well carry; so that while the king thought, no doubt, he was paying off the man, he got only a mouthful of coarse gray frieze before reaching the actual skin, of which latter he scarcely had more than a superficial hold with his teeth; and Paddy, in addition to being laughed at, got off with a severe pinch and a sad damage to his holiday toggery.

As Sullivan was known to be on the spot, he was sought out, and at his own request, shut up with the indignant monarch; in about an hour he appeared on the open course, followed about by King Pepin, as a dog follows his master; and the horse lay down, got up again, and suffered himself to be handled all over at the bidding of this rude, ignorant rustic (for such he was), to the infinite astonishment of a crowd of bystanders.

Of course, the 'Whisperer' could have made a fortune if he had chosen; but he contented himself with a moderate scale of earnings, just sufficient to enable him to enjoy his favourite pastime of meeting with the Sulhallow hounds. The curious fact connected with him is, that he could not communicate his secret even to his son; after his death, the latter often attempted to exercise his father's calling, but the endeavour was a complete failure.

Thus the matter of horse-conquering remained for many years, no one appearing to have caught old Sullivan's secret, or invented a method for himself. But, within the last few months, the case has been otherwise; and an American hippodamus, or horse-tamer, has fully equalled, if not eclipsed, the renown of the sorcerer from far Sulhallow.

It would seem that this now celebrated Columbian, whose name is Rarey, has been completely successful in taming every sort of vicious and dangerous horse on which he has exercised his skill here in England; while more recently, in France, he has outdone even himself. It would seem that a horse belonging to the imperial *baras*, or breeding-grounds, had been so mischievous that its destruction had been at last determined upon. This impracticable beast was brought to the Parisian Tattersall's, blindfolded, and encumbered in all possible ways to prevent mischief: Mr Rarey was closeted with him for a few hours,

and then appeared riding on his back, in the midst of the astonished spectators! The horse was perfectly docile and gentle, although previously he had bitten the legs of all who mounted him. The sight of a whip put him in a fury, but now he allowed one to be cracked over his ears, and a drum to be beaten on his back, without exhibiting the least sign of impatience or apprehension. This extraordinary spectacle I have ventured to introduce to my readers as a 'Rarey Show;' and I am persuaded that, while they pardon a very bad pun, they will agree with me in thinking that such an exhibition as this beats the old 'Rarey Show' on Lord-mayor's Day all to shivers.

As it now appears that this wonderful gift is not a mere accident attendant on some peculiarity in an individual man, and incommunicable to others, as in the case of the ancient 'Whisperer,' but a science, based upon a given principle, and capable of explanation upon a reference to known laws of the natural world, it seems to deserve a place in the records of scientific discovery.

I observe by the advertising sheet of the *Times*, that an Englishman, calling himself the 'Horse-tamer,' offers to shew his method to a certain number of subscribers at a guinea each; while the *Boston Journal* (U. S.) professes to disclose gratuitously Mr Rarey's secret, which consists, it tells us, of the use of certain rubs and drugs administered in the following manner: 'Procure some horse-castor, and grate it fine; also get some oil of Rhodium and oil of cummin, and keep the three separate in air-tight bottles. Rub a little oil of cummin upon your hand, and approach the horse in the field, on the windward side, so that he can smell the cummin. The horse will let you come up to him then without any trouble. Immediately rub your hand gently on the horse's nose, getting a little of the oil on it. You can lead him anywhere. Give him a little of the castor on a piece of loaf-sugar or potato. Put eight drops of oil of Rhodium into a lady's silver thimble. Take the thimble between the thumb and middle finger, stopping the mouth of the thimble to prevent the oil from running out whilst you open the mouth of the horse. As soon as you have opened the horse's mouth, tip the thimble over upon his tongue, and he is your servant. He will follow you like a pet dog. He is now your pupil and your friend. You can teach him anything, only be kind to him, be gentle. Love him and he will love you. Feed him before you do yourself. Shelter him well; groom him yourself, keep him clean, and at night always give him a good bed at least a foot deep.'

The horse-castor mentioned here is an excrescence growing on the fore-legs, and frequently the hind-legs, of all horses: it has a strong ammoniacal odour, and is attractive to other animals as well as the horse. The oil of Rhodium exercises a subduing influence over all animals; and for the oil of cummin the horse has an instinctive passion.

Speaking as one who has seen much of what is called 'horseflesh,' and studied what may be termed the psychology of the animal creation with some attention, I confess I am lost in astonishment at what is now brought to light in reference to this horse-taming business. The horse is far from being endowed with much sagacity in a general way. But, admitting that a normal horse can, with very laborious training, be taught those tricks which are shewn in the 'horse-ridings' of our country, it is still a wondrous thing to me to think of old and established *vicious habits*—the habitual temper and disposition of years—removed by a few hours, more or less, of secret conference with another being of a totally different species, with whom there can be no direct interchange of thought or language—even in the low and limited sense in which this is possible as between the ordinary horse

and his habitual trainer—and whom he must look upon, in the first instance, as one of those very creatures whom, for years, perhaps, he has been setting at defiance, resisting successfully in their attempts to get the better of him, and regarding with feelings of mingled contempt and aversion. All this does, I confess, fill me with a degree of astonishment which I find it impossible to express in words; and which, I venture to say, will be shared in by others, just in proportion as they may have been close and attentive students of natural history, and patient observers of the habits, and, if one may so call them, the moral feelings of the lower animals. An entire reformation of this sort brought about without violence or any bewildering effect upon the senses of the subject, must be allowed on all hands to be a thing altogether *sui generis*, and without a parallel in any other branch of the treatment of animals by their natural master.

It is impossible not to wish that some attempts should be made upon other beasts, with a view of testing the powers of this wonder-working system. We might more especially desire to see what it could do with other creatures of the genus *equus*, hitherto untamable.

Let any one observe the behaviour of the zebra in the Regent's Park, his restless desire to gnaw through the bars of his prison, and the savage way in which he receives any advances to kindness on the part of visitors; reflecting upon the fact, that, while his congener the *quagga*, is tamed with tolerable facility, the beautiful zebra has as yet successfully rebelled against man's dominion; let any one, I say, reflect upon all this, and I think he will agree that a most interesting field is here open for the talent of our modern horse-tamers!

It would be exceedingly curious if it should turn out in the end that the *horse* is the only quadruped, even in his own *genus*, susceptible of being brought under this wonderful influence, whatever it may be.

THE SLAVE-TRADE IN TURKEY.

THE newspapers gave an account, a few months ago, of the seizure, near Smyrna, of a slave-ship, and the liberation of the slaves it contained—one of those farces with which the Turks, from time to time, gratify their western admirers, and amuse, or rather abuse, the European public. No one, not even their bitterest enemies, can refuse them credit for the perfection to which they carry this art of throwing dust in the eyes of their too lover-like protectors; nor is their merit the less, that their success can be accounted for by the consideration that it is the only art they deign to cultivate. Like the dangerous man of one book, they are masters in their one art. It is the Alpha and the Omega of their civilisation—their way of expressing their regard for public opinion. To seem and not to be, is the problem which has been so successfully worked by the Sublime Porte for the last century and a half, especially for the last half-century.

England and English ambassadors—the only people who exercise a disinterested philanthropy in looking after the domestic concerns of the Turks—have laboured for the last twenty years to persuade the sultan to abolish, in all its branches, this one of his peculiar institutions. It is instructive to mark the progressive steps by which the power of the charmer's voice has been made evident. First, the fair daughters of Circassia were ordered to be kept for sale henceforward only in private houses; then the slave-market, a large airy court surrounded by small rooms, and with some fine old trees in the centre, situated in the very busiest part of the bazaar, was ordered to be closed, and the human merchandise

was transferred for sale to unwholesome, underground vaults, near Sultan Suleiman's mosque; next, under the pressure of war, the importation of white slaves was positively forbidden; and finally, the traffic was declared to be abolished by an imperial firman. England and humanity had thus gained a notable victory—upon paper. The practical result of all these measures was, that last summer the slave-market of Constantinople was so overstocked with white ladies, that they had fallen to one-third of their usual price; while black slaves, plentiful as blackberries in autumn, were almost as valueless. Never since the massacres of Scio had the faithful been able to stock their establishments on such reasonable terms.

The fact is that the slave-trade is at this moment as active as ever in all parts of Turkey, excepting in Egypt, if Egypt must be called Turkey. Its pretended abolition is only one of those paper measures to which the government has recourse periodically, to satisfy the exigencies of some Frank, generally English, ambassador. Thank Heaven! while the representatives of other nations are carefully watching over their own interests, ours is even more actively and less selfishly promoting those of others.

To attempt to abolish slavery in a Mohammedan country is no easy task, to pretend to do so when those Mohammedans are Turks under Turkish rulers, is almost a desperate one. The abolition of male slavery would be difficult, but perhaps, with certain exceptions, not impossible; but to do away with female slavery would be striking at the root of Turkish society itself. It would be the subversion of domestic life as Turks understand it, alike opposed to their habits and to their religious ideas. The sultan has no wives; it is beneath his dignity to marry—he has only slaves; he is the son and grandson of slaves, bought in the market with 'money current with the merchant.' The hundred or two of white ladies who bloom in the parterre of his harem, require a still larger number of black ones to wait upon them, for no respectable Mussulman woman in Turkey, however poor she may be, would accept domestic service. What is true of the sultan's harem, is equally true on a smaller scale of the households of all his subjects. Free domesticity is unknown among women, and the small shopkeeper's wife who with us would employ a charwoman or keep a servant-of-all-work, has in Turkey one or two slaves at her orders. Male slaves, black and white, are still more numerous than females, and they are the only servants who enjoy their master's confidence. We cannot imagine a Turk without slaves; he would be as helpless as a child. We have seen a Turk, one of the greatest men in the empire, ask one of the slaves who stood before him for his handkerchief. The slave told him he had it by him. The master fumbled on the cushions without finding it; the slave was not the less positive that he had it. He stepped forward to search for it, rolled his unwieldy lord first to one side, and then to the other, to see if it were under him, then he searched his pockets, and finally drew it from his waist-band. Abbas Pacha, for it was no less a personage than the late viceroy of Egypt, submitted to this search with an unconcerned air, which shewed that it was a common affair; and after the five or six minutes employed in it, resumed the conference with the English consul-general which it had interrupted.

Our readers do not require to be told who are the unhappy creatures employed by the sultan and by all wealthy persons to watch over the morals of their harems, but it is necessary to refer to them, not only to denounce the inhuman treatment they have been subjected to, to qualify them for their degrading duties—and their number has of late years little, if at all, diminished—but still more to call attention to

the monstrous perversion, little known or thought of in England, by which these poor wretches have become the official guardians of the 'Prophet's' tomb at Medina, and of the great Mussulman temple in Mecca. The barbarous practice of which they are the victims has thus become elevated to a religious rite, not only connecting the institution of slavery with a religion whose fairest claim to our sympathy is the mitigation its author sought to effect in the condition of slaves, but making slavery in its most revolting form a part of the Mussulman ritual.

Yet, while we denounce the dishonesty of a pretended reform which can only deceive the wilfully blind, we have no wish to convey to our readers a false impression of the condition of the slave in Turkey. He is not, as a general rule, employed in field-labours; he is not driven to work by an overseer armed with a lash; he is subjected to few privations, and he is not generally discontented with his lot. Bought at an early age, the young boys are employed only in the lightest tasks, such as presenting a cup of coffee, carrying a pipe, or standing for hours in silence with folded hands before their master. They are the playfellows of his children, with whom the white slaves are frequently educated. These often rise to high rank through his influence, and not seldom marry his daughters. Two of the present sultan's brothers-in-law were bought in the market of Constantinople. The slave is regarded as the child of the family—no odious distinctions of colour are known in the east, though the negroes do not receive the same education as the whites, and a great man would hardly choose a black for his son-in-law. But even these, if accident advance them to office, as sometimes happens, become at once the equals of the proudest Osmanli. No idea of disgrace is attached to slavery—the black slaves of a great man regard themselves, and are regarded by him, as infinitely above his white hired servants. They belong to him; they are a part of himself; and if he give them their freedom, he provides for them, and the relationship of adoption does not cease. When freed, they become at once the equals of every one. The Turks are thoroughly democratic; they have no rank but that of service, no nobility but that of money. This is the tendency, or rather the condition of absolutism, for the sovereign is not absolute when the subjects have rights he must respect; and the Turkish democracy is the most practical of all—it is the equality not of freemen, but of slaves.

Reared in domesticity, with no stimulus to industry, eating and sleeping without a thought of the morrow, the majority of the slaves are incapable of thinking or caring for themselves. To free them, therefore, is the greatest punishment that can be inflicted upon them. One of our friends in Cairo had long suffered in patience, or at least in silence, the whims and insolence of his wife's neutral attendant. At last, when his conduct became unbearable, neither exhortations nor threats having any effect, he determined to punish him. He did not sell him—he gave him his freedom. The poor useless wretch, when days went by, and he was not, as he supposed he must be, recalled to the house where he had so long been the tyrant, became as humble as he had been insolent, and going round to all his master's friends, besought their intercession for his restoration.

As a general rule, slaves are treated by their masters hardly indeed as reasoning beings, but with great kindness. As children, they may be whipped; but only great men venture to bastinado them when grown up. In fact, their masters are too completely in their power to venture to exasperate them by harshness. In the last two years we have known two men, one the governor of a town in Asia Minor, the other a wealthy merchant, murdered for their brutality

by their own slaves. It was from two of his white slaves that Abbas Pacha received at last the wages of his misdeeds.

The female slaves, in the seclusion to which they are condemned, suffer perhaps more than the men. They are exposed to the caprices of their white mistresses or of rival favourites, and the ill-humour of their guardians often falls heavily upon them. We remember seeing, a few years ago, in Damascus, one of the black keepers of the sultan's harem. He was living there in exile with the rank of pacha, having fallen into disgrace for a manual correction administered to one of the reigning favourites, who had found means to persuade the sultan that it had been undeserved. On the other hand, no slave who has born a child to her master can be sold; her children, whatever their colour, are regarded as legitimate, and come in for an equal share of their father's inheritance. If dissatisfied with their master, slaves of whatever colour or sex can oblige him, or rather have a legal right to oblige him, to sell them. Of course such a right can rarely be enforced. We know that with all this kindness there may coexist a large amount of tyranny and brutality, and in a large establishment there may be no small sum of unhappiness. We have known slaves appear before the *cadi* to claim the right of being sold, but we have never known a case where such an appeal was successful.

It is not, however, so much the condition of the slaves in their master's house which seems to warrant the interference of Europe, as the dreadful sufferings they are exposed to before reaching the market. The white slaves, at least the females, are exempt from these, and since the Circassians choose to traffic in their own flesh and blood, and the Turks to violate the prescriptions of their religion, which forbids the purchase of Mussulmans, we need not perhaps insist upon a reform which Russia will sooner or later effect. But for the black slaves, we have a right to interest ourselves, because, helpless and unwilling victims, they are subjected to sufferings even more horrible than those disclosed recently by the capture of a slave-ship off Jamaica.

The Egyptian frontiers are now closed to this traffic, and Constantinople depends for its supply upon Tripoli. The slaves thence procured are brought from the interior of Africa, a distance of 1000 or 1500 miles, sometimes from even more distant countries. They are the victims of the wars carried on by the chieftains of the black states nearest to Fezzan, for the sole sake of the prisoners, whom they sell to dealers from the Turkish territories. Murder stains this foul speculation in the first instance, and yet this is the least of the horrors which disgrace it. The captives are forced to follow on foot the caravans of their purchasers through sands hot as a furnace in the daytime, and cold as ice at night. Men and women, boys and girls, without clothes to cover them, or shoes to protect their feet, journey on for weeks, sometimes for months, supplied only with the scanty food which suffices to ward off death, and often suffering horribly from thirst in a region where wells are rare, and the heat of the sun often dries up or corrupts the contents of the water-skin. On one route which the caravans follow there is a distance of twelve days from one well to the next, and hundreds of victims annually whiten the desert with their bones. If only half arrive, the profit is still so enormous, that the loss seems trifling to the hardened wretches in whose eyes a slave is only merchandise. The survivors who reach Tripoli or Bengazi are carefully fed, that they may recover flesh, but they are still left in their almost primitive nakedness, shivering from the cold of a climate so different from their native tropics, that the buyers may have ocular demonstration that they are really

freshly imported. The Turks prefer slaves who have as yet received no instruction. The slave-trade is the principal branch of commerce in Tripoli, and up to the present time it has been encouraged by the government in every possible way, even to the loss of more legitimate traffic. The number of slaves exported from Tripoli in 1854 was three times larger than under the independent days twenty years previously. About a year ago, after the publication of the firman forbidding the trade, we had occasion to speak with a merchant whose house is on the south-west frontier of Tripoli, and who trades to Timbuctoo. 'What will become of your trade now, if this firman is enforced?' was the question we asked. 'It would be time enough to answer you,' he said, 'when the firman is acted upon; but in those countries there is no want of objects of traffic. Slaves are at present the most profitable; but when these will no longer pay, there remain ivory, gold-dust, ostrich-feathers, and many other commodities. The people of the inner country cannot do without the articles we carry to them, and they will soon find wherewithal to purchase them. God is generous.' He seemed little disturbed by the idea of the suppression of the trade; but whether from a conviction that this was not really intended, or from the confidence that other profitable investments would be found, we do not pretend to say. The goods exchanged for slaves are coarse cottons, paper, and small articles of hardware. It will be impossible to abolish the trade in men with all its attendant horrors, so long as slavery is permitted to exist in any shape in Turkey. Only its final abolition can put a stop to importations which the authorities both in Tripoli and Constantinople are interested in encouraging. Even the sultan's ships-of-war are used for the conveyance of slaves.

We can understand the desperate efforts made by the Turk to maintain this institution; but we profess ourselves unable to understand or to forgive the lukewarmness in the cause of abolition of his European supporters. The very argument which induces the Turk to resist the attempt, is the strongest that can be urged in its favour. The abolition of slavery would effect a radical change in Turkish society; and if we demanded it on no other grounds, we should call for it on this one. If Turkey has become a European state, it can be permitted to take a place in the congress of Christian nations only on the condition of remodelling, not the government alone, but still more the social relations of its subjects. It is vain to hope for any real amelioration in these till slavery be abolished in every corner of the empire.

But if slavery be an essential institution of Islam, then we are bound to hunt the professors of such a creed out of Europe. Humanity has a right to be intolerant of a standing offence against her laws; and if she proclaim a crusade in their vindication, free-men of all nations and of all creeds will acknowledge that her object is holy. But this is not the case. Islam found slavery established, and it mitigated its rigours. In Tunis, slavery has for many years been entirely done away with—an unanswerable argument, by the way, in favour of the independence of the bey, whom our English policy seems inclined to reduce to his long-forgotten subjection to Turkey. If, on the part of the Turkish government, the desire to abolish slavery were sincere, and not a mere pretence to blind the people of Europe to the real nature of their rule, it would not be difficult to bring it about. The first step necessary is to cut off the supply. To effect this, a couple of steamers cruising off the coast of Tripoli, backed by more stringent orders issued to the English consul, would be sufficient; and the waters of the Mediterranean would no longer be stained by this traffic. The traditions of Islam itself

would go far towards extirpating domestic slavery; for the Arabian prophet teaches that the granting his freedom to a slave is a meritorious work in the eyes of God; he even enjoins it as a propitiatory sacrifice on certain occasions. In the opinions of all pious Mussulmans, it is not lawful to retain a slave who has embraced Islam in servitude more than a short number of years. It would therefore be enough to forbid the sale of slaves from this time forwards, either publicly or privately, and to decree the freedom of all slaves whatever after the lapse of a brief term. This would lead to their speedy emancipation; for their masters would in general rather free them at once of their own accord, than allow them to acquire their liberty as a right. Of course the law prohibiting the sale of slaves must be accompanied by the fixing of express punishments for its transgression; its mere publication and communication to the European ambassadors would give it no efficacy.

The Turks are too thoughtless to consider the sufferings of the poor slaves before they reach their hands; they only remember that they were idolaters, and that they have made them Mussulmans. They are persuaded that God has put them into their power that they may save their souls. There is every excuse to be made for the Turks, who seek to evade a change which would revolutionise their habits of life, and whose necessity as a matter of humanity they cannot appreciate; but there is no excuse for their government, which thus scatters firmans broadcast over Europe, for the sake of propitiating a public opinion which it seeks to deceive; and still less is it possible to excuse the Christian diplomacy which stands smiling by and winks, lending the sanction of its silence to the bad faith of its protegés.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LVIII.—OLD HICKMAN.

THE morning after, I went as usual to the recruiting quarters. Gallagher was along with me, as upon this day the volunteers were to be 'mustered into service,'* and our presence was necessary at the administering of the oath.

A goodly company was collected, forming a troop more respectable in number than appearance. They were 'mounted volunteers;' but as each individual had been his own quartermaster, no two were either armed or mounted alike. Nearly all carried rifles, though there were a few who shouldered the old family musket—a relic of revolutionary times—and some were simply armed with single or double barrelled shot-guns. These, however, loaded with heavy buck-shot, would be no contemptible weapons in a skirmish with Indians. There were pistols of many sorts—from the huge brass-butted holsters to small pocket-pistols—single and double barrelled—but no revolvers, for as yet the celebrated 'Colt'† had not made its appearance in frontier warfare. Every volunteer carried his knife—some dagger-shaped with ornamented hafts; while the greater number were long, keen blades, similar to those in use among

* In the United States, a volunteer corps or regiment 'raises itself.' When the numbers are complete, and the officers elected, if the government accept its services, both officers and men are then 'mustered in'—in other words, sworn to serve for a fixed period, under exactly the same regulations as the regular troops, with like pay, rations, &c.

† The military corps first armed with Colt's pistols was the regiment of Texan Rangers. Its first trial in actual warfare occurred in the war between the United States and Mexico in a skirmish with the guerilla band of Padre Jaranta. 125 guerrilleros were put hors de combat in less than fifteen minutes by this effective weapon.

butchers. In the belts of many were stuck small hatchets, an imitation of the Indian tomahawk. These were to serve the double purpose of cutting a way through the brushwood, or breaking in the skull of a savage, as opportunity might offer.

The equipments consisted of powder-horns, bullet-pouches, and shot-belts—in short, the ordinary sporting gear of the frontiersman or amateur hunter when out upon the 'still hunt' of the fallow deer.

The 'mount' of the troop was as varied as the arms and accoutrements: horses from thirteen hands to seventeen; the tall, raw-boned steed; the plump, cob-shaped roadster; the tight, wiry native of the soil, of Andalusian race; * the lean, worn-out 'critter,' that carried on his back the half-ragged squatter, side by side with the splendid Arabian charger, the fancy of some dashing young planter who bestrode him, with no slight conceit in the grace and grandeur of his display. Not a few were mounted upon mules, both of American and Spanish origin; and these, when well trained to the saddle, though they may not equal the horse in the charge, are quite equal to him in a campaign against an Indian foe. Amid thickets—through forests of heavy timber, where the ground is a marsh, or strewn with logs, fallen branches, and matted with prostrate parasites, the hybrid will make way safely, when the horse will sink or stumble. Some of the most experienced backwoods hunters, while following the chase, prefer a mule to the high-mettled steed of Arabia.

Motley were the dresses of the troop. There were uniforms, or half-uniforms, worn by some of the officers; but among the men no two were dressed in like fashion. Blanket-coats of red, blue, and green; linsey-woolseys of coarse texture, gray or copper coloured; red flannel shirts; jackets of brown linen, or white—some of yellow nankin cotton—a native fabric; some of sky-blue cottonade; hunting-shirts of dressed deer-skin, with moccasins and leggings; boots of horse or alligator hide, highlows, brogans—in short, every variety of *chaussure* known throughout the States.

The head-gear was equally varied and fantastic. No stiff shakos were to be seen there; but caps of skin, and hats of wool and felt, and straw and palmetto-leaf, broad-brimmed, scuffed, and slouching. A few had forage-caps of blue cloth, that gave somewhat of a military character to the wearers.

In one respect, the troop had a certain uniformity; they were all eager for the fray—burning for a fight with the hated savages, who were committing such depredations throughout the land. When were they to be led against them? This was the inquiry constantly passing through the ranks of the volunteer array.

Old Hickman was among the most active. His age and experience had procured him the rank of sergeant by free election; and I had many opportunities of conversing with him. The alligator-hunter was still my true friend, and devoted to the interests of our family. On this very day I chanced to be with him alone, when he gave proof of his attachment by volunteering a conversation I little expected from him. Thus he began:

'May a Injun sculp me, lieutenant, if I kin bar the thought o' that puke a marrin' yur sister.'

'Marrying my sister—who?' I inquired in some surprise. Was it Gallagher he meant?

'Why, in coorse the fellar as everybody sez is a goin' to—that cussed pole-cat o' a critter, Ary Ringgold.'

'Oh! him you mean? Everybody says so, do they?'

'In coorse—it's the hul talk o' the country. Durn me, George Randolph, if I'd let him. Yur sister—the putty critter—she ur the finest an' the hansomest gurl in these parts; an' for a durned skunk like thet, not'thastandin' all his dollars, to git her, I can't a bear to hear o't. Why, George, I tell you, he'll make her mis'able for the hul term o' her nat'ral life—that ere's what he'll be sartint to do—durnation to him!'

'You are kind to counsel me, Hickman; but I think the event you dread is not likely ever to come to pass.'

'Why do people keep talkin' o't, then? Everybody says it's a goin' to be. If it wan't that I'm an old friend o' yur father, George, I wudn't ha' tuk sich a liberty; but I war his friend, an' I im yur friend; an' thurfor it be I hev spoke on the matter. We may talk o' Injuns; but thur ain't ne'er a Injun in all Floridy is as big a thief as them Ringgolds—father an' son, an' the hul kit o' them. The old un, he's clurred out from hyar, an' whar he's gone to 'tain't hard to tell. Ole Scratch hez got hold o' him, an' I reck'n he'll be catchin' it by this time for the deviltrees he carried on while about hyar. He'll git paid up slick for the way he treated them poor half-breeds on tother side the crick.'

'The Powells?'

'Ye-es—that wur the durndest piece o' injustice I ever know'd o' in all my time. By —, it wur!'

'You know what happened them, then?'

'Sartintly I do; every trick in the hul game. 'Twur a leetle o' the meanest transackshun I ever know'd a white—an' a white that called himself a gentleman—to have a hand in. By —, it wur!'

Hickman now proceeded, at my request, to detail with more minuteness than I had yet heard them, the facts connected with the robbery of the unfortunate family.

It appeared by his account that the Powells had not voluntarily gone away from the plantation; that, on the contrary, their removal had been to the friendless widow the most painful thing of all. Not only was the land of great value—the best in the whole district—but it had been to her the scene of a happy life—a home endeared by early love, by the memory of a kind husband, by every tie of the heart's affection; and she had only parted from it when driven out by the strong arm of the law—by the staff of the sheriff-officer.

Hickman had been present at the parting scene, and described it in rough but feeling terms. He told me of the sad unwillingness which the family exhibited at parting; of the indignant reproaches of the son—of the tears and entreaties of mother and daughter—how the persecuted widow had offered everything left her—her personal property—even the trinkets and jewels—souvenirs given her by her departed husband—if the ruffians would only allow her to remain in possession of the house—the old homestead, consecrated to her by long happy years spent under its roof.

Her appeals were in vain. The heartless persecutor was without compassion, and she was driven forth.

Of all these things, the old hunter spoke freely and feelingly; for although a man of somewhat vulgar speech and rough exterior, he was one whose heart beat with humanity, and who hated injustice. He had no friendship for mere wrong-doers, and heartily detested the whole tribe of the Ringgolds. His narration rekindled within me the indignant emotions I had experienced on first hearing of this monstrous act of cruelty; and my sympathy for Ocoola—interrupted by late suspicions—was almost restored, as I stood listening to the story of his wrongs.

* The horse was introduced into Florida by the Spaniards, hence the breed.

CHAPTER LIX.

A HASTY MESSENGER.

In the company of Hickman, I had walked off to some distance from the crowd, in order that our conversation should be unrestrained.

As the moments passed, the old hunter warmed into greater freedom of speech, and from his manner I fancied he had still other developments to make. I had firm faith in his devotion to our family—as well as in his personal friendship for myself—and once or twice I was on the eve of revealing to him the thoughts that rendered me unhappy. In experience, he was a sage, and although a rude one, he might be the best counsellor I could find. I knew no other who possessed half his knowledge of the world—for Hickman had not always lived among the alligators; on the contrary, he had passed through various phases of life. I could safely trust to his devotedness: with equal safety I might confide in the resources of his judgment.

Under this belief, I should have unburdened myself of the heavy secrets weighing upon my mind—of some of them at least—had it not been that I fancied he already knew some of them. With the reappearance of Yellow Jake I knew him to be acquainted: he alleged that he had never felt sure about the mulatto's death, and had heard long ago that he was alive; but it was not of him I was thinking, but of the designs of Arens Ringgold. Perhaps Hickman knew something of these. I noticed that when his name was mentioned in connection with those of Spence and Williams, he glanced towards me a look of strange significance, as if he had something to say of these wretches.

I was waiting for him to make a disclosure, when the footfall of a fast-going horse fell upon my ear. On looking up, I perceived a horseman coming down the bank of the river, and galloping as earnestly as if riding a 'quarter-race.'

The horse was white, and the rider black; I recognised both at a glance; Jake was the horseman.

I stepped out from among the trees, in order that he should see me, and not pass on to the church that stood a little beyond. I hailed him as he advanced.

He both saw and heard me; and abruptly turning his horse, came galloping up to the spot where the old hunter and I were standing.

He was evidently upon an errand; but the presence of Hickman prevented him from declaring it aloud. It would not keep, however, and throwing himself from the saddle, he drew near me, and whispered it into my ear. It was just what I was expecting to hear—Arens Ringgold was at the house.

'That dam nigga am thar, Masser George.'

Such was literally Jake's muttered announcement.

I received the communication with as much show of tranquillity as I could assume: I did not desire that Hickman should have any knowledge of its nature, nor even a suspicion that there was anything extraordinary upon the tapis; so, dismissing the black messenger with a word, I turned away with the hunter; and, walking back to the church enclosure, contrived to lose him in the crowd of his comrades.

Soon after, I released my horse from his fastening; and, without saying a word to any one—not even to Gallagher—I mounted, and moved quietly off.

I did not take the direct road that led to our plantation, but made a short circuit through some woods that skirted close to the church. I did this to mislead old Hickman or any other who might have noticed the rapid arrival of the messenger; and who, had I gone directly back with him, might have held guesses that all was not right at home. To prevent this, I appeared to curious eyes, to have gone in an opposite direction to the right one.

A little rough riding through the bushes brought me out into the main up-river road; and then, sinking the spur, I galloped as if life or death were staked upon the issue. My object in making such haste was simply to get to the house in time, before the clandestine visitor—welcome guest of mother and sister—should make his adieus.

Strong reasons as I had for hating this man, I had no sanguinary purpose; it was not my design to kill Arens Ringgold—though such might have been the most proper mode to dispose of a reptile so vile and dangerous as he. Knowing him as I did, freely spurred to angry passion by Hickman's narrative of his atrocious behaviour, I could at that moment have taken his life without fear of remorse.

But although I felt fierce indignation, I was yet neither mad nor reckless. Prudential motives—the ordinary instinct of self-safety—still had their influence over me; and I had no intention to imitate the last act in the tragedy of Samson's life.

The programme I had sketched out for myself was of a more rational character.

My design was to approach the house—if possible, unobserved—the drawing-room as well—where of course the visitor would be found—an abrupt *entrée* upon the scene—both guest and hosts taken by surprise—the demand of an explanation from all three—a complete clearing-up of this mysterious *embroglio* of our family relations, that was so painfully perplexing me. Face to face, I should confront the triad—mother, sister, wooer—and force all three to confession.

'Yes!' soliloquised I, with the eagerness of my intention driving the spur into the flanks of my horse—'Yes—confess they shall—they must—one and all, or'—

With the first two I could not define the alternative; though some dark design, based upon the slight of filial and fraternal love, was lurking within my bosom.

For Ringgold, should he refuse to give the truth, my resolve was first to 'cowhide' him, then kick him out of doors, and finally command him never again to enter the house—the house, of which henceforth I was determined to be master.

As for etiquette, that was out of the question; at that hour, my soul was ill attuned to the observance of delicate ceremony. No rudeness could be amiss, in dealing with the man who had tried to murder me.

CHAPTER LX.

A LOVER'S GIFT.

As I have said, it was my design to make an entrance unobserved; consequently, it was necessary to observe caution in approaching the house. To this end, as I drew near the plantation, I turned off the main road into a path that led circuitously by the rear. This path would conduct me by the hommock, the bathing-pond, and the orange-groves, without much danger of my approach being noticed by any one. The slaves at work within the enclosures could see me as I rode through the grounds; but these were the 'field-hands.' Unless seen by some of the domestics, engaged in household affairs, I had no fear of being announced.

My messenger had not gone directly back; I had ordered him to await me in an appointed place, and there I found him.

Directing him to follow me, I kept on; and having passed through the fields, we rode into the thick underwood of the hommock, where halting, we dismounted from our horses. From this point I proceeded alone.

As the hunter steals upon the unsuspecting game, or the savage upon his sleeping foe, did I approach

the house—my home, my father's home, the home of mother and sister. Strange conduct in a son and a brother—a singular situation.

My limbs trembled under me as I advanced, my knees knocked together, my breast was agitated by a tumult of wild emotions. Once I hesitated and halted. The prospect of the unpleasant scene I was about to produce stayed me. My resolution was growing weak and undecided.

Perhaps I might have gone back—perhaps I might have waited another opportunity when I might effect my purpose by a less violent development—but just then voices fell upon my ear, the effect of which was to strengthen my wavering resolves. My sister's voice was ringing in laughter, that sounded light and gay. There was another—only one. I easily recognised the squeaking treble of her despicable suitor. The voices remaddened me—the tones stung me, as if they had been designedly uttered in mockery of myself. How could she behave thus? how riot in joy, while I was drooping under dark suspicions of her misbehaviour?

Piqued as well as pained, I surrendered all thought of honourable action; I resolved to carry through my design, but first—to play the listener.

I drew nearer, and heard clearer. The speakers were not in the house, but outside, by the edge of the orange-grove. Softly treading, gently parting the boughs, now crouching beneath them, now gliding erect, I arrived unobserved within six paces of where they stood—near enough to perceive their dresses glistening through the leaves—to hear every word that passed between them.

Not many had been spoken, before I perceived that I had arrived at a peculiar moment—a crisis. The lover had just offered himself for a husband—had, perhaps for the first time, seriously made his declaration. In all probability it was this had been eliciting my sister's laughter.

'And really, Mr Ringgold, you wish to make me your wife? You are in earnest in what you have said?'

'Nay, Miss Randolph, do not mock me; you know for how many years I have been devoted to you.'

'Indeed, I do not. How could I know that?'

'By my words. Have I not told you so a hundred times?'

'Words! I hold words of little value in a matter of this kind. Dozens have talked to me as you, who, I suppose, cared very little about me. The tongue is a great trifier, Mr Arens.'

'But my actions prove my sincerity. I have offered you my hand and my fortune; is not that a sufficient proof of devotion?'

'No, silly fellow; nothing of the sort. Were I to become your wife, the fortune would still remain your own. Besides, I have some little fortune myself, and that would come under your control. So you see the advantage would be decidedly in your favour. Ha, ha, ha!'

'Nay, Miss Randolph; I should not think of controlling yours; and if you will accept my hand—'

'Your hand, sir? If you would win a woman, you should offer your heart—hearts, not hands, for me.'

'You know that is yours already; and has been for long years all the world knows it.'

'You must have told the world, then; and I don't like it a bit.'

'Really, you are too harsh with me: you have had many proofs of how long and devotedly I have admired you. I would have declared myself long since, and asked you to become my wife—'

'And why did you not?'

Ringgold hesitated.

'The truth is, I was not my own master—I was under the control of my father.'

'Indeed?'

'That exists no longer. I can now act as I please; and, dearest Miss Randolph, if you will but accept my hand'—

'Your hand again! Let me tell you, sir, that this hand of yours has not the reputation of being the most open one. Should I accept it, it might prove sparing of pin-money. Ha, ha, ha!'

'I am aspersed by enemies. I swear to you, that in that sense you should have no cause to complain of my liberality.'

'I am not so sure of that, notwithstanding the you would take. Promises made before marriage are too often broken after. I would not trust you, my man—not I, I faith.'

'But you can trust me, I assure you.'

'You cannot assure me; besides, I have had no proofs of your liberality in the past. Why, Mr Ringgold, you never made me a present in your life. Ha, ha, ha!'

'Had I known you would have accepted one—it would gratify me—Miss Randolph, I would give you anything I possess.'

'Good! Now, I shall put you to the test: you shall make me a gift.'

'Name it—it shall be yours.'

'Oh, you fancy I am going to ask you for some trifling affair—a horse, a poodle, or some bit of glittering *bijouterie*. Nothing of the sort, I assure you.'

'I care not what. I have offered you my whole fortune, and therefore will not hesitate to give you a part of it. Only specify what you may desire, and I shall freely give it.'

'That sounds liberal indeed. Very well, then, you have something I desire to possess—and very much desire it—in truth, I have taken a fancy to be its owner, and had some designs of making offers to you for the purchase of it.'

'What can you mean, Miss Randolph?'

'A plantation.'

'A plantation!'

'Exactly so. Not your own, but one of which you are the proprietor.'

'Ah!'

'I mean that which formerly belonged to a family of half-bloods upon Tupelo Creek. Your father purchased it from them, I believe?'

I noted the emphasis upon the word 'purchased.' I noted hesitation and some confusion in the reply.

'Yes—yes,' said he; 'it was so. But you astonish me, Miss Randolph. Why care you for this, when you shall be mistress of all I possess?'

'That is my affair. I do care for it. I may have many reasons. That piece of ground is a favourite spot with me; it is a lovely place—I often go there. Remember, my brother is owner here—he is not likely to remain a bachelor all his life—and my mother may desire to have a home of her own. But no; I shall give you no reasons; make the gift or not as you please.'

'And if I do, you will—'

'Name conditions, and I will not accept it—not if you ask me on your knees. Ha, ha, ha!'

'I shall make none, then: if you will accept it, it is yours.'

'Ah, that is not all, Master Arens. You might take it back, just as easily as you have given it. How am I to be sure that you would not? I must have the deeds.'

'You shall have them.'

'And when?'

'Whenever you please—within the hour, if you desire it.'

'I do, then. Go, get them! But remember, sir, I make no conditions—remember that.'

'Oh,' exclaimed the overjoyed lover, 'I make none. I have no fears; I leave all to you. In an hour, you shall have them. Adieu!'

And so saying, he made a hurried departure.

I was so astonished by the nature of this dialogue—so taken by surprise at its odd ending—that for a time I could not stir from the spot. Not until Ringgold had proceeded to some distance did I recover self-possession; and then I hesitated what course to take—whether to follow him, or permit him to depart unmolested.

That Virginia had gone away from the ground, having gazed silently back into the house. I was even angrier with her than with him; and, obedient to this impulse, I left Ringgold to go free, and went straight for an explanation with my sister.

It proved a somewhat stormy scene. I found her in the drawing-room in company with my mother. I stayed for no circumlocution; I listened to no denial or appeal, but openly announced to both the character of the man who had just left the house—openly declared him my intended murderer.

'Now, Virginia! sister! will you marry this man?'

'Never, George—never! I never intended it—Never!' she repeated emphatically, as she sank upon the sofa, burying her face in her hands.

My mother was incredulous—even yet incredulous!

I was proceeding to the proofs of the astounding declaration I had made, when I heard my name loudly pronounced outside the window: some one was calling me in haste.

I ran out upon the verandah to inquire what was wanted.

In front was a man on horseback, in blue uniform, with yellow facings—a dragoon. He was an orderly, a messenger from the fort. He was covered with dust, his horse was in a lather of sweat and foam. The condition of both horse and man shewed that they had been going for hours at top-speed.

The man handed me a piece of paper—a dispatch hastily scrawled. It was addressed to Gallagher and myself. I opened and read:

'Bring on your men to Fort King as fast as their horses can carry them. The enemy is around us in numbers; every rifle is wanted—lose not a moment.'

CLINCH.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SOME of our hard-worked savans took advantage of the Easter holidays to go and refresh themselves with the sight of primroses and young grass in the country; those who were botanists seized the opportunity for new observations on the development of buds; for certain among them—the botanists, not the buds—are excogitating a new theory with respect to those vernal phenomena.—The Bombay Geographical Society announce in their proceedings that they have received a specimen of the walking-leaf from Java with eggs and young; and what seems more curious still, a walking-flower, described 'as a creature with a white body, pink spots, and crimson border.'—The discovery has been made in Algiers that a field may be planted with madder, and fed off by cattle for three or four years, without any detriment to the roots, which are afterwards as good for dyers' uses as those cultivated in the ordinary way.—The sweet sorgho (*Sorghum saccharatum*) is found also to be good food for cattle; and paper can be made of the stalks.—The sorgho, which, as our readers will remember, was introduced from China, and is known as the Chinese sugar-cane, has attracted great attention throughout the United States, and in every state experiments have been made on its cultivation.

Among the most successful are those by Mr Loveri, of Philadelphia: he planted half an acre; the cane grew from ten to twelve feet high, and yielded excellent sugar, specimens of which were exhibited both raw and loaf. It appears that frost is not prejudicial to the sorgho; but it deteriorates in the hot autumn, or Indian summer of the States, the juice being affected in a way that prevents crystallisation. (On instance is reported of an acre of sorgho having produced 6800 gallons of juice, which is equivalent to nearly 4600 pounds of sugar, and 274 gallons of molasses. Might not this cane be profitably cultivated in some of the countries of Southern Europe and take the place of diseased and dying vines? Le Baron de Forrester, who has the welfare of Portugal so much at heart, take the hint. Trials might be made, too, in Australia and Natal.—The quantity of maple-sugar made in the United States is about 30 million pounds a year.—It has recently been found that soap is the best clarifier that can be used in the manufacture of sugar. The effect of guano on the growth of the sugar-cane has been strikingly shown at Mauritius. Before that fertiliser was introduced, the produce was about 2500 pounds per acre; now it is 6000, and on some estates, even 8000 pounds to the acre.

Agassiz, who resists all the royal and imperial offers made to lure him back from America to Europe, is publishing a great work, entitled *Contributions to the Natural History of the United States*; two bulky volumes have appeared, and eight more are to follow. He has good opportunities for study, for it is said that the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia has the largest ornithological collection in the world—27,000 specimens of birds.—In addition to boring artesian wells in their south-western desert-routes, the United States government have introduced the camel in experimental journeys over those scorching plains, and with satisfactory results.—Henceforth, Ottawa, a young city, admirably situated for agriculture and trade, is to be the capital of Canada.—The president of the Canadian Institute, established at Toronto, congratulated the members in his last annual address, that their number is now 600; that the Journal of their Proceedings is regularly and successfully published once a month; that the Toronto Observatory, founded twenty years ago to co-operate in the great scheme of magnetic observations instituted by the Royal Society, was not abandoned when the object was accomplished; but, at the instance of the Institute, was provided for by the provincial government, and has been rebuilt with stone, and equipped with the best instruments at a cost of £5000. This is something to be proud of, for it is the only one of the colonial observatories which has not been given up. More than 100,000 observations were made at Toronto, and, owing to the peculiar local phenomena, they are of especial value. General Sabine has published them, and brought out the results in three quarto volumes; a fourth is yet to appear; and these, to quote the president's words, 'will carry the name of Toronto into all parts of the earth where science is cultivated; and it is not too much to say that the name of a Canadian city, which will be sought for in vain on maps twenty years old, has now become, by means of its observatory, familiar in the mouths of European savans as a household word.' The Prussian authorities are recommending all Prussian emigrants to choose Canada in preference to all other countries, especially to Brazil.

Two Frenchmen claim to have ascended to the very summit of Chimborazo—a feat that baffled Humboldt.—At a recent meeting of the Geographical Society, Mr Graham gave an account of his travels to a Scripture land hitherto unvisited by Europeans, and his exploration of the now ruined cities which

Monthly Advertising Sheet.

IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH.

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION, AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

A PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD, AND A SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations: amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depressed digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated, that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events or society will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change, vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally, there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as is a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages, the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems. Nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has, from time immemorial, been highly esteemed in England as a grateful, anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to

the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach, and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers, and which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and when one, or even two ounces, may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine, must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities; and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

These PILLS are wholly CAMOMILE, prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the Proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation, and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with, and strict observance of, the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all Tonic MEDICINES. By the word tonic, is meant a medicine

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS.—Observations on Indigestion—Continued.

which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in it all the wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, which invigorates the nervous and muscular system, and the solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body, and quickly follows the use of Norton's Camomile Pills. Their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dissipation from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is such, that in the smallest compass is contained a great quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature, that it pervade the whole system, through which it gives health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventive during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As Norton's Camomile Pills are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinions of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production: if they are pure and not adulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetable, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals, and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the

fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of Norton's Camomile Pills, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which, if taken at one meal, would be fatal; it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruin to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should be immediately sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found, nor one which will perform the task with greater certainty than NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted; it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

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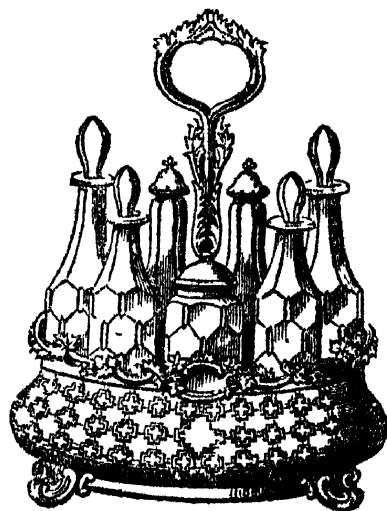
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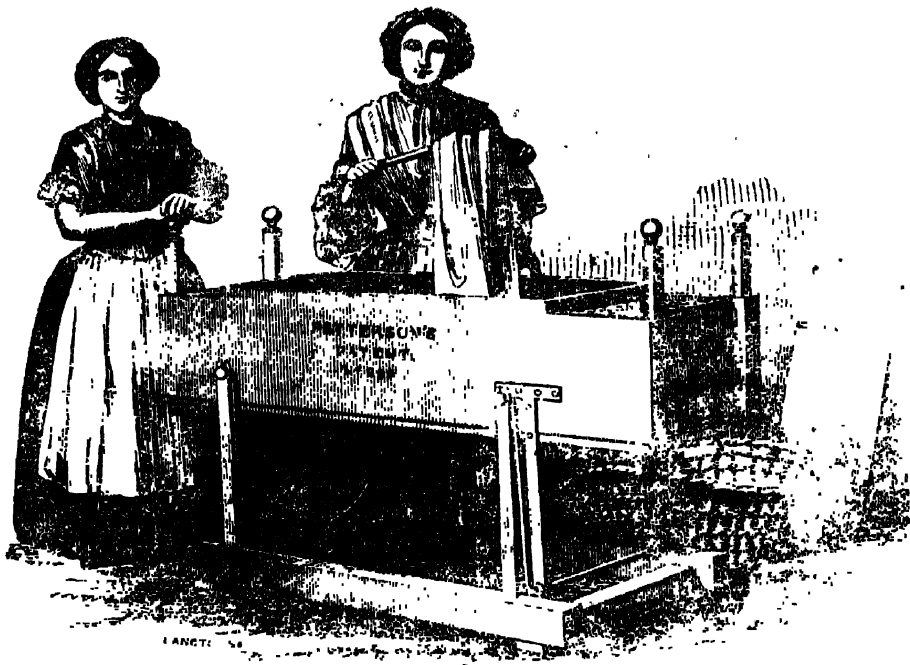
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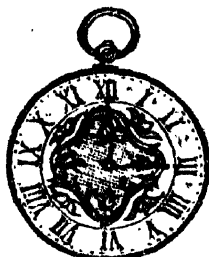
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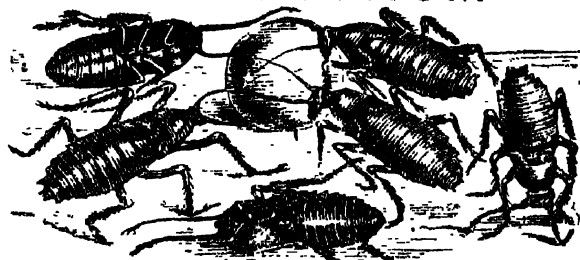
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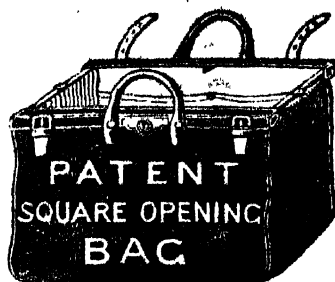
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A PARISIAN SOIRÉE.

Nor very long ago, I, Beatrice Walford, paid my first visit to Paris, and stayed there some time. I was very young, very fresh, and ardent in those days. I was open-eyed, open-eared, eager to enjoy, prone to admire, and not unwilling to criticise. I started, to be sure, with a great contempt for the French character: I knew that the men were monkeys, and not to be trusted; that the women were vixens, and given up to dress. This was all the mental provision I had made for my two years' residence amongst them. Otherwise, I entered almost in that state of innocence which finds it astonishing that the natives of France should speak French. My first single emotion was delight at the radiant world I found myself in. I was on a visit to a sister, who, some six years before, had married a French gentleman of the *petite noblesse*, had become a widow, and having lived a good deal in Paris, preferred still to reside there, but was very glad to have me, as she said, to give a little liveliness to her '*triste* home.' I did not myself think it at all triste when I first arrived. It was in that bright bit of Paris, the Avenue des Champs Elysées, one of a row of elegant houses, all glittering in their brilliant white stone, with their moulded and gilded façades on each side of those broad sunny walks and their double avenue of trees. And did not my sister's small, pretty apartment open on me as a tiny Peri palace, as on entering the ante-chamber, I heard the gay piano sounding, and just saw into the bright little drawing-room within, where the sun, shining in from the Champs Elysées, played on a little shrine, gay and fragrant with flowers. And like the nymph of flowers and fragrance herself, came forward my graceful sister, to kiss and smile at me. When the first vague, happy greetings were over, she made me sit by the fire, and threw herself carelessly back in a low chair by my side, playing with her little queen-baby, a rose-and-white child with two dancing sapphires of eyes. We were soon laughing together, for she was excitable and easily amused, and, though older by some years than I, more of a child. The dear Sybil! I never could describe Sybil, she was such a delicate blending of counter-elements—white nymph-like figure, with ethereal complexion, and golden-brown hair, and a kind of celestial sweetness in her eyes, and her still smile. The admiring Frenchman, *monsieur* or *ouvrier*, would pronounce her in the streets a *blonde angelique*; and I have known a lecture or concert room fill with a low general murmur of pleasure as she entered, followed by the not whispered

word '*Anglaise*.' But beyond that white charm, I do not know that Sybil was particularly English; there was a life and play, a foreign grace in dress, manner, and speech, that seemed to have been kindled in a warmer, more exciting atmosphere than ours. I believe that, nevertheless, the quick French eye could discern, underneath, the English simplicity and spontaneity which has so complete a charm of its own. Perhaps she was something of a coquette, but I did not mind that.

'Why, Sybil, it seems to me,' I said, as I leaned out on the light iron *grillage* of the balcony, 'that one can see all Paris without stirring from one's place. It is as if all the world was gathered into a picture below these windows for our amusement. From that bronze fountain, with its silvery jet-and-foam halo, in the Place down there, to that arch of triumph, so cut out in the blue air at the other end, it is all a dream.'

'There goes the President,' said Sybil; and I looked, though the name was not then much of a spell. I saw a low-hung, elegant *calèche*, with four horses, valets and postilions in livery of green and gold; and leaning back in it, with folded arms, a slight, inanimate-looking man, of clayey, or rather leathery complexion, who touched his hat now and then, with a wooden, immovable face, to the scant greetings of the passers-by. That tired and passionless man was patiently biding his time, seeing by the light of his star—in what appeared to others the dark chaos of his future—a clear, sharp path up to strange power and grandeur for himself; and in the dark silent workshop of his brain, forging with the hammer of his iron will the chain that he threw over France in a single hour. Was he laughing deep down at the folly of those who despised him, because, unlike themselves, he knew how to form his own plans, and hold his tongue?

To me, as to the rest of that unforeseeing world, all was enjoyment—the enjoyment of eyes ever pleased, never satiated. The day was given, as were many after-days, to walking through this brilliant modern Paris, admiring her in her ordered and stately grace; then wandering into the gloom and squalor of the older city, entering grand buildings, the shrines of past ages—hearing divine thunders and angelic voices in churches; then, at one step again, amidst a torrent of human life, while the quick French nature seemed ever running like a light sound of laughter or music by our side. It was always a pleasure to come back to our own street, with its regular clean white houses, its row of windows, *à deux battans*, on the upper stories, all opening down to the floor upon long

light balconies of prettily carved ironwork, the white and green *persiennes* thrown back against the walls, shewing the fair muslin curtains within, and all shining as nothing in London ever shines. We approach our own house; the great double doors fly open at a touch of the bell, and by the pull of a string, and before us appears a large handsome court, with two or three glass-doors at the end, one into the *concierger's* lodge, the others opening on the great common staircase. Within, is another large court, built round by the four sides of the house. The outer court is adorned with flowers in boxes, dahlias, oleanders, and orange-trees; a marble Venus stands at the foot of the staircase. As we pass the *concierger's* lodge, I see, through the glass-door, the comfortable-looking room, lighted with fire and candle, and that grim, respectable old dragon and his wife reclining at their ease in *fauteuils* placed opposite each other. In the *loge* or the court is often to be seen that prime French favourite, a superb Cyprus cat, with waving, plummy exuberance of fur. But when I inquire after him, I am so often sternly told that 'Monsieur se promène,' that I have given up this dissipated gentleman as scarcely a respectable acquaintance.

Then comes the wide staircase, up whose smooth well-waxed *parquet'd* steps we trip so easily. But stop, I must learn to walk demurely, at least when I am alone; for I am told by Sybil's careful *bonne*, who watches over my morals, that on such occasions *les demoiselles* must not run up stairs: they must go *la tête relevée*, and leisurely, to shew that they are not ashamed of being seen. I must be careful too, short-sighted as I am, to see the *concierger*, wherever he may be, and to bow to him, for he is a man of lofty politeness, whose good manners I ought at least to try to imitate; and, as Gabrielle says, nothing is so necessary to *demoiselles*, nothing so carefully taught them in France, as a gracious and amiable deportment. So up we pass, only bowed to by some stranger *locataire*, should he pass at the same time, each landing-place exhibiting the safe-locked door of some elegant asylum in which a family may be dwelling, joyous, yet quiet, as at home in some English country cottage. We reach our own. Sybil and I each take possession of a deliciously elastic *causerie*, all soft and rich with crimson velvet, see our own pleased tired faces in many a gilded mirror, and discuss the incidents of the day.

'Well, you little Anglaise,' said Sybil, a few days after my arrival, 'I must take you into a little society this evening. Very often I have two or three friends myself, who drop in, in a quiet way; but to-night we must go to Madame Gibbs.'

'Who is Madame Gibbs?' I asked.

'Oh, she is a droll little body—a Frenchwoman, married to an Englishman, who piques herself on being quite English, though you won't think so. Her society is very mixed; but the party will just suit you for a beginning, being quiet, yet very amusing. How do you expect to like it, from the specimens of humanity you have seen by day?'

'I confess,' I said, 'I am not yet so far reconciled to black beards and moustaches, cigars, absurd cut clothes, and prolonged stares. Not that I long to kill every man I meet; but this, you will say, is illiberal; and perhaps it is.'

'It seems to me so,' said Sybil candidly; 'but then I have been some years learning toleration. As for staring and talking to one, you know, there are two things a Frenchman never can help using, his eyes and his tongue. As that dear Monsieur Lamouette once said to me, when, being younger, I objected a little to the process—no impertinence is intended; it is only an artless, spontaneous tribute. "Un homme naïf et ingénu comme moi," as he was pleased to say, "can't help expressing his feelings."

But I have since grown so hardened or corrupted, that when the more serious Emile said to me: "Comment, madame, osez vous quelquefois vous promener seule? vous visgriez d'entendre des choses désagréables;" I answered with the most innocent fifteen-years old air: "Les choses que j'entend ne me sont pas désagréables." But I don't wonder that you do not yet feel accustomed to hearing varying statements as to your nationality and candid information about your "typé, your hair, and your complexion." But wait for this evening's experience; Frenchmen in the street and in the *salon* are not the same thing. At anyrate, don't utter those opinions before Hermine, as, though she may very possibly think the same, she may also betray you to her countrymen.'

'Parlez du soleil et vous verrez ses rayons,' Just as Sybil spoke, the door opened, and in came two ladies—an elder and a younger, of whom the latter engaged at once my beauty-loving eye. They were Madame de Fleury—Sybil's mother-in-law, who lived in the same hotel, on a lower floor—and her young daughter, Hermine, with whom I instantly made acquaintance. A brilliant little French sylph she looked, as she half-tripped, half-glided into the room. She moved quick and decidedly, with a grace half-careless, half-coquette; her small, trim figure had just that happy degree of compression which gives slightness without stiffness. Her face, I thought at the first moment, young and fresh as it was, was hard; it had a metallic sharpness and clearness, the very reverse of the soft, dreamy, veiled charm of young English beauty. She wore a smile, not soft or timid indeed, but full of a gay, conquering brilliant sweetness of its own.

Hermine was very gracious to me. Had she met me in the street as a stranger, she would most likely have measured me with the eye of quick, unsparring criticism, which, in a moment, takes in the whole figure and dress, and which not a spot, a wrinkle, or a fold of it, if the fashion, escaped; and then turned away with that slight derisive smile, so singularly calculated to disconcert or provoke an Englishwoman. But now, perhaps Hermine satisfied herself in that glance that my pretensions as a rival were not formidable, my gown and bonnet having obviously not been made in Paris. At any rate, coming up to me, graceful and self-possessed, she made her felicitations with a tone of affectionate interest, in her light, ringing, singing voice, and that air, so winningly *empressé*, which attracts, flatters, and caresses to the highest degree. A pretty Frenchwoman, who means to please, knows how to manage the briefest meeting, the slightest chance-intercourse, especially with the other sex—be it only a handing from a *voitue*, a making way in the street, and with but a bow, a smile, a 'Merci, monsieur,' so as to turn it all into a little sentimental passage; and this charming manner they all have, more or less, from the high-bred young countess to the poor fruit-woman at her stall.

Hermine and I exchanged a few light sentences; I making crude efforts to rival her manners, to smooth and refine my phrases as prettily as I could, instead of trusting only to my downright *sans façon* English good-will, which was quite put to shame by her exquisitely polished conventionalities, and all this in a language of which not a word came straight to my tongue when I wanted it. Sybil soon relievingly interposed that it was time to dress for Madame Gibbs. We withdrew together, leaving Hermine and her mother, who were prepared to accompany us.

'Will you put me up a little to these soirees?' I asked of my sister; 'you know I have lived so long in a lonely corner of Cumberland, I shall feel giddy at this sudden plunge into Paris life, and disgrace you by my blunders.'

'Oh, these people are so indulgent,' said Sybil: 'they regard a foreigner's first crudities as charming and piquant novelties: to the newly arrived, all things are forgiven. I will tell you the sort of thing. One evening in every week, a lady receives company; and her acquaintance, if once they have had an invitation, are expected always to come that evening. They come, however, or not, as they like; the party is large or small, as may happen; they dress as they please; they come in and go out with no ceremony beyond just that of greeting their hostess; they stay long, if they find it amusing, or only a few minutes, if it is not so, or if they want to go elsewhere. The same people get a habit of frequenting the same places; so that one very often becomes intimate with a person whose family, or even name, one scarcely knows, and perhaps never sees by daylight, from meeting him or her two or three times a week, which, as mutual acquaintance have also their evenings, will often happen. So you see there is no effort, no *gêne*. People here meet to talk, and that with all their hearts. There is always the pleasant expectation of meeting there again any one who has begun to interest you, and the certainty of new faces, and of watching foreign and amusing ways.'

'Well, I like that,' I said; 'if only I need not talk a word the first three evenings.'

I did not know my fate; or rather, I did not know myself.

'I shall name no one to you beforehand,' said Sybil; 'it is so much more amusing to find out for one's self, except Emile de Fleury, who is a sort of relation: he is Hermine's cousin; has lately left the Ecole Polytechnique, and is in the army.'

Our voiture rumbles and jumbles along the execrable *pavés* of the aristocratic Faubourg St Germain, which is also the literary quarter, the colleges being chiefly there, and in this class of society lay our present acquaintance.

We stop at a large old dingy-looking house, in the Rue de l'Université, once the handsome hôtel of some grand seigneur, whose various floors are now filled with artists, students, and full-grown *littérateurs*. The *porte cochère* is open; we drive through into the paved open court, where several carriages are already standing. Three flights of stairs lead to the apartment of Madame Gibbs; we are ushered into a nice little ante-room, where an open stove or brasier, with its white marble top, diffused a delicious warmth, in compensation for the starry frozen bitterness without. Two smiling maids took charge of the ladies' mantles, *cachemires*, *capotes*, and all the rich winter-wrappings that shroud till then the still more elegant evening-dress within. The light chorus of voices from within reached the ante-chamber, and in a few moments we were amongst them.

Madame Gibbs had just re-commenced her weekly *soirées*. These were of a kind very frequent among the lettered, artistic, professional, and generally not very rich or exclusively fashionable circles in Paris, consequently, very mixed, very easy, and very agreeable. There was no show, expense, or elaborate hospitality of any kind; the greater part of the guests having long been in the habit of attending, were as much at home there as by their own firesides. Besides this regular and natural re-union of intimates, Madame Gibbs—being a brisk and vigorous society-lover—was at some pains to flavour it with a spicy ingredient or two—a new arrival, a foreign celebrity, a queer character, a known talker, who either became permanently added to her set, or just lighted it up for the winter, or perhaps the evening, like a passing meteor. As yet, the season for gaieties, for balls, and fêtes, had not begun; the full flood of strangers has not poured in; as yet, therefore, these *soirées* have more of a quiet domestic character; the *parqueté*

dancing-room is not made use of, except by an *improvisata*. The ladies' dresses are simply *demi-toilettes*—the *corsage montant* not yet replaced by the *décolleté*. The young ones bring their fresh clear tints of pink and white, unworn by a long Paris campaign; there are plenty of happy idle men, the Chamber of Deputies not having yet opened, nor the college-lectures begun. The rooms of this apartment are not large, but they are pretty ones—well arranged for receptions, well furnished, and well lighted. They consist of two salons, just of the right sociable size and shape, each warm and cheerful, with a sparkling wood-fire in each, and couches and fauteuils scattered round in most inviting groups.

The rooms are gradually filling, but the full choir of conversation is not begun. People stand, sit about unfixedly, exchange a word here and there, presenting those who wish to meet, find each other out, choose their places, and fall into a happy cleft of talk, either in a duet, or a group of three and four, changing as people leave or join it. Ere long the salon seems to present nothing but a crowd of black-bearded moustached men, whose white gloves are all waving eagerly through the room, and their tongues incessantly going betwixt talk and laughter. All are voluble, easy, self-possessed, and seem in high enjoyment, except here and there an insular form, rising like a column above the rest, blonde-headed, reddish whiskered, heavy, good-looking, either silent or speaking quietly, perhaps with an air of *gêne*, and with looks and attitudes anything but at ease. Besides these there are very bearded artists, professors with *lorgnons*, a few *militaires*, some serious-looking Italian exiles, some half un-nationalised travellers—citizens of all worlds, and many of them queer ones—some suspected Jesuits, with smooth smiles, softly joining every lively group of talkers, listening and seeming as lively as any. Here and there is a stray grand *seigneur* of the old school, known by his more quiet polished manners—generally a zealous Catholic, *dénot* without morality, and a chivalrous legitimist, doomed thus to *condouyer* red republicans of the most emancipated creed; and finally, as large an element as any, fair bright English girls, often habituées of Paris, but national all over in speech, look, and dress, and evidently, in their fresh beauty and joyous simplicity, great favourites with these *causerie*-loving *messieurs*. French *demoiselles* make a very thin sprinkling; and when they do appear, it must be owned their countrymen neglect them a little.

There sits a knot of right English maidens—a bouquet of two or three of these island lilies or northern roses—and every now and then a lively-looking Frenchman slides up to them, hat in hand, and, with a smile, makes two bows, the first at a distance, reverential; the second near, *empressé*—however intimate, hands are never shaken—and after a most polite inquiry as to the health of the young lady he has singled out—which must be answered, as he will repeat it till it is—he opens at once an animated flirtation. The mixture of lively badinage with compliment only implied, the appearance of interest, the pretty turns of speech, shewing just enough consciousness of their different sexes, and not too much, the readiness to listen as well as to talk, and the open-hearted, confiding frankness with which he communicates for her sympathy his feelings, his cares, or his sorrows—all strike the young English mind as very un-English indeed.

The favourite beginning topic is a laughing railery of mademoiselle on her *préjugés atroces* against his nation, which he either playfully deprecates or exaggeratedly confirms; and meanwhile, the English girl—if she be new and inexperienced—looks on the Frenchman with a sort of doubt, suspicion, and yet curiosity; he is a mystery of which she finds the study far from disagreeable. Theoretically, she has a

horror of him, as something wicked, worthless, dangerous; yet, while drawn on by him to express this, she finds her real actual feelings to be those of surprise, amusement, interest, and, above all, that delicious one of gently gratified vanity. For the benefit of such innocent English girls, I may observe that this way of talking and style of manners is with a Frenchman a mere matter of course, and means very little indeed. Of course, my initiation into French society was somewhat on this wise; but I missed a good many of the favourite personalities, from the fact of my not being precisely the *blonde et candide Anglaise* which seems stereotyped in their imaginations. In fact, I was not in person of the peculiar English *type* (to use their pet word), though I soon discovered that I was to them most abundantly *britannique* in character and *manière d'être*. I could, after a while, perceive, not indistinctly, that I was somewhat of a favourite, and that I owed this solely to Sybil's extreme popularity. There would come up to me one after another, either led by Madame Gibbs or by the strong spirit within, to inquire, in tender tones, if I was not 'La sœur de cette charmante Madame de F—'; and very good they were to endure my sins of grammar and absurdities of pronunciation for her sake.

So I sat by Sybil's side, and watched her innocent, delicate gaiety in the light passages of talk she had with divers kinds of people, her pretty caressing attentions to her female friends, her manners, so carelessly serene to the gentlemen, old and young, who came up to her. I had, as I said, my share of introductions; for some time, it was a quick desultory succession of indifferent persons. I scarcely caught a name, I hardly knew one face from another—all was equally strange, an Englishman often wild, and bearded like a foreigner, a foreigner sometimes speaking excellent English.

Before long, there came up to Sybil a young man, who at once detached himself to my eye from the crowd of similitudes, and who was named by her as M. Emile. He had decidedly a military air; but the first thing that struck me was his superiority in height, figure, carriage, and style of face to almost all the other young men. I had not then learned to distinguish at once, a 'meridional' from a true Parisian, or son of the north, and did not know how characteristic of M. Emile's half-Spanish race was the tall, slender form, the superb curl and splendid black of his hair, beard, and silky small moustache, the pale olive hue of the south relieved by the softness of the expression, and the depth of the large black eyes. He approached Sybil quietly, with an air of homage almost timid, yet very sweet; then, on being introduced, bowed and addressed me with a kind of gentle formality; but I noticed in him, as indeed in most Frenchmen, an ease and propriety of attitude which *gaucherie* or nonchalance too often hinders an Englishman from attaining. A Frenchman presents himself well, and stands or sits straight and at rest—all but his gesticulating hands: his bow and his smile, without being empressé, have the air of one who means to please and be pleased. In the case of M. Emile, the gentleness with which he entered into conversation, formed a kind of shelter from the exuberant, noisy vivacity of the others, and I soon found myself pleasantly floating along a stream of metaphysical, critical, sentimental, and other discourse with the intelligent young *militaire*. He talked well, like other Frenchmen; but though his smile was ready and sweet, and his remarks often playful, he yet seemed to me subdued in comparison with the others; and I took occasion of a break in our conversation, to ask my sister if the young officer's heart had been blighted.

'No, I think not,' said Sybil; 'the state of his country, and his own want of hope of rising, tend

to depress him; but you will often see him lively enough.'

This was enough. When M. Emile, with his own quiet perseverance, again found a place by Sybil and me, to make me begin to talk politics, I asked him how he liked his present ruler. He shrugged his shoulders *à la Française*. 'You think him only better than anarchy?' I persisted, with English directness.

'I am in his service—I must not speak ill of him,' he replied.

I begged pardon for my question *indiscrète*, and was politely forgiven. Indeed, a determined reserve was not in M. Emile's character—at least, towards one in whom he began to place a friendly confidence; and he ere long developed feelings which made me say: 'I am charmed to find you really a *republican*.'

'Mais vous êtes la première qui en auriez douté,' he said in a gently injured tone.

Still further emboldened, I affirmed: 'Si j'étais à votre place, je jeterais mon brevet aux quatre vents.'

He pleaded the necessity of a profession, the chance and hope of serving his country in some way or other, which a present surrender of his position would forever destroy—alleged reasons which I felt to be valid, but would not allow. I stood to my text—affirmed, with easy heroism, 'il n'est pas nécessaire de vivre,' and so on, till he was reduced to a smiling, protesting 'mais vraiment, mademoiselle'; then to break off wondering at such *enthousiasme exalté*—he had no idea he should find an Anglaise so démocratique, &c. I liked to see him as he stood smiling down from his tall height under his dark silken moustache, and pleased, amused, half-embarrassed smile, crossing and uncrossing his arms in a light and gentle style of his own, as he entered his protest against my exultation. I was a little displeased with M. Emile for what appeared an absence of heroic consistency—at least a temporising submission to circumstances; but I did him wrong, as his conduct on an after-occasion proved.

It was perhaps fortunate for our nascent friendship that at this juncture there approached a gentleman whom I did not know, a complete contrast to the quiet, thoughtful, low-voiced *militaire*, and who had been fluttering about, or rather had paused in his erratic flight a moment near us, and then waiting for no introduction, plunged into the conversation, which from that moment he carried on, and almost engrossed with a torrent of spirits, *esprit*, badinage, laughter, and animation of look, tone, and gesture that I despair of describing. To say that he was amusing is little; I was never in my life so amused before. To say that he was extremely noisy, is also strict justice; and when attracted by the flood of talk and *éclats* of laughter from our group, other gentlemen from time to time joined it, till it consisted of five, six, or even seven at once, contributing their quota to the excitement, I felt myself at last in a bewilderment and fever of amusement, surprise, and exertion. Sybil at first gave me some aid, but she was called away by Madame Gibbs, and left to herself, the unfortunate 'étrangère' found her difficulty in speaking become ten times greater. But this mattered nothing; the flattering politeness, the inexhaustible conversation and electrical good-humour of the unknown, covered and overpowered all. Encircled by these vehement talkers, I could not and did not think of escaping, and nothing but my own final departure put an end to the game, which seemed so agreeable to these gentlemen, of astonishing the Anglaise. I must say that they were also extremely well-bred, and the quickness and courtesy with which the unknown in particular listened to, understood, helped out, and replied to my very English French, was perfectly charming.

As for recording one-tenth of what he said, it

would be impossible; not without the tone and manner would it seem much worth recording; I can only collect some few stray drops from this Niagara of talk. I was first (of course) rallied on my supposed English prejudices against the French, and confirmed in them by the assurance that they were *bavards*, frivolous, foolish, and unreflective: the Gallic cock, said my new friend, was the exact emblem of the national character. Nothing could be more amusing than the way in which they ran themselves down, appealing constantly, in seductive tones, to 'mademoiselle,' for whose edification these tirades were uttered. They talked about national cruelty; their ferocity, especially that of the military, was admitted without a dissentient voice; but some one pronounced the cruelties of the English worse, because they were committed in cold blood, while the French were hurried away by passionate excitement. Finally, of all the excesses of all the most savage soldiery, those committed by the Austrians were said to be pre-eminent. Then the gentle M. Emile was rallied on the ferocity he had brought from one short campaign in Algérie; but to allay the horror I might be feeling for him, I was assured that he was the most humane of all, and that he had not 'égorgé plus d'une douzaine de femmes, ni mangé plus de quatre ou six enfans.' M. Emile then told composedly some stories of horrible massacres and murderous adventures in Algérie; but when he tried to allay the effect by touches of interesting incident or picturesque descriptions, he was unmercifully laughed at by his friend, who bade me believe nothing he said, for that M. l'officier was 'romanesque, ou peu sentimentale même.' 'You, at anyrate, are not,' I thought to myself. It was great fun to see this lively man teasing his friend, and then consoling him with a patronising, caressing good nature, all of which the militaire took with his usual amiable serenity. From foreign they came home to domestic cruelties, which they told apparently with great gusto. 'Voilà, mademoiselle, encore le tigre,' was the delighted wind up.

Having thus lighted on politics, we pursued the theme with something more of earnestness than before, and then my new friend, by certain oratorical poses, betrayed himself to be one accustomed to the tribune and to public representation. All Frenchmen, I observe, at all in the habit of public speaking, make a point, when interrupted for but two minutes, of following Lamartine's great example, and standing with their arms folded in an attitude of august calm. My friend's natural majesty was not much, but he did what he could. A pensive Italian joined the group; the sprightly professor—for so far I had made out what he was—instantly turned his fire of raillery on him, said something with much emphasis about 'le roi Bomba,' and then turning again to me, said: 'We have one comfort; so long as the Neapolitans exist, we cannot be called the last of nations,' which hit the young democratical littérateur took very well. Then he gaily quoted the president's late reported saying: 'Il faut supprimer l'Angleterre,' and asked me how I liked it. 'Let him try!' I answered scornfully; adding, that it was very ungrateful of him to the country which had sheltered him so long. This remark was politely approved of; and when I was threatened with being detained prisoner at Paris in case of an English war, and answered 'Je resterais volontiers,' smiles and bows acknowledged my reciprocal politeness. When on being asked my political opinions, I confessed 'la rougeur la plus foncée,' and that I was ready to mount a barricade. M. le Professeur, with an air of most chivalrous gallantry, declared his determination 'de la monter derrière moi.' A general shout of laughter informed him of his mistake, and it was in vain that he

earnestly strove to improve it to 'devant vous;' he got nothing but the credit of the first assertion.

In the course of the conversation on various subjects, the Italian littérateur, with a placidly professorial expression and in a tone of the mildest inquiry, suddenly asked: 'Quelle est la plus belle mort dont parle l'histoire?' This produced several instances, none of which I thought perfect, chiefly on account of their public, and even ostentatious character, and brought forward the negro slave in the wreck, who gave up his place in the life-boat to his master's two little sons. When I had begun this story, I became aware how little competent I was to bring it to a conclusion, and heartily wished I had never thought of it; but my hesitating narrative was received with as much silent, courteous, apparently interested attention, as if it had been *le plus beau morceau d'éloquence au monde*. I was sorry when Sybil summoned me away.

A PLEA FOR THE EYES.

THE eye of the workman is assuredly one of the choicest of his working-tools—the one, indeed, most deserving to be cherished and protected; and yet how great and prevalent is the carelessness regarding this exquisite instrument! Men in after-life have too often to pay dearly for not minding their eyes in their early days. It is eminently proper that the Society of Arts, after a hundred years of usefulness, should take up this matter; seeing that few greater contributions could be made towards the advancement of arts and manufactures, than a set of practical, sensible suggestions tending to the preservation of eyesight on the part of those who are engaged in industrial avocations. Some time ago, the Society appointed a 'Committee on Industrial Pathology on Trades which affect the Eyes,' consisting of Dr T. K. Chambers, Mr Simon, and Mr Twining. The course which this body pursued was, to send a circular of printed queries to all classes of persons, in all parts of the kingdom, who appeared likely to afford useful information on the subject under consideration. Some of the persons thus applied to made no response; while others dilated upon irrelevant matter—sending, in fact, a streamlet of text in a meadow of margin. Much valuable detail, nevertheless, was forwarded; and the committee made a report to the Society, embodying the chief facts laid before them. By condensing these facts, and throwing them into a different order, it may be possible to render the general bearings of the subject easily intelligible.

The inquiry separates itself into two parts: what eye maladies are incident to particular trades? what eye maladies are due rather to injudicious management than to the exigencies of the worker's employment?

In relation to the first question, there are undoubtedly numerous trades that seriously affect the eyesight. Artisans occupied at furnaces, such as smelters, glass-blowers, and assayers, suffer in the eyes from excess of light; and it is difficult to see how this can be remedied; for the use of any kind of tinted spectacles that would modify the glare, would at the same time interfere with the workman's power of ascertaining when the glass or metal had arrived at its proper state of fusion—a point mainly to be determined by the intensity of light emitted from the molten substance. Chips of metal frequently cause injury to the eyes of metal-turners, fitters, hammermen, cutlers, and others, either by striking against the eyeball, actually entering the eye, or burning it when the particles are red-hot. Sparks are often very disastrous to foundry-men and blacksmiths, sometimes burying themselves in the very substance of the cornea, whence they have to be picked out. Chips of stone are sources of much eye-injury to

quarrymen, masons, stone-carvers, and stone-breakers. If the material be sandstone, the injury is less severe, because the stone can be worked without much force, and the particles have no keenly cutting edges; but granite is sadly disastrous, since the sharp fragments of this stone will cut into the eye as forcibly as chips of metal; and the like may be said of particles of flint. Coke-grit is a modern but not less mischievous cause of injury; railway-guards, and passengers in open third-class pleasure-trains, are much exposed to the attacks of sharp angular particles of coke, blown out by the strong blast of the engine; these particles, whether impacted in the cornea, or driven under the eyelid, of course occasion much inflammation. Formidable injuries are inflicted on the sight of masons, bricklayers, hodmen, plasterers, and lime-burners by particles of lime, especially if the lime be in a caustic state. Miners, firework-makers, rock-blasters, quarrymen, and gunpowder-makers are, from the very nature of their several employments, exposed to imminent peril of the destruction of eyesight by explosion; and particles of powder are also likely to be driven into or against the eye. Millers, chimney-sweepers, mortar-mixers, dustmen, and drug-grinders are constantly exposed to the irritating influence of small particles of dust upon the eyes. The fork-grinders of Sheffield, and, to a less degree, the needle-grinders of Redditch, are, in like manner, affected injuriously by steel-dust. In the clothing districts, many of the workers in wool, cotton, and flax are frequently liable to the intrusion of small fibrous particles under the eyelids; and the same may be said of feather-workers and fur-workers. Soda-water bottling is a perilous employment, seeing that the fragments of bottles that have burst, and corks that are forcibly driven out, are frequent sources of lamentable injury to the eyes. Engineers are sometimes placed on the sick-list, not merely by the attacks of small particles of metal on the eyes, but by the injurious influence of blasts of steam. When the finishers or gilders employed by bookbinders were accustomed to heat their embossing-irons by charcoal-stoves, the eyes suffered much from the fumes; but this evil has been lessened by a partial use of gas-stoves. Book-finishers and gold-beaters are not unfrequently observed to be near-sighted, an effect supposed to be caused by the yellow glare to which they are so constantly exposed.

Notwithstanding the length of this melancholy list, it is satisfactory to learn that by far the larger number of eye injuries are due to causes not necessarily attaching to particular trades, but are susceptible of improvement, if not absolute removal. These causes are numerous, as we shall presently see.

One cause is *overwork*. Mr White Cooper, surgeon to St Mary's Hospital, said in reply to the queries of the committee: 'Injuries bear but a small proportion to the enormous number of cases of overwork of the eyes, varying in degree from slight derangement to absolute blindness, but all interfering more or less with the due use of the organs of vision.' With the same opportunities of observation, Mr Dixon, surgeon to the London Ophthalmic Hospital, stated that a large proportion of patients who apply at that establishment, on account of what they term 'weakness of sight,' owe the defect to mere over-use of the eyes. 'I mention over-use rather than any special trade,' he says, 'as the exciting cause; for every day's experience teaches us that needlework, and other occupations requiring close attention to minute objects, may be followed without injury to vision. Tailors suffer much from this over-use; they frequently make long days of work; they are sewing black materials for many hours consecutively; their constrained posture causes congestion about the eyes; and the want of fresh air in their heated workrooms renders them susceptible to "catarrhal ophthalmia" when they go into the open air.

The same may, to a considerable extent, be said of dressmakers and needlewomen. The Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital includes always among its patients a large number of Spitalfields weavers, whose eyes become injured by long hours of work and insufficient exercise. The copying-clerks employed by law-stationers suffer much in eyesight through the long hours of night-work to which they are frequently subject during the sittings of parliament and of the law-courts. Lacemakers are found to suffer in sight, not only from the long-continued work necessary to furnish them with the means of subsistence, but also from the constrained position in which they bend over their cushions. A like observation applies to the lace-runners employed by the bobbin-net manufacturers at Nottingham. Mr White Cooper states: 'The number of persons in this metropolis who suffer from overwork of the eyes is very great. On referring to my records, I find that 1820 such cases came under my notice in nine years, the large majority being tailors, shoemakers, and female workers with the needle. . . . I have been repeatedly told by milliners that twelve, fourteen, or sixteen hours a day, was the ordinary duration of their labour, and this often in foul and badly ventilated apartments. Milliners and tailors are especially liable to suffer from extraordinary demands upon their powers of endurance; a large amount of work is required to be completed within a limited time; this involves the loss of sleep and close confinement in an atmosphere loaded with impurities, and heated to an exhausting extent.'

Another cause is *excess of light*. In large tailoring and dressmaking establishments, where many persons work in one room, much irritation of the eyesight arises from that superabundance of light which gas can be made to afford. Watchmakers and engravers are subject to premature exhaustion of the visual powers; for they are not only necessitated to throw a strong artificial light on their work during the long winter evenings, but they even concentrate the rays by magnifiers. Sailors often suffer from excess of sunlight, as do likewise harvesters and haymakers. Blacksmiths, cooks, and engineers are among those whose eyesight is troubled by excess of furnace-light. Mr France, lecturer on ophthalmic surgery at Guy's Hospital, adverts to a curious kind of superabundant light which would not have occurred to many besides oculists. 'If the Society of Arts,' he says, 'would exert its influence with the public to abolish the present custom of decorating shop-fronts with broad plates of brass, they would effect an important oculo-sanitary improvement: these brazen mirrors, when in summer weather the sunshine is perfectly reflected from them, are in truth a very serious evil to the vision of passers-by.'

A third cause is *deficiency of light*. Those tailors and sempstresses who work in large establishments, are, as has been said above, liable to irritation of the eye from excess of gaslight; but those who work at home too often suffer from deficiency of light; their windows are darkened by contiguous buildings, while a small cheap candle affords insufficient light in the evening. There appears to be a custom among dressmakers of making up their white and coloured materials during the day, and reserving black work for the evening, on the ground that white or delicate fabrics are apt to become soiled by the smoke of artificial light. The reason assigned may or may not be a sound one; but the practical effect is that of fatiguing the eye by evening-work upon a substance which, by the very circumstance of its being black, reflects little light to the eye. Nothing can tell more conclusively on this point than a few words used by Mr White Cooper: 'I have invariably found that a general mourning increased the number of applicants for relief at the ophthalmic institutions to which I am attached'—

owing to the blank, dreary, wearing and wearying obscurity of the light from black work. Fine work has some such effect as dark work upon the sight; for the eye aches in the endeavour to appreciate each minute spot on the work to be done. Engravers frequently suffer from this cause. The 'closers,' 'statchers,' and 'stabbers' of boots and shoes are in like manner troubled in eyesight by the closeness of the stitches to be made.

A fourth cause is *badly applied light*. The light by which a worker pursues his avocations may be neither too great nor too small in actual amount; yet there may be a want of tact in its adjustment sufficient to irritate and injure the eye. Wherever a draught of air gives a flickering motion to a flame, the eye becomes thereby irritated and inflamed; and in some printing-offices where the compositors are employed during long night-hours, this evil is said to be much felt. The colour of the light is often a subject of injury. Mr Cousins, one of those from whom the committee sought information, said: 'Needlewomen, embroiderers, and lacemakers should work in rooms hung with green, and having green blinds and curtains to the windows. When in North China, I became convinced of the very great advantage with which this rule has been adopted by the exquisite embroiderers of that part. Their books of patterns are frequently called *Books of the Lady of the Green Window*.' He further remarks: 'Needlewomen would find great advantage in changing the colour of their work as frequently as possible; the rationale of this is found in the law, that variation of stimulus is necessary to preserve the tone and health of any organ of sense, and that prolonged application of the same stimulus exhausts it.' The ill effect experienced through remaining many hours in a room lighted by several jets of gas, is probably due quite as largely to the exhalation of the gas as to the brightness of the light. Much unnecessary suffering, too, is borne by persons who work with a light at too low a level; in full many a case, ease would be found to result from an adjustment of the light at a higher level, such as to allow, as in nature, the brow and lashes to shelter the pupil and iris, and to prevent the impact of direct rays upon the optic nerve.

There are multitudes of minor causes of injury to sight, arising, in great part, from the recklessness of workmen while engaged at their employments. Mr Devlin, a bootmaker, who has written much and excellently both on the social and on the technical characteristics of his trade, drew the attention of the committee to the fact, that shoe and boot makers often ruin their sight by smoking short pipes while bending over their work. The bowl of the pipe, hour after hour, is sending out its fumes within a few inches of the down-turned eyes. 'A shoemaker,' he narrates, 'a voracious smoker, having been compelled to apply, through the failure of his sight, to the celebrated oculist, Dr (Mr?) Alexander, this gentleman, immediately he held the head of the wretched sufferer before his observation, exclaimed: "Why, you have brought this all upon yourself! You are your own eye-destroyer! That short pipe which you stick in your lips is doing it all! Throw that bad and filthy thing aside. There can be no remedy for you until you drop this vile propensity. Why, man, you are burning your very eyeballs out of their sockets!" So he told him, and then and afterwards he did what he could for his patient; but all unavailingly as regarded a complete restoration of sight; and now, in his visual benightedness, he is compelled to sell matches in the streets of London.'

Now, in collecting all this sad calamity of eye misfortunes, the Society of Arts, of course, had something more in view than to excite commiseration. The primary objects have been, to ascertain the value of all existing

means of prevention, and to suggest others for future adoption. These means must necessarily depend on the nature of the employment. All artisans who are exposed to eye injury from chips, splinters, dust, grit, or fluff, would do well to look about them for eye-protectors. 'Goggles,' or spectacles of wire-gauze, might often be used with advantage by such persons; and, indeed, stone-breakers in Germany are said to use such. The grinders at Messrs Rodgers' cutlery-works at Sheffield wear, many of them, very large spectacles of plain flint-glass. Dr Gibb expressed to the committee the following opinion on the great 'beard' question: 'I am quite certain that many, in fact a large number of artisans, who are exposed to the influence of dust, grit, chips, splinters, &c., from the nature of their occupation, suffer more in proportion to the absence of beards and whiskers, than those who possess those appendages. This is a fact which is becoming established every day. I have followed this observation out to some extent in practice, in the treatment of diseased eyes from dust, &c., with shaven faces, where there appeared, at the same time, to be a weakness in the organ of vision from the latter cause. On the growth of the beard, when the affection of the eyes was cured, the weakness disappeared, and many whose eyes were before diseased through the nature of their occupations, after obtaining beard and whiskers, were to a great extent exempt from a return of their eye affections. This may be attributable to two causes: the first, the protection afforded to the face by the hair, the strengthening and tonic influence imparted in consequence to the nerves of the face and eyes, and the general improvement of the health from the comfort experienced in wearing the beard; the second, the arrest of the particles of dust and grit by the hair of the beard and whiskers, thereby relieving the eyes. Without at all going into the question as to the propriety of wearing the beard and whiskers, I mention these facts as likely to prove useful, in reply to some of the questions in the special memorandum; but I will observe, in conclusion, that there is a great deal of sympathy between the beard and the eyes, and an abundance of evidence could be brought forward to prove it.'

Many workmen are exposed to the sudden entrance of small particles between the eyeball and the upper lid: a careful lavage or bathing of the eye seems the best cure here; and Mr White Cooper has devised an ingenious little contrivance for this purpose, to be fitted up in workshops. In the numerous cases where the light which falls upon the workman's eye or upon his work is either too great or badly arranged, many preventives have been partially adopted, and others suggested—such as due caution against overworking the eye at one time; frequent changes, if possible, in the size and colour of the substances worked upon; avoidance of black work, if practicable, by artificial light; the employment of slightly tinted blue glass-shades, or judiciously arranged paper-shades, in front of gas-jets; a substitution of daylight for nightlight in all employments, so far as the usages of modern society and the necessities of the workers will permit; the avoidance of red or warm colours, and the substitution of green or blue, in avocations wherein the eyesight is much employed; the use of a reflector over a gaslight, to throw down the illumination on the work, and shield it from the eyes of the workman, &c. Mr White Cooper, when speaking of eye-shades, observes: 'The ordinary shades have had the objection of heating the forehead and eyes, by not allowing the escape of vapour from them. An optician has, at my suggestion, made a shade working on hinges, which does away with the objection by allowing of ventilation; and it can also be adjusted at any angle most convenient to the wearer.'

As to injuries to the eyesight resulting from excessive

smoking, snuff-taking, drinking, or excesses in any habit whatever, nothing need be urged concerning the best mode of prevention—to name the indulgence is, at the same time, to name the direction in which reform is to be sought.

This sheet will fall into the hands of many whose daily employments call for much exercise of eyesight; and if it should induce them to attend to the various modes in which the eyes may suffer, or to adopt any suggested preventives, or to suggest preventives for the use of others, the purpose for which this article is written will have been well attained.

PRIZE OR NO PRIZE.

I WAS at the Cape, on sick leave. When I sailed from India, I was as languid and yellow-visaged as the most listless nabob that ever supplied material for farce or novel. A smart bout of jungle-fever makes one see the world and all its advantages through a diminishing lens; and when I crawled from the Masoolah boat up the side-ladder of the good ship *Mary Jane*, I should not have been in the least excited by the news of my appointment to the office of governor-general. But a few months at the Cape, where the dry air and pure skies absolutely seem to impart vitality to an enfeebled frame, made a wonderful difference in me, both mentally and corporeally. As my strength and appetite returned, so did my interest in sublunary matters; and now that I was a convalescent, I became a victim to boredom. There are few places in which one may enjoy more hearty, honest, solid dulness than at the Cape of Good Hope. No doubt, an English market-town, a cathedral city, a decayed watering-place, are tolerably lifeless, especially in hot summer weather, when dozing dogs have the sunny pavement to themselves, and the blue-bottles that haunt the butcher's shop seem to monopolise all the activity of the place. But Cape Town!—Cape Town on a regular baking-day, before the breeze springs up, may challenge the world to compete with it on the score of monotony.

I was not located in the town itself, but at Simonswald, a little place among the hills, perched at a respectable height above the sea, and whose boarding-houses were full of the recovering, the sick, and the dying, who owed their shattered health to the vampire climate of India. There was no diversion at Simonswald, however, except three: you might stroll up to Constantia Farm, and see the world-famous vineyards, read the newspapers over and over again, or play cards. Now, a newspaper is apt to grow tedious by the time of its fourth perusal; and vineyards have a sameness about them; and of card-playing and its effects, I had seen rather more than enough in the hill-stations in India. By the by, I have known men who had withstood all temptation to become gamblers while on service, gradually imbibe a morbid love of high play at the Cape, from pure dearth of employment, and ruin themselves for life to save a yawn. Well, to escape the dulness of Simonswald, I ordered my hack every day at the same hour, and rode to plunge into the dulness of Cape Town. Not that Cape Town is so utterly uninteresting to a stranger; for a short time—say a week—one might be agreeably enough employed in looking about one.

The Cape has its lions, figuratively, at least, on the hither side of the Orange River. There are the Cape pigeons, bolder than any pigeons Europe can produce; albatrosses and cormorants, and other great white or gray birds, perpetually screaming and soaring over the waves that sparkle with gamboling fish. There are the plump Cape belles; the Cape sheep with their astounding tails; the fish, somehow, never seem real honest appendages, but have all the air of artificial adornments. There are the boors, an overgrown race,

beside whom most of the visitors to the colony look contemptible 'pignies, an opinion you may generally read pretty legibly on the broad face of the Africander himself. And there are the Hottentots, of whose vicinity, if they should happen to be to windward, you cannot long remain unconscious; and the wonderful wagons from the interior; and the Cape burghers, and the Cape sharks, and the vats of Cape wine, and the miserable booths where Cape brandy inspires a company of negroes to dance to the music of a gourd fiddle; and more cattle, more hides, more clay-pipes, and more queer costumes than would give a travelling artist materials for fifty sketches. But still, in a month or two, a man is sure to grow weary of the Cape of Good Hope, and think the best hope he could cherish would be to get well away from it.

One day, as I was yawning about on the pier, looking up now and then at Table Mountain, to see if the cloth was spread, and any elemental frolic probable, a salute was suddenly banged out by the Flagstaff Battery. As quickly as was natural to a man who, for the last day or two, had had no pleasanter problem to busy his mind than an attempt to solve the question, *why* Cape horses cannot trot, but must gallop or canter, I spun round, and asked for information.

'A king's ship, sir, with a prize in tow—a slaver, belike,' said a seafaring man, the mate of some merchantman, and very civilly handed me his glass, through which I could make out a frigate 'clawing' into the bay, in company with a large suspicious-looking black brig. Meanwhile, signals were being rapidly exchanged between the frigate and the shore; and soon the rumour spread that the new-comer was the *Lynx*, 36, Captain Horne. *Lynx*, Captain Horne! here was a chance for me, for Horne was an old friend, a sort of Welsh cousin of mine, and I had even been a cruise in the *Lynx*. Here was a remedy for the Cape blue-devils, for a few days anyhow. I should dine with Horne, and Horne would dine with me, and then I should join the gun-room mess, and hear some yarns not absolutely threadbare. But here is the gig pulling fast for the pier-head, and in the stern-sheets sits the weather-beaten naval commander, Captain Horne, full fig, on his way to the governor's. To my surprise, he seemed in wretched spirits, and winced when I congratulated him on his success in the anti-slavery line.

When he came out of government-house—the 'residence,' as the natives call it—Horne, who had agreed to dine with me, passed his arm through mine.

I asked him what made him wear such a hang-dog look, being lucky enough to have caught a slaver.

'Caught a slaver!' he exclaimed—'caught a Tartar would be nearer the mark, I am afraid. I wish she had been under fifty fathoms of blue water before ever I heard of her.'

A little pressing, and I heard the whole story.

'I was hovering about the South American coast,' said Horne, 'keeping a bright look-out for any stray Brazilian that might be fitting for a trip to the slave-coast; but not one could I find. Either the craft were invisible, or the negro-trade was a myth, one would have thought. At last—you know I always paid highly for good information, and picked up more prizes in that way than could otherwise have been gained—at last, I was informed that a brig was fitting out in Buenos Ayres harbour, and would sail shortly. She was under Brazilian colours, but the skipper was a Yankee, and a 'cute one. He had been obliged to take on board a suspicious quantity of water-casks, salt provisions, and so forth, but he had hidden the shackles—Old Nick alone can tell where; and on the slave-deck he had placed six horses, in pens, as a pretext for his voyage. Ship's papers, manifest, invoice, were all beautifully regular. He was an

honest trader, don't you see? carrying on a traffic in horses, though I shall be able to prove that for the six hide-bound old screws he took out, he must have paid more in Buenos Ayres than he could possibly sell them for on the African coast. Besides these nags, the Yankee had a cargo of hardware, guns, nails, tools, metal rods—the proper things to barter with the natives—and he was to bring back produce, so he says.

'Well,' he sailed. I kept a bright look-out, and never lost sight of his topmasts during the voyage.

'His course was evidently towards the Bight of Benin; but when he got within eighty miles of the Guinea Coast, the old fox doubled, and ran down in the night towards Cameroons. The brig sails fast, as slavers always do; but the *Lynx* is the tightest, trimmest little boat on a wind, in the whole.'

'There, there, Horne; I know all that.'

'Well,' resumed Horne, 'I was coming up with him, hand over hand, so round he went; and running round some sandy keys, made for the Calabar River. I gave chase, and he then steered for the Bonny. This would never do; a squall, a fog, even a dark night, and he would escape me, and carry his cargo of ebony safe to America. So I ran down, fired a gun, and sent a boat to fetch the skipper. He met me with a provoking grin, and said, as he squirted tobacco-juice over my clean white decks: "Well, cap'en, you've got me, and I hope you like me. You've captured me, I guess; but to get the brig condemned is another and a 'nation different story." And so it is, Ned, and I'm afraid I've only burned my fingers by my precious caption. The mixed court won't condemn her on bare suspicion. The crew are as close as wax, and the Yankees keep watch on the Spanish sailors, so no one can split if he wanted to.'

'And if you don't get her condemned, Horne?' said I.

'If I don't, I'm a ruined man, that's all,' he returned with a quiver in his lip very unusual to him. 'I'm a poor man, as you know; and if my prospects are blighted, what is to become of my wife and my poor boys? It was for their sake I was so anxious for more prize-money, and I thought this ship would have paid for James's three years at Cambridge, and left a handsome nest-egg in the bank too. But if the brig's declared an honest trader, I must pay compensation for seizing her, and detaining her illegally, and dockyard-men, labourers for the search, fees, wages, and what not, until I'm a beggar. Worse, too; I shall be in the "black books" of the Admiralty, and perhaps never get another ship, and then'—And the honest fellow stopped, for his heart was too full to allow him to say more. Day after day the slaver lay in Table Bay, and nothing came to light. No seaman poached—no shackles were found. The Yankee skipper grinned triumphantly when he met us on the pier. You would have thought him the captor, and poor dejected Horne the prisoner, to have seen them both.

The mixed court could not come to a decision. There were the water-casks, the salt pork, and so on, but no shackle-bolts and leg-irons. 'Why don't you search the hold?' said I daily to poor Horne.

'I dare not,' was the answer; 'for there is a heavy cargo; and what with the wages of dockyard-men, and compensation to the owners for breaking bulk, the search would cost me a hundred pounds.'

I offered him all the assistance in my power, but he was a proud man, and declined it. So the case went on, and the naval officer, poor man, was on his trial as well as the rascally slaver. Many a captain has let a negro-trader escape rather than face such a risk. The day of the final trial came, and the Yankee skipper was in court, and snapped his fingers at us. He did not take the trouble to sham innocence, confident he could not be proved guilty. Without

saying a word to Horne, I slipped out of court, ran to the pier, and was pulled on board the brig. I soon secured an ally in the midshipman, who commanded the prize-crew, and we made a most irregular onslaught on the contents of the brig's hold. Strange to say, we found the shackles! they had been wrapped in tow, and headed up in casks apparently full of salt-meat; so that, but for an accident, we might have searched till doomsday in vain. But the discovery was useless after all; for when I returned in triumph, I found Horne radiant with joy, and the Yankee crest-fallen and utterly subdued. Unable to agree, the Brazilian and English judges had agreed to *toss up*, heads or tails of a dollar, for condemned or acquitted. Heads came up, and thus, most justly, though by sheer accident, the vessel was condemned.

COOKERY AND COOKS.

We have long been of opinion that not only your poet and your gardener must be 'to the manner born'—overshadowed from the cradle by the flowers of Parnassus or the green-house—but that those very important house-genii, cooks, are likewise so by right of birth-gift. To be really a cook, as to be really a poet, one must possess qualities accorded to but few. Quick sense of aromatic odours, equal delicacy of taste in its primary sense, fertility of invention and expedient, powers of combination, must belong to the cook in no ordinary degree. The badness of mere professors of this important art, the skill with which they spoil the good gifts of Providence, are no more arguments against this theory than the detestable infliction of sham poetry is against the heaven-born genius of the poet; nay, it is rather an argument in its favour, the rareness of the gift proving its excellence.

The truth is practically acknowledged by the remuneration of the gift when possessed. One of the late Sybarites of the regent's days gave, we know from certain authority, L.400 a year to her cook; and L.100 a year are the ordinary wages of one who would probably designate himself as an *artiste*.

And like other followers of art, your true cook has an idiosyncrasy of his own: a self-consciousness, a jealousy of non-appreciation, a delight in discovering new combinations of old materials—what else is left to either cook or poet?—and an exultation in casting a glamour over the senses of his duller neighbours by the witchery of his art—an art, too, let us whisper, of much greater importance than we coarse Anglo-Saxons have comprehended till lately, when a great cook became one of the supporters of an army, and made manifest the fact that, as man is an eating animal, he may not with impunity disregard one of the laws of his being.

In ancient times, when man had not learned the evils of indigestion—judging by his length of days and the paucity of physicians—cooking was held in high honour, and practised by noble and princely persons. It is the hands of the queenly Sarah that prepare flesh of the calf and baked cakes for the food of angels. Rebecca's delicate cookery deceived even the practised taste of Isaac, and was the instrument misemployed to bring a prophetic blessing on a peculiar people.

Turn from these great mothers of the ancient race to the Greeks of Homer's days, and you will find kings cooking in honour of their gods; and roast-pork greeting the return of Ulysses. Both the kingly and the swineherd cook develop the idiosyncrasy of which we speak. Important events are celebrated by their art. The sacrifice must be followed by the feast; the royal exile's return, in like manner, by an impromptu slaughter and frying of swine, just as the

post by a certain instinct celebrates a solemnity or a victory by a lay.

The Spartan cooks, too, even when their art was curbed and checked by the puritanical laws of their country, and their skill was doomed to evaporate in the steam of black broth, were as jealous of their honour as the most tenacious of modern artistes. One has gone down to all ages as reproving a monarch with equal boldness and wit, whilst resenting an insult to his own skill.

The king murmurs over the legal repast of his country—'the broth was naught.'

'It lacks its seasoning,' was the reply.

'What is that?'

'Labour and exercise, O king.'

The cooks of old Rome—we mean of the empire—were obliged to supply by their skill the deficiency of this seasoning. We wonder how many slaves cooked for Lucullus—how they managed their delicate dishes of peacocks' tongues and brains. How pleased the fraternity of cooks must have been at every new creature, 'meet for food,' which the luxurious conquerors of the world brought back from every vanquished land!—how they must have welcomed the delicious oyster of Britain, the cherries for their first tart, brought home from Greece by Lucullus himself! The days of the Roman Empire must have been a palmy time for cooks. In far-off Egypt, where Antony's capricious appetite taxed the patience and skill of his *chef de cuisine*, twelve cooks constantly prepared the meal that was ever to be ready, and might be called for at all hours; and twelve wild-boars, in different stages of roasting, astonished the stranger's eyes. But we are digressing from the chief purport of our article.

One of the saddest, and yet most apt, illustrations of the jealous sensitiveness of cooks, is that recorded by Madame de Sevigné of the celebrated Vatel, servant to Louis Quatorze. The king was at Chantilly for the day, with all his brilliant court. They walked in those pleasant gardens, and on a spot carpeted with jonquils a collation was served. Roast-meat failed at some of the many tables, for a far greater number of guests had arrived than had been announced in the preparatory orders. Vatel felt the want—the defect in his perfect feast, as his sensitive tribe ever do. He said several times: 'Je suis perdu d'honneur; voici un affront que je ne supporterai pas.' He added to M. Gourville these touching words, explanatory of the catastrophe which followed: 'My head turns; for twelve nights I have not slept; help me to give orders.' Gourville helped him to the best of his power, and communicated his distress to the prince, who went to his room, and assured him that all was well; that nothing could be better than the king's supper. He replied: 'Monseigneur, votre bonté m'achève; je sais que le rôti a manqué à deux tables.' We shall quote the remainder of the sad tale from Madame de Sevigné herself: 'At four o'clock in the morning, Vatel walks round the place; he finds everybody asleep; he meets a little purveyor, who brings him only two baskets of salt-water fish. He asks him: "Is that all?" "Yes, sir." The boy did not know that Vatel had sent to all the sea-ports for more. Vatel waits some time; the other purveyors do not arrive. His head grows confused and troubled; he believed there would be no more salt-water fish. He found Gourville, and said to him: "Monseigneur, I shall not survive this disgrace." Gourville laughed at him. Vatel ascends to his chamber, puts his sword against the door, and passes it through his heart; but it was only at the third blow—for he gave himself two wounds, which were not mortal—that he fell dead.'

Too late, too late came the fish. The grief of the courtiers was great at first, but 'Gourville tried to

repair the loss of Vatel, and it was repaired. The court dined well; they had a collation—a supper; they walked—played. Everything was perfumed by jonquils: everybody was enchanted.'

One shudders as one reads. Was there no memory of the unfortunate man who had perished in that sweet perfume? No trace of the recent horror amidst that selfish throng? No marvel if the next time we meet with a royal French cook, it is in the prison of the Temple. The glittering, heartless throng have vanished. The sceptre is in the dust. 'Le Roi'—that golden idol—is no longer amid the jonquils of Chantilly, but a captive to his own people; and Turgot, his old cook, faithful amidst so many false, serves, aids, helps the fallen monarch in his hour of need.

The same nervous temperament which led to Vatel's fearful fate, produced in England another tragedy, in which a cook was the principal actor. Some supposed insult offered to his skill, drew the vengeance of this man on the family he served; and they were all poisoned by him. We do not wish to dwell upon such a tale; but as its punishment was the last act of one of our old terrible laws, we could scarcely leave it out in our chat about cooks. In those days, the law condemned 'cooks who were guilty of poisoning to be boiled alive' and this hideous doom was fulfilled in this case.* The cook was boiled in a large kettle in Smithfield Market! Probably the opportunities of destruction possessed by cooks, suggested fears and suspicions which gave rise to this frightful law, and not any frequency of the crime in the persons for whom it was framed. This opinion is confirmed by the fact that the instance we have cited was the first and last time of the frightful punishment being carried into effect.

But we will turn to a pleasanter phase of character—that is, the skill and art of combination, and even transformation, belonging to this peculiar idiosyncrasy. We suppose almost all our readers know the story of the bet made by the French *gourmands*, one of whom asserted that he could detect the component parts of any dish put before him; the other, betting at great odds that he would not be able to tell the materials wherewith his cook would prepare a 'savoury dish' for them. The bet was taken; the one confident in his quick natural sense; the other in the skill of his cook. The matter was of importance beyond a mere gambling transaction, because the fallen fortunes of a noble family would be raised by the timely pecuniary help. The cook—a Frenchman of course—exerted all his talents, and surpassed all praise. The dish was placed before the knowing epicure. He tastes, smacks his lips, tastes again, smells it—your epicures don't stand on elegance of manner in such a case!—tastes again. Alas! it is redolent of all rich odours; such sauces, so marvelously blended; such gravy, such solids—so soft, tender! What can it be? A wondrously prepared tripe? No! Calves' head in a new shape? No, no, no!—a thousand 'Nos.' Our epicure gives it up. 'It is old white kid gloves!' is the cool explanation, when the bet is resigned up as lost. We remember reading in our childhood, in an old, old history of the Netherlands, of similar skill proving of inestimable value to some Black Walloons, who were besieged and famine-stricken somewhere—our memory cannot recall the name. The cook of the garrison, being a *true* cook, and therefore possessing the idiosyncrasy of his tribe, made most appetising salads of grass; dressed stinging nettles like spinach with eggs, whilst he had any; made admirable ragouts of rats, and mice, and lapdogs; a splendid second course of dried onions, and finally disguised

* *See Blackstone's Commentaries.*

the officers' old boots a *merveille*, and made leather digestible! not to speak of the hot rolls made of saw-dust and a few chestnuts! Finally, the Sayer of that age made his dependents confident that 'if they cut off their left arms, and fought with their right,' he could make wholesome food from the lost members!

The artistic skill of cooks is shewn frequently in ornament as well as in substantial matters. The graceful centre-dishes, and garnishings of sugar, &c.; the vegetable flowers, architectural jellies, the blending of colours, are all proofs of this power. The culinary art appeals to the eye as well as to the palate, and charms three or four senses at once. In the age of chivalry, a fortress of paste stands, attacked by mimic warriors, on the centre of the warren's board. As taste and knowledge spread, lighter and more fanciful devices appear. Barley-sugar baskets and turrets emulate topazes in clearness and brilliancy, and 'dough' becomes the instrument for the art of a modeller, who might vie with the sculptor, the material taken into consideration.

It was the despair of the Duke of Tuscany's cook for a lacking centre-ornament that brought to light the genius of Canova—the boy, who was lingering about the kitchen—so runs the tale—offering to supply the want, and forming from dough and white sugar so perfect a lion that the duke, perceiving his talent, took him under his own care, and he became the great sculptor of modern times.

Of all people, the negroes are most generally gifted with the skill required for the culinary art. This is shewn, we think, by the choice of a negro for cook on board almost all ships of war. We remember well when we—in our childhood—dwelt on board a man-of-war possessing such a cook; and in how many points our 'Black John' partook of the idiosyncrasy of greater artists; for he was a genius in his way, and delighted in all things beautiful. We can see him now! How he used to strut down the deck, with a certain dignity about him too; there was no lack of self-appreciation in John. How he ordered his subordinates, the boys attached to the galley; and how marvellously quick he was in understanding a 'receipt' for even the most difficult and delicate operations of his art. There was nothing he could not do, though our mother, from some slight prejudice as to his colour—we ourselves thought it was because it would 'come off'—did not permit him to make pastry for us. He liked flowers very much; and in return for some gift of sweets, we presented him with a flower-pot, containing our only flower—a marigold! He was amusingly diverted by the gift, declaring, 'Marigold proper flower for cook, 'cos good to put in soup.' We had even then read a little of Shakespeare, and quoted instantly the verses:

The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping.

Black John was charmed; he made us repeat the lines again and again, till he knew them; and afterwards we heard him, negro-fashion, singing them to a tune of his own—one of those wild melodies which prove how much of the artist's soul dwells often in the bosom of the blackamoor.

But it was—as we said at the commencement of this article—reserved for our own day to shew us the value of cookery as an art, and the idiosyncrasy of cooks in its best form. When our armies were perishing for lack of nourishment rather than food—for they had enough to spoil—a cook, with the self-consciousness of power, and chivalrous feeling peculiar to the character we have tried to draw, volunteered to go and aid the sufferers with the best resources of his skill. He went, and was successful, and raised for ever his art and the skill of its followers in the

estimation of Europe and the East. With the names of the brave men who fought and fell by the shores of the Euxine, will be united hereafter the name and memory of Sayer the cook.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXX.—SIGNAL-SHOTS.

I SHALL not attempt to depict my emotions at that moment; my pen is unequal to the task. Think, thou, of my situation, and fancy them if thou canst.

Behind me, a mother murdered and basely mutilated—a near relative slain in like fashion—my home—my property given to the flames. Before me a sister torn from the maternal embrace, borne ruthlessly along by savage captors—perhaps outraged by their fiendish leader. And he, too, under my eyes, the false perfidious friend—the ravisher—the murderer! Had I not cue for indulging in the wildest emotions?

And wild they were—each moment becoming wilder as I gazed upon the object of my vengeance. They were fast rising beyond my control. My muscles seemed to swell with renewed rage; the blood coursed through my veins like streams of liquid fire.

I almost forgot the situation in which we were. But one thought was in my mind—vengeance. Its object was before me—unconscious of my presence as if he had been asleep—almost within reach of my hand—perfectly within range of my rifle.

I raised the piece to the level of those drooping plumes; I sighted their tips; I knew that the eyes were underneath them; my finger rested against the trigger.

In another instant, that form—in my eyes, hitherto heroic—would have lain lifeless upon the grass; but my comrades forbade the act.

With a quick instinct, Hickman grasped the lock of my gun, covering the nipple with his broad palm; while Weatherford clutched at the barrel. I was no longer master of the piece.

I was angry at the interruption, but only for an instant; a moment's reflection convinced me they had acted right. The old hunter, putting his lips close to my ear, addressed me in an earnest whisper:

'Not yit, Geordie—not yit: for your life, don't make a fuss. 'Twould be no use to kill him. The rest o' the varmints ud be sartin to git off, an' sartin to toat the weemen along wi' 'em. We three ain't enough to stop 'em; we'd only git sculped ourselves. We must slide back for the others, an' then we'll be able to surround 'em: that's the idea—ain't it, Jim?'

Weatherford, fearing to trust his voice, nodded an affirmative.

'Come, then!' added Hickman, in the same low whisper. 'We musn't lose a minute. Let 'a git back as rapid as possyble. Keep yur backs low down—genteelly, genteelly!' and, as he continued giving these injunctions, he faced towards the ground, extended his body to its full length, and crawling off like an alligator, was soon lost behind the trunks of the trees.

Weatherford and I followed in similar fashion, until safe beyond the circle of the firelight, when all three rose erect to our feet.

We stood for a moment listening backward. We

were not without anxiety lest our retreat might have disturbed the camp; but no sounds reached us save those to which we had been listening—the snore of some sleeping savage, the ‘crop-crop’ of the browsing horse, or the stamp of a hoof upon the firm turf.

Satisfied that we had passed away unobserved, we started upon the back-track, which the hunters could now follow like a path well known to them. Dark as it was, we advanced almost in a run, and were progressing rapidly, when our speed was suddenly checked by the report of a gun.

Each halted as if shot in his tracks. Surprise it was that stopped us, for the report came not from the Indian camp, but the opposite direction—that in which our party had been left.

But it could not be one of them who had fired? They were at too great a distance—or should have been—for their guns to have been heard so distinctly. Had they advanced, tired waiting for our return? Were they still advancing? If so, the shot was most imprudent; it would be certain to put the camp on the *qui vive*. What had they fired at? It might have been an accidental discharge—it must have been.

These conjectures were rapid as thoughts can be: we did not communicate them to one another; each had them of himself.

We had scarcely time to speak to one another, when a second shot rang in our ears. It came from the same direction as the former, appearing almost a repetition; and had there been time to re-load, we should have so deemed it. But there had not been time, even for the most accomplished rifleman. Two guns, therefore, had been fired.

My companions were puzzled as well as myself. The firing was inexplicable under any other hypothesis than that some Indians had strayed from their camp, and were making ‘signals of distress.’

We had no time to reflect. We could now hear behind us the camp in full alarm, and we knew it was the shots that had caused it. We heard the shouts of men—the neighing and hurried trampling of horses.

Without pausing longer, we again took to the track, and hastened onward in the direction of our friends.

Farther on, we perceived some men on horseback. Two there appeared to be—though in the darkness we were not certain, as their forms were scarcely distinguishable.

They appeared to retreat as we approached, gliding off like ghosts among the trees. No doubt these were they who had fired the shots; they were just in the direction whence the reports had come, and at the proper distance.

Were they Indians or whites?

Risking the chance of their being our foes, old Hickman hailed them.

We paused to listen. There was no reply—not even an exclamation from either. We could hear, by the hoof-strokes of their horses, that they were hurrying off in a direction altogether different from that either of our friends or foes.

There was something mysterious in the behaviour of these two horsemen. For what purpose had they fired their guns? If to signal the camp, why had they retreated from us as we came forward? Why, moreover, had they gone off in a direction that did not lead to the camp—since its position was now known to them by the noise of the alarm they had themselves occasioned?

To me, their behaviour was inexplicable.

Hickman appeared to have found some clue to it, and the knowledge seemed to produce a singular effect upon him. He exhibited signs of astonishment, mingled with feelings of indignation.

‘Devil’s swamp ‘em! the wuthless skunks, if’t are them!’ I’m good as sure it are. I can’t a be

mistaken in the crack o’ them two guns. What say ye, Jim Weatherford? Di ye recognize ‘em?’

‘I war thinkin’ I’d heern them afore—somewhere, but I can’t ‘zactly tell whar. Stay: one on ‘em’s preecious like the ring o’ Ned Spence’s rifle.’

‘Preecious like—it are the same, an’ tother’s Bill Williams. What on airth kin the two be arter? We left ‘em ‘long wi’ the rest, an’ hyar they are—I’m sure it’s them—gallivantin’ about through the woods, an’ firin’ off thar guns to spoil everything we’ve done. They’ve sot the Indys off to a sartinty. Devil swamp ‘em both! what kin they be arter? Some hellniferous game, I ‘spect. By the tarnal catawampus! I’ll make both on ‘em pay for this when we ‘git thegither. Come on quick, fellers! Let’s git the party up, or we’ll be too late. Their Indys ‘ll make tracks, an’ slope afore we git neef ‘em. Durn the shots! they’ve spoilt the hul bizness. Quick—come along hyar!’

Following the old hunter’s direction, we hurried on after him.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

AN EMPTY CAMP.

We had not gone far before we were within earshot of voices, mingled with the hollow thumping of horses’ hoofs.

We recognised the voices as those of our comrades, and hailed them as they came nearer, for we perceived that they were advancing towards us. They had heard the reports; and, believing them to proceed from our rifles, had fancied we were engaged with the Indians, and were now riding up to our aid.

‘Hullo, boys!’ shouted Hickman as they drew near, ‘is Bill Williams an’ Ned Spence among ye? Speak out if ye be.’

There was no reply to this interrogatory; it was succeeded by a dead silence of some seconds’ duration. Evidently the two men were not there, else they would have answered for themselves.

‘Where are they?’ ‘Where have they gone to?’ were the inquiries that passed through the crowd.

‘Ay, whar are they?’ repeated Hickman. ‘Thar not hyar, that’s plain.’ By the tarnal allygator! thar’s some ugly game afoot atween ‘em two fellers. But come, boys! we must forrad. The Indys is jest afore ye. It’s no use creepin’ any more—thar a gwine to slope, an’ ef we don’t git up to ‘em in three shakes o’ a squirrel’s tail, thar won’t be a cussed redskin o’ ‘em on the groun’. Hooraw for sculps! Look to yur guns. Let’s forrad, an’ gie ‘em partickler tarnation!’

And with this emphatic utterance, the old hunter dashed into the front, and led the way towards the camp of the savages.

The men followed, helter-skelter, the horses crowding upon each other’s heels. No strategic method was observed; time was the important consideration; and our aim was to get up to their camp before the Indians could retreat from it. A bold charge into the midst of our enemies—a volley from our guns, with knives and pistols to close the conflict—this was the programme that had been hastily agreed upon.

We had arrived near the camp—within three hundred yards of it. There was no uncertainty as to the direction. The noises from the camp itself, which had continued ever since the first alarm, had served to guide us.

All at once these noises became hushed; no longer reached us, either the voices of men, or the hurried trampling of horses. In the direction of the camp, all was still as death.

We needed no more the guidance of sounds; we were within sight of the fire, or rather of their light, that glittered, afar among the trees: with this as our beacon, we continued to advance.

We no longer rode rashly forward. The change from confused noise to perfect silence had been so sudden, so abrupt, as to have the effect of making us more cautious. The very stillness appeared ominous. We read in it a warning; it rendered us suspicious of an ambuscade—the more so, that all had heard of the great talents of the 'red stick chief' for this very mode of attack. We approached, therefore, with greater prudence.

When within a hundred yards of the fires, our party halted. Several dismounted, and advanced on foot. These glided from trunk to trunk till they had reached the edge of the opening, and then came back to report.

The camp was no longer in existence; its occupants were gone; Indians, horses, captives, plunder—all had disappeared from the ground; the fires alone remained! These bore evidence of being disturbed in the confusion of the hasty decampment. The red embers were strewed over the ground, their last flames faintly flickering away.

The scouts continued to advance among the trees, till they had made the full circuit of the opening. For a hundred yards around it, the woods were searched with caution and care, but no enemy was found—no ambuscade. We had arrived too late; our savage foes had escaped us, and carried off their captives from under our very eyes.

It was impossible to follow them in the darkness; and, with mortified spirits, we advanced into the glade, and took possession of the deserted camp—determined to remain there for the rest of the night, and renew the pursuit in the morning.

Our first care was to quench our thirst by the pond, then that of our animals. The fires were next extinguished; and a ring of sentries—consisting of nearly half the number of our party—was placed among the tree-trunks that stood thickly around the opening. The horses were staked over the ground; and this done, the men stretched themselves along the sward, so lately occupied by the bodies of their foemen.

In this wise we awaited the dawning of day.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

A DEAD HORSE.

My comrades, wearied with the long ride, were soon in deep slumber, the sentries only remaining awake. For me was neither rest nor sleep—my misery forbade repose. Most of the night I spent in pacing to and fro around the pond, that lay darkly gleaming in the centre of the open ground.

I fancied I found relief in thus roving about—it seemed to still the agitation of my spirit—it prevented my reflections from becoming too intense.

A new regret occupied my thoughts—I regretted that I had not succeeded in my intention to fire at the chief of the murderers—I regretted I had not killed him on the spot: the monster had escaped, and my sister was now perhaps beyond the power of rescue.

I blamed the hunters for having hindered me. Had they foreseen the result, they might have acted otherwise; but it was beyond human foresight to have anticipated the alarm.

The two men who had caused it were again with us. Their conduct, so singular and mysterious, had given rise to strong suspicions of their loyalty; and their re-appearance—they had joined us while advancing towards the camp—had been hailed with an outburst of angry menace. Some even talked of shooting them out of their saddles; and this threat would most probably have been carried into effect, had the fellows not offered a ready explanation. They alleged that they had separated from the troop before it made its last halt—that they knew nothing of the advance

of the scouts, or that Indians were near—that they had got lost in the woods, and had fired their guns as signals in hopes that we might answer them. They acknowledged having met three men afoot, but they fancied them to be Indians, and had kept out of their way—that afterwards seeing the party near, they had recognised and ridden up to it.

Most of the men were contented with the explanation. What motive, reasoned they, could the two have in giving an alarm to the enemy? Who could suspect them of rank treason?

Not all were satisfied. I heard old Hickman whisper some significant words to his comrade, as he glanced towards the estrays.

'Keep yur eye skinned, Jim, an' watch the skunks well—that's somethin' not hulsome about 'em.'

As there was no one who could openly accuse them, they were once more admitted into the ranks; and were now among those who were stretched out and sleeping.

The wretches lay close to the edge of the water. In my rounds I passed them repeatedly; and in the sombre darkness I could just distinguish their prostrate forms. I regarded them with strange emotions, for I shared the suspicions of Hickman and Weatherford. I could scarcely doubt that these fellows had strayed off on purpose—that, actuated by some foul motive, they had fired their guns to warn the Indians of the approach of our party.

By midnight there was a moon. There was no cloud to intercept her beams; and after, rising above the tree-tops, she poured down a flood of brilliant light.

The sleepers were awakened by the sudden change. Some rose to their feet, believing it to be day. It was only after glancing up to the heavens they became aware of their mistake.

The noise had put every one on the alert. A few talked of continuing the pursuit by the light of the moon. Such a course would have coincided with my own wishes, but the hunter-guides opposed it. Their reasons were just. In open ground, they could have lifted the trail, but under the timber, the moon's light would not avail them. True, they could have tracked by torchlight, but this would only be to expose us to an ambuscade of the enemy. Even to advance by moonlight would be to subject ourselves to a like danger. Circumstances had changed. The savages now knew we were after them. In a night-march, the pursued have the advantage of the pursuers—even though the numbers be inferior. The darkness gives them every facility of effecting either an attack or escape.

Thus reasoned the guides. No one made opposition to their views, and it was agreed that we should keep the ground till daylight.

It was time to change the sentinels. Those who had slept, now took post; while the relieved guard came in, and flung themselves down to snatch a few hours of rest.

Williams and Spence took their turn with the rest. They were posted on one side of the glade, and next to one another.

Hickman and Weatherford had fulfilled their tour—as they stretched themselves along the grass, I noticed that they had chosen a spot near to where the suspected men had been placed. By the moonlight, they must have had a view of the latter.

Notwithstanding their recumbent attitudes, the hunters did not appear to go to sleep. I observed them at intervals. Their heads were close together, and slightly raised above the ground, as if they were whispering to one another.

As before, I walked round and round. The moonlight enabled me to move more rapidly, and this eased my spirit. Oft-times I made the circuit of the little pond—how oft, it would be difficult to determine. My steps were mechanical. My thoughts had no

connection with the physical exertions I was making, and I took no note of how I progressed.

After a time there came a stillness over my soul. For a short interval, both my griefs and vengeful passions seemed to have departed. I knew the cause. It was a mere psychological phenomenon—one of common occurrence. The nerves that were the organs of the peculiar emotions under which I was suffering, had grown wearied, and refused any longer to vibrate.

I knew it was but a temporary calm—the lull between two billows of the storm—but during its continuance I was sensible to impressions from external objects.

I could not help noticing the singularity of the scene around me. The bright moonlight enabled me to note its features somewhat minutely.

We were inside what by backwoodsmen is technically termed a *glade*—oftener in their idiom a 'gleed'—a small opening in the woods without timber or underwood of any sort. This one was circular—about fifty yards in diameter—and with the peculiarity of having a pond in its midst. The pond, which was only a few yards in circumference, was also a circle, perfectly cocentric with the glade itself. It was one of those singular natural basins found throughout the peninsula, and appearing as if scooped out by mechanic art. It was deeply sunk in the earth, and filled with water till within three feet of its rim. The water was cool and clear, and under the moonbeams, shone with a silvery effulgence.

Of the glade itself, nothing more—except that it was covered with sweet-smelling flowers—that, now crushed under the hoofs of horses, and the heels of men, gave forth a double fragrance.

It was a pretty parterre, and under happier circumstances, I should have esteemed it a picture pleasant to contemplate.

But it was not the picture that occupied my attention in that moment; rather was it the framing.

Around the glade stood tall trees in a ring, as regularly as if they had been planted; and, beyond these, as far as the eye could penetrate the depths of the forest, were others of like size and aspect. The trunks of all were nearly of one thickness—few of them reaching a diameter of two feet, but all rising to the height of many yards without leaf or branch. They grew somewhat densely over the ground, but in daylight the eye might have ranged to a considerable distance through the intervals—for there was no underwood, save the low dwarf palmetto, to interrupt the view. The trunks were straight, and almost cylindrical as palms; and they might have been mistaken for trees of this order, had it not been for their large heads of leaves terminating in a cone-shaped summit.

They were not palms: they were pines—'broom' pines—a species of tree with which I was perfectly familiar, having ridden many hundreds of miles shaded by the pendant fascicles of their acicular foliage.

The sight of these trees, therefore, would have created no curiosity, had I not noticed in their appearance something peculiar. Instead of the deep green which should have been exhibited by their long drooping leaves, they appeared of a brownish yellow. Was it fancy? or was it the deceptive light of the moon that caused this apparent change in their natural colour?

One or the other, soliloquised I, on first noticing them; but as I continued to gaze, I perceived that I was in error. Neither my own fancy nor the moon's were at fault. The foliage was really of the brownish yellow appeared to be. In drawing nearer to them,

I observed that the leaves were withered, though still adhering to the twigs—I noticed, moreover, that the trunks were dry and dead-like—the bark scaled or scaling off—that the trees, in short, were dead.

I now remembered what Hickman had stated while groping for the direction. That was at some distance off; but, as far as I could see, the woods presented the same dun colour. I came to the conclusion that the whole forest was dead.

The inference was correct, and the explanation easy. The sphinx* had been at work. The whole forest was dead.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

A CIRCULAR CONFLICT.

Strange as it may seem, even in that dread hour these observations had interested me; but while making them, I observed something which gratified me still more. It was the blue dawn that, mingling with the yellower light of the moon, affected the hues of the foliage upon which I was gazing. Morning was about to break.

Others had noticed this at the same instant, and already the sleepers were rising from their dewy couches, and looking to the girths of their saddles.

We were a hungry band, but there was no hope of breakfast, and we prepared to start without it.

The dawn was of only a few minutes' duration; and, as the sky continued to brighten, preparations were made for starting. The sentries were called in—all except four, who were prudently left to the last minute to watch in different directions; the horses were unpicketed, and bridled—they had worn their saddles all night—and the guns of the party were carefully reprimed or capped. Many of my comrades were old campaigners, and every precaution was taken that might influence our success in a conflict. It was expected that before noon we should come up with the savage band, or track it home to its lair. In either case, we should have a fight, and once more all declared their determination to go forward.

A few minutes were spent in arranging the order of our march. It was deemed prudent that some of the more skilled of the men should go forward as scouts on foot, and thoroughly explore the woods in advance of the main body. This would secure us from any sudden attack, in case the enemy had formed an ambuscade. The old hunters were once more to act as trackers, and of course lead the van.

These arrangements were completed, and we were on the point of starting. The men had mounted their horses—the scouts were already entering the edge of the timber; when all on a sudden several shots were heard, and at the same time the alarm-cries of the sentries who had fired them. These had not yet been called in; and the four had discharged their pieces almost simultaneously.

The woods appeared to ring with a hundred echoes. But they were not echoes—they were real reports of rifles and musketry; and the shrill war-cries that accompanied them was easily distinguished above the shouting of our own men.

The Indians were upon us.

Upon us, or, to speak less figuratively, around us. The four sentries had fired, therefore each had seen Indians in his own direction.

But it needed not this to guide us to the conclusion that we were surrounded. From all sides came the fierce

* *Sphinx confervarum*. Immense swarms of insects, and especially the larva of the above species, insinuate themselves under the bark of the 'long-leaved' (broom) pine, attack the trunk, and cause the tree to perish in the course of a year. Extensive tracts are met with in Florida, covered solely with dead pines that have been thus destroyed.

Pinus Australis. One of the most remarkable of the *coniferae*. A southern species.

yells of the foe, as if echoing one another, and their bullets whistled past us in different directions. Beyond doubt, the glade was encompassed within their lines.

Their first volley had but little effect. Two or three men were hit, and as many horses; but the balls were weak, and did but trifling harm. From where they had fired, our position was beyond the 'carry' of their guns, and spent bullets were seen plashing dead upon the pond. Had they crept a little nearer, before delivering their fire, the execution would have been fearful, clumped together as we were within the opening.

Fortunately, our staunch guards had perceived their approach, and in good time given the alarm.

It had saved us.

These are after-thoughts. At that crisis, no one paused to reflect. The nature of the attack was apparent to all of us; it was a 'surround,' and the best mode of meeting it was our only thought.

There was a momentary confusion with much noise—the shouting of men, mingled with the neighing and prancing of horses; but above the din was heard the guiding voice of Hickman.

'Off o' yer hosses, fellers! an' take to the trees. Down wi' ye, quick! To the trees, an' keep 'em back! or by the tarnal airtquake, every mother's son o' us 'll git sculped! To the trees!—to the trees!'

The same idea had already suggested itself to others; and before the hunter had ceased calling out his directions, the men were out of their saddles, and making for the edge of the timber.

Some ran to one side, some to another—each making for the tree that was nearest him—and in a few seconds our whole party had ensconced itself—the body of each individual sheltered behind the trunk of a pine. In this position, we formed a perfect circle, our backs turned upon each other, and our faces to the foe.

Our horses thus hurriedly abandoned, and wild with the excitement of the attack, galloped madly over the ground, with trailing bridles, and stirrups striking against their flanks. Most of them dashed past us; and, scampering off through the trees, were either caught by the savages, or having broken past them, escaped into the woods beyond.

We made no attempt to 'head' them. The bullets were hurtling past our ears. It would have been certain death to have stepped aside from the trunks that sheltered us.

The advantage of the position we had gained was apparent at a single glance. Fortunate it was that our last sentries had been so tardily relieved. Had these been called in a moment sooner, the surprise would have been complete. The Indians would have advanced to the very edge of the opening, before uttering their war-cry or firing a shot, and we should have been at their mercy. They would have been under cover of the timber, and perfectly protected from our guns, while we in the open ground must have fallen before their fire. But for the well-timed alarm, they might have massacred us at will.

Disposed as we now were, our antagonists had not much advantage. The trunks of the trees intrenched us both. Only the concave side of our line was exposed, and the enemy might fire at it across the glade. But as the opening was fifty yards in diameter, and at no point had we permitted the Indians to get up to its edge, we knew that their bullets could not carry across; and therefore had no apprehension on this score.

The manœuvre, improvised though it was, had proved our salvation. We now saw it was the only thing we could have done to save ourselves from immediate destruction. Fortunate it was that the voice of Hickman had hurried us so quickly to our posts.

Our men were not slow in returning the enemy's fire. In a few seconds their guns were at play; and every now and then was heard the sharp whip-like 'spang' of their rifles around the circle of the glade. At intervals, too, rose a triumphant cheer, as some savage, who had too rashly exposed his red body, was known to have fallen to the shot.

Again the voice of the old hunter rang over the glade. Cool, calm, and clear, it was heard by every one. 'Mind yer hind-sights, boys! an' shoot sure. Don't waste neer a grain o' yer powder. Ye'll need the hul on't afore we've done wi' the cussed niggers. Don't a one o' ye pull trigger till ye've drawed a bend on a redskin's eye.'

These injunctions were full of significance. Hitherto, the younger 'hands' had been firing somewhat recklessly—discharging their pieces as soon as loaded, and only wounding the trunks of the trees. It was to stay this proceeding that Hickman had spoken.

His words produced the desired effect. The reports became less frequent, but the triumphant cheer that betokened a 'hit' was heard as often as ever.

In a few minutes after the first burst of the battle, the conflict assumed altogether a new aspect. The wild yells uttered by the Indians in their first onslaught—intended to drive us into confusion—were no longer heard; and the shouts of the white men had also ceased. Only now and then rose the deep 'hurrah' of triumph, or a shout from some of our party to give encouragement to his comrades.

At intervals rang out the 'Yo-ho-ehc,' uttered by some warrior-chief to stimulate his braves to the attack.

The shots were no longer in volleys, but single, or two and three at a time. Every shot was fired with an aim; and it was only when that aim proved true—or he who fired it believed it so—that voices were heard on either side. Each individual was too much occupied in looking for an object for his aim, to waste time in idle words or shouts.

Perhaps, in the whole history of war, there is no account of a conflict so quietly carried on—no battle so silently fought. In the interludes between the shots there were moments when the stillness was intense—moments of awful and ominous silence.

Neither was battle ever fought in which both sides were so oddly arrayed against each other. We were disposed in two concentric circles—the outer one formed by the enemy, the inner by the men of our party, deployed almost regularly around the glade. These circles were scarcely forty paces apart; at some points, perhaps a little less—where a few of the more daring warriors, sheltered by the trees, had worked themselves closer to our line. Never was battle fought where the contending parties were so near each other, without closing in hand-to-hand conflict. We could have conversed with our antagonists without raising our voices above the ordinary tone; and were enabled to aim, literally, at the 'whites of their eyes!'

Under such circumstances was the contest carried on.

TO THE EDITORS OF CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

GENTLEMEN—In the series of papers contributed to your periodical by the gifted author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, and recently published in a collected form, under the title of *A Woman's Thoughts about Women*, occur two serious misrepresentations of the doctrines of the Bible.

To your ever-present desire to disseminate truth, not falsehood—to inform, not to misinform, the people, the labours of your lives give unequivocal testimony. In accordance with the principles by which your efforts to popularise knowledge have ever been guided, you will

doubtless grant a place in your widely-circulated Journal to the few observations I am about to offer; the more readily, as they refer to the sacred, world-wide cause of Divine Revelation.

At page 301 of *Chambers's Journal*, Dec. 12, 1857, occurs this remark: 'I believe there is no other light on this difficult question, than that given by the New Testament. There, clear and plain, shines the doctrine of which, until then, there was no trace either in external or revealed religion—that for every crime, being repented of and forsaken, there is forgiveness with Heaven; and if with Heaven, there ought to be with men. This, without at all entering into the doctrinal question of atonement, but simply taking the basis of Christian morality, as contrasted with the natural morality of the savage, or even of the ancient Jew, which, without equivalent retribution, pre-supposes no such thing as pardon.'

I consider this, the second of the two passages referred to, *first*, because it is the more important in its action on the moral convictions of the human race. Its refutation here rests not on deductions, manifest as they are from the whole tenor of the writings of Moses and the Prophets. I shall, I am sure, best fulfil the duty I have undertaken by bespeaking the patience of your readers in verifying here the references I append below,* to one passage of each of certain of the inspired writers from Moses to Malachi. My difficulty in their selection has been, not to *find*, but to *withhold*; so numerous are the texts which shew that so far from the doctrine of the forgiveness of sin following on repentance, being 'unknown to the ancient Jew,' he was distinctly taught that by penitence, and penitence *alone*, could he secure the pardon of his God.

The other passage, whose fallacy but a superficial acquaintance with biblical history suffices to demonstrate, sets forth that: 'Nature herself has apparently decided for women, physically as well as mentally, that their natural destiny should be not of the world. In the earlier ages of Judaism and Islamism, nobody ever seems to have ventured a doubt of this. Christianity alone raised the woman to her rightful place as man's one help-meet for him, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, his equal in all points of vital moment.'

It seems to be almost an insult to the memory of your readers, who, from week to week, attend the services of their parish church, to remind them that the words quoted by our author as indicative of the true vocation of woman, and accompanied by the declaration that it was assigned to her by Christianity alone, are the very words in which her Creator's aim in her creation is described by Moses, in the earliest of all written revelations; or to advert to the part women played in the great drama of life, during the existence of both the republican and monarchical forms of government that prevailed in Judea. For, that the Hebrew women did appear as actors in many scenes of their race's history, is abundantly shewn by their *public* participation in all the most important national events; as also in that most sacred of all functions—prophecy. I once more cite,† on this head, the verses of Scripture. They tell of the 'Women of Israel,' who, by their words and deeds, aided the great cause of 'national and religious regeneration.'

The columns of a popular journal are not the fitting arena for polemical controversy or personal criticism, or it would be easy to prove, that while holding forth the *truth*, which our writer affirms is alone filled with the pure waters of life, the attempt to shew that the very source whence those waters *first* flowed, is turgid and impure, is as inconsistent as it is mistaken and futile.—I remain, Gentlemen, with much esteem, yours,

ANNA MARIA GOLDSMID.

St John's Lodge, Regent's Park, London.

* Lev. xxiii. 27-32; xvi. 40-42; Deut. iv. 30, 31; 1 Kings, vii. 38, 39; 2 Chron. vi. 27; Nehemiah, i. 9; Psalm, li. 17; ciii. 3; Isaiah, lvi. 12; Jeremiah, iii. 12; Ezekiel, xviii. 21, 22, 23, 27; Joel, ii. 12, 13; Micah, vi. 18; Malachi, iii. 7.

† Exodus, x. 20, 21; Deut. xxx. 10, 11, 12; Judges, iv. 4; v. xiii.; 1 Samuel, i. 1, 2; 2 Kings, xi. 2; xiii. 14, 15; 2 Chron. xxxiv. 22; the Book of Esther; Proverbs, xxxi. 1; Jeremiah, xlii. 20.

OH! LOVE WHILE LOVE IS LEFT TO THEE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Oh! love while love is left to thee;
Oh! love while love is yet thine own;
The hour will come when bitterly
Thou'lt mourn by silent graves—alone!

And let thy breast with kindness glow,
And gentle thoughts within thee move,
While yet a heart, through weal and woe,
Beats to thine own, in faithful love.

'And guard thy lips, and keep them still;
Too soon escapes an angry word:
'Ah, Heaven! I did not mean it ill!'
But yet, he sorrowed as he heard.

Oh! love while love is left to thee;
Oh! love while love is yet thine own;
The hour will come when bitterly
Thou'lt mourn by silent graves—alone.

Unheard, unheeded then, alas!
Kneeling, thou'lt hide thy streaming eyes—
Amid the long damp churchyard grass,
Where, cold and low, thy loved one lies.

And murmur: 'Oh! look down on me
Mourning my causeless anger still;
Forgive my hasty word to thee—
Ah, Heaven! I did not mean it ill.'

He hears not now thy voice to bless,
In vain thine arms are flung to heaven!
And stilled the loved lip's fond caress,
It answers not: 'I have forgiven!'

He *did* forgive—long, long ago!
But many a burning tear he shed
O'er thine unkindness—softly now!
He slumbers with the silent dead.

Oh! love while love is left to thee;
Oh! love while love is yet thine own;
The hour will come when bitterly
Thou'lt mourn by silent graves—alone!

M. G.

PURE AIR.

It is not only necessary that men may have sufficient air to breathe, but it is necessary to *provide air for the apartment itself* in which they live, as well as for the men who inhabit it. The influence of impure air is not only exercised upon the men through their breathing organs, but the surface of their bodies, their clothes, their seats, their tables, beds and bed-clothes, the walls of the apartments; in short, the free surfaces of everything in contact with the air of the place become more or less impure, a harbour of *fouilles*, a means of impregnating every cubic foot of air with poison, unless the whole apartment has its atmospheric contents continuously changed, so that everything animate and inanimate is freshened by a constant supply of pure air.—*Medical Times*, May 1, 1858.

'FRENCH CRITICISM ON SHAKESPEARE.'

In the article with this title in No. 222, the translator of the Shakspearian sonnets alluded to is said to be Victor Hugo. To this announcement should have been added *this*: the translator is the son of Victor Hugo.

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SILENCE FOR A GENERATION.

Of making many books there is no end

'SIR,' was heard to say the great monologuing moralist of our times—the modern Samuel Johnson of adoring English Boswells, American Goldsmiths, and aristocratic Mrs Piozzis—and since authors cannot be expected to write one thing and say another, the sentence may probably be found in print, though how could weak type deliver it with that ponderous monotonous roll of long-drawn vowels and harsh resolute consonants, which gives to the said moralist's speech even more originality than his pen—'Sir, the one thing wanted in this world is silence. I wish all the talkers had their tongues cut out; and all the writers had their pens, ink, and paper, books, and manuscripts, thrown into the Thames; and there were silence for a generation.'

One not a disciple might suggest that the illustrious moralist had better set the example; a satirical mind might begin to calculate the amount of possible loss to the world by such a proceeding. Nevertheless, a wise man's most foolish sayings are likely to contain some wisdom; and the above sentence deserves consideration, as involving certainly an ounce of solid truth in a bushel of eccentric extravagance.

Silence for a generation. What a state of things! No authors, and no reviewers; no orators political, controversial, or polemical; and no critics on oratory; no newspapers; no magazines; no new novelists to be advertised up; no new poets to be bowled down; travellers to wander, and never relate their adventures; men of science to make discoveries, and be unable either to communicate or to squabble over them; philanthropists allowed to speculate at will on the abuses of society, so long as they concealed their opinions; in short, returning to the ante-Cadmus period—the world to be compelled, in familiar but expressive phrase, 'to keep itself to itself, and never say nothing to nobody.'

What a wondrous time!—what a lull in the said world's history! Even to dream of it, sends through the tired nerves and brain a sensation of Elysian repose.

Silence for a generation—which generation of people, great or small, clever or stupid, should be born unheralded, grow up unchronicled, live uncriticised, and die unbiographised. It should feel, without discussing its feelings; suffer, without parading its sufferings; admire, without poetising its admiration; condemn, without printing its condemnations. Its good and ill deeds should spring up as naturally as

the flowers and weeds of a garden—to be left 'all a-growing and a-blowing,' or quietly pulled up. All this busy gabbling, scribbling, self-analysing, self-conscious society should be laid under a spell of hopeful dumbness—forced to exist simply, exempt even from the first axiom of metaphysics: 'I think, therefore I am.'

Such a state of universal silence, who would welcome? Possibly nobody; least of all those who have really nothing to say.

What in that case would become of the innumerable, shadowy throng who haunt every periodical; unanswered 'correspondents'; authors of unread manuscripts—of whom, a luckless editor once said to the present writer—in a sort of hopeless despair—'Don't say you're bringing me another manuscript. Look there! I've got a heap of them, two yards high.' And you, ye cumberers of publishers' shelves, in print and out of it, inditers of novels that nobody reads, poetry that nobody understands, and mental miscellanea that may be briefly ticketed as 'Rubbish: of no use to anybody except the owner'—what would be your sensations? You, too, young and ardent thinkers, so exceedingly anxious to express your thoughts, by word or pen, as if nobody had expressed the like before; and the world, as you honestly and devoutly believe, would be the better for that expression—as it might, Heaven knows!—truly, rather hard upon you would fall this compulsory silence. For you cannot yet see that, great as literature is, it is merely the fitful manifestation of the world's rich inner life—its noblest thoughts, its most heroic deeds; that this life flows on everlastingly and untiringly, and would continue to flow, were there no such things as pens, ink, paper, and authors; types, printers, book-sellers, and publishers.

Wofully, too, would such a crisis affect that race of *littérateurs* far, far below these, who pursue authorship simply as a trade, without the slightest faith in it or reverence for it—who, happening to have been brought up in what is termed 'literary circles,' possess hereditarily, or through habit, a certain aptitude with the pen, and accordingly make it a tool of business to write anything or everything, no matter what, so that, like any other tool, it suffices to earn their bread. What would become of them, who, like most gabblers, prate not out of their fulness, but their emptiness, if there were an age of silence?

There is another class as heavily to be condemned, and yet more pitiable than these—the authors, real authors, not bookmakers, whom such a law would teach, what they have not the moral courage to teach themselves, the timely necessity of silence. These

are, the writers who have written themselves out, yet still go on writing.

For example: a book appears; it has merit; it succeeds, and deserves to succeed. Its author rises into note, becomes a man whom coteries seek; whom the public flatters and esteems, publishers bargain with, urge, and sue. His wares are valuable, consequently the more produced of them the better. Money follows fame, and expenses follow money. He who wrote at first because he loved it, and could not help it, now writes for a living; or if he wrote at first for a living, now writes for an income—the handsome income that a man of talent can so willingly enjoy and so readily spend. People say: 'What a deal of money Mr So-and-so must make!'—as possibly he does; but they forget *how* he makes it. Not out of so many hours *per diem* of handwork or mechanical headwork, of ingenious turning of capital, or clever adaptation of other people's ingenuity. All his capital, all his machinery, all his available means of work, lie in a few ounces of delicate substance, the most delicate in the whole human structure, wonderfully organised, and yet subject to every disorganisation, mental or material, that chance may furnish—his brain.

People do not recognise this—perhaps he does not recognise it himself. He may be a very honest man, deserving all his fame and all his money. Yet both must be kept up; and how does he do it? He goes on writing for a long time—faithfully, no doubt, carefully, and well.

But Providence allows to every intellect only a certain amount of development, limited by certain laws, spiritual and physical, known or unknown, yet not one of which can be broken with impunity. The brain is like a rich quarry; you may work it out in a year, or you may, with care and diligence, make it last a lifetime; but you cannot get out of it more than is in it; and work as you will, you must get to the end of the vein some day. So does our author; but still—he writes on.

He must write; it is his trade. Gradually, he becomes a mere trader—traffics in sentiment, emotion, philanthropy. Aware of his own best points, he repeats himself over and over again. How can he help it? Whether he knows it or not, he has written himself out. For the rest of his career, he lives on the shadow of his former reputation—letting fall, perhaps, a few stray gems out of that once rich storehouse, his all but empty brain; or else he drops at once, a burnt-out candle, an oilless lamp, vanishes into such utter darkness, that at first, till posterity judges him more fairly, it is almost disbelieved that he ever shone.

This truth—fellow-authors, is it not a truth?—could be illustrated by a dozen instances, living as well as dead, did not charity forbid their being chronicled cruelly here.

Cases such as these, befalling not ignoble but noble minds, do indeed force us to see some sense in the severe moralist's impossible ultimatum. Surely it is worth pausing to consider whether the evil which he deplores could not be cured by any less arbitrary means than an age of silence.

The time is gone by when literature was a merely ornamental craft—when unsuccessful authors were Grub Street drudges, and successful ones some patron's idle hangers-on, or perhaps independent

patrons themselves. Gone by, also, except in very youthful and enthusiastic minds, the imaginary ideal of 'an author'—a demigod not to be judged like other men, whether he attain the climax of fame, or groan under the life-long wrongs of unappreciated genius.

Happily, in these days, we have very little unappreciated genius. Go round the picture exhibitions, and, depend upon it, you will find a large proportion of the really good pictures marked 'sold.' Go to any editor of magazine or journal, and he will tell you that he is thankful to get a really powerful original article by anybody, celebrated or obscure; that such papers will always command their fair price; and that the only reason of their rarely illuminating his pages is, the exceeding difficulty of getting them. Ask any publisher of honour, credit, and liberality—as the majority of them are—and he will own, that though a bad book may be puffed into factitious notoriety, and a good book, from various accidents, remain temporarily unknown—give each a fair chance, and they are sure to find their own level—a level which, in most instances, necessarily produces the same advantageous results to both author and publisher.

There can be little doubt that any writer of real genius, nay, even of available talent, will always be able, sooner or later, to earn a livelihood by the pen. Whether, hapless instrument! it will suffice to give dinners to millionaires, and furnish white gloves and velvet gowns for countesses' assemblies—whether it will, in short, supply to the man or woman of letters all the luxuries of the merchant-prince, and all the position of ancestral nobility, is quite another question—a question which is about as solemn as any writer can ask himself. Alas for him, if neither he nor his have the moral courage to give the answer!

In one sense, there is a great deal of cant sympathy and idle enthusiasm wasted upon authors and authorship. Noble as literature is, it is nevertheless no mere picturesque recreation; it is a profession, a calling, a trade if you will, to be pursued in all love and reverence, but as steadily, honestly, and rationally as any trade. You would laugh at a workman who threw away his materials; you would blame a merchant who rashly expended his capital; you would turn away, as from something dishonest, from a shopkeeper who tried to foist upon you, even through carelessness, goods inferior to those you expected him to sell, and wished to buy; and yet all these things, under fine names, are sometimes voluntarily or involuntarily perpetrated by authors. And surely not the least act of dishonesty—for it is fraud not against man only, but against his own soul and its Maker—is that when not for daily bread, but for 'position,' 'society,' 'keeping up a family,' and all the pegs on which excuses can be hung, a literary man goes on writing, writing, long after he has got anything to say.

For what is it that constitutes the author, as distinguished from the rest of the world, who live, suffer, and enjoy, in a placid, unconscious dumbness?—it is because he is the voice, the loosened tongue of all this mute humanity. Because, somehow or other, he knows not how or wherefore, he feels the infinite spirit stirring within him, teaching him to speak; and he must speak. He is no better—often, alas! less good—than the hundreds and thousands of silent ones. Yet in this he is set apart from them all—he is the speaker. Art, nature, with all their mysteries, by others only felt, are by him understood; perhaps into humankind generally he sees further than most people; but whether or no, to the extent that he does

see, has been given him the power to arrange and demonstrate, which has not been given to them. Without any vainglory or self-exultation—God knows how little there is to exult over!—every true author must be conscious of this fact, that by some great mystery, as incomprehensible to himself as to any one else, it has been granted him to express what others only experience—that, so to speak, he is the living voice of the world.

Then, in God's name—who has consecrated him such—let him dare not ever to open his mouth unless he has something to say.

Rather let him live moderately, feed plainly, cachew fashionable frivolities and expensive delights as he would the allurements of that disguised individual whom St Anthony's honest tongue seized by the beautiful nose. Let him turn his back upon adoring crowds who would win him from his true vocation—the worker and thinker, into that of the mere idler. Let him write, if needs must, for his daily bread—an honourable and lawful act; but as soon as he begins to write for his mere pleasures and luxuries, or for the maintenance of a certain status in the world, let him pause. And as soon as he feels himself writing, not because he is impelled thereto, having something to write about—but because publishers and public expect him to write about something—or worse, because money is to be made, and writing a book is the only way to make it—let him stop at once and cry: 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' Lure me not to prostitute any gift I have—less for necessary bread and cheese than for things which are not necessary: riches, show, and notoriety.'

Better, in truth, live on honest bread and cheese, reducing his wants to the narrowest limit; better slip from the world of letters altogether into kindly obscurity, than go on—scribble, scribble, scribble—flooding the public with milk-and-water mediocrity, which does it no more good to read than him to write, reducing the noblest calling under the sun to mere journeyman's taskwork, and himself, his subtle intellect or brilliant imagination, to the condition of a spiritual suicide. For he has murdered worse than his body—his genius, his moral faculties, his soul.

And *cui bono*?

To most professional authors, this question at times presents itself forcibly. What is the good of writing at all, when the noblest of fictions, the grandest of poems, or the purest and most elevating of psychological disquisitions, is at best but a faint reflex of what is going on in the world every day? If that same world could only perceive it, its own simple and natural existence, in joy and grief, struggle, action, and endurance, is a higher thing than all imaginary representations or intellectual analyses thereof. Do we not, we authors, continually see living pictures, lovelier than any we can portray—ideals which, if transferred literally to paper and print, readers would never believe in? Do we not, creating our imaginary world—which the aforesaid reader may happen to think pleasant and fair—often smile at him in secret, while of ourselves and for ourselves we are more prone to sigh? What nonsense, what execrable travesty, all stage-paint, tinsel, and canvas, frequently appears this fictitious arena, compared to the realities around us, which we strive poorly to copy. How small seem our got-up tragedies—how shallow our feigned passions—how paltry our imaginary pathos, when we look at this, God's world, filled with men and women of His making; where we meet, as we do continually, scenes beyond all painting; characters of variety inexhaustible; histories that, in their elements of tragedy, pathos, heroism, tenderness, put to shame all our feeble delineations, making us feel that, so far from trying to portray it, we are hardly worthy to look in the face of it, this ideal beauty, this infinite perfection

—which, however disguised and corrupted, unseen or unrecognised, is the central essence of all our wonderful world.

And sometimes we would fain it were left as such, and not written about; that

Love, and beauty, and delight,
Whose might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure—

might rest in heavenly shadow, safe from frantic poets, vainly trying to imitate the inimitable;—that vice might perish out of the perishableness of her own corruption, undescribed, and unexposed; that virtue were left to dwell unconscious and at ease, without being startled by the sight of her own image—badly copied, and possibly somewhat out of drawing.

Ay, and oftentimes, especially on days such as this present day, when birds are singing, and green leaves budding, and all nature bursting out into redundant life—innocent of authors, printers, and books, does one long for a brief season of that celestial silence—to lie down and dream, without order, arrangement, or even consciousness in the dreams; to gaze, enjoy, observe, and act, naturally and involuntarily; to live and see all around us living—the life of a flower of the field.

Even as Wordsworth, the charm of whose genius is this power of making himself 'one with nature,' recalling how

I wandered lonely as a cloud
Which floats on high o'er vales and hills,
Till all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils:
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze;

so that ever afterwards

In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon the inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude—

Wordsworth himself can find no other form in which to define this exquisite sensation than that drawn from his flowers' existence:

And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Truly, this sort of writing bids us pause in our demand for silence. It makes us feel that there is some good in authorship after all; that genius, the marvellous power which, by means of a few inches of black type and white paper, can re-convey to the human mind all its passions, emotions, and aspirations—can re-translate to it the whole beautiful and immortal life of the universe—this genius must be a wondrous gift—a divine possession. Let those who have it hold it—intact, unalienated, unquandered, undefiled.

And for those who have it not, there is little to repine. They possess most of its benefits, safe from its dangers and tribulations. Any man, so long as he can enjoy a fine poem, feel his heart strengthened by a good novel, and his spirit refreshed by a few pages of any wholesome writing, rich in that true humour which is so great a lightener of the heavy burdens of life, let him rejoice and be thankful; he also has been in Arcadia.

For the rest, sorry pretenders to literature—vain chattering pies, who really have no song to sing, and only desire to hear the clatter of their own sweet voices—let them be! No need to have their small tongues cut out, or their luckless manuscripts tied up in a bundle, and flung into the Thames, or any other river. A few years will end all their clamour in an unbroken and eternal silence; and their works, designed to float down the stream of time, will soon

sink to the bottom by their own ponderosity, and afflict its waters no more. *Requiescant in pace!* All things find their own level very soon. The world will do extremely well even without silence for a generation.

PROGRESS OF PISCICULTURE.

IN No. 148 of this Journal (1st November 1856) we gave, under the title of Pisciculture, some account of the interesting experiments which were, and are still, being carried on at Stormontfield on the Tay, with the view of increasing our supplies of salmon, and determining certain disputed questions in the natural history of this favourite fish. We purpose now to bring down the history by referring to the progress made since then in artificial fish-breeding both at home and abroad.

So far as Scotland is concerned, the only experiments yet made, have been with salmon; but we are not without hope that, as the success of these become known, the system will be extended so as to include other kinds of fish, and also to lend its aid to the introduction and naturalisation in our rivers of the best food-fishes of other countries—such as the magnificent black bass of Canada, and the salmon of the Danube—described in another portion of this article. The principal reason why salmon has been selected for experiment is, doubtless, because of its being considered our most valuable native fish, and also from the cry which has arisen as to its danger of extermination from over-fishing, and want of adequate protection during close-time, and also, in some degree, to put an end to the uncertainty which has so long prevailed as to its mode of breeding and growth, and generally to ascertain the various stages of its progress from the hour of its birth to the day of its capture—the want of such knowledge having impeded effective legislation. In all the varied stages of its career, the history of the salmon has been the subject of much controversy; and no wonder, if we consider the singular fact that salmon, fit for the purposes of the cook, can be caught in the Tay, while the little parr is just venturing on its way to the sea—both being of the same brood, hatched perhaps the same hour!

When the eggs now under experiment at Stormontfield come to maturity and assume the smolt state, a few more points in the salmon controversy will be determined; but it will be a year or two before this consummation takes place, a portion of the young setting out for the sea at the end of the first year, and the rest remaining in the pond a year longer. In the meantime, we may devote a few paragraphs to a minor controversy which has arisen as to the proper way of sending impregnated ova from the Perthshire ponds to New Zealand, Australia, Tasmania, and other far-distant countries. The superintendent of the Perthshire fisheries has, we have reason to know, been overwhelmed with letters on the subject; and to lighten his correspondence, he promulgated, in conjunction with some of his Perth friends, a plan for the transmission of the ova, and also hinted at the possibility of transporting the infant fish. His idea was to fit up a small hatching apparatus on board ship, having a cistern containing ice to supply the water to the ova, and a reservoir to catch the fluid after its part was performed. No sooner was this idea made public than objections were taken to its practicability, and a multitude of epistles have appeared advocating different plans. One says the boxes containing the ova should be filled with sand; another, that they ought to contain horse-bean-sized gravel; while a third writer recommends 'stones the size o' life;' that is, such as are to be found on the natural spawning-

ground. We have not space to give even a brief *resumé* of all that has been said on this subject; but one individual recommends that, instead of ova, a quantity of the newly hatched fry should be sent out. Parr may be in water for a period of six or eight weeks before they begin to require food, and we know it to be a fact that they do not assume the livery of the smolt for twelve months, and that during that period they can be artificially fed with boiled liver, &c. Is it not possible, then, to carry the young fry to Australia instead of the ova, and thus make the thing a certainty? The voyage can be accomplished in from sixty to eighty days, and parr could be easily kept alive for so short a period. Our friend makes no pretension to be able to give practical instructions on this point—his wish is simply to recommend this mode of transporting the fish; and he even thinks that if the fry were near its first change, verging on the smolt stage, it might be still better, for then the instinctive desire for salt water could be freely gratified.

In detailing the great success which has attended the experiments conducted in various continental rivers and breeding-ponds, we may remind our readers that it is to the exertions of Gehin and Remy, two unlettered fishermen of the department of the Vosges in France, who practised pisciculture on the river Moselle and its tributaries, that we are indebted for the revival of this lost art. They were richly rewarded by the French government; while persons in our own country who had previously, or at least simultaneously practised the art as a means of settling various disputed questions in the natural history of the salmon, have been suffered to pass on their way unnoticed. The government of France, inspired by some of the learned *savans* of that country, at once took advantage of the example afforded by the success of Gehin and Remy, and the result was the construction at Huningue, near Basle, in 1852, of a monster fish-reservoir. By means of this parent establishment where the eggs are collected, upwards of seventy-one places in France have been furnished with ova.

Professor Anthony Wimmer of Landshut, in a letter to Mr Ashworth of Egerton Hall, near Bolton, gives an interesting account of the artificial propagation of the Danube salmon in Bavaria; and as some idea is entertained of acclimatising the fish in Scotland and breeding it in our rivers, we select such a portion of his communication as will give the reader some idea of its value:

'The Danube salmon is very similar in form to the trout, but much more gracefully shaped, and with a body similarly formed, and perfectly cylindrical. Its large mouth is furnished with very strong teeth; its back is of a reddish gray; its sides and belly perfectly white; the fins are bluish white; the back and the upper part of both sides are slightly and irregularly speckled with black and red roundish spots. But I could never discover any spots on its fins, which are the same in number and formed exactly like those of the trout. The young Danube salmon are always of a darker colour than those a little older, which become lighter in colour. From a single female salmon of this species, weighing 18 pounds, I obtained nearly 40,000 ova. These eggs are as large as those of the sea salmon-trout, and are of a splendid golden hue. I cannot refrain from observing, that I found the eggs of Danube salmon of this size, and, indeed, of the smaller Danube salmon, the most suitable for fecundation, and I never obtained such beautiful eggs, so fit for this purpose, from larger fish weighing from 30 pounds to 40 pounds each. The Danube salmon ova are hatched in 56 days, and the young fry attain to 1 pound in weight the first year; and, in the third year, if supplied with the requisite quantity of food, to 4 pounds weight. The Danube salmon has similar migratory habits to

those of the sea-salmon, takes his regular journeys between the main river and the tributaries, in order to spawn; and for this purpose arrives every year in the month of March at Landahut (if water and weather are favourable, he arrives at the beginning of the month), where several hundred are annually caught. He selects a rapid place in the river Isar, but not exceeding five feet in depth; and upon loose gravel-beds the female makes holes with her tail, several feet in length; and at about 6 inches in depth—at which work she is assisted by her companion. At this season, great combats take place between the male fish. When the spawning is over, they immediately return down the Danube. The Danube salmon never enter the Black Sea. According to information, which I obtained with difficulty, I found they were never caught in the Salina mouth of that river, and but very rarely in Moldavia or in Wallachia.

One species only of the noble salmon genus is indigenous to the river Danube, and this is the Danube salmon, "*Salmo hucho*," called "Huck" in Bavaria. It is most striking that this large and beautiful fish is, with the exception of the mother-river, only to be found in those tributaries which flow into the Danube from the south; that is, those streams whose supply of water is derived from the Alps; and it is found very rarely in the tributaries which flow from any other districts. . . . The flesh of the Danube salmon is the most delicate, savoury, and valuable of any of our river-fish (excepting, perhaps, the Elmaul fish); it is sold in our market at from 24 kreutzers to 36 kreutzers per pound (not quite 1s.) Since the commencement of artificial propagation of fish, carried out under my direction, the quantity of Danube salmon has already perceptibly increased in the river Isar, along with the other species of salmon; and I hope, by this means, to obtain a still further increased quantity.

Pisciculture has now extended to other parts of Germany, as well as Bavaria; and we extract the following brief notes on its general extension in the German states from a communication by Professor Fraas of Munich:

'Artificial propagation of fish is now being practised in almost every fishpond. All the various kinds of the salmon species, trout, Rhine salmon, sea-salmon, Salmon umbra, samlets, hucks (a German river-trout), pike, carp, tench, &c., are fit for this purpose. These may be produced in breeding-boxes and ponds, &c., in spring-water, during autumn, winter, and spring, according to our published methods. Salmon can be bred with success in vast quantities, two-thirds of their eggs being prolific, and all can be done at a very small cost. Salmon, moreover, are the most valuable of fresh-water fish; the sand-eels, sheat-fish, and eels, in general, alone rivalling them. Thousands and millions of these valuable fish may, therefore, be easily brought into our waters. In two instances, we reared with great success the fry of trout, in a canal which had for some time been dry, and did not contain traces of fish. The canal was 3 feet in breadth by 1 foot in depth, the current being about 6 feet in a second; the sides were covered with cresses, brook-lime, and water-parsnips; the soil was gravelly, and here and there holes from 2 feet to 2½ feet deep. The fry, six weeks old, were deposited in the current along with the breeding-box. One small fish after another escaped; after twenty-four to forty-eight hours the box was empty, and the trout dispersed in the water. One mile at least of canal is requisite for the sustenance of 2000 trout. They lived isolated in these places they at first occupied. In places surrounded by a wall, and through which fresh water ran, we kept trout-fry for one whole year. They swam singly, and attained the length of 2½ inches, without ever being fed by us.

They entered into secluded places at the entrance, and remained there for months, growing and increasing in size. We could not discover on what they lived.

'The fishermen of the Agricultural Society, as well as myself, travel to the different stations to give instructions to such establishments as desire it, in Bavaria. The connections of the establishment in Munich send fecundated eggs to Warsaw, Königsberg, Mecklenburg, Rhenish Prussia, Galicia, Hungary, and Carinthia; and people from all parts of Germany have come for instruction in pisciculture to Munich, even from Hanover, the place of its first discovery. The fisherman, who was formerly paid by the establishment, has earned so much money by the sale of fish-eggs, that he continues the business on his own account. He has sent to various places 200,000 Danube-salmon eggs in the last year, exclusive of millions of eggs of other species of fish. It must be remarked, that the size of the egg of the Danube salmon is the size of a pea, and they are not so numerous as those of other fish.'

The system of pisciculture has likewise been adopted throughout the Spanish peninsula, where considerable grants of money have been given to aid in its extension. In the course of a year or two, therefore, we may expect to hear that the rivers and lakes of Spain will be as prolific as those of the adjoining countries.

We will now lay before the reader a brief account of the interesting fisheries of the lake of Comacchio, near Ferrara, on the Adriatic. The inhabitants of this isolated district subsist chiefly on eels and other kinds of fish; and for the purpose of increasing the supplies and rendering them certain, they have constructed, from the mud of the lakes, an ingenious series of artificial dikes, which are interspersed with sluices, giving access both to the sea and to the two rivers which form the mouth of the Po. By this plan, Comacchio and its neighbourhood are partitioned off in districts or islands, each of which may be called a piscicultural farm, with its own particular fishery, fishing-implements, and residence. There are five hundred men, besides the manager, engaged in carrying on the fishery. These workmen and their families have to be maintained; and the poor of the community, the widow, the orphan, the infirm, and the aged, are all provided for out of the revenues of this lake-fishery. In 1597, the annual income derived was about L.12,000; but in the year 1792, it had increased to upwards of L.16,000, a very large sum in such a neighbourhood; and the annual income still continues to augment. It may be stated, as one of the remarkable features connected with this interesting community, that the lease invariably fixes the number of men to be employed, and designates the amount of pay they are to receive, which is irrevocable. 'This regular army of workmen is subject to the rules of a military hierarchy, and to the discipline of a life in barracks, and to a condition of passive obedience. They employ a brigade of 120 policemen and 100 overseers. The head-manager has under him a secretary keeping the registers. These two functionaries each receive ten shillings a month and their food, with an addition, daily, of two and a half pounds of fish. In each of the districts, there are young apprentices receiving two shillings and twopence a month, and their food.' At certain periods, we have been informed, there appears on the surface of the water myriads of small transparent fish, not unlike masses of gelatine, but which are, in fact, young eels just hatched, preparing to quit the place of their birth, in order to migrate to various other lakes, by way of the rivers of communication. 'The fishermen,' says M. Coste, 'have means of discovering whether or not the migration of these fish is abundant.

It consists in forming a frame of wicker-work, which, being placed at the bottom of the canal for a night or two, is then raised, and the abundance or paucity of the supply is thus ascertained. As the other kinds of fish are constantly appearing upon the surface of the water, it is only in reference to the eels that this plan is adopted.' After the eel has arrived at maturity, and it is about leaving the lagoon for the sea, it is captured in one of the marvellous reed labyrinths which have been constructed for the purpose—one of which, celebrated by Tasso, is still in use. There are many other fish reared at Comacchio—soles, plaice, and dory are abundant; and there is one in particular called *acquadelle*, not quite so large as our gudgeon, but so prolific as to be almost a nuisance, and which, after the eels have used great quantities of it as food, still yields an enormous amount of good manure. The chub are also most plentiful, and multiply infinitely. At one time they are so small that it takes a thousand or two to weigh a pound; but when twelve months old, they are twelve inches long, and five in girth.

The ceremonial of opening the season is presided over by one of their priests, who consecrates the lagoon by a solemn prayer, after which the fishermen open the various sluices and admit the waters of the sea: the fish are caught in the labyrinths in trying to get out. In one stormy night in the year 1797, 1000 baskets of fish were caught, and in one valley 200 baskets of eels. We may explain that annually, on the 2d of February, the sluices and labyrinths are opened, and remain open for two months, to admit of the passage of the young fish up the channel from the sea. Drag-nets of small mesh are prohibited during the migration of the fish. M. Coste says that the sea-harvest of Comacchio lasts for five months, commencing at the close of July. The weight of fish obtained in that period is at least one hundred thousand pounds per month. 'The want of water in the lake, excess of heat or frost, causes diseases among the fish; at one time, from five to six million pounds of dead fish had to be buried in consequence. In 1789, the Reno and Volano, mouths of the Po, were nearly dry, occasioning great losses to the inhabitants. In 1825, still greater loss was sustained from the same cause; when the inhabitants of the colony, in order to escape the pestilence, were obliged to dig deep ditches, and to bury upwards of six million pounds of fish in quicklime. A barrel of pickled eels costs 97 francs, and contains 150 pounds-weight. They have three methods of preparing the fish for market—by pickling, salting, and smoking them.'

So much for the cultivation of the water, which it is evident might become as fertile and important a field for human industry as the land.

THE BOARD OF GREEN CLOTH.

DESERVE the accusations that have been made against the aristocracy of this country, on account of their monopolising all the chief offices of the state, it is certain that a great number of them concern themselves with no other than that board whose title heads this paper. At all the great clubs of London, and at almost every country-house of any distinction, it sits, or rather stands, *en permanence*; and around it, all day long, and, at all events, for the most part of the night, its indefatigable members, are to be found. In this one department at least, neither time nor health is grudged by those concerned in it; and so different is it from an institution of government in other respects, that he who, by assiduity and skill in its concerns, has proved himself the most deserving, is generally the best rewarded.

The board of green cloth, which probably originated in Italy, must have been in repute at least as

early as the sixteenth century, since Shakespeare alludes to it; but there is doubtless an anachronism in making Cleopatra one of its votaries. 'Let us to billiards,' says the Queen of Egypt to her attendant Charmian; but she can scarcely have meant to propose a contest upon a slate-table, with india-rubber cushions, and with cues with leathern tops. At Alexandria, and at that early period, none of the modern requisites would have been forthcoming, except, perhaps, the ivory balls. We cannot imagine the haughty beauty employed in such a pastime, any more than we picture to ourselves Mark Antony (as marker) calling the score.

In Mr Thackeray's *Esmond* we have some mention of the game as being a novelty even at the period of that tale; and certainly it was not until a very recent period that it assumed the complicated and scientific character which now distinguishes it. It was played for more than two centuries with only a couple of balls, and when the third or red ball was imported from France, the red winning hazard—that is to say, the holing of the red ball—was almost the sole object of the performers.

When we consider the many and wealthy firms whose trade has become exclusively that of making billiard-tables, the enormous number of rooms where tables are let out for hire in every populous town, and, in particular, the large and influential class who make the practice of this game, not so much their amusement as almost the very object of their lives, it certainly seems to us that billiards has got to be important enough to have a word or two written about it to the general reader. The professional and the amateur have already a score of elaborate works about this science, prepared with all the judgment and experience that would be necessary for the investigation of the most abstruse subject, and illustrated with accurate diagrams of what has been, and can be, effected upon a billiard-table for the instruction and edification of tyros.

It would, of course, be impossible to estimate the vast sums which depend upon every important match that chances to be, as the newspapers say, upon the *tapis*—though, of course, it is to take place upon the table—and were we to mention the prices paid merely to witness such contests, they would exceed belief; but, as a proof of the interest with which great excellence at this game is regarded by its admirers, it may be stated that one guinea is habitually paid at the rooms of a certain professor for the privilege of witnessing his ordinary (and extraordinary) everyday play.

Sir Bulwer Lytton, in his novel of *The Cartons*, has described a penniless lad who, by his skill at this amusement in France, rapidly acquires such considerable sums as he stands in need of; nor in England, and in real life, does there appear to be any greater difficulty in so doing. What genius, what virtue, can procure its possessor, in ten times the period, a remuneration such as skill at billiards can in a few hours, and in almost any populous place, command! Carr, the celebrated Bath billiard-player, would have been immensely rich but for his fondness for another game at which he was by no means such a proficient: by this latter pastime he was perpetually being ruined; and on one occasion, having been forced to try his fortune in Spain, he returned from that country in even greater straits than those which occasioned his departure. Having landed, however, in Portsmouth, nearly penniless, and indifferently appraised, he repaired to his usual bank—the board of green cloth—in that town, and drew, from a respectable stranger, whom he found there, the sum of seventy pounds. By means of a portion of this he attired himself very splendidly, and betook himself to the same table the next morning, another and a better (dressed) man. His adversary was also there; and

not recognising him, after the metamorphosis, challenged him for still higher stakes, but with no better fortune. When he had lost as much as he could afford, he informed Carr that he was more unfortunate even than he seemed, for that he (Carr) was the second stranger, within twenty-four hours, to whom his really considerable skill had been obliged to succumb. This Bath player is said to have been the discoverer of 'the side-stroke,' an acquirement of great importance, the secret of which it is surprising that accident did not long before disclose, and the numerous frequenters of his rooms were excessively anxious to acquire this magic power of giving lateral impulse. After much solicitation, Carr confessed that the wonder lay in the particular kind of chalk which he was wont to use for his cue. He then procured a number of pill-boxes, and filling them with the powder of the chalk ordinarily used in the rooms, disposed of them to great numbers of the nobility and gentry, his patrons, at half-a-crown the box, as *Twisting Chalk!*

The spectacle of the play of some very first-rate performers, to one who knows the difficulties of billiards, is certainly such as almost to induce him to believe in patents of this description. The feats of Mr Kentfield—the celebrated 'Jonathan'—of Brighton, for instance, are more like things produced by magic than by natural skill. So continually are such as he accustomed to score, that himself and another excellent player finished thirty games of 'twenty-four up' within the hour. In a match of less than two hundred games, he beat his opponent eighty-five 'love-games,' those, that is, in which the adversary does not score a single hazard. With ordinarily good players, this gentleman is accustomed to take one pocket to his opponent's five; and, to convey a notion of his experience, he has played with one individual alone fifty thousand games of this kind; that is to say, estimating four games to be played within the hour—the one pocket-game being of course a very slow one—he has spent nearly one year and a half in knocking about ivory balls in company with a single fellow-creature. One celebrated match between a player still living (which one wonders at) and a French professor, lasted for two entire days and a night, during which the enthusiastic foreigner tasted nothing but liquors.

Mr Kentfield's principal excellence, according to his great panegyrist, Mr Mardon, from whose treatise upon billiards most of these notes are taken, consists in his admirable judgment of the amount of force to be employed in each stroke, with a view to the advantages that are to be made to follow; or, as it is technically expressed by members of the board of green cloth, in his 'good strengths.' He has been known, not uncommonly, to score four-and-twenty in canons alone; and on a particular occasion, two-and-thirty, without moving the balls more than a span from their original position. His greatest achievement—the diagram of which we would we could convey to these pages, from those of Mr Mardon, for the benefit, not of 'country gentlemen' (as the apology used to run for translating classical quotations), but of the unscientific public—was in a certain game with Captain W—, wherein Jonathan gave his adversary three strokes to one, and consisted in making a hazard from the red ball off three different cushions! It was his frequent custom, in the old days of the felt-linings, when his own ball was near the red one upon the spot, to score more than one hundred off that ball alone. Upon the present India-rubber cushions, no such positive certainties can be calculated upon; and the 'incorrectness' of their angles is deservedly a reproach against them amongst the old school of players. The inventor of these resilient sides, himself a first-rate performer, was so annoyed with their

inaccuracy, that he was about to have them removed from his table after the first trial; but a party of gentlemen chancing to come in, were so delighted with the extraordinary speed, that he perceived the innovation must needs become a popular one. 'If the public is pleased,' said he, 'the cushions may as well remain.'

Mr Roberts, however, the superintendent of the billiard-rooms at the Manchester Union Club, seems to calculate even upon these with considerable nicety. He is said to have scored two hundred and eight in a single 'break,' and to have made one hundred and two upon another occasion from the red ball alone.

Of the strange effects produced in men of different dispositions, by having money dependent upon their skill at this amusement, there are many instances on record. The advantages of strong nerves over weak ones, in those who are members of the board of green cloth, are thus illustrated: Two gentlemen had for years frequented a certain subscription billiard-room without having taken or proposed a bet. One day, a spectator of the game then in progress offered to lay three hundred to two hundred on the result; and to the surprise of all present, one of the two gentlemen accepted the proposal. He won the three hundred pounds, and remained as cool as a cucumber.

On another match, his antagonist laid a wager of sixpence. During the progress of the game of 'twenty-four up' he evinced the greatest anxiety; and upon the marker calling the score, 'twenty-three all,' actually fainted away!

Inferior players, indeed, and even good ones, if excitable, or of weak nerves, when backing themselves for any stake that much affects them, are often reduced to a condition of almost prostration; in some instances, becoming incapable of imparting sufficient strength to a ball to enable it to reach the intended pocket. A game of fifty was once played, upon the result of which very large sums depended. The score of 'forty-nine all' was called by the marker, and repeated by the player. He hesitated; again asked for the score, and again the marker repeated, 'forty-nine all.' The player thereupon gave a safe 'miss;' whereby, of course, his adversary scored one, and won the game. On another occasion, in a room crowded with spectators greatly interested in the event, a nervous player required but two points to complete the game; a certain hazard was presented to him upon either side. The player, in anxious bewilderment, actually played with the red ball!

Although Mr Mardon recommends, indeed, that a stake sufficiently large to keep up the player's vigilance and attention be always played for, he is, for an *habitué* of the billiard-table, quite a moralist, and to the young, the most prudent of mentors. Never, advises he, be induced to bet with a stranger against his accomplishing a particular stroke, however difficult, since even an indifferent performer may, by practice, succeed in making a certainty of any single feat. Do not advance upon your original wager after losing a game or two. Nor, O youth, be thou inflamed with the desire of winning back what thou mayst have already lost—a weakness, it seems, so common among the associates of the board, as to have obtained for itself the technical expression of being 'pricked.' These temperate reflections and moral precepts of our author remind one of nothing so much as that celebrated address of the dying toper to his sons: 'Drink slow; never mix your liquor; nor sit, boys (if you can help it), with your backs to the fire.'

Was the progress of philosophy ever described by any of its professors, jealous for his particular school, in more glowing words—was delight in the contemplation of the long results of science, ever painted in more brilliant colours than these which follow?

'The game of billiards, I am inclined to believe,'

writes Mr Mardon, 'is in most parts of England still creeping with infant steps. At Brighton, it has reached to the stride of manhood, each break evincing the knowledge and sound judgment of maturer years. Persons witnessing the style of game of the parties to whom allusion is now made (that is, Mr Kentfield and Co.), and capable of appreciating the beauties attendant upon superior execution combined with exquisite *strengths*, would behold a mine of hidden treasure brought to light, and experience an enjoyment worthy of hours of reflection.' This book, remember, was published in its second edition (from which this extract is made) in 1844, so that by this time perhaps Brighton may have culminated, and lapsed into second childhood; and we may be all too late, however rapidly we may hasten to behold this mine. We ourselves, however, have done our duty in making public the precious advantages it holds out as soon as we learned them ourselves.

We have also the pleasing intelligence to communicate, obtained from the same source, of a golden cue being open to be played for by the amateurs of all England, subject to certain conditions, under which the winner is to hold it as champion of the billiard-table, president of the board of green cloth. It is open, as a reverend wit observed, to rich and poor alike, like law and the London Tavern, only you must pay ten pounds as entrance-money, and be prepared for a few matches more after you have got it, if you intend to keep it. Still, there is something chivalric, and almost regal, in a golden cue. Fancy one's winning it! Fancy one's walking away with it up the chain-pier, while the band was playing! Fancy one's horror if it chanced to slip through the side-rails into the sea! Fancy one's being robbed of it, and knocked on the head—like poor Miss Kilmanseg—with the but-end of it afterwards! Fancy one's leaving it within one's will, a richer legacy than house or land, unto one's issue! What a gold stick in waiting would it indeed be for one's eldest born! What a rich import would that simple expression then bear of 'I gave him the cue!'

THE BARON GRANDENIGO'S DAUGHTERS.

THE three young daughters of the great Baron Grandenigo having been deprived by death of their mother, who had always rather inclined towards spoiling them, her place was excellently supplied by an ancient female relative, who came unasked to superintend the domestic affairs of the Baron's secluded stronghold among the green mountains. There she regulated the household, jingled the keys, and was especially particular in watching over defences and drawbridge, the baron himself being usually absent at his sovereign's court, or fighting his sovereign's battles; so that old Madame Offugo felt she had a responsibility in her self-imposed task, which made her doubly careful. The three young ladies of Grandenigo were good-natured girls on the whole, but they had their faults like the rest of us; and Madame Offugo made it her study to discover and root out, as far as possible, those noxious weeds which disfigured the otherwise fair and promising *partes res*. Lisa, Lota, and Lora, as the three young ladies were named, greatly revered and respected Madame Offugo; nor had she failed to inspire them with a good deal of awe, though she never scolded them, nor treated them with harshness, but, on the contrary, was always kind and considerate. Yet Madame Offugo had queer ways of her own; and as those were the days, and there was the country, when fairies were still authentic facts, it is not in the least surprising that some folks went so far as to hint that Madame Offugo claimed kin with the elfin race.

At Grandenigo they all led a life of comparative

retirement, free from the cares, anxieties, and turmoils of the outer world; but this could not be expected to last always, as Baron Grandenigo was a person of importance in the solemn councils of the land, and his daughters would in time be summoned to the sovereign's court—roses and lilies fresh from the mountains, and sweet as their wild-thyme and blooming heather. Madame Offugo did not spare to tell her young charges of their faults, whenever she saw occasion to do so; to warn, exhort, and instruct. To Lisa, the eldest, she would say: 'You are prone to search for defects in everything, and not only that, but you see a great many things you ought *not* to see. People must sometimes walk with a shade over their eyes in this world; ay, even blindfolded it may be. Your eyes are not given to you in order to pick out flaws and to make quarrels, but for good and wise purposes: to be useful, and to behold the glories of a beautiful universe, the work of a beneficent Creator.'

Lisa perfectly understood old Madame Offugo's words; for her bright black eyes were dreaded at Grandenigo—poking and peering about everywhere, and into everything, and seeing things in such a manner, that the poor maids said Lady Lisa must surely wear a pair of magnifying-glasses. This did not effect much harm or perplexity in the quiet retreat of Grandenigo; but Lady Lisa was going to a town-life, to a courtly circle, and therefore Madame Offugo lectured her in time, and of course, as all lecturing is, for her 'own good.'

Lady Lota, though not quick-sighted, like her eldest sister, but, in fact, quite otherwise, made up for that defect by the extraordinary acuteness of her hearing—her ears doing as much mischief, in the way of quarrelling and magnifying, as the Lady Lisa's bright eyes. Madame Offugo had more than once, and with much majesty and severity, impressed on Lady Lota's mind that well-known adage—applicable at grand baronial Grandenigo as elsewhere—that 'listeners never hear any good of themselves.' Hence it may be inferred, alas! that the Lady Lota,—despite her descent from the ancient Grandenigos—was not wholly free from human failings, or rather, we might more justly say, meannesses. Hence the Lady Lota's temper, it is to be feared, was ruffled and disturbed by not hearing 'good of herself,' 'and if,' as Madame Offugo sagely remarked, 'good is not spoken of us at home, what shall be said of us in the cold, hard world?'

The Lady Lora, the youngest of the three sisters of Grandenigo, did not make so much use of her eyes and ears as she did of her own little tongue; she retailed what Lisa *saw*, and what Lota *heard*, fluently, unfailingly, and, we regret to add, exaggeratingly. She did not like the trouble of doing anything but talk—talk: she left her eldest sister to look about her, and poke and peer here, there, and everywhere; she left her second sister to saunter unsuspected, with her ears wide open, because *she* was so near-sighted, and who dare accuse a Grandenigo lady of listening? Now, that troublesome little member the tongue can do a world of mischief, as we all know; and Madame Offugo said everything to Lady Lora that was right, and true, and kind, and wholesome on this topic. And the Lady Lora listened with respectful attention, and promised not only to remember what was said, but to try to follow the kind and motherly advice. And so did the Lady Lisa, and the Lady Lota; but in the meantime, the unruly eyes, and ears, and tongue often rebelled, and occasioned a vast deal of petty trouble and vexation among the small community of Grandenigo.

Suddenly Madame Offugo was wanted elsewhere: the drawbridge was let down, and she crossed it quickly, disappearing in the winding road leading up

the hillside from Grandenigo, and leaving the three young ladies weeping bitterly, and waving their white handkerchiefs, and kissing their hands as the good old lady receded.

'Don't forget us, dear Madame Offugo,' said they on parting.

'I will not, my dears,' she replied, and she spoke with impressive emphasis.

And now Baron Grandenigo took his three girls away to the court of his sovereign, in the midst of a gay and populous city. The change was very great indeed for young ladies brought up in retirement, like our Lisa, Lota, and Lora; and at first they forgot good old Madame Offugo and her excellent advice and tender admonitions. But as time progressed, they were never out of 'hot-water,' as the saying is—always getting into trouble, from seeing what ought not to have been seen, hearing what was not meant to be heard, and speaking what it was inconvenient and dangerous to retail; far, far more so here in the city and the courtly circle, than at quiet Grandenigo, sleeping among the pleasant heathery hills. And their troubles and perplexities so increased, that one evening when they had retired, rather earlier than usual, and had dismissed their attendants, and were conversing with terror and dismay on their lamentable position, all three exclaimed together: 'O that dear old Offugo was here to direct and aid us. I wonder if she has quite forgotten us by this time: she said she wouldn't.'

At that instant, a gentle tap, tap, came to their door, and a little page in green gave in a small packet, silken-bound, addressed to the ladies Lisa, Lota, and Lora. Quickly they opened it, and what did they behold? First the words written in golden type: 'I have not forgotten you—do not you forget old Offugo.' And the contents of the packet? Each sister blushed consciously as she appropriated to herself one of the three gifts it contained; thus proving that they had not altogether forgotten old Offugo's lessons. How the court circle would have laughed and jested had they seen these 'remembrances,' so carefully bound up with silken cord, and so fondly and reverently received by the sisters in the privacy of their own chamber. And what were they?—what mysterious and inexplicable things to send from a distance to three fair young ladies, daughters of the grand Baron Grandenigo?

First, there was a woven bandage—thick and smooth, flexible and elastic—to bind over the eyes, as if for playing at blind-man's-buff. Lady Lisa fitted it on directly; intuitively she understood its meaning and arrangement. Then came a bundle of fine white cotton-wool, rolled up in golden tissue. Lady Lota stuffed some into her ears on the spot. Then, what a funny-looking thing! They all three laughed aloud as the Lady Lora put it into her pretty mouth, though she declared afterwards it became as sweet as a sugar-plum to her taste. But the greatest wonder of these gifts was—proving beyond a doubt that Offugo must be a fairy—that although the three fair daughters of Grandenigo continued to wear them at all times and on state occasions, their true significance continued unsuspected. The bandage, by fairy contrivance, only resembled a becoming fillet round the ivory brow; the cotton-wool was hidden by the ebon tresses, so coquettishly disposed for the purpose; and as to the uncourtly gag, being inside the mouth, it was not seen at all. A fascinating repicence was the consequence of that; and for ever afterwards, the ladies of Grandenigo walked through this weary world with far less stumbling and discomfort to themselves, than if they had seen too much, heard too much, and spoken too much by the way.

Some of us in these days need the gifts of a good fairy Offugo; and we might even appropriate all three

for our own share; for sometimes, if we desire to live in peace, it is better to tie a bandage over our eyes, and to stuff our ears with cotton-wool, and furnish our mouths with a gag—even though it does not taste like a sugar-plum.

WIND-CHARTS AND BOTTLES OF SMOKE.

'WOULD you like to see my wind-charts?'

Such was the query wherewith that worthy mariner, Captain Scuttle, of the 'fast-sailing, Al clipper-ship' *Plyaway*, one day startled the writer. At the time, we were in 57° 37' south latitude, and 85° 52' west longitude, heading east by south; in other words, we were approaching Cape Horn. In the innocence of our hearts, we had propounded a question relative to our course after passing that grim and dreary extremity of the earth; and the answer came in the form of the proposition quoted above. This mode of reply was but natural, for Captain Scuttle is a native of the Emerald Isle. Still, we were surprised to the extent of temporarily abandoning that dignified propriety of demeanour which, we flatter ourselves, is our usual characteristic. Had the question emanated from one of those disagreeable and irrational sailors who hold all and sundry land-men in utter contempt for their ignorance of the arts and mysteries of navigation, we should have concluded that a monstrous hoax was about to be played off upon us. But Captain Scuttle is a gentleman, not only when ashore, as is often the case; but on his own quarter-deck, or at the head of his cabin-table, he is still the very pink of courtesy; of a somewhat antique fashion, it may be, but none the worse for that.

We therefore repeated the phrase in astonishment. Wind-charts indeed! Well, Shakspeare long since called the air 'a chartered libertine.' But that the aerial dominions could be mapped out—that the jurisdiction of the several powers of the air could be accurately defined—their currents noted down, and their variations predicted, with a near approximation to precision; all this was a feat which, if the idea had ever occurred to us, would have been instantly dismissed from our minds, as something too wild even for the distorted imagination of a lunatic.

But we were not long suffered to remain incredulous. Our nautical friend dived into the recesses of his own peculiar cabin, whence he presently emerged with a portfolio, containing a series of veritable charts of the wind, which he proceeded to display for our information and gratification. At first sight, these appeared like the vague drawings of an experimental geometrician—angles and triangles, pentagons, hexagons, and all the rest of the polygon tribe, intermingling with each other in most admired disorder. But aided by the lucid explanations of Captain Scuttle, we quickly succeeded in understanding the real order which lay hidden under all this apparent confusion.

We found, then, that in these charts the surface of the ocean is divided into quadrangular areas, each containing ten degrees of longitude and ten of latitude. In the centre of each of these geographical spaces is one of the peculiar diagrams already noticed, and which consists, in fact, of a group of angles, symbolising the power and current of the prevailing winds in that particular region. The direction of these angles indicates that of the air, and their greater or lesser dimensions typify its force. Thus, let us

suppose a figure, with one large angle, pointing southward, and three of smaller size, facing respectively south-south-east, south-east, and south-west by south: this would signify that strong northerly winds ordinarily prevailed, with occasional variations to the north-north-west, the north-west, and the north-east by north.

But, as in no part of the world does the wind incessantly blow in one uniform direction, it is necessary to have separate charts for each month in the year, and thus is maintained an entire circle of aerial intelligence.

The benefit derived, and yet more extensively derivable from this novel adaptation of meteorological science, is incalculable. By its aid, the mariner is enabled to avoid foul or contrary winds, hurricanes, and calms, and to steer in the direction of those latitudes where favourable breezes generally prevail at specified seasons. Not only, therefore, are the dangers of the ocean lessened, but the length of the voyage is often greatly reduced, and thus is effected a saving of labour, time, and expense.

These charts are, in fact, the records of past experience. The merit of their invention is due to Lieutenant Maury, of Washington, who first conceived the idea of tabulating the variations of the atmosphere at sea. In accordance with his plan, the officers of the United States navy were furnished with instructions and directions for observation, and were required to forward to Washington, at stated intervals, copies of their log-books, describing the force and direction of all winds and currents encountered, together with daily notes of temperature, &c. Masters of merchant-ships, willing to co-operate in this work, were also provided with similar facilities for observation. From the united records thus obtained, Lieutenant Maury compiled a series of tables, demonstrative of the important fact, that certain currents of air prevail in every portion of the Atlantic at regularly recurring intervals.

The beneficial effects of Maury's system soon became apparent; and in 1855, the English government established an office in London for the purpose of registering what may be termed the tides of the atmosphere. Admiral Fitzroy was placed at the head of the new department, and agents were appointed at the principal ports of the United Kingdom for the supply of instruments, books, and instructions. The attention of our mercantile marine was drawn to the subject, and their assistance invited. The commanders of some hundreds of British vessels have responded to the call—undertaking to make and record the necessary observations, and to transmit them periodically to the office. In 1857 it was stated that 'seven hundred months of logs' had been received from nearly one hundred merchant-ships, and that they were in process of tabulation, which is effected 'by collecting together, in separate books, the combined observations of each month, corresponding to geographical spaces, bounded by meridians and parallels, ten degrees apart. It is proper to observe that these observations are not confined to the Atlantic, but have been extended to the Indian and Pacific Oceans, and all seas ordinarily navigated. The results are the wind-charts we have described.

Philosophy and science destroy, in their progress, many time-honoured and fondly cherished ideas. No enthusiastic young poet, or magniloquent declaimer on the rights of man, can henceforth venture to speak of unloosing 'the four winds of heaven,' for they have never been chained up. It is proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that they perform their allotted functions periodically, in every quarter of the globe, with a surprising degree of regularity. Neither can that other figure of speech which terms the air 'a chartered libertine,' be tolerated, save out of respect

for our Shakespeare's genius. And, in truth, the expression is somewhat slanderous. Chartered he may be, but the charge of libertinism can scarcely be sustained. His incomings and outgoings have been registered; his irregularities 'set in a note-book;' his passionate humours, and his moments of supineness, duly recorded; so that every one who sails upon the deep may learn his character, and know pretty well what treatment to expect from him at all times and seasons, and in every part of the ocean.

Having discussed the wind, let us now indulge in a bottle of smoke.

We had such an article placed in our hands not long since. It was an ordinary glass bottle, such as those into which expert packers force a quart of porter; but which never, by any known process, can be compelled to disgorge more than a pint and half. It contained a thin liquid of a bluish-gray colour; and we were instructed to pour a certain proportion into such brine-pans as contained hams or other comestibles, for the purpose of imparting thereto the flavour peculiarly appertaining to smoked meats.

So we did; and very excellent we found the receipt to be.

Now, this liquid was not the cunningly devised product of chemistry, possessing the taste of smoke, without any approximation to the reality. It was real *bona-fide* smoke, procured from wood, and bottled up in its unadulterated purity, and was obtained in this wise:

In South Wales, there exists an establishment for the manufactory of pyroligneous acid, an article much in favour with the great pickling-houses. What is generally supposed to be white-wine vinegar, is often, in reality, the product of these works; and it is well for the consumer if more deleterious ingredients are not used. As its name indicates, this acid is obtained from burning wood, of which large quantities are annually consumed. For some time, the smoke arising therefrom was allowed to escape; but these are not the times to waste anything. Modern science, as Dr Lyon Playfair observes, is a great economist. She collects cast horseshoe nails, and, hey, presto! they reappear as murdering guns and glittering sabres; she carefully saves 'the clippings of the travelling tinker,' and, mixing them with 'the parings of horses' hoofs, or the cast-off woollen garments of the poorest inhabitant of the sister isle,' reproduces these unconsidered trifles in the form of 'hues of the brightest dye,' to adorn the dresses wherewith our courtly dames delight to deck their persons. The convenient vesta, or lucifer-match, owes its phosphoric constituents to the bones of dead animals. Aquafortis, and the offensive oils from gas-tar, are converted into perfumes for my lady's toilet; and the delicate odours of the costly *eau de mille fleurs*, can boast no better origin than the noxious effluvia of our sewers.

Clearly, then, it was a mistake to allow even wood-smoke to

Waste its fragrance on the desert air.

So, without the constraining influence of an act of parliament, the proprietors of the pyroligneous acid-works resolved on economising and utilising their smoke. For this purpose they built, over the pyre, a condensing chamber, and the smoke entering therein, and having no outlet, became converted into a fluid, such as we have described. In this state it was, and, we presume, still is, bottled off for public consumption; and its use effecting a great saving of expense in the curing of such meats as require to be smoked for the gratification of epicurean palates, a considerable demand for it has arisen. So that 'a bottle of smoke' is no longer the impossible fiction which it was supposed to be in the good old times of our youth, but has been resolved into a substantial reality, and

claims its place amongst those ingenious appetisers, which—as the manufacturers say in their advertisements—'no good housekeeper should be without.'

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.—A DEAD SHOT BY JAKE.

FOR two hours this singular conflict was continued, without any material change in the disposition of the combatants. Now and then an odd man might be seen darting from tree to tree with a velocity as if projected from a howitzer—his object, either to find a trunk that would afford better cover to his own body, or a point that would uncover the body—or a portion of it—of some marked antagonist. The trunks were barely thick enough to screen us. Some remained on their feet, using the precaution to make themselves as 'small' as possible, by standing rigidly erect, and keeping their bodies carefully aligned. Others, perceiving that the pines bulged a little at the roots, had thrown themselves flat upon their faces, and in this attitude continued to load and fire.

The sun was long since high in the heavens, for it had been near sunrise when the conflict began. There was no obscurity to hide either party from the view of the other; though in this the Indians had a slight advantage on account of the opening in our rear. But even in the depth of the forest there was light enough for our purpose. Many of the dead fascicles had fallen—the ground was deeply bedded with them—and those that still drooped overhead formed but a gauzy screen against the brilliant sunbeams. There was light sufficient to enable our marksmen to sight any object as large as a dollar-piece that chanced to be within range of their rifles. A hand, a portion of an arm, a leg badly aligned, a jawbone projecting outside the bark, a pair of shoulders too broad for the trunk that should have concealed them, even the outstanding skirt of a dress, was sure to draw a shot—perhaps two—from one side or the other. A man to have exposed his full face for ten seconds, would have been almost certain of receiving a bullet through his skull, for on both sides there were sharpshooters.

The two hours had passed, and as yet without any great injury received or inflicted by either party. There were some 'casualties,' however; and every now and then a fresh incident added to the number, and kept up the hostile excitement. We had several wounded—one or two severely—and one man killed. The latter was a favourite with our men, and his death strengthened their desire for vengeance.

The Indian loss must have been greater. We had seen several fall to our shots. In our party were some of the best marksmen in Florida. Hickman was heard to declare he 'had draved a bead upon three, an' wherever he draved his bead, he war dog gonod sartin to put his bullet.'

Weatherford had shot his man, killing him on the spot. This was beyond conjecture, for the dead body of the savage could be seen lying between two trees where it had fallen. His comrades feared, that in dragging it away, they might expose themselves to that terrible rifle.

After a time, the Indians began to practise a chapter of tactics, which proved that, in this mode of warfare, they were our superiors. Instead of one, two of them would place themselves behind a tree, or two trees that stood close together; and as soon as one fired, the other was ready to take aim. Of course, the man at whom the first shot had been discharged—fancying his *vis-à-vis* now carried an empty gun—would be less careful about his person, and likely enough to expose it.

Such proved to be the case—for before the bit of craft was discovered, several of our men received wounds, and one more of our number was shot dead by his tree.

This ruse increased the exasperation of our men, the more so that they could not reciprocate the strategy. Our numbers were not sufficient. To have taken post by 'twos' would have thinned our line, so that we could not have defended it. We were compelled, therefore, to remain as we were, but grew more careful how we exposed ourselves to the cunning fence of our enemies.

There was one instance, in which the savages were paid back in their own coin. Black Jake and I were partners in this *revanche*.

We were sheltered by two trees almost close together, and had for antagonists no less than three savages, who had been all the morning most active in firing at us. I had received one of their bullets through the sleeve of my coat, and Jake had the dandruff driven out of his wool; but neither of us had been wounded. During the contest, I had got sight upon one, and fancied I had spilled his blood. I could not be certain, however, as the three were well covered behind a clump of trees, and hidden by a thicket of dwarf palmettoes.

One of these Indians, Jake wished particularly to kill. He was a tall savage—and much larger than either of the others. He wore a head-dress of king-vulture plumes, and was otherwise distinguished by his costume. In all probability, he was a chief. What was most peculiar in his appearance was his face—for we saw it at intervals, though only for an instant at a time. It was covered all over with a scarlet pigment—vermilion it appeared—and shone through the trees like a counterpart of the sun.

It was not this, however, that had rendered the Indian an object of Jake's special vengeance; the cause was different. The savage had noticed Jake's colour, and had taunted him with it several times during the fray. He spoke in his native tongue, but Jake comprehended it well enough. He was spited—exasperated—and vowed vengeance against the scarlet chief.

I contrived to give him an opportunity. Cunningly adjusting my cap, so that it appeared to contain my head, I caused it to protrude a little around the trunk of the tree. It was an old and well-known ruse, but for all that, in Jake's phraseology, it 'fooled' the Indian. The red face appeared above the palmettoes. A puff of smoke rose from below it. The cap was jerked out of my hand; I heard the report of the shot that had done it.

Simultaneously I heard another crack, louder and nearer—the report of the negro's piece.

I peeped round the tree to witness the effect. A spot of darker red dappled the bright disk—the vermilion became suddenly encrimsoned. It was but a glance I had, for in the next instant the painted savage lay doubled up among the bushes.

During all the time we had been engaged, the Indians did not appear desirous of advancing upon us—although certainly they were far superior to us in point of numbers. The party we had been pursuing had been joined by another as numerous as itself. Not less than a hundred were now upon the ground, and had been so from the beginning of the fight. But for this accession, they would hardly have dared to attack us; and but for our knowing it, we should have charged them at once, and tried the chances of a hand-to-hand conflict. But we saw that they far outnumbered us, and we were content to act on the defensive to hold our position.

They appeared satisfied with theirs—though by closing rapidly inwards, they could have overpowered us with numbers. After all, their ranks would have

been well thinned before reaching our line, and some of their best men would have fallen. No men calculate such chances more carefully than Indians; and perhaps none are inferior to them in charging a foe that is intrenched. The weakest fort, the most flimsy stockade, can be easily defended against the red warriors of the West.

Their intention having been foiled, by the failure of their first charge, they appeared not to contemplate another—contented to hold us in siege—for to that situation we were in reality reduced.

After a time, their firing became less frequent, until it nearly ceased altogether; but we knew that this did not indicate any intention to retreat. On the contrary, we saw some of them kindling fires afar off in the woods—no doubt with the design of cooking their breakfasts.

There was not a man among us who did not envy them their occupation.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

A MEAGRE MEAL.

To us, the partial armistice was of no advantage: we dared not stir from the trees. We were athirst, and water within sight—the pond glittering in the centre of the glade. Better there had been none, since we dared not approach it; it only served to tantalise us.

The Indians were seen to eat, without leaving their lines. A few waited on the rest, bringing them food from the fires. Women were observed passing backward and forward, almost within range of our guns.

We were, all of us, hungry as famished wolves. We had been twenty-four hours without tasting food—even longer than that—and the sight of our enemies, feasting before our very faces, gave a keener edge to our appetites, reviving at the same time our anger and chagrin. They even taunted us on our starving condition.

Old Hickman had grown furious; he was heard to declare that he 'war hungry enough to eat a raw Indyan, if he kud only jist git his teeth upon one;' and he looked fierce enough to have carried out the threat.

'The sight o' cussed redskins,' continued he, 'swal-lerin' hul collops o' meat, while Christyian whites hain't neery bone to pick, war enough to rile one to the last joint in the eend o' the toes—by the tarnal allygator, it war!'

It is a bare place, indeed, where such men as Hickman and Weatherford will not find resources; and the energies of both were now bent upon discovery. They were seen scratching among the dead needles of the pines, that, as already stated, formed a thick layer over the surface of the ground. Of what were they in search?—worms? grubs? larvæ, or lizards? One might have fancied so; but no—it was not come to that. Hungry as they were, they were not yet ready to feed upon the *reptilia*. A better resource had suggested itself to them; and shortly after, a joyful exclamation announced that they had discovered the object of their search.

Hickman was seen holding up a brownish-coloured mass, of conical form, somewhat resembling a large pine-apple. It was a cone of the broom-pine—easily recognisable by its size and shape.

'Now, fellers!' shouted he, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all around the glade, 'jest gather a wheen o' these hyar tree-eggs, an' break 'em open. Ye'll find kurnels inside o' 'em, that ain't bad chawin'. They ain't equal to hog an' hominy; but we hain't got hog an' hominy; an' these hyar 'll serve in a pinch, I reck'n. Ef ye'll only root among the rabbage aroun' ye, ye'll scare up a wheen. Jist try it.'

The suggestion was eagerly adopted, and in an instant 'all hands' were seen scratching up the dead leaves in search of pine-cones. Some lay upon the surface near at hand, and were easily procured, while others further off were jerked within reach by ram-rods or the barrels of rifles. Less or more, every one was enabled to obtain a supply.

The cones were quickly cut open, and the nuts greedily devoured. It was by no means an inferior food, for the kernels of the broom-pine are both nutritive and pleasant to the taste. Their quality gave universal satisfaction—it was only in quantity they were deficient—for there were not enough of them within reach to stay the cravings of fifty stomachs hungry as ours were.

There was some joking over this dry breakfast; and the more reckless of the party laughed while they ate, as though it had been a nutting frolic. But the laughter was short-lived—our situation was too serious to admit of much levity.

It was an interval while the firing of the enemy had slackened, almost ceased; and we had ample time to consider the perils of our position.

Up to this time, it had not occurred to us that we were in reality *besieged*. The hurried excitement of the conflict had left us no time for reflection. We only looked upon the affair as a skirmish, that must soon come to an end by one side or the other proving victorious.

The contest no longer wore that look; it had assumed the aspect of a siege. We were encompassed on every side—shut up as if in a fortress, but not half so secure. Our only stockade was the circle of standing trees, and we had no blockhouse to retire to in the event of being wounded. Each man was a sentry, with a *tour* of guard-duty that must be continual!

Our situation was perilous in the extreme. There was no prospect of escape. Our horses had all galloped off. One only remained lying dead by the side of the pond. He had been killed by a bullet, but it came not from the enemy. Hickman had fired the shot. I saw him, and wondered at the time what could be his object. The hunter had his reasons; but it was only afterwards I learned them.

We could hold our ground against five times our number—almost any odds—but how about food?

Thirst we did not fear. At night, we would have relief. Under the cover of night, we could approach the pond.

We had no apprehension about the want of water; but how were we to obtain food? The cones we had gathered had proved but a bite: there were no more within reach; we must yield to hunger—to famine.

We conversed with one another freely, as if face to face. We canvassed our prospects. They were gloomy enough.

How was the affair to end? How were we to be delivered from our perilous situation? These were the questions that passed from mouth to mouth, and occupied the thoughts of all.

Only one plan offered a plausible chance of escape; and that was to hold our position until nightfall, make a sally in the darkness, and fight our way through the lines of our foes. It would be running the gauntlet; a few of us would certainly fall—perhaps many—but some would escape. To stay where we were, was to submit ourselves to certain sacrifice. There was no likelihood of our being rescued by others; no one entertained such a hope. As soon as hunger overcame us, we should be massacred to a man.

Rather than patiently abide such a fate, we resolved, while yet strong, to risk all chances, and cut our way through the midst of the besiegers. Darkness would

favour the attempt, and anxiously we awaited the going down of the sun.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

A BULLET FROM BEHIND.

If we thought the time long, it was not from want of occupation.

During the day, the Indians at intervals renewed their attack; and, notwithstanding all our vigilance, we had another man killed, and several slightly wounded.

In these skirmishes, the savages shewed a determination to get nearer our line, by making their advances from tree to tree. We perfectly understood their object. It was not that they had any design of closing with us, though their numbers might have justified them in doing so. They were now still more numerous than at the beginning of the fight. Another band had arrived upon the ground: we had heard the shout of welcome that hailed their coming.

But even with this accession of strength, they did not design to come to the encounter of short weapons. Their purpose in advancing was different, and we understood it. They had perceived that by getting close to our convex line, they would be near enough to fire upon those on the opposite side of the glade, who, of course, would be exposed to their aim.

To prevent this, therefore, now became our chief object and anxiety, and it was necessary to redouble our vigilance. We did so, regarding with scrutinising glances the trunks behind which we knew the savages were skulking, and eyeing them as keenly as the ferret-hunter watches the burrows of the warren.

They had but slight success in their endeavours to advance. It cost them several of their boldest men; for the moment these essayed to rush forward, the cracks of three or four rifles were certain to be heard; and almost as certain was one of them to deliver its messenger of death.

The Indians soon became tired of attempting this dangerous manœuvre; and, as evening approached, appeared to give up their design, and content themselves by holding us in siege.

We were glad when the sun set, and the twilight came on. It would soon pass, and we should be able to reach the water. The men were maddened with thirst, for they had been suffering from it throughout the whole day.

During the daylight, many would have gone to the water, had they not been restrained by the precepts of the more prudent, and perhaps more effectually by an incident, of which they had all been spectators. One more reckless than the rest had risked the attempt. He had succeeded in reaching the pond, drank to his satisfaction, and was hastening back to his post, when a shot from the savages stretched him dead upon the sward. He was the man last killed, and his lifeless body now lay in the open ground, before the eyes of his comrades. It proved a warning to all; for, despite the torture from thirst, no one cared to repeat the rash experiment.

At length the welcome darkness descended—only a glimmer of gray light lingered in the leaden sky. Men in twos and threes were now seen approaching the pond. Like spectres they moved, silently gliding over the open ground, but in stooping attitudes, and heads bent eagerly forward in the direction of the water. We did not all go at once—though all were alike eager to quench their thirst—but the admonitions of the old hunter had their effect; and the more continent resolved to endure their pangs a little longer, and wait till the others should get back to their posts.

It was prudent we so acted; for at this crisis, the Indians—no doubt suspecting what was going forward

—renewed their firing with fresh energy. Whole volleys were discharged inward, and without aim—the darkness must have hindered an aim—but for all that, the bullets buzzed past our ears like hornets upon their flight.

There was a cry raised that the Indians were closing upon us; and those who had gone to the water rushed rapidly back—some even without staying to taste the much desired water.

During all this time I had remained behind my tree. My black follower had also stuck to his post like a faithful sentinel, as he was. We talked of relieving one another by turns, and Jake insisted that I should 'drink first.' I had partially consented to this arrangement, when the fire of the enemy suddenly reopened.

Like others, we were apprehensive that the savages were about to advance, and well knew the necessity of keeping them back. We agreed to keep our ground for a little longer.

I had 'one eye round the trunk of the tree,' with my rifle raised to the level. I was watching for a flash from the gun of some antagonist, to guide me in my aim; when, all on a sudden, I felt my arm jerked upward, and my rifle shaken out of my grasp.

There was no mystery about it. A bullet had passed through my arm, piercing the muscles that upheld it. I had shewn too much of my shoulder, and was wounded—nothing more.

My first thought was to look to my wound; I felt it distinctly enough, and this enabled me to discover the place. I saw that the ball had passed through the upper part of my right arm, just below the shoulder; and in its further progress had creased the breast of my uniform coat, where its trace was visible in the torn cloth.

There was still light sufficient to enable me to make these observations; and furthermore, that a thick stream of blood was gushing from the wound.

I commenced unbuttoning my coat, the better to get at it. The black was already by my side, rending his shirt into ribbons:

All at once, I heard him uttering an exclamation of surprise, followed by the words:

'Gorramighty! Mass George, dat shot come from ahind!'

'From behind?' I shouted, echoing his words, and once more looking to the wound. Some suspicion of this had already been in my thoughts: I fancied that I had felt the shot from behind.

It had been no fancy. On a more minute examination of the wound, and the torn traces upon the breast of my coat, the direction of the bullet was plainly perceived. Undoubtedly, it had struck me from behind.

'Good God, Jake,' I exclaimed, 'it is so; the Indians have advanced to the other side of the glade—we are lost!'

Under this belief, we both faced towards the opening; when at the moment, as if to confirm us, another bullet whistled past our ears, and struck with a heavy 'thud' into the tree behind which we were kneeling. It had certainly been fired from the other side of the glade: we saw the flash, and heard the report of the gun that had sent it.

What had become of our comrades on that side? Had they abandoned their posts, and permitted the Indians to advance? Were they all by the pond, and thus neglecting their duty?

These were the first conjectures both of Jake and myself.

It was too dark for us to see them under the shadow of the pines, but neither did they appear in the open ground. We were puzzled, and shouted aloud for an explanation.

If there were replies, we heard them not; for at

that moment a wild yell from our savage enemies drowned all other cries, and a sight burst upon our eyes that caused the blood to run cold within us.

Directly in front of the position that Jake and I held, and close to the Indian line, a red flame was seen suddenly springing up from the earth. It rose in successive puffs, each leaping higher and higher, until it had ascended among the tops of the trees. It resembled the flashes of large masses of gunpowder, that had been ignited upon the ground, and such in reality it was. We read the intention at a glance. The Indians were attempting to fire the forest.

Their success was almost instantaneous. As soon as the sulphureous blaze came in contact with the withered fascicles of the pines, the latter caught as though they had been tinder; and with the velocity of projected rockets, the flames shot out in different directions, and danced far above the tops of the tallest trees.

We looked around: on all sides, we beheld a similar spectacle. That wild yell had been the signal for a circle of fires. The glade was encompassed by a wall of flame, red, roaring, and gigantic. The whole forest was on fire.

From all points, the flames appeared closing inward, sweeping the trees as if they had been withered grass, and leaping in long jets high into the heavens.

The smoke now came heavily around us, each moment growing denser as the fire approached, while the heated atmosphere was no longer endurable; already it stifled our breathing.

Destruction stared us in the face, and men shouted in despair; but the roar of the burning pines drowned their voices, and one could not even hear his comrade who was nearest. But their looks told their thoughts, for, before the smoke fell, the glade was lit up with intense brilliancy, and we could see one another with unnatural distinctness. In the faces of all appeared the anxiety of awe.

Not long continued I to share it; too much blood had escaped from my neglected wound. I tried to make into the open ground—as I saw others doing—but before I had advanced two steps from the tree, my limbs tottered beneath me, and I fell fainting to the earth.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

A JURY AMID THE FIRE.

I had a last thought as I fell; it was, that my life had reached its termination—that in a few seconds my body would be embraced by the flames, and I should horribly perish.

The thought drew from me a feeble scream; and with that scream my senses forsook me. I was as senseless as if dead—indeed, so far as sensibility went, I was dead—and had the flames at that moment swept over me, I should not have felt them. In all probability, I might have been burnt to a cinder without enduring further pain.

During the interval of my unconsciousness, I had neither dream nor apparition. By this, I know that my soul must have forsaken its earthly tenement. It may have been hovering above or around, but it was no longer within me. It had separated from my senses, that were all dead.

Dead, but capable of being restored to life; and, haply, a restorative was at hand, with one to administer it.

When consciousness returned, the first perception I had was that I was up to my neck in water. I was in the pond, and in a recumbent position—my limbs and body under the water, with only my head above the surface, resting against the bank. A man was kneeling over me, himself half immersed. My returning senses soon enabled me to tell who it was—the faith-

ful black. He had my pulse in his hand, and was gazing into my features with silent earnestness.

As my open eyes replied to his gaze, he uttered an exclamation of joy, and the words: 'Golly, Masser George! you lib. Thank be to Gorrarnighty, you lib. Keep up ya heart, young masser; yous a gwine to git ober it—sartin yous a gwine to git ober it.'

'I hope so, Jake,' was my reply in a weak voice; but feeble though it was, it roused the faithful fellow into a transport of delight, and he continued to utter his cheering ejaculations.

I was able to raise my head and look around. It was a dread spectacle that on all sides greeted my eyes, and there was plenty of light wherewith to view it.

The forest was still on fire, burning with a continued roar, as of thunder, or a mighty wind, varied with hissing noises and a loud crackling that resembled the platoon-firing of musketry. One might have fancied it the fusilade of the Indians, but that was impossible. They must long since have retreated before the spreading circle of that all-consuming conflagration.

There was less flame than when I had last looked upon it; and less smoke in the atmosphere. The dry foliage had been suddenly reduced to a cinder, and the twiggy fragments had fallen to the earth, where they lay in a dense bed of glowing embers.

Out of this rose the tall trunks, half stripped of their branches, and all on fire. The crisp scaling bark had caught freely, and the resinous sap-wood was readily yielding to the flames. Many trees had burnt far inward, and looked like huge columns of iron heated to redness. The spectacle presented an aspect of the infernal.

The sense of feeling, too, might have suggested fancies of the infernal world. The heat was intense; the atmosphere quivered with the drifting caloric. The hair had crisped upon my head; my skin had the feel of blistering, and the air I inhaled resembled steam from the 'scape-pipe of an engine.

Instinctively, I looked for my comrades. A group of a dozen or more were upon the open ground, near the edge of the pond, but these were not all. There should have been nearer fifty. Where were the others? Had they perished in the flames? Where were they?

Mechanically, I put the question to Jake.

'Thar, masser,' he replied, pointing downward. 'Tha' be all safe yet—ebbery one ob um, I b'lieve.'

I looked across the surface of the pond; three dozen roundish objects met my glance; they were the heads of my companions.

Like my own, their bodies were submerged, most of them to the very neck. They had thus placed themselves to shun the smoke, as well as the broiling heat.

But the others—they on the bank—why had they not also availed themselves of this cunning precaution? Why were they still standing exposed to the fierce heat, and amid the drifting clouds of smoke?

The latter had grown thin and gauze-like. The forms of the men were seen distinctly through it, magnified as in a mist. Like giants, they were striding over the ground, and the guns in their hands appeared of colossal proportions.

Their gestures were abrupt, and their whole bearing shewed they were in a state of half-frenzied excitement. It was natural enough, amid the circumstances that surrounded them. I saw they were the principal men of our party. I saw Hickman and Weatherford among them, both gesticulating freely. No doubt they were debating how we should act.

This was the conjecture I derived from my first glance; but a further survey of the group convinced me I was in error.

It was no deliberation about our future plans. In the lull, between the volleys of the crackling pines, I could hear their voices. They were those of men engaged in deadly dispute—especially the voices of Hickman and Weatherford, that reached the ear in conclamation, both speaking in a tone that betokened some desperate feeling of indignation.

At this moment, the smoke drifting aside, discovered a group still further from the edge of the pond. There were six men in this group, standing in threes; and I perceived that the middle man of each three was tightly grasped by the others. Two of them, then, were prisoners!

Were they Indians? two of our enemies who, amid the confusion of the fire, had strayed into the glade, and been captured?

It was my first thought; but at that instant a jet of flame, shooting upward among the tree-tops, filled the glade with a flood of brilliant light. The group thus illumined, could be seen as distinctly as by the light of day. I was no longer in doubt about the captives; their faces were before me—white and ghastly, as if with fear. Even the red light failed to tinge them with its colour; but, wan as they were, I had no difficulty in recognising them. They were Spence and Williams.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

QUICK EXECUTIONERS.

I turned to the black for an explanation, but before he could make reply to my interrogatory, I more than half comprehended the situation.

My own plight admonished me. I remembered my wound; I remembered that I had received it from behind. I remembered that the bullet that struck the tree came from the same quarter. I thought we had been indebted to the savages for the shots; but, no; worse savages—Spence and Williams—were the men who had fired them!

The reflection was awful; the motive, mysterious.

And now returned to my thoughts the occurrences of the preceding night: the conduct of these two fellows in the forest; the suspicious hints thrown out by old Hickman and his comrade; and far beyond the preceding night, other circumstances—still well marked upon my memory—rose freshly before me.

Here again was the hand of Arens Ringgold. O God! to think that this arch-monster—

'Dar only a tryin' them two daam raskell,' said Jake, in reply to the interrogatory I had put; 'dat's what they am 'bout, Masser George—dat's all.'

'Who?' I asked mechanically, for I already knew who were meant by the 'two daam raskell.'

'Lor, Masser George, doant you see um ober yonder? Golly! thar as white as peeled punkins—Spence an' Williams. It war them that shot you, an' no Ind-i-ens arter all. I know'd dat from tha fust, an' I tol' Mass Hickman de same; but Mass Hickman, 'clare he see um for hissef, an' so too Mass Weatherford. Boaf seed um fire tha two shots. Thar a tryin' on 'em for tha lives—dat's what tha am adoin'.'

With strange interest I once more turned my eyes outward, and gazed, first at one group, then the other.

The fire was now making less noise, the sap-wood having nearly burnt out; and the detonations, caused by the escaping of the pent air from its cellular cavities, had grown less frequent. Voices could be heard over the glade, and to those of the improvised jury I listened attentively. I perceived that a dispute was going on. The jurors were not agreed upon their verdict; some advocating the immediate death of the prisoners; while others, averse to such prompt punishment, were for keeping them until further inquiry should be made into their conduct.

There were some who could not credit their guilt;

the dead was too monstrous and improbable; under what motive could they have committed it? at such a time, too, with their own lives in direct jeopardy?

'Ne'er a bit o' jeppurdy,' exclaimed Hickman, in reply to the interrogatory—'ne'er a bit o' jeppurdy. Thar hain't been a shot fired at eyther on 'em this hul day. I tell ye, fellers, thar's a unnerstannin' between 'em an' the Ind-yens. Thar no better 'n spies, an' thar last night's work proves it. 'Twar all bamfoozle about thar gittin' lost; 'em fellers git lost adeed! Both on 'em knows these hyar wuds as well as the anymals thet lives in 'em. Thuv both been hyar many's the time, an' a wheen too often, I reck'n. Lost! Wagh! did yez iver heer o' a 'coon gittin' lost?'

Some one made reply. I did not hear what was said, but the voice of the hunter again sounded distinct and clear.

'Ye palaver about thar motive. I s'pose you mean thar reezuns for sich a bloody bizness? Them, I acknuldge, ain't clar, but I hev my saspicions too. I ain't a gwine to say who or what. Thar's some things as mout be, an' thar's some as moutn't; but I've seed queer doin's in these last five yern; an' I've heern o' others, an' if what I've heern bes true—what I've seed I know to be—then I tell ye, fellers, thar's a bigger than cyther o' thesen at the bottom o' the hul bizness—that's what thar be.'

'But do you really say you saw them fire in that direction? Are you sure of that?'

This inquiry was put by a tall man, who stood in the midst of the disputing party—a man of advanced age, and of somewhat severe, though venerable aspect. I knew him as one of our neighbours in the settlement—an extensive planter—who had some intercourse with my uncle, and out of friendship for our family, had joined the pursuit.

'Sure!' echoed the old hunter, with emphasis, and not without some show of indignation. 'Didn't me an' Jim Weatherford see 'em w' our own two eyes? an' thar good enough, I reck'n, to watch sich varmint as 'em. We'd been a watchin' 'em all day, for we know'd thar war somethin' ugly afoot. We seed 'em both fire acrost the glead, an' sight plum-centre at young Randolph. Beside, the black himself sez that the two shots comed that away. What more proof kin you want?'

At this moment, I heard a voice by my side. It was that of Jake calling out to the crowd.

'Mass Hickman,' criell he, 'if dey want more proof, I b'lieve dis nigga can gib it. One ob de bullets miss young masser, an' stuck in tha tree. Yonner's tha berry tree itseff we wa behind; it ain't burn yet; it ain't been afire. Maybe, gen'l'm'n, you mout find tha bullet thar still; you tell whose gunl he 'longs to?'

The suggestion was instantly adopted. Several men ran towards the tree behind which Jake and I had held post, and which, with a few others near it, for some reason or other, had escaped the flames, and still stood with trunks black and unscathed, in front of the conflagration. Jake went with the rest, and pointed out the spot.

The bark was scrutinised, the shot-holes found, and the leaden witness carefully picked out. It was still in its globe shape, slightly torn by the grooves of the barrel. It was a rifle-bullet, and one of the very largest size. It was known that Spence carried a piece of large calibre. The guns of all the party were brought forward, and their measure taken: the bullet would enter the barrel of no other rifle save that of Spence.

Their guilt was evident; the verdict was no longer delayed. It was unanimous that the prisoners should die.

'An' let 'em die like dogs, as they are,' cried Hickman, indignantly raising his voice, and at the same

time bringing his piece to the level. 'Now, Jim Weatherford, look to yer sights! Let 'em go thar, fellows, an' take yerselves out o' the way. We'll gie 'em a chance for thar cussed lives. They may take to yonner trees if they like, an' git 'customed' to it, for they'll be in a hotter place than that afore long. Let 'em go—let 'em go, I say; or, by the 'tarnal, I'll fire into the middle o' ye!'

The men who had hold of the prisoners perceiving the threatening attitude of the hunter, and fearing that he might make good his words, suddenly dropped their charge, and ran back towards the group of jurors.

The two wretches appeared bewildered. Terror seemed to hold them speechless and fast, as if bound to the spot. Neither made an effort to leave the ground. Perhaps the complete impossibility of such a thing was apparent to them, and prostrated all power to make the attempt. They could not have escaped from the glade. Their taking to the trees was only a mockery of the indignant hunter; in ten seconds they would have been roasted among the blazing branches.

It was a moment of breathless suspense. Only one voice was heard—that of Hickman.

'Now, Jim, you Spence; leave tother to me.'

This was said in a hurried undertone; and the words were scarce uttered as the two rifles cracked simultaneously.

The smoke drifting aside, disclosed the deadly effect of the shot. The execution was over. The worthless renegades had ceased to live.

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

To a horse-fair—Newmarket, say, the name,
Where other wares were interchanged as well,
Once on a time a starving Poet came,
Urged by stern want, his Pegasus to sell.

Loud neighed the hippogriff, and proudly pranced
In splendid style before the astonished crowd;
All stood stock-still to gaze, as if entranced.
'The princely animal!' some cried aloud;
'What thousand pities that that form so slim
Should be disfigured by those odious wings;
The finest carriage else were meet for him—
'Tis said that from the noblest race he springs;
But in the air what Whip his seat could hold?'
So on the venture none would risk his gold.

At length, a country farmer courage found.
'The wings, 'tis true, serve for no use,' quoth he;
'But we may have them either clipt or bound.
And then for draught the horse would suited be.
Come! I will on him venture twenty pound.'
The owner, overjoyed, the offer heard;
Eager to sell his goods without delay,
The bargain strikes—'I take you at your word.'
So Hodge trots gaily on his prize away.

The noble creature straight in harness placed,
The unaccustomed burden hardly feels,
When off he starts in wildly flying haste,
By noble rage incensed. The carriage reels,
And sudden, on a precipice's brink,
Is overthrown. 'So, ho!' cries Hodge: 'I think
Experience makes men wise; no more I must
Alone this frantic beast with wheel-work trust.
But as to-morrow passengers I take,
The sprightly thing will a fine leader make;
Two other nags he'll spare me, not a doubt,
And this wild frenzy will with years wear out.'

At first all prospers well—the light-winged steed
Urges his comrades on; the carriage flies
Swift as with an arrow's speed,
But soon forsakes the sure and beaten track;
No shoddy avail—no rein can hold him back;
Like madness seizes all, in frantic gales

O'er bog and fen, through hedge and field they dash,
Until the shattered coach, with a loud crash,
Amidst the traveller's cries, stops short at last,
And on a steep ascent the wheels stick fast.

Poor Hodge exclaims, with thoughtful mien:
'We have not yet found out the way;
'Twill never answer thus: but stay,
Another sort of trial shall be seen;
We'll see what meagre fare and work will do,
The foolish creature's spirit to subdue.'

The trial made—ere many days are past,
The beauteous animal declines,
And soon to a mere shadow pines.
Cries Hodge: 'I've found it out at last.
Here, quick! come yoke him for me now,
Joined with my strongest ox in yonder plough.'

No sooner said than done—behold
In ludicrous conjunction by one-tether
The Ox and Winged Courser linked together.
Unwilling steps the Griffin hold,
But strains his last remaining might,
Eager to take his wonted flight.
In vain—his neighbour plods with steady pace;
Phœbus' bright steed must to the Ox give place.

With constant opposition worn at length,
And bowed with grief, the steed of godlike birth,
With trembling limbs and failing strength
Sinks, and lies prostrate on the earth.
'Accursed beast!' breaks forth the angry clown
(By heavy-showering blows his vengeance shewn),
E'en for the plough thou art too weak and thin.
Thy master was a rogue, and took me in.'

While still the swinging lash his wrath betrays,
A joyous youth with light elastic tread
Comes smiling on—a wreath of golden bays,
With his fair locks entwined, adorns his head;
The sounding lyre is in his practised hand.
'Whither with such a wondrous pair, my friend?'
He from a distance to the peasant cries.
'The bird and ox linked in one band,
So strange a team must every one surprise,
I prithee for a space thy poor horse lend,
And for brief trial trust him unto me;
But be prepared—a marvel shalt thou see.'

The hippogriff is speedily unbound—
Upon his back the laughing youngster springs;
The master's steadfast hand he scarce has found,
When, champing at the bit, he spreads his wings;
With lightnings flashing from his soul-lit eyes,
See him, a thing regenerate, arise
King-like, a very spirit, or a god,
And rushing as a storm, he waves abroad
His pomp of pinion—now in heavenward flight,
Snorting with joy he darts, begins to soar,
And ere the eye can follow, seen no more—
Floating, has reached the empyrean height.

L'ENVOI.

The Pegasus that here you view,
Not fed on rich Castalian dew;
But travel-wearied, and foot-lame,
Will prove, I fear, ignobly tame.
And all unlike the noble steed
Of which, in German, you may read
(That scion of immortal race
Poets have ever loved to trace),
This poor, constrained, and awkward creature,
Scarce seems divine in any feature.

Has Schiller's Courser, then, been overrated?
No; but he verily hath been translated.

B. K. R.

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FAVOURS RETURNED.

An interesting meeting was lately held in a well-known reading-room in the northern part of the metropolis. The persons composing it were all of them working-people, and the object professedly was to form a society for the purpose of sending missionaries among the middle and upper classes of the community. John Duggin, a sailcloth-worker, occupied the chair, and professed his readiness to give all needful explanations. He said it was a notorious fact that, for a number of years past, the middle and upper classes had taken a great interest in the morals of the lower, trying to abate their habits of intemperance, to introduce knowledge amongst them, and to get their children trained up in the way they should go. This was a very obliging thing on the part of the rich towards the poor; and the poor felt duly grateful for it, as would by and by be seen. Now things were so far changed, that those who had once been called the better class of people, were more in need of moral improvement than ever their inferiors had been; and it became the duty of their poorer brethren to reciprocate their former good deeds. He would not enlarge upon the matter, for he knew there were abler men than himself prepared to address them upon it; he would content himself in the meantime with calling upon Mr Hobson to move the first resolution.

Mr Hobson, whom we understand to be a costermonger, accordingly rose and said that he was happy to take part in this movement, as he considered it pressingly needed. At all times, he observed, the lying advertisements of shopkeepers, and their many tricks to secure custom, had been matter of scandal. How to inveigle simple people, especially of the gentler sex—how to pass off inferior goods upon them—how to make them buy more than they wanted or could afford—how, in short, to pillage them, had, from the earliest ages, been the leading purposes of many belonging to that class. But all of these practices were innocent in comparison with others which late years had revealed. It had been found, by Dr Hassall and others, on strictly scientific grounds, that a great proportion of those dealing in articles of food were in the habit of adulterating them to a serious extent, careless though they should thus derange the stomachs and ruin the health of their customers, so that they should be able to put a little more money into their own pockets. To such an extent had this system been carried, that it was impossible to be sure of the genuineness of a single article of food or drink, whatever might be the price

paid for it. The working-classes were great sufferers by this system; and it was a strange but an actual anomaly of our age, that a serious brewer might be subscribing to ragged schools and churches with one hand, while cheating the ragged out of their money with the other. To pass from these matters—he would proceed to advert to various delinquencies of the middle classes which had been brought to light within the last two or three years. First came the trial of Paul, Strachan, and Bates for appropriation of the property of others intrusted to them—the first of the trio being a man who had not only been, to all outward appearance, a respectable man, but one who took a lead in all religious plans for the benefit of humbler people. Next, we had the Royal British Bank directors and the directors of the Eastern Banking Corporation establishing and keeping up a fraudulent system for the reception of poor people's money, in order that they might use it for their own purposes. Still, all these iniquities were insignificant in comparison with those which were revealed by the crisis of November 1857. Then did the mercantile community shine forth in what he feared he must describe as its true colours. Banks were found to have been kept up for years in good appearances and with large dividends, which had in reality lost all their capital. Manufacturing and commercial concerns had been started without capital, had been constantly losing from the beginning, and yet were kept up in fair show by assistance from banks, till it was no longer possible, and a crash ensued. Thus selfish adventurerism had been encouraged, honest trade had been made nearly impossible, and thousands of innocent simple people had been deprived of their all. It was evident that, while the middle classes were accustomed to consider themselves as a highly moral community, as indeed the principal depositaries of the virtues in this country, the love of gain had eaten into them as a great corruption, and was threatening to swamp all truth and honesty amongst them, unless a remedy were provided. He (Mr Hobson) therefore felt pleased in moving the first resolution, That it has become eminently necessary for the working-classes to adopt measures for checking, as far as possible, the rapid deterioration of morals which cupidity is evidently producing amongst those engaged in commerce. The resolution was duly seconded, and carried without a dissentient voice.

Mr Jones, a second-hand bookseller, rising to move the second resolution, told the meeting that he had had some opportunities of observing the domestic habits of the people who called themselves genteel, as he had been a servant in several respectable situations.

He had become fully convinced that the prompting cause of that eagerness for riches which the preceding speaker so much deplored, was the prevalence of luxurious habits amongst those in fault. A man was thought nothing of unless he lived in a fine house, and entertained his friends with rich food and costly wines. His wife and daughters must dress elegantly, and partake of expensive amusements. Doing nothing whatever, they were a cause of outlay to their husband and father, without contributing anything to the general stock. He was thus obliged to devote himself, body and soul, to the making of money. Money must be had by whatever means. Could it be wondered at if, in these circumstances, many foul and fraudulent things were done? Sad to say, the luxuries and fineries on which the money was spent, gave little real enjoyment—often none at all—might rather be said to create inconvenience and bring pain, than do any real good. They ministered chiefly to vanity. He could testify from his own observation, that the dozen people sitting at a superb dinner which lasted two hours, were generally very dull and languid. You rarely heard a hearty laugh among them. Such a thing would indeed be considered improper. And after the entertainment was over, and the guests gone home, the whole affair was forgotten, and the party immediately became as much strangers to each other as ever. The truth is, fineness banishes friendliness, and you had to stay among plain people in the country, if you wished that anybody should care for you. One great object of the ambition of the people he was speaking of was to keep a carriage of their own and drive in the parks. But it was not for the sake of any enjoyment they had in carriage-driving in those places. Look in their dull insinuate faces, as they pass along, and you must see there is no enjoyment in it. It was all for the sake of vanity. The only thing relished was the reflection that they must be looked on as people of some importance; otherwise they could not afford to keep the carriage. Now it was clear that these were all contemptible objects, utterly degrading to those who cherished them; that there could be no true moral dignity, and no true Christian virtue, where the only things thought of were how to make fine shows in the eyes of one's neighbours. It appeared that even when these people professed to take part in plans for the improvement of the poor, it was in the spirit of vanity, rather than that of benevolence. They wished to appear in the position of people who could patronise the poor. They professed all the time to be zealous supporters of religion, and particularly anxious to make the poor religious. But true religion was far more wanting among themselves than among the poor; and a mission from the poor among the rich, or those who make riches their idol, was now the thing needful. When Christianity began, it was a preaching by the poor to the rich. Its founder had not whereon to lay his head. Its first apostles were working-men. The voice raised by them thrills through society to this hour. Suppose Dives, Nicodemus, and the rich young man had tried to make a similar religious impression on their fellow-citizens, would they have succeeded? The question requires no answer. 'Now, seeing how given up these money-hunting people are to all sorts of vanities, and how in them, owing to that base idolatry, all the nobler traits of humanity are in a manner lost, I think it becomes us,' said Mr Jones, 'that we who are unembarrassed with the world's possessions should bestir ourselves to go among them and try to recall them to a sense of the higher aims of life. Let us hold up before them an unflattering account of their iniquitous practices. Let us denounce the luxuries and the vanities for whose sake they strain to get wealth. Let us endeavour to impress upon them the

moral grandeur of the honest man who is contented with moderate things, and the high gratifications which wait upon frugal contentment. There are amongst us, I trust, abundance of men both able and willing to go forth upon this mission, and it is men, and not funds, that are wanting. I therefore with all confidence move, That a society be formed for the sending out of missionaries among the upper classes.' The motion was carried by acclamation.

Mr Smith, who described himself as a journeyman carpenter, supporting a wife and six children on thirty shillings a week, moved for the appointment of a committee to carry out the objects of the meeting. He said he had long felt how unsatisfactory was the condition of the upper class of people in this country. There were strong moral agencies, or what professed to be such, at work for the maintenance of sound morality in the community; but it was only too manifest that these had little effect upon the class in question. The universal devotion to vanity amongst that class, and the soul-corrupting chase of riches wherewith to gratify their vanity, had been depicted by the preceding speaker. The humbler classes, being comparatively exempt from these degrading influences, might well assume the duty of seeking to place their neighbours upon a higher moral platform—not, he trusted, in a pharisaic, but in a truly philanthropic spirit. He could not doubt that, both by their preachings on the meanness of all mere wealth-seeking, and by the example they held forth of contentment with their own humble gains, they would in time accomplish a reform in their better-housed and better-clad brethren. There was one consequence of mammon-worship in the middle and upper classes which he especially deplored, and that was the difficulty they professed to feel in regard to matrimony. Marriage was an institution notably favourable to virtue. Working-men generally married early, and so promoted at once their happiness and their virtue. But what a working-man could do on one hundred a year or less, a mercantile man or a gentleman professed to be unable to do on three! This was of course a confession that his class prefers fine outward appearances to the reality of virtue, and that he, as a member of the class, must yield to the rule. The consequences were deplorable. Every honest working-man must grieve to think that, while he dares to be poor with honest marriage, there are thousands upon thousands of his fellow-men—men of perhaps good education—men who go to church—men who are perhaps very good fellows in their hearts—so far given up to a corrupt idea of life, that they deliberately reject this good course. If anything more than another could demonstrate the pressing call there was for a mission to the well-off, it was surely this. He trusted in a few years to see some telling effects upon this plague-spot of refined society; but he believed it could not be till men had been brought to see that there are better things in this world than riches, and the shows which riches enable men to make. The whole of these errors, indeed, were inwrought with each other as part of one system. Men were a bane to women, instead of a blessing, almost solely because they prefer riches to honesty, and show to substance. Whenever we can open their eyes to the true value of money in a just relation to wants, we may expect to see the gentler and more helpless portion of our species treated more generally in a becoming manner, and the happiness of society proportionately advanced.

The meeting now separated, its objects being so far accomplished. An operative bookbinder, who reports it to us, states that there was an appearance of much good feeling throughout. The people present seemed deeply sensible of the sad case of their brethren of the middle and upper classes, and determined to

make a strenuous effort for the bringing about of a reform. The speakers delivered themselves, as may be seen, in good language, and seemed anxious to avoid all expressions calculated to raise feelings of irritation. How far the designed mission will succeed in checking the corrupting agencies now so conspicuous in operation throughout society, remains to be seen. The mission, we may say, has our best wishes, and may reckon upon our steady support.

TURKISH RAILWAYS.

It is impossible to doubt that of all the levers of modern civilisation, the railway is the greatest. It has already revolutionised the habits of the old countries of Europe; and although it was once supposed to be suitable only for countries already densely populated, and having an established goods and passenger traffic, we find in the United States that the railway actually precedes population, and stretches through forests and prairies, to pioneer the settlements of man. The railway proprietor in this way becomes a landholder of extraordinary magnitude. He possesses not merely a line of rail, and the land it stands on, but a broad band of the earth's surface, which, being intersected by locomotive facilities, may be turned at once into farming and building lots of the most valuable description. The company buys a waste, having no communication with the civilised world, and in a short space of time re-sells this land at a value enormously enhanced by the communication which annually adds thousands to the population, and takes to market produce that increases in a geometrical ratio. It is true that in America, through competing lines and financial jobbing, the results do not always answer the expectations of the projectors. But if we set aside these illegitimate influences, the principle is undoubtedly sound in the case of a line that goes through a rich soil, and is not beset with engineering difficulties.

Turkish railways occupy a middle position between the system of Europe, which subserves compact populations, and the system of the western parts of America, which entirely precedes them. In Turkey, there are towns, and some of considerable size; but on the intermediate parts of the proposed lines, from the scanty population, there would be little or no local personal traffic; recourse, therefore, must be had to the American system, of the railway company becoming a landholder on a large scale, so as to absorb to the credit-side of the enterprise as much as possible of the prospective rise in the value of the land adjoining the railway. Passenger-traffic will thus be drawn to the railway by increased settlement on the line. But the great revenue will be from the valuable agricultural and mineral products, which at present have no outlet in consequence of the enormous price of transport on mule or camel back.

The political importance of railways to Turkey can scarcely be overestimated. One great cause of the oppression and misgovernment of the internal parts of this empire, which are removed from the observation of the diplomatic and consular corps, is the distance and inaccessibility of these satrapships. This will all be altered under a system of railway reticulation. With the electric wire extending from one country to another, it becomes like one town. Everybody is in presence of public opinion, and no population can remain semi-barbarous that habitually associates with others more civilised in a railway-train. We have seen the effect of the overland transit through Egypt. In the beginning of this century, it was dangerous to go any distance from the walls of an Egyptian town. Even under the vigorous and intelligent despotism of Mohammed Ali, a journey to Suez was not unattended with danger. But from the moment the transit was

fairly established, the Arabs of the line became altered men, and instead of their hand being against every man, and every man's hand against them, their constant anxiety was to get the well-remunerated employment the British agents could give them.

The first executed of the railways of the Ottoman empire is from Alexandria to Suez; and this reminds us that Turkish railways are important to us, not merely in relation to the trade of our Turkish merchants with the interior, but in relation to our connection with India. What may be accomplished by large steamers like the *Leviathan*, in course of time, we cannot, of course, predict; and it will require very extraordinary speed in vessels doubling the Cape of Good Hope to make up the difference of the more direct overland routes: for it must be remembered that there are much shorter ways of getting to India than by Suez: such, for instance, is the projected line of the Euphrates Valley, which proceeds by Antioch to Bagdad and Bassorah. The celebrated Euphrates expedition, under General Chesney, did not result in introducing the regular navigation of this river for goods and passenger traffic to India; the Egyptian being found to be the preferable route (although not so direct), in consequence of the easy access to the port of Alexandria, the facilities offered by the Mahmoudieh canal, the steam-navigation of the Nile, and the security of the land-route from Cairo to Suez. On the other hand, by the Euphrates route, there was a tedious land-journey, and considerable obstructions in the rocks and shallows, except during a few weeks in spring, in consequence of the melting of the snows of the Taurus. But since the introduction of railways, and of vessels constructed by Messrs Laird, of a light draught of water, the Euphrates Valley line has attracted general attention; and a company has been formed to construct a railway from the mouth of the Orontes to Taber Castle, on the Euphrates, passing very close to the city of Aleppo, and thus providing for a considerable local traffic; for Aleppo has 70,000 inhabitants, and a large trade of exported produce, and import of British manufactures, which is at present carried on on mule and camel back.

When this first short railway is completed, steamers of light draught will be introduced for some years, in order to carry on the communication to Bassorah, at the head of the Persian Gulf, until the whole line of railway is completed. The total line of the railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf would be 1200 miles; it is therefore only to a perhaps distant futurity we may look for the completion of the whole line. But once arrived at the Euphrates, the whole track through Mesopotamia to Bagdad and Bassorah is a dead flat, traversing the richest part of the ancient Babylonian empire. Bagdad itself is a large city, carrying on a considerable trade with the western parts of Persia; and there can be no doubt that many light goods would be transported by rail. When all is completed, the transit from Bombay to Malta, which, by the Red Sea, takes twenty-one days, could be accomplished in fourteen.

The great anxiety of the company is to complete, in as short a space of time as possible, the first portion of the railway, beginning with Suéidiah. The Bay of Antioch is here very spacious, and free from rocks, the holding-ground good; only a small mole is required, on account of the south-easterly winds. The learned Dr Holt Yates, formerly secretary of the Syro-Egyptian Society, writes of this place as follows: 'The importance of Suéidiah, in a political and commercial point of view, cannot be doubted. Situated at the very gates of Asia Minor, in a fine bay at the mouth of a large river, which communicates with an extensive fertile country, abounding in silk, grain, and fruits, flocks and herds, sheltered by lofty mountains, which are well wooded, and shew indications of coal, copper,

and iron ores, with plenty of lime and stone for building, an abundance of running water, and a fine climate—it attracted the attention of the ancient Romans, who, as long as they held possession of Syria, made Antioch the seat of government.

Proceeding northward and westward round the coast of Asia Minor, we come to Smyrna, the great port of this division of the Ottoman Empire, towards the Mediterranean. Formerly, Smyrna was the place of export of caravan-produce, and of the import of manufactures which found their way to Persia. But the opening up of the trade of Trebizonde caused this part of the trade of Smyrna to decline. For many years, no goods have ever gone from England to Persia by the Smyrna caravans. All find their way by Trebizonde and Erzeroum. But there is a very large local export trade in figs, grain, and dyo-stuffs for manufactures. Aidin is in the interior, the centre of this large trade; and a railway has been subscribed for, and, we believe, commenced, between the port and this important internal entrepôt of western Asia Minor. Smyrna itself is a large city, having a considerable corps of British merchants, as well as those of the other countries bordering the Mediterranean, particularly French from Marseille, Italians from Genoa and Leghorn, and Austrians from Trieste.

Passing round to the north of Asia Minor, we come to Samsoun, and are again reminded that at no distant period Asia Minor, rather than Egypt, is the gate of India; and that when the lines across Moldavia and Galicia are finished, that by Samsoun to Diarbekir and Bagdad is the shortest of all possible routes to India, not excepting that of the Euphrates Valley.

This is no chimera, for the Porte has just conceded to Englishmen of the highest respectability the power to construct a railway from Samsoun to Tokat and Sivas, the latter town being not very far distant from Diarbekir, the first important town in the vale of the Tigris, beyond which all is plain to Mosul and Bagdad; in fact, all the Lower Tigris is a dead flat. This line does not go through wastes or regions of desert, but a rich country, with several very large towns, where valuable productions are most abundant, and wanting only carriage to a port, instead of the slow, tedious, and expensive transport on the backs of animals. Tokat has inexhaustible copper-mines, which, for want of transport and other facilities, are not sufficiently utilised. Sivas is the centre of a district which produces in abundance most of those articles so extensively exported from Asia Minor to the manufacturing districts of England, in addition to fruits and grains. So that for this first stage of what we may call the direct India railway, there cannot fail to be an enormous local traffic. 'But how,' it is asked, 'are we to get to Samsoun most conveniently?' We answer, by rail from Calais to Galatz. This line is already completed across Germany and through the greater part of Galicia. The Moldavian line across a dead flat is all that would be wanting, on the completion of the line to Sivas, to make the communication by rail and steam uninterrupted. We believe it is not the intention of those who have received this valuable concession, to bring it into the money-market in its present state; but as the Porte has guaranteed 7 per cent., and engaged to take up one-third of the shares, we look upon the project as certain to be carried out. We think Turkey has acted wisely in the exercise of this liberality. The future prosperity of the Ottoman Empire is more likely to be found in the opening up of these productive internal regions, than by any other measures that can possibly be devised.

Until the ports of Turkey are cheaply accessible to the mineral and agricultural productions of the interior, the free trade she has possessed from

time immemorial loses half its value. This great principle is in Turkey like a fire without fuel, or a noble human faculty torpid from inadequate exercise, or inefficient from inadequate means.

We now pass from Asia to Europe, where we find several projects of railway, the most comprehensive of which is no doubt the Grand Trunk Railway from Constantinople to Belgrade *via* Adrianople. That this line may ultimately be executed, we look on as highly probable, because it is the ancient Roman line from the eastern capital to *Mossia*. Adrianople, Philippopolis, Sophia, and Belgrade, are all very little out of the straight line to Vienna. But such a line can be executed only by a company of colossal capital, in consequence of its great extent, not only across the rich and level plains of Roumelia, but also through the gorges of the Taurus and its spurs, that extend all the way from Tatar-Bazardjik to Niza, on the borders of Servia; in all which region much tunneling would be requisite.

A less expensive project is the line from Rustchuk, the large grain-emporium on the Lower Danube, to Enos, on the Mediterranean below the Dardanelles—not going over the Balkan, but round it on the shores of the Black Sea; and a still shorter line is from Rustchuk to Varna. But both these schemes are as yet only *projects*. In the case of the railway from Kustendji to Czernavoda, which cuts off the great tongue formed by Lower Bulgaria or the Dobrudscha, the capital has already been subscribed, and the preliminary works actually begun. If any one looks at the map of this part of Turkey in Europe, it will be seen that the Danube, instead of continuing its easterly course to the Black Sea, makes a great detour to the north, and enters it by several encumbered channels, the entrance to which, from the sea, is practicable only to vessels of small tonnage, and to these only in fair weather. At one time, a depth of fourteen feet was maintained over the bar by artificial means, but latterly it has not exceeded eleven feet, the width being five hundred yards. Yet the trade of Galatz and Ibraila, the former the port of Moldavia, and the latter of Wallachia, has increased fifteenfold between 1838 and 1852. Thus, from the small and uncertain depth of water, and the difficulties of the navigation through the channels of the delta, the trade has been confined to vessels of very light draught, which is seriously obstructive of much direct commerce with the west of Europe, in which large vessels only can be profitably employed. The consequence is that the trade is very much confined to Levantine coasting-vessels of small tonnage. Captain Spratt has paid especial attention to the mouths of the Danube, and has produced new charts of the Sulina and St George mouths; and it would appear from communications with him, and study on the spot, that it would take an enormous sum to establish a depth on the bar of twenty feet, so as to enable vessels of 800 tons to cross it at all times.

A very large proportion of the foreign grain imported into England now comes from those Danubian principalities, which are so much before the public in relation to political matters, which we will not now touch upon. But although the trade has increased so enormously, the internal arrangements for conducting it are still of a very rude character. From the western districts of Wallachia, the grain is sent by land to Kalafat, or down the Aluta, which separates Great from Little Wallachia, to the mouth of the river, and thence by barges to Ibraila. From Central Wallachia, Moldavia, and the interior of Bulgaria, the grain is brought mostly in carts to the Danube. The merchants employ agents to buy it in the country direct from the growers, and bring it to market at all risks, involving a great deal of loss,

delay, fraud, and wrangling. There is, therefore, a great want of a cheap and commodious conveyance to a Black Sea port; and it has been found that by clearing out the ancient port of Constantia, called Kustendji, on the Black Sea, and making a railway to Tchernavoda, on the Danube, the tongue of the Dobrudscha would be cut off, a great circuit saved, and the dangerous, difficult, and inconvenient navigation of the mouths would be avoided.

The main object of the proposed port and railway is to open the Black Sea to the products of the Danubian provinces more effectually, and thereby facilitate the trade with Western Europe. But a second object is to induce a return of population into Eastern Bulgaria, which is naturally one of the richest districts of Europe for the production of grain and the rearing of sheep, oxen, and horses.

Kustendji, under the name of Constantia, was an important place, and had a large harbour in ancient times. The ruins of ancient temples, the remains of ancient moles and quays still visible, prove this. And, certainly, in whatever point of view it be regarded, there can scarcely be imagined a more favourable site for a commercial city. Kustendji is backed by a vast extent of country, perfectly open, but with a great depth of the richest soil, producing, whenever cultivated, crops of the finest grain. The surrounding country is high, and peculiarly healthy; fever is rare; and the sheep, horses, and oxen, are fat and fine. The curse of the country has been war. The mouths of the Danube being in the hands of the Russians, the Danube below Silistria being undefended by any fortress of importance, and the coast having no safe harbour, this territory has always been overrun by the Russian forces at their first advance against Turkey, and made the prey of contending armies. A promontory running into the sea forms a natural protection from the north and north-east winds for a large area of water, which may, by dredging and enclosure, be converted, at a moderate expense, into a safe and commodious harbour, capable of receiving vessels of large tonnage.

Captain Spratt has, since the reconnaissance made by him for the generals of the allies in July 1854, given much attention to the subject of this port and communication with the Danube; and he is of opinion that, with a north-east entrance, it is accessible as a harbour of refuge in any wind. A breakwater will be carried out four hundred yards. It is therefore considered that it will have six times the accommodation of Odessa; with a deeper entrance than that port, and a better exit for the despatch of business. The importance of this will appear when we mention, that in consequence of the troublesome navigation of the mouths of the Danube, freights to Odessa are generally one-third less than to Galatz. The position of Kustendji has the advantage over Odessa of being at all times free from ice in winter, while it is two hundred sea-miles nearer to the Bosphorus, and these two hundred miles are of dangerous navigation.

With regard to the country to be passed over, we may mention that the Dobrudscha consists of five thousand square miles of rich soil, having a porous substratum generally of the coral rag and chalk formation. The general elevation of the country is about 300 feet above the level of the sea. At the northern extremity, however, the old formations appear, and have heaved up the younger formations, forming a fine range of mountains, rising, towards the extreme north, to an elevation of about 2500 feet, covered at their base, on the northern slopes, with fine forests. This vast extent of country is beautifully, but gently undulating, and is besides intersected and indented by numerous small valleys and dales, singularly tortuous and indeterminate in direction, but

opening ultimately into a few large valleys running to the Danube, and to lakes bordering on the Black Sea. The valleys have no streams to water them. Powerful springs rise at the head of some; but the rivulet thus formed dies almost at its source—is absorbed, forms a bit of green marsh, a mud-pool, and is lost. Very rarely is it that water runs on the face of the country. No ravines, no rocky or pebbly beds, worn by the rush of waters. At most are to be found some deep furrows on the steeper parts of the slopes, to shew that water does fall faster than the soil can absorb it. The porous substratum of coral rag and chalk absorbs the rain not retained by the deep free soil—a soil which resembles the finest garden-mould—and gives it off in springs, which gather in lakes towards the Danube and the Black Sea, and little above their level, or are tapped by the wells of its inhabitants. The soil is of amazing depth; and grain-crops and grass of the finest quality grow on parcels scattered over the length and breadth of the land, produced without manure, under the most primitive methods of culture. Onions, beans, cabbages, seem to grow luxuriantly wherever sown. The oak, the wild-pear, the ash, the plane, are still to be found, though not of great dimensions, in natural forests of fine trees.

The railway is proposed to be carried along a line of lakes, which are, in fact, back-waters of the Danube; and the line will be as much as possible along the margin of these lakes, on an embankment from four to six feet in height; and we learn by the report of the company just issued, that accounts have been received from their engineers that the banking of the Danube was begun on the 22d of October last; that Turkish commissioners, appointed for the purpose, have marked out the land reserved by government for fortifications. Nearly all the land on the line has been ascertained to be imperial property.

Such are the railways now projected, or begun, in the Ottoman Empire. That others will follow, we cannot doubt; for the government of that country is most anxious that all the districts of the interior, capable of large production, should be put in communication with the coast. From the period of the Greek revolution, down to the termination of the Crimean war, Turkey, owing to innumerable domestic revolts, foreign war, and diplomatic crises, has never been out of hot water. A new period is now opening up for her; and we look forward to the time when a large amount of British capital will be securely vested in Turkish railways.

SOMETHING ON MY MIND.

DARK masses of my threatening fellow-creatures, cloaked and cowed; chosen assassins equipped with noiseless goloshes and daggers diminishing to a point, wherefrom drips a gout of gore; an executioner with a half-mask and a chopper, with its edge turned towards me; vague and unknown shapes following, following, with a deadly unswerving purpose, whithersoever I take my frightened way; a thousand strangers with uplifted armed right hands, exclaiming together, artistically, and in the pauses of slow music: 'We swear, we swear,' and doing it; half-a-dozen of intimate friends striking at my breast with a curious and varied collection of weapons, from an overwhelming sense of duty, and averting their looks for pity's sake; secret conclaves setting down my name in blood, with a variety of other dismal pictures selected from the haunted chambers of imagination, had been presented to me in dreams for months. I was rendered miserable, through having been made a free-mason, with the terror of carrying about with me so

tremendous a secret. I felt that I was fated to be the unhappy wretch who should betray that which had been held sacred by multitudes for more than a thousand years. Nor was this idea altogether without grounds; for to so great a pitch of nervousness had I arrived, that I was continually whispering the matter confidentially to myself, and then, in the belief that I had spoken aloud, looking horror-stricken around me; or, not seldom, I would write it down upon slips of paper, which I afterwards took care to tear up small, or put them into the fire, or devoured them.

Once, however, when engaged in this practice, a high wind, coming in at the open window, scattered these interesting disclosures in every direction, and drove me as nearly mad as a sane man could go. There were as many as twenty distinct revelations of the most mysterious fact in the world's history thus set flying over space, so that any one might run and read them. Nineteen of these I recovered by means of almost superhuman exertions. Two were reclaimed, at peril of life and limb, from a neighbour's wall with *cheveux-de-frise* at the top of it; three of them had lodged in a very lofty tapering tree, which practically demonstrated the dreaded fact of my Sybilline leaves becoming poplar; five were carried into the river, and had to be rescued by boat; seven had been whirled into the kennel of a proverbially savage dog, which, however, was so impressed by my eager haste and furious vehemence, that he vacated his quarters at the first summons, and fled, howling, to the utmost extent of his chain. One was brought down from a chimney-pot by a very small sweep, who, luckily for me and for himself, proved to my satisfaction that he had never been taught to read; one I found the kitten at play with in the garden, which presently I put to death accordingly, without open trial, after the manner of the tribunals of Westphalia; the twentieth could nowhere be found. There was lying somewhere, patent to the first passer-by, an explicit solution of the whole art of freemasonry in my own peculiar and well-known handwriting. This thought, which was of a nature to make the most stolid anxious, excited me to frenzy. I went about demanding of my fellow-creatures whether they had seen a small piece of paper in the air lately.

'What paper? What was on it?' inquired they.

What was on it, indeed? A question not to be answered very readily. I did not go to bed for eight-and-forty hours, and then I found the precious missing manuscript neatly deposited between my neckchief and my false collar; after which I abstained from writing out the secret any more. I carried it about with me on my mind, nevertheless, and a very dreadful burden it was. Waking or sleeping, but especially sleeping, I was always picturing to myself the consequences of revealing what I knew, and thereby endured the imaginary pains of half-a-dozen opium-eaters. Methought that the Provincial Grand of our lodge, who, in private life, is a most respectable grocer, was the individual selected by the society as the avenger of violated faith. He was wont to appear to me in his full official costume, which, however, seemed to attract no greater attention in the streets of the city than in the deserts (all bearing an absurd likeness to the back-garden of my private residence), whither I sometimes, in vain, betook myself for refuge. He

held his masonic ladder in one hand, and his trowel and pair of compasses in the other; when he had come up with me, he would describe with the compasses a magic circle, out of which I could not stir; plant his ladder against my back, as though I were a cucumber frame, and mounting upon my shoulders, trowel in hand, would mutter some cabalistic words, addressed to surrounding nature, explanatory of the reason of my being sacrificed; at which period I was wont to be awaked with the chattering of my teeth. Once, I remember throwing myself upon the protection of a policeman, who happened to be patrolling the desert for the greater security of the ostrich-eggs; and he, instead of taking the Provincial Grand into custody, pointed to the collar of his own uniform, upon which, in place of a number, was emblazoned the fatal triangle which proclaimed the Peeler to be a Deputy Grand Arch himself. My state of mind became at length so unsupportable, that I was obliged to take a friend into my confidence. I did not, of course, confide to him the secret, but I told him of the anxiety which was continually consuming me regarding it.

'Well,' said Jones, after having listened patiently to the sad recital—he was a very well-manning young man, only rather volatile—'I have a plan which, I think, will benefit you: for your sake—although I know the whole thing is nonsense—I am ready to become a freemason myself; then, you see, you will have a confidant—a being in whom you may repose your trouble. We will retire together for an hour or so every day into some lonely spot—down the well, or up the chimney, or into the House of Lords while they are despatching business—and there we will converse about this secret, if there be a secret, and relieve your mind.'

This project transported me with joy and gratitude. I made the necessary arrangements with the officials in our lodge for Jones's admission, without, of course, mentioning my particular reason for getting it done, and he came down to my house from London upon the evening preceding his installation. I had been useful to Jones more than once in the way of lending him a little money when he was hard up, and I was therefore not surprised when, as we were sitting together after dinner over our wine, he requested of me the temporary loan of a ten-pound note.

However, as there was a small account already between us, I moved as an amendment that the sum should be decreased by one half, to which, after a slight discussion, my friend acceded, and retired to rest apparently satisfied, with a five-pound note of mine in his purse.

We lay in a double-bedded room, for the convenience of conversing upon my all-engrossing topic, and we fell asleep while talking of it. I was awaked in the morning by the entrance into the room of my companion, ready dressed, and with his hat on, as though he had been out for an early stroll.

'Why, I never heard you get up,' said I; 'I must have slept very soundly.'

'You did,' replied Jones in a solemn and unusual tone: 'very, very soundly; and you dreamed, I think?'

'I believe you, my boy,' cried I, chuckling with the thought of how soon such things would be all over: 'I just did dream.'

'You dreamed of the—the secret, did you not?' continued he.

'Of course I did,' said I; 'I always do dream of the secret.'

'Indeed,' observed Jones, with an unpleasant dryness in his manner; 'and do you also always talk in your sleep?'

I felt exactly as if a jug of ice-cold water had been poured down the nape of my neck.

We were both silent for at least a minute, and then Jones quietly remarked: 'I think you might just as well make that five pound a tenner, do you know!'

'Make it twenty,' exclaimed I, with eagerness: 'oblige me by accepting a twenty-pound note.'

'Thank you,' replied Jones coolly; 'I think I will. From what you said last night,' added he with a grim smile, 'I understood that you had not so much money in the house.'

Then I remembered having made use of that little cartriddle, or delicate evasion, in order to get rid of his importunity upon the previous evening. By his reminding me of it thus boldly, it was evident that I must have put myself into his power indeed.

'Do you know all?' inquired I hoarsely.

'Well,' said he carelessly, 'there is no need for my being masonified; I know all about the'—He enunciated the awful secret, the mystery of the ages, the hidden wonder, as though he were retailing some political tittle-tattle of the clubs. 'You see,' he continued, 'you awoke me, and kept me awake by repeating it so very distinctly over, and over again, that I have got it quite put. I could not forget it even if I would. Since you seemed to be in such admirable case for it, I could not help trying that experiment—with which you are doubtless acquainted—of interrogating a sleeping person regarding the subject of his dreams, and your answers were astonishingly clear and pertinent. I never was spectator of anything more interesting and curious. It is positively a contribution to psychological science. I think, indeed, that I shall publish an ac'—

At that instant, I made my long contemplated spring out of the bedclothes, and placed myself between my enemy and the door. In my hand was the life-preserver with which my pillow is always furnished, and in my eyes was the determination to use it as a life-preserver. 'Jones,' I observed, 'as I must save my own life—you must die.'

'You mean to kill me, then, do you?' said he jauntily.

'My friend,' replied I, waving the weapon to and fro to give solemnity to my manner, 'I have unfortunately no choice; you have wantonly opened the Bluebeard's chamber of my mind, and now you must pay the penalty. I regret the sad necessity, believe me, almost as much as you can yourself, but the thing must be done. I shall hit you between the eyes as nearly as I can, so that the whole matter will be but the work of an instant, and the pain scarcely appreciable. However, in the meantime, if you have any message or document to leave behind you, intrust it to me, and be sure of its delivery.'

'Yes,' said Jones decisively, 'there are two documents down stairs in the possession of my servant, with whom I have but just left them. The one is to be delivered to your friend the Provincial Grand at once if anything should happen to me, and the other to the mayor of this town. The law will therefore hang you upon strong circumstantial evidence, unless the brotherhood put you to death beforehand by some more terrible method. You have not given me that twenty-pound note, by the by, old fellow. Where is it?'

'Here,' said I, tottering to my trousers, and taking out my pocket-book with a trembling hand: 'here's a fifty-pound note, which you may keep as a small token of my affectionate regard. I love you, Jones; you know I was only in fun all along.'

'Thank you,' said my volatile friend, as he pocketed the money. 'As was I too. I have been playing a trick upon you from the very beginning.'

And then—with his nose, and knees, and

elbows, according to the orthodox manner, so often practised by me in secret—he made, to my astonishment, the freemason's sign.

'You must know, my dear fellow,' added he, 'that I have been a mason myself these ten years; and as for your revelations during sleep, they consisted of nothing beyond snoring.'

AN ASSORTMENT OF SURNAMES.

FAMILY nomenclature is a subject of considerable interest beyond the sphere of the etymologist and antiquary, of whose learned labours, however, we wish to speak with the greatest respect. Whence existing surnames have been derived, and the changes they have undergone, are points in the illustration of which much pains and patience have been expended. To use a comparison well understood in these days of mechanics and engineering, a broad highway has been carried through the midst of this special question; but we prefer just now turning aside into a bypath opened up by the registrar-general of England in his last annual Report. That communicative functionary devotes a whole chapter to this topic; and as probably not one in a thousand of our countrymen will ever see the original, we propose to present, in a simplified and reclassified form, the curiosities of fact which he has placed at our disposal. We are first of all informed that in the department over which he presides, there is a registration of more than 21,000,000 names, all collected between the 1st of July 1837 and the end of 1854. From the registration indexes thus possessed, the surnames at present borne in England and Wales could be pretty accurately ascertained; but the trouble involved in such an inquiry is sufficient to appal the Samson of statistics himself, who has limited his researches to two quarterly indexes—one of births, and another of deaths—resulting in the discovery, that of 275,405 individuals registered, 32,818 had different surnames—showing an average of 84 persons to every surname. It is then 'assumed as a rough estimate, that the whole number of surnames in England and Wales is between 35,000 and 50,000,' orthographical differences (as Clerk, Clark, Clerke) being allowed to pass for a difference of name. The roots of surnames now in use would be found to fall considerably short of the above number. Wales and Cornwall differ from England in the constantly recurring sameness of the nomenclature; in the former, nine-tenths of the people, it is said, could perhaps 'be mustered under less than 100 different surnames;' so that 'the primary object of a name, which is to distinguish an individual from the mass,' is in danger of being lost.

By the aid of a table compiled from 'nine quarterly indexes of births, eight of deaths, and eight of marriages,' we are enabled to see what the fifty most common surnames are, and the number of times each surname occurs. The Smiths, of course, are at the head of the poll, their name boasting 32,557 entries; but their supremacy is imperiled by the name of Joneses, who stand 33,341 strong. That of Williams numbers 21,956. Below 20,000 are arrayed the clans Taylor, Davies, Brown, Thomas, Evans, Roberts, and Johnson. The others have fewer than 10,000 followers, the lowest name falling to Griffiths—4639. These fifty names embrace nearly eighteen in every 100 of the registered population, and one in six, and on the total

entries of the fifty are 440,911, the nine indexes may be considered to contain about 2,500,000 entries—certainly a fair number from which to judge.

A second table deals with the same fifty surnames with reference to their origin, and furnishes the number of entries in the following order—

	Names.	Entries.
Derived from Christian or fore-names,	27	246,032
occupations,	13	120,691
locality,	7	46,373
personal peculiarities } (White and Brown),	2	22,154
other circumstances (King),	1	5,661
Total,	50	440,911

Returning to the statistical case of Smith *versus* Jones, the registrar-general informs us that the whole of the indexes from 1838 to 1854 were searched 'to determine the relative frequency' of these competing surnames; and the numerical issue is in favour of the Smiths. Of Smiths, the entries were 286,037; of Joneses, 282,900—a Smith majority of 3137. In seven years, the Joneses were more numerous; in eleven years (including the last seven), the Smiths; and so, as there is no reason against our siding with the winning party, we cry—Hurrah for the Smiths! Both tribes, however, are entitled to all the deference which numbers can give them, since it is calculated that in England and Wales they include together not less than half a million persons—sufficient of themselves to people four towns as large as Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, and Hull. With respect to 'the fifty most common surnames,' we are favoured with a further computation, which makes it appear that in 1853 England and Wales contained 3,253,800 persons bearing these family names; or, in other words, that about two in every eleven Englishmen and Welshmen are known among men by one or other of these fifty surnames.

More of these statistical curiosities are behind. Descending to the letters of the alphabet, we learn that 'the letter B is the most frequent initial of surnames,' being about 10 per cent. of the whole. H is above, and S and W nearly 9 per cent. N and K are lowest in the scale of proportion, excepting X and Z.

Here we might conclude our ramble, but we are tempted to prolong it on account of the singular scene which the indefatigable general of registrars lays before us. This is no other than a list of more than 2000 peculiar surnames selected from the birth-indexes of the first quarter of 1851, and the death-indexes of the corresponding quarter of 1853. Very peculiar, in truth, many of these surnames are, and certain of affording a delightful feast to the lovers of the droll and the grotesque. In the book before us, they are placed in alphabetical order; but the amusement they offer is best secured by such an arrangement of them as will show the treasures of descriptive phraseology they comprise. The classical deities live again in Bacchus, Mars, and Venus—a well-matched trio; in Flora, Fortuna, Muse, and the Muses; the Phoenix and the Griffin recall the fables of the East; while Mab and Fay speak to us of myths that still linger in the villages of our land. Classical history is remembered in Damon and Dion; Hector and Troy are not yet extinct; neither is Rome nor the Roman name; and though Hannibal reappears, the honours of the Latin name are worthily committed to Cato, Scipio, and Cæsar, who may trace in Dominey a fragment of the language in which they harangued and wrote. Modern nationalities are pointed out by French and Gaul, Saxon, Dutch, and Dane. The Spaniard must be content with his Don, but the Turk comes in for a name. North and South Africa are arbitrarily represented by Barbary and the Caffre; and the sound of

Cashmere immediately connects in our thoughts the looms of that famous valley-kingdom with the spindles of our own. *Sacred Scripture*, as might be supposed, has suggested several names, although the selection is peculiar enough. Angel and Demon stand in contrast. Eve makes her entry, and, under her protection, her scapegrace first-born Cain. Noah—the hale old man, 'orphan of the old world, and father of the new'—is here; but whence comes Balaam, and stranger still, Dives and Pharisee? As much out of place in another direction are Calvary and Pentecost. Heaven and Heavens, Saint and Sanctuary, Priest and Prophet, with Christian itself, have clearly a Biblical origin; but to a later source we must refer Pagan, with Lent and Christmas. Church, with its compound Churchward, and less agreeable companion Churchyard, belong to a similar period; as do Abbot (not mentioned in this list) and Prior. There can be no doubt where Surplice, Spire, and Steeple come from.

The need of the law is vindicated by Lawless, Felony, and Felons—its character by Just and Justice—its operations by Sessions and Jury—its pleasures by Fee—and one of its results by Fines.

The science of medicine is celebrated under the homely name of Physick. The Apothecary and his Pill are not far apart. A Hospital, indeed, leaves the mind free to roam over Collick, Cramp, Fever, and the painful plural Fevers; but more cheerful thoughts of Balm and Balsam are not absent; while Ical and Cure shed a cheerful hue over the sable scene.

Military operations for two years have commanded a large share of public attention; but previous to these, and although we are not a soldier-nation, the list of surnames testifies to the belligerent tendency of our population. The Warrior and Cavalier issue from their Castle; they have their Arms offensive and defensive: Armour of Mail is provided, with the Shield. Honour is done to the Dart and the Arrow, England's once formidable and favourite weapon. The Dagger and Dirk are in request, with the Lance and the Sword. Thus equipped, the Gauntlet is ready; but besides all, we have the Gunner with his Gun; even Cannon of the largest calibre. Then waves the Banner, and then beats the Drum, while Slaughter leads the way to Victory and Conquest.

Naval matters are not overlooked. The Ship multiplies into Shipping, and it swells into a Fleet. The single vessel has its Keel and Deck, its Helm, its Middlemast, and its Tackle; and for the boat there must be the Oar. When launched, it can Float, and with a Chart may set out upon its Cruise, in the course of which it will often have to Tack before the Gale. Should a Tempest cause a Leak, the sailors will look with anxiety for a Harbor or Haven on the Mainland; and failing this, even the most skilful Diver will be liable to Drown.

Now, turning from the learned professions, and the contingencies of land and sea, let us examine Man as a member of the great creation; and not small is the help which our English surnames will impart to that compound being in his endeavour to obey the oracle, and know himself. First, they will inform him that he has a Bodily structure, a Body, and, not less really, an indwelling Soul. The former has vital organs, such as the Head—in old English a Pate, and in low English a Noddle. Within the head is a Brain or Brains, else it will be of little use to its owner. On the top is Hair, consisting of many Hairs, which on the female head fall down in many a Curl. In front is the Forehead—beneath it, the Eyes; and beneath them, the Cheek. Tongue and Tooth appertain to the mouth, and so the face tapers down to the Chin. Why the nose is omitted in this inventory of the features is a mystery; so prominent a member must have a keen sense of the insult, and may be expected to set itself

to scent out the cause. Alone, the head would be in a sad predicament, and owes much to the Neck in joining it to the rest of the body. The Collarbone is not to be despised, though not to compare with the Heart, the Liver, and the Bowel departments of the system. More than one Limb is demanded for the symmetry of the body; and these are forthcoming in the Arms, with the Hand and Hands—and the Leg, with its Knee and Kneebone—and last of all, the Foot, with its great Toe and the lesser Toes.

Arising out of his physical nature, man has the power of movement. He can Tarry or Travel—his motion may be Slow or Swift; but without question it will be Quick if he has to take to Flight! As a *pedestrian*, we speak of his Gait, which may be Stiff or Easy, Awkward or full of Grace. He may Saunter or Skip, he may Waddle or Dance. Should he Jump and Slide, he may chance to Trip. Should he Go lightly, he is the better able to Flit from place to place. If he acts the *equestrian*, he will regulate the pace at which to Ride. His horse may be an Ambler, or he can make it Canter and Trot, or put it to the Gallop. If it should Prance or Kick, it may Fling him from his saddle, and for that day at least his exercise would be likely to Cense.

As man is endowed with *vocal organs*, we are not surprised that while he can be Silent, he may also make a Noise; animal-like he may Bray, or Howl, or Screech; or, using the faculty of speech, he can Chatt so volubly as to pass for a Chattaway. In private, he may Grumble, or, worse still, become a Tattler. In public, he may be little better than a Bawler; yet should he Stammer, he will be less likely to indulge in Twaddle. When able to Sing and to Chant, he is provided with the means of gratification, exhilarating and innocuous.

Differences of *physical appearance* are often very striking. Some are Tall and Large, others Short and Small. Of some we speak as Thick, Fatt, or Stout; of others as Slight, Slender, or even Gaunt. To be Bandy is seldom the result of anything but neglectful nursing.

But human nature is the subject of deep emotions, and these, both the brighter and the darker, are of innumerable shades. Pain becomes Anguish; Care deepens into Fear—this into Dread. Sudden Fright is rarely so injurious as settled Grief. The Anger which smokes may flame into Wrath and burst into Fury. On the contrary, there is an Affection that most Gladden every observer. A Happy state of mind may rise into Joy, and this feeling culminates in Bliss. All emotions when intense cause the nervous system to Tremble with the excitement they produce.

As a *moral being*, man is capable of Virtue and Vice; Courage and Zeal may be displayed for any purpose; but Faith or Verity, with Peace, Patience, Prudence, Hope, and Love, are most frequently associated with that which is noblest in human life. Overagainst these, however, is Evil in the form of Folly, Vice, and Crime. Rant, Cant, and Fudge are at all times vexatious; but the Amour that depraves, the Gambling that inflames, and the Spite that turns the milk of human kindness into gall, leave a heavier Blott, and diffuse a deadlier Blight. Philosophers divide all moral qualities into Good or Base; and there is no sane mind which is Blank in this respect. It is possible to meet with some Badman, who is so Vile as to be a moral Blackamore—as here and there some may seem Allgood, and Perfect, or Faultless. Few would be disposed to apologise for the Wanton, the Prigg or Tricker, the Rake, the Scamp in general, the Swindler in particular, or the Tippler, who may be all in one. These, if Found or Caught, would be in some Danger of tasting the rigours of the law; but perhaps as much moral evil and discontent are occasioned by other parties deemed less culpable—as by the Vain,

the Sly, the Proud, the Greedy, and the Idle. It is not considered much Amiss to be Lax, Careless, or Cross; but the consequences are deplorable enough. Many a Bonfellow and Meanwell has made a sorry figure in the world. To be Innocent as infancy is not our lot; but to be Meek and Gentle to all, Humble in spirit, Constant and Faithful to our promises, Kind even to our enemies—this is possible; and in proportion as we Excell in these qualities shall we be deemed Trusty and Worthy; and he who is Good to man and Godly towards his Maker, has no cause for fear. In disposition, what varieties do the walks of life exhibit! The Coldman is apt to make his neighbour the Chillman, till the Merryman appears. It is natural to some to be Bold, Valliant, Gallant, and Doughty; another is predisposed to act the Coward. The man of Brag talks as a Bouncer, but seldom develops into the Boxer. One is Trim and Stiff; a third is Easy. The Coy and Dainty may be set against the Jolly and the Eager; while it is possible for the Lively man to have so much of the Fussay about him as to be far from Pleasant in society—even a Pester and a Bore.

Intellectually considered, we perceive one man to be Ready with an Argument, and able Cleverly to conduct it, while another has but a Faint or Crude conception of what it means. The Brightman, the Wise, and the Witty, to whom we must add the men of Fancy and the Bard, are the companions we seek, being as anxious to shun the society of the Muff, the Dolt, the Daff, as of him whose former acuteness has been Dulled by long excess.

The genus *homo* has its *gender and relationships*, and these are pretty fully expressed by the following terms—Male, Baby, Suckling, Child, Bratt, Boy, Daughters. Marriage and Wedlock involves a Partner of each sex. Man is the Husband or Younghusband, as the case may be: the Dame may be a Virgin—classically Virgo—vulgarily Wench, or taken from the interesting class of Widows. Cousin and Uncle, and many another Kinsman, form the Kindred which Fathers of families may be prepared to treat with relative amenity and good-will.

Eating and drinking constitute so important a portion of human occupation, that a liberal inventory of articles of fare may be expected in the surnames of the land. Meats of the Flesh description are plentiful—Gammon of Bacon, Ham, Veal, Mutton, and Giblett; with liberty to Frizzle, Fry, or Stew them. Every variety of Fish and Fowl is also present—from Turtle down to Trout, and from Chicken up to Goose. Eggs are at hand, with Mustard, Pepper, and Pickles as condiments. Cabbage and Butter are not lacking, with Pease and many a Spice besides. Rice as a pudding is on the board. As a dessert, every kind of fruit is in waiting—the Date, Figg, Cherry, Almond, Nut, Orange, Peach, Plum, Raisin, Grapes, &c. For tea, there are Cake, Cakebreed, Muffin, Bunn, Honey, and Sugars of every name. Of drinks there is no stint. The temperance man has his Wells and Streams, with the addition of Congo and other sorts of Tea, also Coffee and Milk; and the lover of intoxicating liquor is placed in hazardous proximity to his Gin or Punch, his Wines, yclept Port, Sherry, and Claret, and his Malt compounds of Beer and Porter. Tart, Sweet, and Mellow are borrowed from man's sense of taste, as Round and Square to his sense of touch.

Wearing apparel and domestic articles, from a Bodkin to a Broom, are represented by a long array of names. His sight is regaled with a diversity of colours—exclusive of the ordinary Browns, Blacks, and Greens—such as the various Blues of sky and water—Gray, Purple, Red, Yellow, and White the nondescript. But man is also a *numbering animal*—a capacity which in its highest developments separates him from the brute; hence we proceed from the Unit to Two, Twin, Double, Treble,

Triplett, up to Twelves, Eighteen, Forty, and a Million. Scarce, Few, Much, and Muchmore are indefinite terms in common use. Man, too, is a *dealer in money*—a propensity which is here indicated by the foreign Ducat, the obsolete Mite, the Farthing, Halfpenny, Penny, Twopenny, and Pound.

He distinguishes *times and seasons*—as Day and Night, and can even imagine a Doubleday. Half-night is familiar to him. Dark gives place to Dawn, and so on to Noon and Vesper, till the Daily course is run. The succession of time is marked by Early, Late, Later, Last. Monday and Friday are recorded, and Middleweek instead of Wednesday. Weeks appear, as also January and May, among the months. Mid-winter and Winter, Northeast and West, are remembered, besides every other point of the compass. Man can *measure* things to an Ace; and other surnames remind us of the Inch, Halfyard, Yard, Ell, Furlong, and Halfacre. The retail trader has his Peck and Bushel; the apothecary, his Grain; the liquor merchant, his Gallon, Firkin, and Butt.

Of *minerals* there is a Treasure—the native Copper and artificial Brass, followed by Silver, Gold, Pearl, Ruby, and Diamond.

Our form of government is a limited monarchy, and the English have a high respect for *Rank*. The Court is in public favour, for though we have no Rex, we have a Monarch who nobly wears the Crown, and is allied to a Prince who does honour to his Royal station.

In contrast with the preceding are a batch of names that call up anything but cheerful images. The Dead-man is the notion of Death (also Mort), and the funeral Knell tolls his Coffin to the Grave. Murder calls us to meditate on the Graves that single crime has dug.

A long list of surnames descriptive of tame and wild beasts, birds and insects, fishes and fowls, trees and flowers, must be omitted, or reserved for another occasion. In bringing up the rear of these remarks, Catchaside, Godbelieve, Gotobed, Maybee, Sneezum, will serve as a few examples of the oddities sprinkled over this list of 2000 words.

Nothing can now be said of the ridiculous combinations of Christian and surnames frequently to be met with. To call a child, for instance, whom we knew, 'Napoleon Chick,' was just pinning to the poor boy a life-long joke. The family name cannot easily be changed, but parents may avoid, by a little exercise of judgment, increasing the laughable and absurd associations which are already too freely mixed up with the nomenclature of our native realm.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXX.—AN ENEMY UNLOOKED FOR.

As upon the stage of a theatre, the farce follows the grand melodrama, this tragic scene was succeeded by an incident supremely ludicrous. It elicited roars of laughter from the men, that, under the circumstances, sounded like the laughter of madmen. Maniacs, indeed, might these men have been deemed, thus giving way to mirth with a prospect before them so grim and gloomy—the prospect of almost certain death, either at the hands of our savage assailants, or from starvation.

Of the Indians, we had no present fear. The flames that had driven us out of the timber, had equally forced them from their position, and we knew they were now far from us. They could not be near. The burnt branches had fallen from the pines, and the foliage was entirely consumed, so that the eye

was enabled to penetrate the forest to a great distance. On every side we commanded a *vista* of at least a thousand yards, through the intervals between the red glowing trunks; and beyond this we could hear by the 'swiz' of the flames, and the continual crackling of the boughs, that fresh trees were being embraced within the circle of conflagration, still extending its circumference outward.

The sounds grew fainter apace, until they bore a close resemblance to the mutterings of distant thunder. We might have fancied that the fire was dying out; but the luminous ring around the horizon proved that the flames were still ascending. It was only because the sounds came from a greater distance, that we heard them less distinctly. Our human foes must have been still further away. They must have retired before the widening rim of the conflagration. Of course they had calculated upon doing so, before applying the torch. In all likelihood, they had retreated to the savanna to await the result.

Their object in firing the forest was not so easily understood. Perhaps they expected that the vast volume of flame would close over and consume us; or, more likely, that we should be smothered under the dense clouds of smoke. This in reality might have been our fate, but for the proximity of the pond. My companions told me that their sufferings from the smoke had been dreadful in the extreme—that they should have been stifled by it, had they not thrown themselves into the pond, and kept their faces close to the surface of the water, which of itself was several feet below the level of the ground.

It had been to me an hour of unconsciousness. My faithful black had carried me—lifeless as he supposed—to the water, and placed me in a recumbent position among the reeds.

It was afterwards—when the smoke had partially cleared away—that the spies were put upon their trial. Hickman and Weatherford, deeply indignant at the conduct of these monsters, would not bear of delay, but insisted upon immediate punishment; so the wretches were seized upon, and dragged out of the pond, to undergo the formality of an examination. It was at this crisis that my senses returned to me.

As soon as the dread sentence had been carried into execution, the *ci-devant* jurors came rushing back into the pond, and plunged their bodies under the water. The heat was still intense and painful to be endured.

There were two only who appeared to disregard it, and who shewed their disregard by remaining upon the bank; these were the two hunters.

Knives in hand, I saw them stooping over a dark object that lay near. It was the horse that Hickman had shot in the morning. I now understood the old hunter's motive, which had hitherto mystified me. It was an act of that cunning foresight that characterised the man—apparently instinctive.

They proceeded to skin the horse; and in a few seconds, had peeled off a portion of the hide—sufficient for their purpose. They then cut out several large pieces of the flesh, and laid them aside. This done, Weatherford stepped off to the edge of the burning timber, and presently returned with an armful of half-consumed fagots. These were erected into a fire near the edge of the pond; and the two men squatting down by its side, commenced broiling the pieces of horseflesh upon sapling spits, and conversing as coolly and cheerily as if seated in the chimney-corner of their own cabins.

There were others as hungry as they, who, taking the hint, proceeded to imitate their example. The pangs of hunger overcame the dread of the hot

atmosphere; and in a few minutes' time, a dozen men might have been observed grouped like vultures around the dead horse, hacking and hewing at the carcass.

At this crisis occurred the incident which I have characterised as ludicrous. With the exception of the few engaged in their coarse *cuisine*, the rest of us had remained in the water. We were lying round the circular rim of the basin, our bodies parallel to one another, and our heads upon the bank. We were not dreaming of being disturbed by an intruder of any kind—at least for a time. We were no longer in dread of the fire, and our savage foemen were far off.

All at once, however, an enemy was discovered in an unexpected quarter—right in the midst of us. Just in the centre of the pond, where the water was deepest, a monstrous form rose suddenly to the surface—at the same time our ears were greeted with a loud bellowing, as if half a score of bulls had been set loose into the glade. In an instant the water was agitated—lashed into foam—while the spray was scattered in showers around our heads.

Weird-like and sudden as was the apparition, there was nothing mysterious about it. The hideous form, and deep bovine tone, were well known to all. It was simply an alligator.

But for its enormous size, the presence of the creature would scarcely have been regarded; but it was one of the largest of its kind—its body in length almost equalling the diameter of the pond, with huge gaunt jaws that seemed capable of swallowing one of us at a single 'gulp.' Its roar, too, was enough to inspire even the boldest with terror.

It produced this effect; and the wild frightened looks of those in the water—their confused plunging and plashing, as they scrambled to their feet, and hastened to get out of it—their simultaneous rushing up the bank, and scattering off over the open ground—all contributed to form a spectacle ludicrous as exciting.

In less than ten seconds' time, the great saurian had the pond to himself, where he continued to bellow, and brandish his tail as if triumphant at our retreat.

He was not permitted to exult long in his triumph. The hunters, with several others, seized their rifles, and ran forward to the edge of the pond, when a volley from a dozen guns terminated the monster's existence.

Those who had been 'ashore' were already convulsed with laughter at the scared fugitives; but the latter, having recovered from their momentary affright, now joined in the laugh till the woods rang with a chorus of wild cachinnations. Could the Indians have heard us at that moment, they must have fancied us mad—or more likely dead, and that our voices were those of their own friends, headed by Wykomé himself, rejoicing over the infernal holocaust.

CHAPTER XC.

A CONFLICT IN DARKNESS.

The forest continued to burn throughout the night, the following day, and the night after. Even on the second day, most of the trees were still on fire. They no longer blazed, for the air was perfectly still, and there was no wind to fan the fire into flame. It was seen in red patches upon the trunks, smouldering and gradually becoming less, as its strength spontaneously died out. From many of the trees the fire had disappeared altogether, and these no longer bore any resemblance to trees, but looked like huge, sharp-pointed stakes, charred, and black, as though profusely coated with coal-tar.

Though there were portions of the forest that might

have been traversed, there were other places where the fire still burned—enough to oppose our progress. We were still besieged by the igneous element—as completely confined within the circumscribed boundaries of the glade, as if encompassed by a hostile army of twenty times our number. No rescue could possibly reach us. Even our enemies, so far as our safety was concerned, could not have 'raised the siege.'

The old hunter's providence had stood us in good stead. But for the horse, some of us must have succumbed to hunger; or, at all events, suffered to an extreme degree. We had now been four days without food, except what the handful of pine-cones and the horseflesh afforded; and still the fiery forest hemmed us in. There was no alternative but to stay where we were, until, as Hickman phrased it, 'the woods shed git cool.'

We were cheered with the hope that another day would effect this end, and we might travel with safety amid the calcined trunks, and over the black smouldering ashes.

But the prospect before us was even as gloomy as that around us. While our dread of the fire declined, that of our human foes increased in an inverse proportion.

We had but little hope of getting off without an encounter. They could traverse the woods as soon as we, and were certain to be on the look-out. With them the account was still to be settled—the gauntlet yet to be run.

But we had grown fiercer and more fearless. The greatest coward of our party had become brave, and no one voted either for skulking or hanging back. Stand or fall, we had resolved upon keeping together, and cutting our way through the hostile lines, or dying in the attempt. It was but the old programme, with a slight change in the *mise en scène*.

We waited only for another night to carry the plan into execution. The woods would scarcely be as 'cool' as we might have desired, but hunger was again hurrying us. The horse—a small one—had disappeared. Fifty starved stomachs are hard to satisfy. The bones lay around, clean picked—those that contained marrow, broken into fragments, and emptied of their contents. Even the hideous saurian was a skeleton!

A more disgusting spectacle was presented by the bodies of the two criminals. The heat had swollen them to enormous proportions, and decomposition had already commenced. The air was loaded with that horrid effluvia peculiar to the dead body of a human being.

Our comrades who fell in the fight had been interred; and there had been some talk of performing the like office for the others. No one objected, but none volunteered to take the trouble. In such cases, men are overpowered by an extreme apathy; and this was chiefly the reason why the bodies of the two spies were left uninterred.

With eyes bent anxiously towards the west, we awaited the going down of the sun. So long as his bright orb was above the horizon, we could only guess at the condition of the fire. The darkness would enable us to distinguish that part of the forest that was still burning, and point out the direction we should take. The fire itself would guide us to shunning it.

Twilight found us on the tiptoe of expectation, and not without hope. There was but little noise among the scathed pines; the smoke appeared slighter than we had yet observed it. All believed that the fires were nearly out, and that the time had arrived when we could pass through them.

An unexpected circumstance put this point beyond conjecture. While we stood waiting, the rain began to fall—at first, in big solitary drops; but in a few

minutes it came pouring down as if all heaven's fountains had been opened together.

We hailed the phenomenon with joy; it appeared an omen in our favour. The men could hardly be restrained from setting forth at once; but the more cautious counselled the rest to patience, and we stood awaiting the deeper darkness.

The rain continued to pour, its clouds hastening the night. As it darkened, scarcely a spark appeared among the trees.

'It is dark enough,' urged the impatient. The others assented; and all started forth into the black bosom of the ruined forest.

We moved silently along, each tightly grasping his gun, and holding it ready for use. Mine was carried in one hand—the other rested in a sling.

In this plight I was not alone; half-a-dozen of my comrades had been also 'winged'; and together we kept in the rear. The better men marched in front, Hickman and Weatherford acting as guides.

The rain beat down upon us: there was no longer a foliage to intercept it. As we walked under the burnt branches, the black char was driven against our faces, and as quickly washed off again. Most of the men were bareheaded; their caps were over the locks of their guns to keep them dry: some sheltered their priming with the skirts of their coats.

In this manner we had advanced nearly half a mile—we knew not in what direction; no guide could have found a path through such a forest. We only endeavoured to keep straight on, with the view of getting beyond our enemies.

So long unmolested, we had begun to hope.

Alas, it was a momentary gleam! we were under-rating the craft of our red foemen.

They had been watching us all the time—had dogged our steps, and, at some distance off, were marching on both sides of us in two parallel lines. While dreaming of safety, we were actually in their midst.

The flashes of a hundred guns through the misty rain—the whistling of as many bullets—was the first intimation we had of their proximity.

Several fell under the volley—some returned the fire—a few thought only of flight.

Uttering their shrill cries, the savages closed in upon us; in the darkness, they appeared to outnumber the trees.

Save the occasional report of a pistol, no other shots were heard or fired—no one thought of reloading. The foe was upon us before there was time to draw a ramrod. The knife and hatchet were to be the arbiters of the fight.

The struggle was sanguinary as it was short; many of our brave fellows met their death, but each killed his foeman—some two or three—before falling.

We were soon vanquished. How could it be otherwise? the enemy was five to one. They were fresh and strong—we weak with hunger—almost emaciated—many of us wounded: how could it be otherwise?

I saw but little of the conflict—perhaps no one saw more; it was a struggle amidst obscurity—darkness almost opaque.

With only one hand—and that the left—I was quite helpless. I fired my rifle at random, and had contrived to draw a pistol; but the blow of a tomahawk hindered me from using it, at the same time striking me senseless to the earth.

I was only stunned; and when my senses returned to me, I perceived that the conflict was over.

Dark as it was, I could see a number of black objects lying near me upon the ground; they were the bodies of the slain.

Some were my late comrades—others their foes—in many instances locked in each other's embrace. Red Indians were stooping over, as if separating them.

On the former they were executing their hideous rite of vengeance—they were scalping them.

A group was nearer—the individuals who composed it were standing erect. One in their midst appeared to issue commands; even in the gray light I could distinguish *three waving plumes*. Again Ogeola!

I was not free, or at that moment I should have rushed forward and grappled him—vain though the effort might have been. But I was not free. Two savages knelt over me, as if guarding me against escape.

I perceived the black near at hand, still alive, and similarly cared for. Why had they not killed us?

A man approached the spot where we lay. It was not he with the ostrich plumes, though the latter appeared to have sent him. As he drew near, I perceived that he carried a pistol: my hour was come.

The man stooped over me, and placed the weapon close to my ear. To my astonishment, he fired it into the air!

I thought he had missed me, and would try again. But this was not his purpose; he only wanted a light.

While the powder was ablaze, I caught a glance of the countenance. It was an Indian's. I thought I had seen it before; and from some expression the man made use of, he appeared to know me.

He passed rapidly away, and proceeded to the spot where Jake was held captive. The pistol must have had two barrels, for I heard him fire it again, stooping in a similar manner over the prostrate form of the black.

He then rose, and called out:

'It is they—both alive.'

The information appeared meant for him of the black plumes, for the moment it was given, the latter uttered some exclamation I did not comprehend, and then walked away.

His voice produced a singular impression upon me. I fancied it *did not sound like Ogeola's*.

We were kept upon the ground only for a few minutes longer, until some horses were brought up. Upon two of them Jake and I were mounted, and fast tied to the saddles. The word to advance was then given; and, with an Indian riding on each side of us, we were conducted away through the woods.

CHAPTER XCI.

THE THREE BLACK PLUMES.

We journeyed throughout the whole night. The burnt woods were left behind; and, having crossed a savanna, we passed for several hours under a forest of giant oaks, palms, and magnolias. I knew this by the fragrance of the magnolia blossoms, that, after the fetid atmosphere we had been breathing, smelt sweet and refreshing.

Just as day was breaking, we arrived at an opening in the woods, where our captors halted.

The opening was of small extent—a few acres only—bounded on all sides by a thick growth of palms, magnolias, and live-oaks. Their foliage drooped to the ground, so that the glade appeared encompassed by a vast wall of green, through which no outlet was discernible.

In the gray light I perceived the outlines of an encampment. There were two or three tents with horses picketed around them, and human forms—some upright and moving about, others recumbent upon the grass, singly or in clusters, as if sleeping together for mutual warmth. A large fire was burning in the midst, and around it were men and women seated and standing.

To the edge of this camp we had been carried, but no time was left us for observation. On the instant

after halting, we were dragged roughly from our saddles, and flung prostrate upon the grass. We were next turned upon our backs, thongs were tied around our wrists and ankles, our arms and limbs were drawn out to their full extent, and we were thus staked firmly to the ground, like a pair of hides spread out to be dried.

Of course, in this attitude we could see no more of the camp, nor the trees, nor the earth itself—only the blue heavens above us.

Under any circumstances, the position would have been painful, but my wounded arm rendered it excruciating.

Our arrival had set the camp in motion. Men came out to meet us, and women crowded over us as we lay on our backs. There were Indian squaws among them, but to my surprise I noticed that most of them were of African race—mulattoes, zamboes, and negroes!

For some time they stood over, jeering and taunting us. They even proceeded to inflict torture—they spat on us, pulled out handfuls of our hair by the roots, and stuck sharp thorns into our skins—all the while yelling with a fiendish delight, and jabbering an unintelligible patois, that appeared a mixture of Spanish and Yamacsee.

My fellow-captive fared as badly as myself. Homogeneity of colour elicited no sympathy from these female fiends. Black and white were alike the victims of their hellish spite.

Part of their jargon I was able to comprehend. Aided by a slight acquaintance with the Spanish tongue, I made out what was intended to be done with us.

The knowledge was far from affording consolation: We had been brought to the camp to be tortured.

We were sufficiently tortured already; but it was not all we were destined to undergo. We were to be the victims of a grand spectacle, and these infernal lings were exulting in the prospect of the sport our sufferings should afford them. For this only had we been captured, instead of being killed.

Into whose horrid hands had we fallen? Were they human beings? Were they Indians? Could they be Seminoles, whose behaviour to their captives had hitherto repelled every insinuation of torture?

A shout arose, as if in answer to my questions. The voices of all around were mingled in the cry, but the words were the same:

'Mulatto-mico! mulatto-mico! Viva, mulatto-mico!'

The trampling of many hoofs announced the arrival of a band of horsemen. They were those who had been engaged in the fight—who had conquered and made us captive. Only half-a-dozen guards had been with us on the night-march, and had reached the camp along with us. The new-comers were the main body—who had stayed upon the field of battle to complete the despoliation of their fallen foes.

I could not see them, though they were near. I heard their horses trampling around. I lay listening to that significant shout:

'Mulatto-mico! Viva, mulatto-mico!'

To me the words were full of terrible import. The phrase 'mulatto-mico' was not new to me, and I heard it with a feeling of dread. But it was scarcely possible to increase apprehensions already excited to their highest. A horrid fate was before me. The presence of the fiend himself could not have made it more certain.

My fellow-victim shared my thoughts. We were near, and could converse. On comparing our conjectures, we found that they exactly coincided.

But the point was soon settled beyond conjecture. A harsh voice sounded in our ears, issuing an abrupt order that scattered the women away. A heavy footstep was heard behind—the speaker was approaching.

In another instant his shadow fell over my face; and Yellow Jake himself stood within the circle of my vision.

Despite the pigments that disguised the natural colour of his skin—despite the beaded shirt, the sash, the embroidered leggings—despite the *three black plumes* that waved over his brow, I easily identified the man.

CHAPTER XCII.

BURIED AND BURNED.

We had both been expecting him. The cry *mulatto-mico*, and afterwards the voice—still remembered—had warned us of his coming.

I expected to gaze upon him with dread. Strange it may appear, but such was not the case. On the contrary, I beheld him with a feeling akin to joy—joy at the sight of those *three black plumes* that nodded above his scowling temples.

For a moment I marked not his angry frowns, nor the wicked triumph that sparkled in his eye. The ostrich feathers were alone the objects of my regard—the cynosure of my thoughts. Their presence upon the crest of the 'mulatto king' elucidated a world of mystery; soul suspicion was plucked from out my bosom: the preserver of my life, the hero of my heart's admiration, was still true—Ogeola was true!

In the momentary exultation of this thought, I almost forgot the peril that surrounded me; but the voice of the mulatto once more roused me to a consciousness of my situation.

'Carajo!' cried he, in a tone of malignant triumph. *'Al fin verguenza!'*—(At last vengeance.) Both too—white and black—master and slave—my tyrant, and my rival! *Ha, ha, ha!*

'Me tie to tree?' continued he, after a burst of hoarse laughter; 'me burn, eh? burn 'live? Your turn come now—trees plenty here. But no; I teach you better plan. *Carrambo, si!* far better plan. Tie to tree, captive sometime 'scape, ha, ha, ha! Sometime 'scape, eh? ha, ha, ha!'

'Before burn you, me shew you sight. Ho, there!' he shouted, motioning to some of the bystanders to come near. *'Untie hands—raise 'em up—both—face turn to camp—basta! basta!'* that do. Now, white rascall—black rascall, look—what see yonder?

As he issued these orders, several of his creatures pulled up the stakes that had picketed down our arms, and raising us into a sitting-posture, slewed our bodies round till our faces bore full upon the camp.

It was now broad daylight—the sun shining brightly in the heavens. Under such a light, every object in the camp was distinctly visible—the tents—the horses—the motley crowd of human occupants.

We regarded not these: on two forms alone our eyes rested—the well-known forms of my sister and Viola. They were close together, as I had seen them once before—Viola seated, with head drooping; while that of Virginia rested in her lap. The hair of both was hanging in dishevelled masses, the black tresses of the maid mingling with the golden locks of her mistress. They were surrounded by guards, and appeared unconscious of our presence.

This was but for a time: One was despatched to give them notice of it.

As the information was imparted, we saw them start, and look inquiringly around. In another instant, their eyes were upon us. A thrilling scream announced that we were recognised.

Both cried out together. I heard my sister's voice pronouncing my name. I called to her in return. I saw her spring to her feet, toss her arms wildly above her head, and attempt to rush towards me. I saw the guard taking hold of her, and rudely dragging her back. Oh, it was a painful sight! Death itself would have been easier to endure.

We were allowed to look upon them no longer. Suddenly jerked upon our backs, our wrists were once more staked to the ground, and we were left in our former recumbent attitudes.

Painful as were our reflections, we were not allowed to indulge in them alone. The mulatto continued to stand over us, taunting us with spiteful words, and, worse than all, making gross allusions to my sister and Viola. Oh, it was horrible to hear! Molten lead poured into our ears could scarcely have tortured us more.

It was almost a relief when he desisted from speech, and we saw him commence making preparations for our execution. We knew that the hour was nigh—for he himself said so, as he issued the orders to his fellows. Some horrible mode of death had been promised; but what it was, we were yet in ignorance.

Not long did we remain so. Several men were seen approaching the spot, with spades and pickaxes in their hands. They were negroes—old field-hands—and knew how to use such implements.

They stopped near us, and commenced digging up the ground. O God! were we to be buried alive? This was the conjecture that first suggested itself.

If true, it was terrible enough; but it was not true.

The monster had designed for us a still more horrible death!

Silently, and with the solemn air of grave-diggers, the men worked on. The mulatto stood over directing them. He indulged in high glee, occasionally calling to us in mockery, and boasting how skillfully he should perform the office of executioner. The women and savage warriors clustered round, laughing at his sallies, or contributing their quota of grotesque wit, at which they uttered yells of demoniac laughter. We might easily have fancied ourselves in the infernal regions, in the midst of a crowd of gibbering fiends, who every moment bent over, grinning down upon us, as if they drew delight from our anguish.

We noticed that few of the men were Seminoles. Indians there were, but these were of dark complexion—nearly black. They were of the tribe of Yamassees—a race enslaved by the Seminoles, and long ingrafted into their nation. But most of those we saw were black negroes, zambos and mulattoes—descendants of Spanish maroons, or 'runaways' from the American plantations. There were many of the latter, for I could hear English spoken among them. No doubt, there were some of my own slaves mixing with the motley crew, though none of these came near, and I could only note the faces of those who stood over me.

In about half an hour the diggers had finished their work. Our stakes were now drawn, and we were dragged forward to the spot where they had been engaged.

As soon as I was raised up, I bent my eyes upon the camp, but my sister was no longer there. Viola too was gone. They had been taken, either inside the tents, or back among the bushes. I was glad they were not there. They would be spared the pang of a horrid spectacle—though it was not likely that from such motive the monster had removed them.

Two dark holes yawned before us, deeply dug into the earth. They were not graves; or if so, it was intended our bodies should be placed vertically in them. But if their shape was peculiar, so too was the purpose for which they were made. It was soon explained.

We were conducted to the edge of the cavities, seized by the shoulders, and plunged in, each into the one that was nearest. They proved just deep enough to bring our throats on a level with the surface. We stood erect.

The loose earth was now shovelled in, and kneaded

firmly around us. More was added, until our shoulders were covered up, and only our heads appeared above ground.

The position was ludicrous enough, and we might have laughed at it, but that we knew we were in our graves. The fiendish spectators regarded us with yells of laughter.

What next? Was this to be the end of their proceedings? Were we to be thus left to perish miserably and by inches? Hunger and thirst would in time terminate our existence, but oh, how many hours was our anguish to last! Whole days of misery we must endure before the spark of life should forsake us—whole days of horror and—Ha! they have not yet done with us!

No—a death like that we had been fancying, appeared too easy to the monster who directed them. The resources of his hatred were far from being exhausted—he had still other and far keener pangs in store for us.

'Carajo! it is good!' cried he, as he stood admiring the work done. 'Better than tie to tree—good fix, eh? No fear scape—*carrai*, no. Bring fire!'

Bring fire! It was to be fire then—the extreme instrument of torture. We heard the word—that word of fearful sound. *We were to die by fire!*

Our terror had reached its highest.

It rose no higher when we saw fagots brought forward, and built in a ring around our heads; it rose no higher when we saw the torch applied and the dry wood catching the flame; it rose no higher as the blaze grew red and redder, and we felt its angry glow upon our skulls, soon to be calcined like the sticks themselves.

No—we could suffer no more. Our agony had reached the acme of endurance, and we longed for death to relieve us. If another pang had been possible, we might have suffered it on hearing those cries from the opposite side of the camp. Even in that dread hour, we could recognise the voices of my sister and Viola. The unmerciful monster had brought them back to witness the execution. We saw them not; but their wild complaints proved that they were spectators of the scene.

Hotter and hotter grew the fire, and nearer licked the flames—my hair crisped and singed at the fiery contact.

Objects swam dizzily before my eyes—the trees tottered and reeled—the earth went round with a whirling motion.

My skull ached as if it would soon split open—my brain was drying up—my senses were forsaking me!

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF AUGUSTE COMTE.

As through the narrow portal, the poet approaches the Elysian fields, so in seeking to give a slight sketch of one of the greatest intellects of his generation, the writer is forced to refer to circumstances of his own insignificant existence.

In 1836, when the world was still young to me, of I to it—algebraically if not otherwise identical positions—fretting under the fancied insufficiency of private tuition in England, with hard prayers I wrung from my parents permission to continue the studies preparatory to going to the university, in Paris. Here, in each branch of the education sketched out for me with no sparing hand, I was consigned to the care of the first professors of the day. Long afterwards, I learned with what difficulty the lessons of one of these had been obtained, but youth though I then was, I still felt, indistinctly indeed, their value. This

tutor, whose last mathematical pupil I was, was Auguste Comte.

Daily as the clock struck eight on the *horloge* of the Luxembourg, while the ringing of the hammer on the bell was yet audible, the door of my room opened, and then entered a man, short, rather stout, almost what one might call sleek, freshly shaven, without vestige of whisker or moustache. He was invariably dressed in a suit of the most spotless black, as if going to a dinner-party; his white neckcloth was fresh from the laundress's hands, and his hat shining like a racer's coat. He advanced to the arm-chair prepared for him in the centre of the writing-table, laid his hat on the left-hand corner, his snuff-box was deposited on the same side, beside the quire of paper placed in readiness for his use, and dipping the pen twice into the ink-bottle, then bringing it to within an inch of his nose, to make sure that it was properly filled, he broke silence: 'We have said that the chord AB, &c.' For three-quarters of an hour he continued his demonstration, making short notes as he went on, to guide the listener in repeating the problem alone; then taking up another *cahier* which lay beside him, he went over the written repetition of the former lesson. He explained, corrected, or commented, till the clock struck nine; then, with the little finger of the right hand, brushing from his coat and waistcoat the shower of superfluous snuff which had fallen on them, he pocketed his snuff-box, and resuming his hat, he as silently as when he came in, made his exit by the door, which I rushed to open for him. This man of few words was the Aristotle or Bacon of the nineteenth century.

Thus for a year I daily sat a listener, not always attentive, and to the last but dimly conscious of the value of lessons which I can never forget in their higher meaning, though the angles and curves which they explained have long since become to me more meaningless than hieroglyphics.

One would think that such a teacher, gliding in and out like a piece of clock-work, without an interchange of any of the gentle courtesies of life, would raise only a repulsive feeling in his pupil. It was in vain I tried to break through the coldness of our relations, to establish that little preliminary gossip in which I have found some teachers too ready to employ all the time of their lesson; he seemed to say that he had nerved himself to a disagreeable duty, and that nothing should turn him from it. Only twice did I even succeed in gaining proof that he had something mortal in his composition. I had been six weeks under his tuition, and still persisted, with more, perhaps, of malice than of ignorance, in using the most abominably ungrammatical French in my written repetitions of his lectures. One morning he lost patience at some solécism more excruciating than usual; and laying down his pen, he turned to me, and said: 'Why do you persevere in writing such barbarisms?' 'You know I am a foreigner,' said I; 'how should I do better?' 'You can at least do better than this: write as you speak;' and he resumed his pen, correcting every fault of language. From that day, there were few grammatical blunders in my papers. Once again, and this time less wilfully, I encountered the same mild anger. I was at the time studying very hard, generally thirteen hours a day of book-work—a folly bitterly expiated and

repented since—and I was seldom in bed till after midnight. One black wintry morning, after harder work than usual, I nodded over the lecture. With no straining of the ears, could I drink in the sense; with no forcing of the eyelids, keep them open. I dared not rise and take a few turns in the room, for this would have been a violation of our habits. So I sat till the humming of the voice, and the scraping of the pen, acted like a lullaby, and I was already three parts asleep, when suddenly a change of tone aroused me, and the words, 'But you sleep,' recalled me to myself, only to see my tutor stalking out of the room, while I vainly tried to catch and appease him. The next day, he resumed the lesson where he had left off on the one previous to my nap, but not a word of reproach was uttered, or of apology allowed, by the insulted sage.

From that day, I began to love him. Cold or abstracted as he seemed, the intellectual giant henceforth won almost imperceptibly on the youth. I could not feel, much less measure his greatness, but I acquired an interest in the dry science he taught me; and had I continued under his charge, I might have become a mathematician. I had been taught to fear, not to revere my masters; if I had a liking for any, it had been in proportion to his laxness; and I now found myself half unconsciously, and quite unaccountably, gliding into a sort of affection for the most unapproachable, the most uncongenial of them all. I was then the most unreasonable of boy-mortals. I cannot, therefore, suppose that this feeling was due to the sway of pure reason over my mind; I can only think that it arose from an instinctive perception of the smothered kindness which entered so largely into his composition.

I returned to England to 'keep halls,' and devote myself to a new range of studies—stigmatised, I believe, by my masters and pastors as pure idleness, because not set down in their books; and it was two years before I was again in Paris. By that time I had become acquainted with what was published of the *Philosophie Positive*. From its pages I had learned that my old tutor was a great man, though hardly yet a celebrated one. I had learned to contrast his earnestness with the *laissez-faire* of others; and a visit to him was one of the first pleasures which I promised myself in the capital most fertile in pleasure to youthful visitors. Mindful of the showers of snuff which had too often attacked my sternutatory muscles, I carried him a Cumnock snuff-box, with one of our Ayrshire pebbles in the lid, and was delighted to find it graciously accepted. He put it at once into a drawer of his writing-table, and then told me that he had given up the use of snuff. He said that he had withdrawn entirely from the world, to devote himself without distraction to the politics of his philosophy—that he no longer even read the newspapers, and had weaned himself from every superfluity.

It was not till 1851 that I again saw him. He was then the acknowledged chief of a school, and renowned, if not admired, among all thinkers. I had some little trouble in finding his abode, and it was with a beating heart that I pulled the bell-string. An old gentleman in a dressing-gown, with a black neckerchief strung round his throat, opened the door. I almost thought I had misunderstood the porter's directions. 'Monsieur Comte?' I inquiringly said.

'It is I, sir,' was the answer.

The change in his appearance intimidated me, and I hesitatingly mentioned my name. At once he put out his hand and drew me into his sitting-room. Here I was able to remark the wonderful change

which had come over his expression since we had last met. He now reminded me of one of those medieval pictures which represent St Francis wedded to Poverty. There was a mildness in those attenuated features that might be called ideal rather than human; through the half-closed eyes there shone the very soul of him who had doubted whether he had anything more than intellect. 'I did not recognise you,' he said, opening a drawer; 'but I think of you almost daily. See, I still have your box, and I keep my seals in it, so that I am often reminded of you.' He spoke unreservedly of the honourable poverty to which the last revolution, in depriving him of his modest competence, had reduced him, and he told me how the generous sacrifices of some of his disciples had relieved him of the cares of material existence.

He indulged me with a long conversation, every word of which filled me with fresh wonder. He was no longer the rigid thinker, regular and passionless as mechanism; he seemed to have renewed his youth, to have added something to his former self, but how or what, I could not at the time imagine. In terms unintelligible to me, he referred to relations which had given impulse to his affections; he spoke with enthusiasm of the Italian poets, and of Shakspeare and Milton, whose works he had learned to read in the original; and—O surprise!—taking from his chimney-piece a well-thumbed copy of the *Imitation*, he said: 'I read some pages of this book every morning.'

I already had had cause to suspect that under that frigid mask which he wore in earlier years, an impulsive nature and warm affections were concealed; I had heard at the time that the little keepsake I had brought had pleased him so much, that in speaking of it a few days afterwards his eyes glistened; I understood, therefore, that far within him was a loving soul; and I now learned, from a book which he gave me, the story of how he had found and lost the counterpart, the other half, which he had so long sought. The history of the platonic love to which he owed the late development of his affections, is a strange one, and the story of its heroine one of the saddest in the history of crime.

Madame Clotilde de Vaux was the wife of a man whose misconduct had brought upon him a condemnation to the galleys for life. If not the original of the *Maitre d'Ecole* in the *Mysteries of Paris*, his career had been too similar to the one so hideously drawn by the novelist. This lady united to youth and an unspotted reputation, a poetic temperament and literary talents of a high order. She was pining in cheerless solitude, neither wife nor widow, a state void of hope, and incapable of forgetfulness, when she met Auguste Comte, the man of austere morals and unengaging manners, but towards whom she felt the secret attraction I have spoken of. The acquaintance quickly ripened into a friendship, which before long became an absorbing though platonic passion. It was she who had opened to him the treasures of poetry, she was the Beatrix who awoke in him the feelings of affection, and under whose guidance he trod the ideal world of Shakspeare and Dante.

So greatest and most glorious things on ground
May often need the help of weaker hand.

It was a friendship late found and early lost, for the lady was cut off in the prime of her years. But her influence did not cease with life; her image haunted him like a celestial vision for the remainder of his days. In her he imagined that he had seen humanity carried to that highest perfection which he believed to be the end of our destiny, and he united her in his prayers with his mother and a female servant who waited on him to the last.

To one who had known Auguste Comte in former

days, nothing can be more striking than the terms in which he writes of all these in the preface to his *Positivism*; his self-reproaches for his want of tenderness—he had never failed in duty—towards his mother, his unbounded veneration for his St Clotilde, and his respect for the enlightened ignorance of his unlettered servant, afford a psychological study as curious as it is touching.

In the beginning of last September, I was again in Paris. As soon as I had fixed myself in lodgings in the same studious quarter in which I had first known him, I sought out the abode of my old master. It was an autumn evening when I stumbled into the gloomy *porte cochère* of his house. The porter was sitting on the sill of his lodge, knitting a worsted stocking in the twilight. 'Is it here that Monsieur Comte lives?' was my question. 'Yes, sir,' answered the man without rising or lifting his eyes from his work. 'Is he at home?' 'He was buried this afternoon.'

I never received a greater or more unexpected shock. His temperament and his healthy habits seemed to promise a long career; and the last time I had talked with him, he had been speaking of the employments he had marked for his old age, when he should be no longer capable of working at his philosophy, for he had rigorously determined the period when he should retire from what he considered his apostolate.

I shall neither defend nor criticise his system. It is a subject too abstruse for these pages, and to which I could not do justice. That it contains many truths, that it is a wonderful monument of a wonderful mind, few or none will deny, but fewer still will be found to accept his philosophy as a whole. He looks only on the positive, that is, the material side of nature, he has no tolerance either for spiritual weaknesses or spiritual aspirations. He is a system-maker, and in his love for his system, he is unjust both to his kind and to himself. A true child of the Revolution, the qualities which he possesses and which he wants are equally striking; but I do not fear to say that whatever pure morality and true conceptions abound in his works are the genuine productions of Auguste Comte, while the childishness and pedantry which also distinguish them may be laid at the door of the conventional Frenchman.

S N O W - D R I F T.

WINTER's white banner waves on every bough,
The summer flowers and fruits died long ago,
Their grace is gone, their graves are covered now
With tablets of pure snow.

And hopes and joys, sweet blossoms of the heart,
And griefs that only human hearts can know,
In space as brief have lived, but to depart
And hide 'neath mem'ry's snow.

I would not sing of these; my cheerful verse
Can find a happier emblem, as I go
'Mid brier and bramble, nature's primal curse,
All beautified with snow.

Methinks, there springs no 'root of bitterness,'
No stinging care, no thorny shape of woe,
But love may clothe it in a fairer dress,
As these are clothed with snow.

J. J.

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THE GENTLE READER.

HAVING written a good deal for the general public without receiving any acknowledgment from that particular member of it, the Gentle Reader, I, for one, am not going to flatter him any longer. It is my private belief that he never purchased a book in his life. I doubt whether he ever even went so far as to subscribe to a library. I believe him to be a sort of person who borrows volumes from the book-shelves of his friends, and writes in pencil his idiotic remarks upon the margins of them. It is exceedingly improbable, if he does buy books, that he ever bought any of mine, because, in plain truth, the Gentle Reader is unavoidably a fool. Otherwise, would authors, who are conscious of having been insufferably stupid and prosy, or of being about to become so in their next chapter, so unanimously appeal to his good-nature and foolish forbearance? They take such liberties with him, and place him in such positions as would be resented by any person of proper sense and feeling. When a love-scene is about to be described at any intolerable length, the Gentle Reader is commonly lugged in as a third party, and made a confidant of, whether he will or no, by the two silly young folks.

It is, first of all, fawningly insinuated that he, the Gentle Reader, knows all about it, being, as he is, so fascinating an individual, and having been the object of adoration of so many hearts; and then the whole tedious matter is laid before him in all its turtle-dove monotony, while the melancholy details are dwelt upon with a sentimental distinctness, to which impropriety itself would be almost preferable.

In descriptions of scenery especially, this patron of the novelists has to go through a very great deal for their sweet sakes; he has to accompany them, if he will be so good, to inaccessible heights, where the foot of man has never before trodden, and where the shriek of the goshawk, or other bird unknown except to ornithologists, alone is heard; or he has to wander among hanging woodlands, hand in hand with the writer, until he is deposited upon a dampish bank, by the side of a stream, whose course is presently compared, at prodigious length, to the life of man. When the novelist, indeed, is inclined to moralise, the Gentle Reader is apostrophised as though he were Lord Bacon, or Dr Paley, and made accessory to the most uninteresting and illogical sentiments of the author's, respecting being and human responsibility. If religion be the subject, the Gentle Reader is made a party to the strangest 'views,' and that sometimes by no means in the pleasantest manner; his opinions being taken to be identical with those of the writer, not as

a matter of course, but as one about which, on the contrary, there existed no little suspicion: he is regarded with an eye not so much of respect as of a certain affectionate watchfulness, and his supposed scruples are combated with a sort of tender authority, as though the author were his father-in-law, and an archbishop. In battle-scenes, again, and stirring incidents of that kind, this slave of literature is commonly carried to a slight acclivity, commanding not only a good general view of what is going forward, but—to judge by what he is made to see—a very particular one also; and I have even known the Gentle Reader, upon one occasion, to have been shamefully inveigled into a tree, under promise of becoming spectator of a deadly combat, only to be compelled to listen to some heroic verses of the seducer, who, taking advantage of the poor fellow's stationary position, inflicted a good three dozen. Nobody but a very weak-minded person, indeed, would suffer himself to be treated in this manner more than once, whereas there is no more cessation than limit to the persecution of the Gentle Reader. That he is put upon thus remorselessly, and attacked with this impunity, that every scribbler hails him as his friend, and leads him through all the stupidest scenes by the button-hole, is, no doubt, because of his gentleness. The Gentle Reader is unable to say no, or bo to a goose-quill. No author dares to treat the Reader—pure and simple—in any such way. On the contrary, his connection with that gentleman is wholly of a business character, and no obligation is supposed to be upon either side. The Courteous Reader, even, is not so great a ninny as the subject of this paper, and is addressed, with hat in hand, indeed, but yet as a reasonably ill-tempered individual with whom absurd liberties are not to be taken. Our Fair Readers—who are always in the plural, and, I think, supposed to be the sharers of an eternal friendship which has lasted thirteen weeks at a boarding-school, and who lean over the same pages with arms round each other's necks, and in mutual tears—are trifled with somewhat, and not set at a very high intellectual estimate; but still they have not that catholicism of character which admits of their being so continuously ill-treated as the Gentle Reader. The Dear Reader is only apostrophised by female writers, who endeavour by that unjustifiable emollient to blind the judgment and enlist the affections on their side.

The General Reader is at the head of a totally different class. He is, in the author's eyes, the ring-leader of the unappreciating and illiterate mob; of that faction—and it is sometimes considerable—which is sure to decline to read, and far more to buy, his

book. When a chapter is about to be devoted to a subject which the writer does not quite understand, or is about to be filled with got-up and unnecessary technical expressions, the General Reader is warned off in the opening sentences, as by a trespass-board. He is recommended, in a foot-note, to buy another work of the author's, written in a more popular style, and not to read any more of that which he has in his hand, because he won't understand it. The Intelligent Reader, and the like, are, at the same time, flatteringly beckoned on, it is true; but everybody knows pretty well what is coming, and skips the chapter. This notice to the General Reader is the first open declaration of that contempt which the author secretly entertains for many even of his own clients. A sneering reference to the Casual Reader speedily follows. The Casual Reader will not peruse, and will not understand if he does peruse; will not be entertained, and if he is entertained where no entertainment is meant, ought to be ashamed of himself; will fail to mark, or, having marked, will not be able to carry it in his mind to the place where it will be useful to him; will skim too hastily—in fact, the Casual Reader is periphrastically informed that he had better shut up the book, go home, and get to bed. Having thus lashed himself into fury, and the worst passions of his professional nature being fully aroused, the author throws aside the last rag of courtesy, and falls tooth-and-nail and steel-pen upon the Vapid and Irreflective Reader himself. He has been waiting for him for some considerable time. The bonds of sympathy between the writer and the public have been long gradually loosening, and are now utterly dissolved. Scarcely anybody is ignorant that, under the name of the Vapid and Irreflective Reader, the author is, in reality, anathematising everybody. Upon that unfortunate subject he avenges himself, with a hideous malice, for the servile adulation which he has lavished, in other places, upon the Gentle Reader, and others of that kidney. The slave, as generally happens, is now become the tyrant. Growing duller and duller in the matter of the work he is composing—and what is more, being well aware of it himself—he waxes fiercer and more intolerant against that increasing majority of the reading public who are unlikely to read him. The only person, indeed, who can be compared to the Vapid and Irreflective Reader as a type of all that is base and foolish, is that equally denounced individual, the Sinner, who is the target of the divines. In the latter case, by some fortunate arrangement of our ideas, we rarely associate the object of so much invective with ourselves; but, in the former, we cannot fail to recognise some of our own familiar lineaments. Still, there is in this an honest outspokenness and an acknowledged misunderstanding between the author and his unappreciators, which is to me infinitely preferable to that hypocritical deference he pays to the Gentle Reader. Any allusion to him—and, indeed, to any Reader—only helps to destroy what little reality the writer may have had the good-fortune to invest his scenes with, and to break that web of fancy which, Apollo knows, it is hard enough for him to weave. Moreover, as I have said—and this consideration has much weight with me—there is little or nothing to be got out of the Gentle Reader. The very mention of him, indeed, is a literary toadyism; from the practice of which, as of all other toadyisms, no true benefit can be ever possibly derived. Therefore, though my brethren of the pen may tremble at my audacity, and the unaccustomed public knit its indignant

brows, I hereby declare that I do not care three halfpence—the absurdly ridiculous price of this superlative periodical—whether this paper of mine shall please the Gentle Reader or not.

'THE GARDEN OF FLOWERS.'

THE eager craving after knowledge evinced by all classes of the community, has, in these latter days of the world's history, summoned into existence an immense number of books treating of every science and art, from astronomy to angling, in what is generally termed a popular manner. A popular work on science, however, is not the one thing new under the sun. A certain Antonio Torquemada wrote and published a book of this description in Spain, as far back as the middle of the sixteenth century; and it achieved a very widely extended popularity for itself. It was translated into nearly, if not quite, all of the European languages; bibliographers reckon its editions by hundreds. Nor need we be surprised at the general favour in which it was held. To an attractive title, *The Garden of Flowers*, it added about six hundred of the most marvellous stories, selected from the various authors then considered the standards of scientific knowledge. These metaphorical flowers of the garden of science are pleasingly and appropriately introduced to the reader as the conversation of three friends—Antonio, Bernardo, and Ludovico—in a real garden decorated with natural flowers. In many instances, each speaker, as he adds his flower or story to the collection, assigns his authority, saying—'as Pliny hath it,' 'as it is written in Solinus,' 'as it may be seen in Olaus Magnus,' and so forth; the fathers of the Church, too, are frequently quoted in a similar fashion, and the whole forms a very remarkable reflex of the state of general and natural science at the period in which it was compiled.

Like the progress of an explorer of a new country, the world's advance in knowledge can only be correctly estimated by looking back to the landmarks left on the ground already passed over. Than the *Garden of Flowers*, we could not have a better landmark for this purpose. It was long the companion of the grave and learned, and was dedicated to a ripe scholar, Sarmiento de Soto Mayor, bishop of Astorga, rejoicing in as many other names, designations, and titles as none other than a Spaniard could possibly possess. Let us then, hand-in-hand, friendly reader, enter this antique garden, and discover what was the general knowledge among men of learning about three hundred years ago.

The three friends, having met in the garden, sit down, under the shade of a tuft of trees, on the bank of a river; and soothed with the pleasing sound of the clear stream and murmuring of the green leaves, contemplate the flowers—'so diverse in form, so dainty in colour, as if nature had used her extreme industry to shape, paint, and enamel them.' This naturally leads the conversation to the works of nature in general, which forms the first day's discourse or chapter, entitled, 'Many things worthy of admiration, which nature hath wrought, and daily worketh in men, contrary to her common and ordinary course of operation.' Here we read of whole nations having heads like dogs, and feet like oxen; of a tribe of one-footed people, and of several varieties of tailed men—some having tails like those of peacocks; others whose vertebral terminations resembled those of horses; while a third had thick bushy tails like foxes. Indeed, there could be no doubt about the latter, for Bernardo speaks of a race of fox-tailed men that then existed in Spain. Their ancestors had offended a certain St. Torobius, who thus punished them in *seculis seculorum*. It may not be generally known that a similar story is still told of

a district in England. St Augustine is said, by our old monkish chroniclers, to have endowed the people of a part of Kent with tails like fishes, because they preferred fishing to listening to his sermons. But though the story is still alluded to as a vulgar reproach, we must say to the reader, in the quaint words of our author, 'you commit no deadly sin though you believe it not.'

After a long discourse about Amazons, the three friends speak of 'a fierce people and of great courage, though only three spans in length,' called pigmies. 'They inhabit the utter part of India, toward the east, near the rising of the river Ganges, where, at such times as it is in other places winter, the cranes come to lay their eggs, and to bring up their young ones, about the river-sides; whose coming, so soon as the pigmies perceive—because they are so little, that the cranes regard them not, but do them much hurt, as well in their persons as in eating up their victuals and spoiling their fruits—they join themselves in great numbers to break their eggs. And to prepare themselves to this terrible fight, they mount upon goats and rams, and in very goodly equipage, go forward to destroy this multiplication of cranes, as to a most dangerous and bloody enterprise.'

Of the existence of the pigmies, the friends have no manner of doubt. They tell us that the Tyrians, whose commerce led them to the extreme ends of the earth, retained numbers of these valiant little people as mercenary soldiers; that, in short, the pigmies are no other than the Gannadins, who hanged their shields upon the towers of Tyre, as we may read in the twenty-seventh chapter of the book of Ezekiel. And we must ourselves add, that the belief in a nation of pigmies prevailed to a comparatively late period. Few of the old museums were without the skeleton or embalmed body of a pigmy; and it was no earlier than the last century, when Dr Tyson, in an elaborate anatomical work, first proved that all those embalmed bodies and skeletons were the remains of monkeys.

From the dwarf to the giant is no more distant a step, than from the ridiculous to the sublime. One Bocacius, who saw it himself, is given as the authority for the following story: 'Near Trapani, in Sicily, certain labourers, digging for chalk under the foot of a hill, discovered a cave of great wideness. Entering into the which, with light, they found sitting in the midst thereof a man of such monstrous hugeness, that, astonished therewith, they fled to the village, reporting what they had seen; then, gathering together in greater number, with torches and weapons, they returned to the cave, where they found the giant, whose like was never heard of before. In his left hand he held a mighty staff, so great and thick as a great mast of a ship. Seeing that he stirred not, they took a good heart and drew near him; but they had no sooner laid their hands upon him, than he fell to ashes, the bones only remaining—so monstrous, that the very skull of his head could hold in it a bushel of wheat. His whole skeleton being measured, was found to be 140 cubits in length.'

To arrive at such a size, the man must have lived a very long time; so we are next treated with accounts of persons, who had lived from 200 up to 500 years. Centaurs, mermen, and merwomen, next furnish subjects for the most ridiculous stories. We are told that a family, appropriately termed Marins, then lived in Spain, who were the descendants of a merman. These Marins were webfooted and scaly. They lived principally on raw fish, which they caught with their hands while swimming in their great-grandfather's native element, being, as may readily be granted, the expertest of swimmers.

A fountain in the garden suggests the topic of the second day's conversation—'On the proportions and

virtues of springs, rivers, and lakes.' We have little, however, about the objects specified, springs and rivers leading the conversation to the four great rivers mentioned in Scripture as surrounding the garden of Eden; and nearly the whole chapter is taken up with a discussion respecting the exact site of the terrestrial paradise. This, though a favourite subject of discussion at the period, forms a terribly dry one now; so we shall pass on to the next day.

The third day's conversation turns upon 'fancies, visions, spirits, enchanters, charmers, witches, and hags.' After a deal of curious matter, the friends come to a conclusion, as contrary to that of Aristotle and the ancients, as it is to the ideas of the modern ghost-believers and spirit-rappers—namely, that all apparitions proceed from the devils alone. We are told that there are six degrees of those very numerous and troublesome gentry. The first, in the upper regions of the air, attends to thunder, lightning, hail, and snow; the second, in the lower part of the atmosphere, causes heavy rains, blights, frosts, storms, and whirlwinds; the third, on earth, has quite enough, indeed too much, to do with the affairs of man; the fourth, in the waters, presides over inundations and shipwrecks; the fifth, in the upper strata of the earth, occasions earthquakes, and accidents in mines and wells; the sixth, still lower down, is actively employed in the place unmentionable to ears polite. Among all these, there are well-defined gradations of rank, from the 'arch-enemy' Satan himself, down to the lowest stoke.

We here learn how it was that witches and wizards were generally deserted, in their utmost need, by the fiends with whom they had formed engagements. In their ignorance, they had made contracts with low, vulgar demons, that had neither power to fulfil, nor sufficient honourable feeling to carry out, their engagements. In all cases, however, when the bargain was made with a demon of rank, the terms were most honourably fulfilled, though the extreme penalty of the bond was always exacted. Indeed, some necromancers of superlative cunning and audacity, managed to cheat the demons—'turn a corner jinkin', as Burns says; but of such highly presumptuous and dangerous experiments, the less said the better. Necromancers who wished to possess a private demoniacal attendant of their own always at hand, could have one confined in a ring, button, box, phial, or other small portable article; but, as a high-caste demon would not submit to such confinement, and a low-caste one could not be depended upon, it was usual in such transactions to secure the services of a low-class fiend, at the same time taking a bond for their due fulfilment, from one of the upper ten thousand in devildom. The best thing, however, that a magician could have a devil confined in was a horse. He could then make journeys of incredible distance in the shortest periods, and always find profitable employment for the imprisoned fiend; an object sometimes of very great consequence.

Of planetary influence, we are told a curious story, to the following effect: Abel, the son of Adam, foreseeing the deluge, and naturally anxious that the recondite secrets, so dearly purchased by eating the fruit of the tree of knowledge, should not be lost to mankind, wrote a book on the virtues and properties of the planets, and enclosed it in the centre of a large stone. Long after the great cataclysm, Hermes Trismegistus found the stone, opened it, and took out the book, by the contents of which he profited most wonderfully. This antediluvian book subsequently fell into the hands of St Thomas, who, in turn, managed to perform many great and admirable feats by its assistance. On one occasion, the saint, while sojourning in a certain city, being seized by a severe sickness, was much annoyed by the noise of horses and carts traversing the narrow street in which

he dwelt. So he prepared two images, according to a prescription made and provided in Abel's ancient book aforesaid, and having burned one of them at each end of the street, no horse or other beast of draught or burthen could ever after pass the spots where those images were interred. He also made another image, from directions in the same book, and threw it into a fountain; and the effect of this wonderful image was such, that every pitcher touched by the waters of that fountain immediately fell to pieces. This certainly seems to have been a very mischievous trick, even though perpetrated by a saint; and it also savours of a tampering with forbidden arts. But our author sets us right on the latter score. Using the influence of the planets, he tells us, is so very lawful, that nothing can be said against it; but the other kind of necromancy, used and practised through the help and favour of the devil, is a very different affair indeed.

There is nothing novel in the ghost stories in this chapter; they are of the regular stereotyped kind, long and still known over all the world, though here localised by assuming a Spanish character. And as we are given to understand that those appearances were not disembodied spirits, but merely illusions caused by devils, the accounts of them lose that cold charnel-house-like connection with death, the grave, and our own humanity in its future form, which constitutes the great charm and interest of what we may term a legitimate ghost story.

Many supposed apparitions, however, were merely natural events, to which men, in their superstitious fears, attributed a spiritual character. As an instance of such, we are told of an occurrence that took place at Benevento, the very town where the garden-scene is laid. An industrious matron, having risen before day one morning, to finish some pressing household work, sent her servant to light a candle at a lamp that was always kept burning in a neighbouring church. The sleepy girl, slightly dressed in white night-clothes, losing her way, wandered over half the town, before she reached the church; and then, too stupid to give any explanation, frightened a silly sexton before she returned to her mistress's house with the burning candle. But, in the meantime, the mistress herself, not choosing to wait in the dark, set off for the church, and also returned with a lighted candle in her hand. Now, it happened that a sick neighbour saw the two women, and his mind being weakened by disease, magnified their number to a considerable extent. The sexton partly corroborated the sick man; and as the story travelled, the number multiplied till the middle of the day, when it was currently reported and believed that a penitential procession of two thousand ghosts carrying lighted tapers had passed through the town during the previous night. For, says Ludovico, who tells the story, 'let but one such matter as this come amongst the common people, and it will grow so, from mouth to mouth, that at last of a mite they will make an elephant.'

The fourth day's discourse, suggested by the arrangement of the flowers in the garden, is upon 'chance, fortune, destiny, luck, felicity, and happiness—what they signify, the difference between them, and many other learned and curious points;' and forms a very interesting chapter, far in advance of the age in which it was written. Astrology, and the supposed influence of the stars, at man's birth, on his future destiny, are treated as ridiculous absurdities; while ignorance and misconduct are shewn to be the principal causes of human misfortunes and miseries. Here Antonio tells a story of some mowers, who found, in a meadow they were cutting, a miserable leper that had crawled thither to die. The contagious nature of the disease, and the hideously disgusting

state of the poor wretch, deterred them from attempting to render him any assistance. On going to their mid-day meal, however, they found that a viper had crept into and been drowned in their wine-jar. Wine thus rendered so deadly poisonous they could not drink; but thinking it a pity that it should be wasted, they concluded to give it to the leper, and thus charitably put him out of his exceeding misery at once. Accordingly, they did so; but, to their great surprise, instead of dying instantaneously, as they had expected, the leper became rather jolly than otherwise. In short, the mowers, instead of being philanthropic poisoners, as they thought, were a sort of 'pre-Hahnemannite homœopathsists'; for the venom of the viper counteracted the virulence of the leprosy, and the man was not killed, but cured. 'So,' continues Antonio, 'as all herbs, beasts, and stones contain good and profitable virtues, we should not attribute to the stars the misfortunes that befall us, but rather to our own ignorance, which debars us from properly administering to our health and happiness. Concluding, therefore, I say, that pestilential and infectious diseases are not caused by the stars, but by matters of the earth itself infecting the air—as dead carrions, corrupted carcasses, sinks, standing and putrid water, and many other filthy things.' The belief in the influence of the stars has long since passed away, but there are many still among us who might glean sound useful information from the above passage.

The fifth and sixth chapters treat 'of the septentrional regions, and many things pleasant and worthy to be known.' In other regions, we are told that the sea is the mother of mysteries, but in the septentrional or northern, it is the mother of monsters. One fish, indeed, the head of which was sent by the Primate of Norway to Pope Leo X., was called the monster: it had no other name, and well deserved to be so termed. According to Antonio's description, 'its length is commonly about fifty cubits, which is but little in comparison with the greatness and deformity of its proportions and members. Its head is as great as half its body, and round about full of horns, longer than those of an ox.' It has only one eye, a cubit in length and a cubit in breadth, which by night glittereth in such sort, that afar off it resembleth a huge flame of fire. Its teeth are great and sharp; its body full of hairs, resembling the wing-feathers of a goose; and its colour is as black as any jet in the world may be.'

Then Bernardo, not to be outdone, gives the following account of another odd fish that was caught in 1517, in a river of Germany. 'Its head was like unto that of a wild boar, with two great tusks shooting about four spans out of its mouth. It had four great feet, like to those with which you see dragons usually painted; and besides the two eyes in its head, it had two others in its sides, and one in its belly; and on the ridge of its neck certain long bristles, as strong and hard as though they had been iron or steel. This monster was carried to Antwerp, and there live many who will witness to have seen the same.'

Among a number of wonderful fishes, we may only mention another, found in the rivers of Sweden. Its name is trevis; it is black in winter, and white in summer. 'Its marvellous property is such, that, binding it fast with a cord, and letting it down to the bottom of the river, if there be any gold on the sands thereof, the same cleaveth fast to its skin, which, how great soever the pieces may be, fall not off from it till they be taken off; so that some persons in that country use no other occupation, to earn their living than this.'

Coming to our own shores, Antonio says: 'There is a town in Scotland, the benefit arising to which,

from an abundance of ducks, is so great and wonderful that I cannot pass it over. There is, near this town, a mighty great and craggy rock, to which, at breeding-time, these fowls come flocking in such quantities, that they resemble immense dark clouds rather than anything else. The first two or three days they hover aloof, flying up and down about the rock; during which time, the people of the town stir not out of their doors, for fear of frightening them. The ducks, seeing all things silent and still, settle themselves boldly, and fill the rock with nests. Their sight is so sharp and piercing that, while fluttering over the sea which beateth on the same rock, they see the fish through the water, which—incontinently plunging themselves into the same—they snap up with such facility, that it is scarcely to be believed but by him who hath seen it. Then the towns-people, knowing the ways and passages, get up into this rock, and not only sustain themselves by the fish which they find in the nests, but maintain a great traffic by selling them in other towns. When they perceive that the young birds are ready to fly, the people—in order to enjoy the benefit of the fish the longer—pluck their wings, detaining them in the nests many days, and at last take and eat them, their flesh being very tender and of good smack. These ducks are never seen in that region but at such time as they breed, and though the people kill numbers of them, yet they never fail to come as many as the rock can hold. The generality of wonderful stories are founded on some slight substratum of truth; through the foregoing cloud of exaggeration, our clearer eyes can readily perceive the Bass Rock and its feathered tenantry of gannets.

The sixth and last day's conversation was held in an arbour of sweetly-scented jessamine, where, in the intervals of speaking, the ears of our three ancient friends were regaled with the sweet and delectable song of nightingales, which, in their opinion, far excelled the curious forced harmony of musicians. As we must part with them, we surely cannot leave them in a more pleasant place; and so, at once, we shall say farewell to *The Garden of Flowers*.

A RIDE ACROSS SARDINIA.

Assuming, dear reader, that you are not tired of Sardinia, or out of conceit with those dear wild creatures who inhabit it, I propose to take you across the island to Cagliari. You go by rough paths, over lofty mountains, attended by a guide who is quite a character. He carries a long rifle, and wears a slouched hat; is acquainted with everything and everybody; he is an intimate friend of the terrible bandit, whose stronghold you have to cross; he is on most affectionate terms with the padres of the different villages; and to know the village priest, is to know everybody. Well, you must trust yourself—horse and limb, money and all—to him for the next few days or weeks, and he will not fail you; he may just courteously cheat you out of a stray scudo or two, in the way of business—first, because you are an Englishman, and, of course, supposed to have mines of wealth; and, next, because you are a heretic—so the saints would only smile on the fault. Beyond this, he will do nothing to harm you: on the contrary, at each village, as he passes along, he will spread your name and fame before you, so that there will be a positive rush to catch a passing glimpse of the grand 'Milordo Inglese'—not that they have the smallest idea of what a Milordo Inglese really means—a 'Inca of Peru' would be quite as intelligible to them. Meanwhile, there is at this season—end of May or beginning of June—a lovely sky, a country teeming with a varied and most abundant vegetation, not perhaps highly cultivated, but tilled

in a simple and primitive manner. The vineyards are especially luxuriant—no wonder that the wines of the island are so superior to those of Italy—the olive-grounds extensive and productive; and then the orange-groves—you realise the garden of the Hesperides at Millis, and positively ride for miles through an orange-grove. But we are travelling too fast: we must halt long enough before getting to Millis; and how pleasant it is to watch the unpacking of those huge *bisacce*: a piece of roast wild boar—excellent!—birds boiled and rolled in myrtle-leaves—Umph! you say. Ah, they don't look so well as they taste! Very white bread, and very red wine—green myrtle-branches for dishes and plates, and cut myrtle-twigs for forks—a hunting-knife to carve with. But the sun is very hot, and you can take a siesta under these lovely trees—on that sweet bank of wild-flowers, without any fear of cold, cramp, or rheumatism. And what wild villages you pass through—some smiling, cheerful, healthy; others squalid, dirty. Alas, alas; and here, in these low, ill-drained situations, will presently come the dreaded *intemperio*, the scourge of this beautiful land. The season is early yet; you will, I hope, escape it; but see how your guide muffles up his head at sunset in the hood of his rugged *cabanedda*, surmounting the whole with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief. He has had it once, and dreads it. You laugh at his precautions. Take care! And now you wonder where you will halt at night, for *locandis* there are few. You need have no care for this in hospitable, kindly Sardinia, only you must not always carry your ideas of fastidious refinement with you; they will occasionally cause you trouble and vexation of spirit.

The kindly dwelling of a *coltatore* or a village priest, with its simple and unpretending appliances, will be ever ready to welcome you; and what an amusing compound of extreme goodness, ignorance, and superstition is this same village priest. Like his native *molentis*, how carefully does he revolve in his little orbit of daily duties, doling out his kindnesses; ay, and his charities and hospitalities also, on the miserable pittance assigned him for the cure of souls. He will give you a marvellously good supper, good wine, and perhaps a good joke too, for they are not ascetics; but then, after supper comes bed, and with beds in Sardinia come fleas also—not in pairs, dear reader, not even in small social parties—alas, no; these sanguinary little monsters, form themselves into heavy brigades, and make the attack *en masse*.

But you have a letter of introduction to the Seigneur of —; your guide has been long descending on the grandeur of his house at Sassari, and also of his *campagna*, which you are now rapidly approaching. You have for many hours been within his feudal domain.

You, somehow, can connect feudalism only with the middle ages; but here, in this far-off, antiquated, out-of-the-way land, you are in the very midst of it. The impression on your mind, drawn from the vivid picturing of the old priest last night, and of the guide all the morning, falls sadly short, as you behold the large tumble-down, queer-looking building, which for some centuries has from time to time received within its walls the successive representatives of the F— family during the hot summer months. You have a recent and very vivid recollection of fine English country-seats, and pretty country villas in England, with their smooth lawns, and all their elegant accessories, and are not prepared for such a combination of power, pride, and plainness. We must go first into the court—see the rough sheds for still rougher implements of tillage; the unsophisticated stable, tolerably furnished with snorting and kicking little horses; and the noble-looking, pale-brown, large-eyed, large-horned bullocks, which drew hither the cart

containing the signora, the young ladies, and their female attendants, but three days ago. There, under yonder shed, is the *ne plus ultra* of antique and clumsy contrivances, in which they were dragged—one can hardly say drawn—over stones as large as your head, jolting, creaking, and tumbling; and sadly bruised they would have been, but for the family supply of wool-bedding which wedged them softly and tightly in.

But the guide has announced you with every flourishing title his inventive brain could suggest; it is in vain that your English taste for truth rebels; he has you at his mercy, and you have no chance of convincing him that you are not the Lord Chancellor, or her Majesty's prime-minister, travelling *incog.* on her Majesty's private service.

Forth come a troop of clamorous dogs, and another troop of equally clamorous domestics, the very antipodes of our solemn and decorous Johns and Sarahs; and there, somewhere in the midst, stands the seigneur himself, hat in hand. He has a kind and courtly look; one may read his Spanish descent in every line of his high-bred features. There is pride, too; but not of that quality which degenerates into insufferable insolence. No; he estimates himself somewhat highly, perhaps; but in doing so, he has no desire to depreciate you. He is delighted to receive you, and he tells you so—your advent is an immense relief to the monotony of his country-life.

I may just whisper in your ear, *en passant*, that he has very few resources—the idea of reading has not struck him particularly; he has practised it but little since he left the Jesuit's College at Cagliari; he delights in the wild-boar hunt, and takes great interest in the success of his vineyards and olive-grounds, from the produce of which, and the mulct exacted from his feudars, his income is principally derived. Well, the seigneur triumphantly ushers you into his ancestral *casa di campagna*. There are many apartments, furnished with extreme simplicity. It is plain, the *villeggiatura* is a sort of encampment. The seigneur gives some orders to the domestic throng who buzz and clatter about him; some macaroni and tomatoes are drawn forth from an ancient-looking walnut-wood *armadio* in the principal *sala*, and, after much chattering and gesticulating, hauled away to be cooked. Meanwhile, you are courteously offered some fruit and wine, by way of temporary refreshment; after which you stroll out to look after your good little horse, in whose well-being you feel by this time intensely interested—his sure-footed sagacity having spared you many a terrible fall—and you begin to regard him as a thinking and reasoning being. After many mutual caresses, you take your leave of him to lounge round the *campagna*, which you find a perfect labyrinth of orange, lemon, and mulberry trees, though with open spots here and there adorned with a few flowers, wildly scattered, and but carelessly tended. Your English notions of smooth lawns and gay parterres vividly suggest themselves; you wonder that something of the kind has not been thought of here, where nature is so bountiful; you wonder, too, whether the pretty, dark-eyed, sylph-like *damiella*, of whom you accidentally caught a glimpse at an upper balcony, does not love flowers; and, if so, why she does not amuse herself by tending the graceful things she so much resembles.

And now you are rather anxious perhaps to stray beneath that magic balcony, for you fancy you heard the lovely arietta in *Anna Bolena*—

Al dolce quidami,
Castel natio,
Al verdi platani,
Al queto rio, &c.,

in the softest and fullest of female voices.

But here comes the marchese again, bringing along with him a priest, a certain Padre Benedetto, to whom you have no particular care to be introduced. The priest, like many other Sard. priests, has large broad features, high cheek-bones, round bead-like black eyes, and peculiarly dark unctuous complexion: he takes snuff prodigiously, uses a red cotton handkerchief—makes you a bow and a compliment at every third word. You consider him decidedly a bore, and his loquacity is becoming intolerably irksome, as you wish to hear the remainder of the lovely arietta, now in full progress—you, in self-defence, make bows and interjections in return, still straining your ears to catch the dulcet sounds; and just at

Cota dimentico,
De corsi affanni,

there comes an official, the *maggior duomo*; he makes bows more profound than the padre, and in flourishing terms, and with many allusions to your *signoria illustrissima*, announces dinner. Dinner—it has an imposing sound, it is an era in the day, especially in the travelling day—it is the rest for man and horse during the noontide heat. Let us see what the marchese has for dinner. The table is laid in approved style: there is a tower of luscious fruit in the centre; little appetite-exciting condiments at the corners, such as anchovies, hot pickles, dried sausages, &c. These are barely touched, for here comes the *minestra* with its grated cheese—not soup, dear reader, good or bad as you are accustomed to meet with it—for *minestra* is broth flavoured with grated cheese, and slightly thickened with vermicelli. And now come a host of dishes, all different in taste, but all composed of one kind of meat.

This, you would never have discovered, had it not been for the over-anxiety of your host, who laments in fervid tones the total absence of game, fish, and poultry; tells you that had he had the smallest hint of your visit, he would certainly have procured them; but he has not hunted since his arrival; and there is not a market within—I dare not say how many miles—not a shop: so he had no time—no opportunity.

The secret, therefore, is, that out of the sheep killed for family use, some additional dishes have been concocted, much to the honour and glory of the marchese's *chef de cuisine*, who, no doubt, is all this time secretly rejoicing at this opportunity of making a signal display of his culinary skill. And really—barring a rather generous expenditure in the matter of oil and garlic—you are very much of his opinion. Meanwhile, as the repast progresses, you become nervously curious as to the sounds in the house; you expect each time any of the huge doors are opened, to see the houri of the balcony; but she comes not, so you give her up in silent despair. You are not aware that some fragments of old Spanish customs yet linger here, and that this is one: you will not see her here; you might probably see her at church when in the capital; or on the public walk, well attended by a matronly duenna, or just possibly at the opera; but she is well watched and guarded: most likely, she is betrothed to some neighbouring marchese, and will shortly be united to him without much consultation of her individual fancies.

In the meanwhile—and as you are brooding over your disappointment—on speeds the dinner. Some apricots, lightly fried in boiling oil, and dusted over with sugar, are really exquisite. You testify your approval, whereupon the domestic who is replenishing your plate is enchanted, and loudly commends your taste. You, accustomed to liveried automatons of the Jeames style, are perfectly thunderstruck at his audacity, but perceive that it is perfectly well received. And now the little tower of fruit is attacked; and very excellent coffee and cognac

supersede the wines, which were superlative. The padre, after a very elaborate application of the orange-wood *stecche* to his very unpolished teeth, has subsided into a quiet siesta, from which he will not awake for two good hours. The marchese is hovering between politeness and intense drowsiness; he has strained his eyes three times to make you a suitable reply to an observation; and at length—just as he tried to remark to you that he had heard at Terra Firma that England was a magnificent city—his words died away in a deep sonorous snore, to which, induced by example, you yourself at length willingly respond. So now, again, I say for the present, *addios*.

MORE BIRDS AS OBSERVED BY ME.

IN Peeblesshire, amongst the green rounded hills of the south of Scotland, is the sweetly retired pastoral Vale of Manor, permeated by a little clear stream, in which it was my delight in school-days to throw my rod and line. I could tell every pool where a trout lay. But I advert to the stream now with a design of saying a little about the water-ouzel or water-crow, which I was wont to observe while engaged in this, my favourite sport. It is a little bird, rather smaller than a mavis, black all over the body except its breast, which is white. It is easily made out by this contrast of colours. Sometimes it was met with perched upon a stone in the middle of the stream; sometimes on the gravel at the very edge; and often flying past, over the centre of the water. There were still two other retreats chosen by this bird—a hole in the bank, or one of the lowest branches of some alder-tree which grew over deep pools.

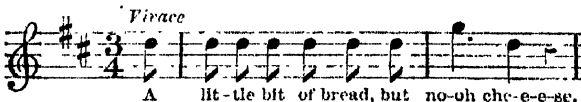
On being disturbed by any one walking up the river-bank, the water-crow, on rising, as frequently flies down-stream past you, as away up-stream before you. It is not a very shy bird, and, though I should have been sorry to have killed one, still I could not resist having many a shot with stones, as it went whirring over the water in its straight, rapid flight. I never hit one. If you take the trouble of watching the habits of this little bird, you will find the following remarks true: I have observed it carefully before venturing to write about it, and of course I know too, that others have written about it long ago. 1. When standing on a stone in the middle of the water, it has a habit of nodding its head and threatening to be off many times, before it opens its wings to be gone; it even partly loses its balance when dip, dipping in this way, though it always recovers itself again. 2. When standing thus, it, for the most part, keeps its head towards you, and more frequently its side than its back. When started, it prefers making the turn in the air, to simply turning itself on the stone—that is to say, if it intends flying from you; but I have as often observed it leave the stone, dive under water for an instant, and then fly past you. If there are companions with you, the water-crow will often quit the course of the stream in its flight past; but when it has flown about a hundred yards, it resumes the water-course, and alights soon: half a circle is often flown over in this way. Sometimes it will do this for a single person even. 3. The water-crow feeds on aquatic insects, the spawn of salmon, &c.; and to get at this food, it dives usually in the streams, and propels itself under water by its wings and feet. This is a strange habit, and gave me much amusement, though it was only upon two occasions I was witness of the fact. It was looking after those small larvæ of the may-fly which are to be seen in great numbers cased all over with minute stones and shells. These tiny creatures form the chief food of the bird in May and June, and make capital bait for

trout as well. I once found a nest with three small white eggs under a cascade on the Pentland Hills. While I was standing by the fall, a water-crow burst through it from the inside, and flew fifty yards down the burn, where it alighted. I waded in and got under the water-fall, where I discovered the nest on a shelf of rock, with water dripping on it; the construction of the nest, however, was so ingenious, that though wet outside, the inside was quite dry, and the eggs warm. When I was putting on my shoes and stockings on the bank, the bird returned, and again darting through the torrent, reached its nest. I thought this shewed great courage. These are the only points regarding the water-crow worth noticing, that I can remember.

Of all the birds which help to add to one's enjoyment of summer-time, the one I fancied most was the yellow-hammer, or, as we called it, the yellow-yorlin. This is a simple little bird, and has a song apt to be unnoticed by many, but never by me. I may remark that I have recognised the seasons, spring and summer, not so much from their visible phenomena, as from the songs of birds calling up the association. And summer was not summer for me, unless the yellow-yorlin churned her simple roundelay from the green hedgerows.

I have often thought that the seasons are ushered in to almost every one by some little favourite association. Thus, spring to you is perhaps not spring without violets, or primroses, or budding trees; for me, the song of the lark, the mavis, the cuckoo—is spring. Flowers are your spring—birds are mine. The same with summer: you cannot think of that season—the word itself cannot be sounded, without your calling up something summer-like, such as green leaves or shady lanes. I see summer at any other time in the year, by thinking of the yellow-yorlin; for the song of that bird has always had the feel of that warm season.

If the weather is warm and genial, the song of this bird is sure to be in full measure. Its favourite position is on the top of some hedgerow, where it appears very like a brownish-yellow ball of feathers. The notes begin suddenly and end in a prolonged cadence, something like the following words, familiar to many a school-boy:



If the day happens to be chilly, the yellow-yorlin's notes reach only as far as

A little bit of bread, but no-oh —

with a sudden break-off before coming to the cheese; and if she is not at all in singing mood, she is longer in the intervals, and then contents herself with simply

A little bit of bread.

In cold weather, these notes are sung sharply and quickly, with a kind of shiver; but when enjoying the full meridian sun, she will sit on her favourite hedgetop for an hour at a time, sounding to her mate, as often as once or twice a minute, her plaintive calls for

A little bit of bread, but no-oh cheese.

This fancy about the yellow-yorlin must have often struck many a one; for though its sweet notes may be uttered in vain for many a passer-by, still I know there must be those who have felt the warm ditty strike home, like cheerful words from an old friend. Besides, it so often sits by the roadsides.

I must just add that this little favourite's petitions

for bread in summer-time so many times repeated *then*, were not forgotten when winter came round; for it always came in for a share of the crumbs scattered from the cottage-door.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XCIII.—DEVILS OR ANGELS?

Was I enduring the torments of the future world? Were those its fiends that grinned and gibbered around me?

See! they scatter and fall back! Some one approaches, who can command them. Pluto himself? No, it is a woman. A woman here? it is Proserpine?

If a woman, surely *she* will have mercy upon me? Vain hope! there is no mercy in hell. Oh, my brain! horror, horror!

There *are* women—these are women—they look not fiends; no, they are angels. Would they were angels of mercy!

But they are. See! one interferes with the fire. With her foot, she dashes it back, scattering the fagots in furious haste. Who is she?

If I were alive, I should call her Haj-Ewa; but dead, it must be her spirit below.

There is another; ha! another, younger and fairer. If they be angels, this must be the loveliest in heaven. It is the spirit of Maimee!

How comes she in this horrid place—among fiends? It is not the abode for her: she had no crime that should send her here.

Where am I? Have I been dreaming? I was on fire just now—only my brain it was that was burning; my body was cold enough. Where am I?

Who are you that stand over me, pouring coolness upon my head? Are you not Haj-Ewa, the mad queen?

Whose soft fingers are those I feel playing upon my temples? Oh, the exquisite pleasure imparted by their touch! Bend down, that I may look upon your face, and thank you—Maimee! Maimee!

I was not dead. I lived. I was saved. It was Haj-Ewa, and not her spirit, that poured water over me; it was Maimee herself whose beautiful brilliant eyes were looking into mine; no wonder I had believed it to be an angel.

'Carajo!' sounded a voice that appeared hoarse with rage. 'Remove those women!—pile back the fires. Away, mad queen! Go back to your tribe! these my captives—your chief no claim. *Currambo!* you no interfere. Pile back the fires!'

'Yamassees!' cried Haj-Ewa, advancing towards the Indians, 'obey him not! If you do, dread the wrath of Wykomé! His spirit will be angry, and follow you in vengeance. Wherever you go, the *chitta mico* will be on your path, its rattle in your ears. It will bite your heel as you wander in the woods. Thou king of the serpents, speak I not truth?'

As she uttered the interrogatory, she raised the rattle-snake in her hands, holding it so that it might be distinctly seen by those whom she addressed. At that instant, the reptile hissed, accompanying the sibilation with a sharp 'skirr' of its tail.

Who could doubt that it was an answer in the affirmative? Not the Yamassees, who stood awe-bound and trembling in the presence of the mighty sorceress.

'And you, black runaways and renegades, who have no god, and fear not Wykomé, dare to rebuild the fire—dare to lift one fagot—and you shall take the place of your captives. A greater than you yellow monster your chief will soon be on the ground. Ho! yonder the Rising Sun! He comes! he comes!'

As she ceased speaking, the hoof-strokes of a horse echoed through the glade, and a hundred voices simultaneously raised the shout:

'Oceola! Oceola!'

That cry was grateful to my ears. Though already rescued, I had begun to fear it might prove only a short reprieve. Our delivery from death, was still far from certain; our advocates were but weak women; the mulatto king, backed by his ferocious followers, would scarcely have yielded to their demands. Alike disregarded would have been their threats and entreaties. The fires would have been rekindled, and the execution carried on to its end.

In all probability, this would have been the event, had not Oceola in good time arrived upon the ground.

His appearance, and the sound of his voice, at once reassured me. Under his protection, we had nothing more to fear, and a soft voice whispered in my ear that he came as our *deliverer*.

His errand was soon made manifest. He drew bridle, and halted near the middle of the camp, directly in front of us. I saw him dismount from his fine black horse—like himself, splendidly caparisoned. Handing the reins to a bystander, he came walking towards us. His port was superb; his costume brilliantly picturesque; and once more I beheld those three ostrich plumes—the real ones—that had so often mocked in my suspicious fancy.

When near the spot, he stopped, and gazed inquiringly towards us. He might have smiled at our absurd situation, but his countenance betrayed no signs of levity; on the contrary, it was serious and sympathetic. I fancied it was sad.

For some moments, he stood in a fixed attitude, without saying a word.

His eyes wandered from one to the other—my fellow-victim and myself—as if endeavouring to distinguish us. No easy task. Smoke, sweat, and ashes must have rendered us extremely alike, and both difficult of identification.

At this moment, Maimee glided up to him, and whispered a word in his ear; then returning again, she knelt over me, and chafed my temples with her soft hands.

With the exception of the young chief himself, no one heard what his sister had said. Upon *him* her words appeared to produce an instantaneous effect. A change passed over his countenance; the look of sadness gave place to one of furious wrath; and turning suddenly to the yellow king, he hissed out the word 'Fiend!'

For some seconds, he spoke no more; but stood glaring upon the mulatto, as though he would annihilate him by his look.

The latter quailed under the conquering glance, and trembled like a leaf, but made no answer.

'Fiend and villain!' continued Oceola, without changing either tone or attitude, 'is this the way you have carried out my orders? Are these the captives I commanded you to take? Vile runaway of a slave! who authorised you to inflict the fiery torture? Who taught you? Not the Seminole, whose name you have adopted and disgraced. By the spirit of Wykomé! but that I have sworn never to torture a foe, I should place you where these now stand, and burn your body to ashes. From my sight; begone! No; stay where you are. On second thoughts, I may need you.'

And with this odd ending to his speech, the young chief turned upon his heel, and came walking towards us.

The mulatto did not vouchsafe a reply, though his looks were full of vengeance. Once during the infliction, I thought I noticed him turn his eyes towards his ferocious followers, as if to invoke their interference.

But these knew that Oceola was not alone. As

he came up, the trampling of a large troop had been heard; and it was evident that his warriors were in the woods not far distant. A single *Yo-ho-eh-ee*, in the well-known voice of their chief, would have brought them upon the ground before its echoes had died.

The yellow king seemed himself to be aware of their proximity; hence it was that he replied not. A word at that moment might have proved his last; and, with a sulky frown upon his face, he remained silent.

'Release them!' said Ogeola, addressing the *ci devant* diggers; 'and be careful how you handle your spades. Randolph!' he continued, bending over me, 'I fear I have scarcely been in time. I was far off when I heard of this, and have ridden hard. You have been wounded; are you badly hurt?'

I attempted to express my gratitude, and assure him I was not much injured; but my voice was so weak and hoarse as to be hardly intelligible. It grew stronger, however, as those fair fingers administered the refreshing draught, and we were soon conversing freely.

Both of us were quickly 'unearthed;' and, with free limbs, stood once more upon open ground.

My first thoughts were to rush towards my sister, when, to my surprise, I was restrained by the chief.

'Patience!' said he; 'not yet—not yet. Maïnce will go and assure her of your safety. See, she knows it already! Go, Maïnce! Tell Miss Randolph, her brother is safe, and will come presently; but she must remain where she is—for a little while. Go, sister, and cheer her.'

Turning to me, he added in a whisper:

'She has been placed yonder for a purpose; you shall see. Come with me; I shall show you a spectacle that may astonish you. There is not a moment to be lost. I hear the signal from my spies. A minute more, and we are too late. Come—come!'

Without opposing a word, I hastened after the chief, who walked rapidly towards the nearest edge of the woods.

He entered the timber, but went no further. When fairly under cover of the thick foliage, he stopped, turned round, and stood facing towards the spot we had left.

Obedient to a sign, I imitated his example.

CHAPTER XCIV.

THE END OF ARENS RINGGOLD.

I had not the slightest idea of the chief's intention, or what was the nature of the spectacle I had been promised.

Somewhat impatient, I questioned him.

'A new way of winning a mistress,' said he with a smile.

'But who is the lover? who to be the mistress?'

'Patience, Randolph, and you shall see. Oh, it is a rare experiment, a most cunning farce, and would be laughable, were it not for the tragedy that accompanies it. You shall see. But for a faithful friend, I should not have known of it, and would not have been here to witness it. For my presence and your life, as it now appears—more still, perhaps—the honour of your sister—you are indebted to Ilaj-Ewa.'

'Noble woman!'

'Hist! they are near; I hear the tread of hoofs. One, two, three. Yes, it must be they; yes, yonder—see!'

I looked in the direction pointed out. A small party of horsemen, half-a-dozen in all, was seen emerging from the timber, and riding with a burst into the open ground. As soon as they were fairly uncovered, they spurred their horses to a gallop, and with loud yells, dashed rapidly into the midst of the camp. On reaching this point, they fired their pieces—apparently

into the air—and then continuing their shouts, rode on towards the opposite side.

I saw that they were white men. This surprised me; but what astonished me still more was that I knew them—at least I knew their faces, and recognised the men as some of the most worthless scamps of our own settlement. But a third surprise awaited me, on looking more narrowly at their leader. Him I knew well. Again it was Arens Ringgold!

I had not time to recover from this third surprise, when still a fourth was before me. The men of the camp—both negroes and Yamassees—appeared terrified at this puny attack, and scattering off, hid themselves in the bushes. They yelled loudly enough, and some fired their guns as they retreated, but like the attacking party, their shots appeared to be discharged into the air!

Mystery of mysteries! what could it mean?

I was about to inquire once more, when I observed that my companion was occupied with his own affairs, and evidently did not desire to be disturbed. I saw that he was looking to his rifle, as if examining the sights.

Glancing back into the glade, I perceived that Ringgold had advanced close to where my sister was seated, and was just halting in front of the group. I heard him address her by name, and pronounce some phrase of congratulation. He appeared about to dismount, with the design of approaching her on foot, while his men, still upon horseback, were galloping through the camp, huzza'ing fiercely, and firing their pistols in the air.

'His hour is come,' muttered Ogeola, as he glided past me—'a fate deserved and long delayed; it has come at last;' and with these words, he stepped forth into the open ground.

I saw him raise his piece to the level with the muzzle pointed towards Ringgold, and the instant after, the report rang over the camp. The shrill *Ca-ha-queen* pealed from his lips as the planter's horse sprang forward with an empty saddle, and the rider himself was seen struggling upon the grass.

His followers uttered a terrified cry; and with fear and astonishment depicted in their looks, galloped back into the bushes—without even waiting to exchange a word with their wounded leader, or a shot with the man who had wounded him.

'My aim has not been true,' said Ogeola, with singular coolness; 'he still lives. I have received much wrong from him and his—ay, very much wrong—or I might spare his wretched life. But no; my vow must be kept; he must die!'

As he said this, he rushed after Ringgold, who had regained his feet, and was making towards the bushes, as if with a hope of escape.

A wild scream came from the terrified wretch as he saw the avenger at his heels. It was the last time that voice was ever heard.

In a few bounds, Ogeola was by his side—the long blade glittered for an instant in the air; and the downward blow was given so rapidly, that the stroke could scarcely be perceived.

The blow was instantaneously fatal. The knees of the wounded man suddenly bent beneath him, and he sank lifeless on the spot where he had been struck—his body after death remaining doubled up as it had fallen.

'The fourth and last of my enemies,' said Ogeola, as he returned to where I stood; 'the last of those who deserved my vengeance, and against whom I had vowed it.'

'Scott?' I inquired.

'He was the third: he was killed yesterday, and by this hand.'

'Hitherto,' he continued after a moment's silence, 'I have fought for revenge: I have had it. I have

slain many of your people. I have had full satisfaction; and henceforth'—

The speaker made a long pause.

'Henceforth?' I mechanically inquired.

'I care but little *how soon they kill me.*'

As Ogeola uttered these strange words, he sank down upon a prostrate trunk, covering his face with his hands. I saw that he did not expect a reply.

There was a sadness in his tone, as though some deep sorrow lay upon his heart, that could neither be controlled nor comforted. I had noticed it before; and, thinking he would rather be left to himself, I walked silently away.

A few moments after, I held my dear sister in my arms, while Jake was comforting Viola in his black embrace.

His old rival was no longer near. During the sham attack, he had imitated his followers, and disappeared from the field; but, though most of the latter soon returned, when sought for, the yellow king was not to be found in the camp.

His absence roused the suspicions of Ogeola, who was now once more in action. By a signal, his warriors were summoned, and came galloping up. Several were instantly despatched in search of the missing chief; but after a while, these came back without having found any traces of him.

One only seemed to have discovered a clue to his disappearance. The following of Ringgold consisted of only five men. The Indian had gone for some distance along the path by which they had retreated. Instead of five, there were six sets of horse-tracks upon their trail.

The report appeared to produce an unpleasant impression upon the mind of Ogeola. Fresh scouts were sent forth, with orders to bring back the mulatto, *living or dead.*

The stern command proved that there were strong doubts about the fealty of the yellow chief, and the warriors of Ogeola appeared to share the suspicions of their leader. The patriot party had suffered from defections of late. Some of the smaller clans, wearied of fighting, and wasted by a long season of famine, had followed the example of the tribe Omatla, and delivered themselves up at the fort. Though, in the battles hitherto fought, the Indians had generally been successful, they knew that their white foemen far outnumbered them, and that in the end the latter must triumph. The spirit of revenge, for wrongs long endured, had stimulated them at the first; but they had obtained full measure of vengeance, and were content. Love of country—attachment to their old homes—mere patriotism was now balanced against the dread of almost complete annihilation. The latter weighed heaviest in the scale.

The war-spirit was no longer in the ascendant. Perhaps, at this time, had overtures of peace been made, the Indians would have laid down their arms, and consented to the removal. Even Ogeola could scarcely have prevented their acceptance of the conditions; and it was doubtful whether he would have made the attempt. Gifted with genius, with full knowledge of the strength and character of his enemy, he must have foreseen the disasters that were yet to befall his followers and his nation. It could not be otherwise.

Was it a gloomy forecast of the future that imparted to him that melancholy air, now so observable both in his words and acts? Was it this, or was there a still deeper sorrow—the anguish of a hopeless passion—the drear heart longing for a love he might never hope to obtain?

To me, it was a moment of strong emotion, as the young chief approached the spot where my sister was seated. Even then was I the victim of unhappy suspicions; and with eager scrutiny, I scanned the countenances of both as they met.

Surely, I was wronging both. On neither could I detect a trace of aught that should give me uneasiness. The bearing of the chief was simply gallant and respectful. The looks of my sister were but the expressions of a fervent gratitude.

Ogeola spoke first:

'I have to ask your forgiveness, Miss Randolph, for the scene you have been forced to witness; but I could not permit this man to escape. Lady! he was your greatest enemy, as he has been ours. Through the co-operation of the mulatto, he had planned this ingenious deception, with the design of inducing you to become his wife; but failing in this, the mask would have been thrown off, and you—I need not give word to his foul intent. It is fortunate I arrived in time.'

'Brave Ogeola!' exclaimed Virginia, 'twice have you preserved the lives of my brother and myself—more than our lives. We have neither words nor power to thank you; I can offer only this poor token to prove my gratitude.'

As she said this, she advanced towards the chief, and handed him a folded parchment, which she had drawn from her bosom.

Ogeola at once recognised the document; it was the title-deeds of his patrimonial estate.

'Thanks, thanks!' he replied, while a sad smile played upon his lips. 'It is indeed an act of disinterested friendship. Alas! it has come too late. She who so much desired to possess this precious paper—who so much longed to return to that once loved home—is no more. My mother is dead. On yesternight, her spirit passed away.'

It was news even to Maimee, who, bursting into a wild paroxysm of grief, fell upon the neck of my sister. Their arms became entwined, and both wept—their tears mingling as they fell.

There was silence, broken only by the sobbing of the girls, and at intervals the voice of Virginia, murmuring words of consolation. Ogeola himself appeared too much affected to speak.

After a while, he aroused himself from his sorrowing attitude.

'Come, Randolph!' said he, 'we must not dwell on the past, while such a doubtful future is before us. You must go back to your home, and rebuild it. You have lost only a house; your rich lands still remain, and your negroes shall be restored to you. I have given orders—they are already on the way. This is no place for her,' and he nodded towards Virginia; 'you need not stay your departure another moment. Horses are ready. I myself shall conduct you to the borders, and beyond that, you have no longer an enemy to fear.'

As he pronounced the last words, he looked significantly towards the body of the planter, still lying near the edge of the woods. I understood his meaning, but made no reply.

'And she,' I said. 'The forest is a rude home—especially in such times—may *she* go with us?'

My words had reference to Maimee.

The chief grasped my hand, and held it with earnest pressure. With joy, I beheld gratitude sparkling in his eye.

'Thanks!' he exclaimed—'thanks for that friendly offer: it was the very favour I would have asked. You speak true; the trees must shelter her no more. Randolph! I can trust you—with her life—with her honour. Take her to your home!'

CHAPTER XCV.

THE DEATH-WARNING.

The sun was going down in the west, as we took our departure from the Indian camp. For myself, I had not the slightest idea of the direction in which we

should go; but with such a guide, there was no danger of losing the way.

We were far from the settlements of the Suwanee—a long day's journey—and we did not expect to reach home before another sun should set. That night there would be moonlight—if the clouds did not hinder it—and it was our intention to travel throughout the early part of the night, and then encamp. By this means, the journey of to-morrow would be shortened.

To our guide the country was well known, and every road that led through it.

For a long distance, the route conducted through open woods, and we could all ride abreast; but the path grew narrower, and we were compelled to go by twos, or in single file. Habitually the young chief and I kept in the advance—our sisters riding close behind us. Behind these came Jake and Viola; and in the rear, half-a-dozen Indian horsemen—the body-guard of Ogeola.

I wondered he had not brought with him more of his followers, and even expressed my surprise. He made light of the danger. The soldiers, he said, knew better than to be out after night; and for that part of the country, through which we were to travel by daylight, no troops ever strayed into it. Besides, there had been no scouting of late; the weather was too hot for such work. If we met any party, they would be of his own people. From these, of course, we had nothing to fear. Since the war began, he had often travelled most of the same route alone. He appeared satisfied that there was no danger.

For my part, I was not. I knew that the path we were following must take us within a few miles of Fort King. I remembered the escape of Ringgold's crew. They were likely enough to have ridden straight to the fort, and communicated an account of the planter's death, garnished by a tale of their own brave attack upon the Indians. Among the authorities, Ringgold was no common man. A party might be organised to proceed to the camp. We were on the very road to meet them.

Another circumstance I thought of—the mysterious disappearance of the mulatto, as was supposed, in company with these men. It was enough to create suspicion. I expressed it to the chief.

'No fear,' said he, in reply; 'my trackers will be after them; they will bring me word in time. But no,' he added, hesitating, and for a moment appearing thoughtful; 'they may not get up with them before the night falls, and then— You speak true, Randolph. I have acted imprudently. I should not care for those foolish fellows; but the mulatto—that is different: he knows all the paths; and if it should be that he is turning traitor—if it— Well, we are astart now, and we must go on. You can have nothing to fear; and as for me, Ogeola never yet turned his back—and will not now—upon danger. Nay, will you believe me, Randolph, I rather seek it than otherwise?'

'Seek danger?'

'Ay—death, death!'

'Speak low: do not let them hear you say so.'

'Ah, yes!' he added, lowering his tone, and speaking in a half soliloquy; 'in truth, I long for its coming.'

The words were spoken with an emphasis that left no room to doubt of their earnestness.

Some deep melancholy had settled upon his spirit, and was preying upon it continually. What could be its cause?

I could remain silent no longer. Friendship, not curiosity, incited me. I vouchsafed the inquiry.

'You have observed it then? But not since we set out—not since you made that friendly offer? Ah, Randolph! you have rendered me happy. It

was she alone that made the prospect of death so gloomy.'

'Why speak you of death?'

'Because it is near.'

'Not to you?'

'Yes, to me. The presentiment is upon me that I have not long to live.'

'Nonsense, Powell.'

'Friend, it is true—I have my death-warning.'

'Come, Ogeola! this is unlike you. Surely you are above such vulgar fancies? I will not believe you can entertain them.'

'Think you I speak of supernatural signs? of the screech of the qua-bird, or the hooting of the midnight owl—of omens in the air, the earth, or the water? No, no; I am above such shallow superstitions. For all that, I know I must soon die. It was wrong of me to call my death-warning a presentiment—it is a physical fact that announces my approaching end—it is *here*.'

As he said this, he raised his hand, with a gesture as if to indicate the chest. I understood his melancholy meaning.

'I would rather,' he continued after a pause—'rather it had been my fate to fall upon the field of battle. True, death is not alluring in any shape, but that appears to me most preferable. I would choose it rather than linger on; nay, I have chosen it. Ten times have I thus challenged death—gone half-way to meet it—but, like a coward or a coy bride, it refuses to meet me.'

There was something almost unearthly in the laugh that accompanied these last words—a strange simile—a strange man.

I could scarcely make an effort to cheer him. In fact, he needed no cheering: he seemed happier than before. Had it not been so, my poor speech, assuring him of his robust looks, would have been words thrown away. He knew they were but the false utterance of friendship.

I had even suspected it myself. I had noticed the pallid skin—the attenuated fingers—the glassed and sunken eye. This, then, was the canker that was prostrating that noble spirit. I had assigned a far different cause.

The future fate of his sister had been the heaviest load upon his heart. He told me so as we went onward.

I need not repeat the promises I then made to him. It was not necessary they should be vows: my own happiness would hinder me from breaking them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OGEOLA'S FATE—CONCLUSION.

We were seated near the edge of the little opening where we had encamped—a pretty parterre, fragrant with the perfume of a thousand flowers. The moon was shedding down a flood of silvery light, and objects around us appeared almost as distinctly as by day. The leaves of the tall palms, the waxen flowers of the magnolias, the yellow blossoms of the *zanthoxylon* trees, could all be distinguished in the clear moonbeams.

The four of us were seated together—brothers and sisters—conversing freely as in the olden time; and the scene vividly recalled the past to us all.

But memory now produced only sad reflections, as it suggested thoughts of the future. Perhaps we four should never meet again. Gazing upon the doomed form before me, I had no heart for reminiscences of joy.

We had passed Fort King in safety—had encountered no white face—strange I should fear to meet men of my own race—and no longer had we any apprehension of danger, either from ambush or open

attack. The Indian guard, with black Jake in their midst, were near the centre of the glade, grouped by the fire, and cooking their suppers. So secure did the chieftain feel, that he had not even placed a sentinel on the path. He appeared indifferent to danger.

The night was waning late, and we were about returning to the tents—which the men had pitched for us—when a singular noise reached us from the woods! To my ears, it sounded like the surging of water, as of heavy rain or the 'sough' of distant rapids.

Ogeola interpreted it otherwise. It was the continuous 'whisking' of leaves caused by a numerous band passing through the bushes, either of men or animals.

We instantly rose to our feet, and stood listening.

The noise continued; but now we could hear the snapping of dead branches, and the metallic clinking of weapons.

It was too late to retreat. The noise came from every side. A circle of armed men was closing around the glade.

I looked towards Ogeola. I expected to see him rush to his rifle that lay near. To my surprise, he did not stir.

His few followers were already on the alert, and had hastened to his side to receive his orders. Their words and gestures declared their determination to die in his defence.

In reply to their hurried speeches, the chieftain made a sign that appeared to astonish them. The butts of their guns suddenly dropped to the ground, and the warriors stood in listless attitudes, as if they had given up the intention of using them!

'It is too late,' said Ogeola, in a calm voice—'too late! We are completely surrounded. Innocent blood might be spilled; and mine is the only life they are in search of. Let them come on; they are welcome to it now. Farewell, sister! Randolph, farewell! Farewell, Virg!'

The plaintive screams of Maimee—of Virginia—my own bursting, and no longer silent grief, drowned the voice that was uttering those wild adieus.

Clustering close to the chief, we knew not what was passing around us. Our whole attention was fixed upon him, until the shouts of men, and the loud words of command proceeding from their officers, warned us that we were in the midst of a battalion of soldiers. On looking up, we saw that we were hemmed in by a circle of men in blue uniforms, whose glancing bayonets formed a *chevaux de frise* around us.

As no resistance was offered, not a shot had been fired; and save the shouting of men and the ringing of steel, no other sounds were heard.

Shots were fired afterwards, but not to kill. It was a *feu-de-joie* to celebrate the success of this important capture.

The capture was soon complete. Ogeola, held by two men, stood in the midst of his pale-faced foes—a prisoner.

His followers were also secured; and the soldiers fell back into a more extended line—enclosing the captives in their midst.

At this moment a man appeared in front of the ranks, and near to where the prisoners were standing. He was in conversation with the officer who commanded. His dress bespoke him an Indian; but his yellow face contradicted the supposition. His head was turbaned, and three black plumes drooped over his brow. There was no mistaking the man:

The sight was maddening. It restored all his fierce energy to the Seminole chief; and, flinging aside the soldiers as if they had been children, he sprang forth from their grasp, and bounded towards the yellow man.

Fortunate for the latter, Ogeola was unarmed. He had no weapon left him—neither pistol nor knife; and, while wringing his bayonet from the gun of a soldier, the traitor found time to escape.

The chief uttered a groan, as he saw the miscreant pass through the scerried line, and stand secure beyond the reach of his vengeance.

It was but a fancied security on the part of the renegade. His death had been decreed, though it reached him from an unexpected quarter.

As he stood outside, and facing toward the captives, a dark form was seen gliding up from behind. It was that of a woman—a majestic woman—whose grand beauty was visible even in the moonlight, though no one saw either her or her beauty. The prisoners alone were fronting towards her, and observed her approach.

It was a scene of only a few seconds' duration. The woman stole close up to the mulatto, and for a moment her arms appeared entwined around his neck.

There was the sheen of some object that in the moonlight gleamed like metal. It was a living weapon—it was the dread *crotales*.

The rattle could be heard distinctly; and close following rose a wild cry of terror as its victim felt the cold contact of the reptile around his neck, and its sharp fangs entering his flesh.

The woman was seen suddenly to withdraw the serpent; and holding its glistening body over her head, she cried aloud:

'Grieve not, Ogeola—thou art avenged! avenged! the chittamico has avenged you.'

Saying this, the woman glided rapidly away; and before the astonished listeners could cut off her retreat, she had entered among the bushes, and disappeared.

The horror-struck mulatto staggered over the ground, pale and terrified, his eyes almost starting from their sockets. Men gathered around, and endeavoured to administer remedies. Gunpowder and tobacco were tried; but no one knew the simples that would cure him.

It proved his death-wound; and before another sun went down, he had ceased to live.

* * * *

With Ogeola's capture the war did not cease—though I bore no further part in it—neither did it end with his death, which followed a few weeks after. Not by court-martial execution did he die—for he was no rebel, and could claim the privilege of a prisoner of war—but of that disease which he knew had long doomed him. Captivity may have hastened the event. His proud spirit sank under confinement, and with it the noble frame in which it was enshrined.

Friends and enemies stood around him in his last hour, and listened to his dying words. Both alike wept. In that chamber of death, there was not a tearless cheek; and many a soldier's eye was moist as he listened to the muffled drum that made music over the grave of the noble Ogeola.

* * * *

After all, it proved to be the jovial captain who had won the heart of my capricious sister. It was long before I discovered their secret, which let light in upon a maze of mysteries; and I was so spited about their having concealed it from me, that I almost refused to share the plantation with them.

When I did so, at length—under threat of Virginia—not her solicitor—I kept what I considered the better half for myself and Maimee.

The old homestead remained ours, and a new home soon appeared upon it—a fitting casket for the jewel it was destined to contain.

I had still an out-plantation to spare—the fine old Spanish clearing on the Tupelo creek. I wanted a

man to manage it, or rather a 'man and wife of good character, without incumbrances.'

And for this purpose, who could have been better than Black Jake and Viola—since they completely answered the above conditions?

I had another freehold at my disposal—a very small one. It was situated by the edge of the swamp, and consisted of a log-cabin, with the most circumscribed of all 'clearings' around it. But this was already in possession of a tenant whom—although he paid me no rent—I would not have ejected for the world. He was an old alligator-hunter of the name of Hickman.

Another of like 'kidney'—Weatherford by name—lived near on an adjoining plantation; but the two were oftener together than apart.

Both had suffered a good deal of rough handling in their time—from the claws of 'bars,' the jaws and tails of alligators, and the tomahawks of Indians. When together, or among friends, they delighted to narrate their hairbreadth escapes; and both were often heard to declare that the 'toughest scrape they ever kumm'd clar out o' war a burnin' forest o' dog-goned broom-pines, an' about ten thousand red Indyuns aroun' them.'

They did come clear out of this scrape, however, and lived long after to tell the tale with many a fanciful exaggeration.

END OF OYOLA.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE sessions of the learned and scientific societies are over; philosophers and savans, in common with under-graduates, are dispersing for 'the long;' and, except at the British Association meeting at Leeds in September next, science will not have much to say for herself before next November. The Fellows of the Royal Society have something to occupy their thoughts with during the vacation—namely, a new president. Lord Wrottesley, the actual president—a well-known astronomer, and excellent man of business—has announced his intention to resign the chair at the Society's anniversary, next St Andrew's Day. This announcement has been made the occasion of appeals to the Fellows—in some instances, more wordy than wise—to lay aside flunkeyism, tuft-hunting, and so forth, and to ask why Mr Faraday should not be chosen. As it happens, Mr Faraday was asked to allow himself to be put in nomination; but, as those who know him best anticipated, he declined the honour. Sir Benjamin Brodie was next applied to; he has given his consent; and there is every reason to believe that he will be elected president when the time comes. The right course for the Royal Society, as well as for other people, is to do that which is best and wisest, without regard to what the world may think thereof.

Of things exhibited at the soirées of certain scientific societies, some are well worthy of remark, as, for example, the large collection of water-colour landscapes painted by Mr Atkinson during his long travel in *Oriental and Western Siberia*. To most persons, the vast country in question is but a name, a patch on a map; but these views present it to the eye with its extraordinary characteristics of river, rock and mountain, and sky of marvellous splendour. And in that remote land, Russia is now developing her resources to the utmost, even to the borders of India and China. Other things which surprised all who saw them, were the products of Burmese naphtha, or Rangoon tar, as it is called commercially. Some account of this tar was communicated to the Royal Society, last year, by Mr Warren de la Rue, shewing

it to be rich in materials for the chemist; and since then, by diligent researches, most satisfactory results have been obtained. As Mr Barlow explained, in a lecture at the Royal Institution, the practical results have been worked out in the laboratory at Price's celebrated candle-factory at Vauxhall; and what these are was shown by the specimens exhibited. Out of that black tar, the chemist extracts *Belmontine*, a beautiful wax-like substance, of which candles are made so brilliant and transparent that wax appears dull in comparison. Three qualities of oil are also obtained; one resembling gin in appearance when seen in a flask, burning with a brilliant flame, and ignitable only with a wick—hence no danger of explosion; and two, brown in colour, useful for machinery and spindles, and with the advantage that they produce none of the corrosive effects on metal produced by other oils, for they are not decomposable into an acid. Then there is a detergent fluid that removes spots without staining even delicate coloured silks, to which the name of *Sherwoodole* is given; and we have seen small specimens of a splendid crimson powder got out of the wonderful tar, which, it is thought, will be much prized by dyers. And the researches are still going on, for the products are not yet all discovered. Hence we have a new import, and a new resource for industry. The Burmese dig holes in the ground near the Irawaddy, and the tar flows slowly in from the surrounding soil, and, as it accumulates, is ladled into iron tanks, and hermetically closed, to prevent the escape of the volatile matters.

A paper, by Mr Fairbairn, read before the Royal Society, contains, under the title 'On the Resistance of Tubes to Collapse,' some most important experimental results, and practical applications, which may be briefly summed up as follows: The construction of steam-boilers has not kept pace with the increased pressure to which they are now subjected. Formerly, the pressure was from ten pounds to fifteen pounds to the square inch; now, it is 150 pounds. Hence frequent explosions, with, at times, disastrous consequences. The outer shell of boilers is commonly made three or four times as strong as the internal flues, whereby the flues collapse, explode, and blow the outer shell to pieces.

The remedy is, to make of equal strength all parts of an engine or boiler acted on by the steam, so that the resistance shall be uniform.—To take care that the flues shall be perfectly cylindrical, that being the form which resists best.—To remember that the longer a flue or tube is, the less can it be depended on for strength. A tube thirty feet long is weak in comparison with one of ten feet. Hence short tubes or flues are to be preferred; but long ones may be strengthened by fitting on them rigid hoops at regular intervals, the effect of which is to render the space between any two hoops as strong as if the tube were of that length only. Another precaution is, to put the flues together, not with lap-joints, as is the usual way, but with butt-joints, covered by a ring through which the rivets are passed. Where lap-joints are used, angle-irons should be introduced to give strength.

Although these results and improved methods will be best appreciated by engineers and practical mechanics, they are important to the public at large, seeing how dependent we are on steam-boilers for travelling. If Mr Fairbairn lessens the risks of travelling, the community will have to thank him for highly meritorious service. For our part, we gladly assist, by this brief summary, in making his improvements known.

Experimental researches are assiduously kept up by the authorities at Woolwich: among the latest are those on the flight of projectiles, with a view to combine the utmost accuracy of aim with the greatest

economy of powder; and others with superheated steam in navigation which give satisfactory results, for it heightens power, accelerates speed, and lessens the consumption of coal. And something has been done in a matter which many will consider as the most important of all—namely, improved cooking for soldiers. A stove apparatus, invented by Captain Grant, bakes, boils, and stews all at once, with a saving of four-fifths of the coal required by the old method, and without stifling the kitchen by clouds of steam and disagreeable fumes. It was found that three meals for 1050 men could be cooked with 500 pounds of coal, and that there is no loss, but equal economy in cooking for a smaller number.—At Portsmouth, trials have been made of a chain portcullis, constructed after the manner of the chain-armour of the olden time, to see whether it could be depended on to keep besiegers outside of town-gates. It is made of three-eighth chain, properly linked together, and will resist the explosion of bags of powder, but gives way before cannon-balls. A notion prevails that in some circumstances the contrivance will be eminently useful—in baffling an assault, for example.

A report, favourable to the undertaking, has been received at the Admiralty from Captain Pullen, who was sent out in the *Cyclops* to sound in the Red Sea for a track for a telegraph cable. A telegraph to India is much wanted; and while the experts are debating on the merits of the Euphrates Valley or the Red Sea routes, the people are wondering why the telegraph was not laid months ago. Some imagine the delay to be owing to secret political reasons.—There is talk of a new telegraph to America, connecting England and the continent, from Hull to Cuxhaven; thence by lines already established to the Mediterranean; thence to the Azores; and so across the Atlantic. It is proposed to use sounds instead of signs, and experiments are making with different-toned bells to communicate messages.—The Portuguese government are about to establish a monthly line of steamers to trade from Lisbon to the Azores, and the west coast of Africa; and here we are led to remark, that while even minor European states carry on ocean steam-navigation successfully, the United States lines either fail or are worked at a loss. Clearly the race is not always to the swift. After all, canvas is not to be despised, seeing that the *Red Jacket* sailed from Melbourne to Liverpool in sixty-three days on her last voyage.—Sir John Pakington, with an anticipatory liberality unusual in a lord of the Admiralty, has made known to the Royal and Astronomical Societies, that a free passage will be granted on board one of Her Majesty's ships, to any English astronomer, who, being at Rio de Janeiro in September next, may wish to observe the total eclipse of the sun then to take place, from St Paul's or St Catherine's on the coast of Brazil; and that instructions will be given to the commander to render all needful assistance in setting up the instruments, and the work of observation.

Sir Charles Lyell's recent explorations of Teneriffe, Etna, and Vesuvius, have borne fruit in the shape of a paper to the Royal Society on lavas, and certain volcanic phenomena therewith connected. The subject is one in which geologists are deeply interested. Another geological matter is, the discovery of a cave in the limestone near Brixham, in Devonshire. Labourers, while digging the foundation for a cottage, broke into a cavity in the side of a hill, which, on examination, was found to lead into a cave, where, besides stalactite and stalagmite, the bones of numerous animals were discovered. Precautions have been taken to preserve the cavern from pillage, until it can be properly explored by competent geologists, a task that will not be long delayed, for the Royal Society have voted £100 from their Donation Fund

towards the cost, and the Geological Society are going to accomplish the work. It is thought that the exploration will throw new light on some of the great questions of geology. The limestone of Devonshire is rich in fossils; and Kent's Hole, near Torquay, is a well-known specimen of its caverns.—Professor Ramsay has made the geological characteristics of Canada the subject of a paper for the Geological Society, and a lecture at the Royal Institution. We mention it because it seems to define the time at which one of the great geological periods—the drift-period—closed. The great escarpment seen at Queenston and Lewiston was once a coast-line washed by the sea. This sea deposited a clay, known locally as the Leda clay; and while this deposit was going on, the falls of Niagara began to plunge over the escarpment. The falls have worn a deep gorge back through the rock for seven miles to their present site, at the rate of a mile, as geologists calculate, in 5000 years. Hence 35,000 years have elapsed since the close of the drift-period. If this calculation can be verified, 'an important step will be gained,' as Professor Ramsay observes, 'towards the actual estimate of a portion of geological time.'

There is something interesting to be said concerning physiological subjects. M. Brown-Séquard, one of the most distinguished of living physiologists, is lecturing at St Bartholomew's Hospital, and at the College of Surgeons. He is well known for laborious researches on the phenomena of the nervous system, in which he has made remarkable discoveries, especially as to the effect of incisions. In one of his lectures, he exhibited guinea-pigs which had been experimented on some months ago by cutting certain nerves; the hinder limbs became paralysed, but in time the animals recovered the power of voluntary motion, attended, however, with a very curious result—the operator could put them into a fit of epilepsy whenever he pleased. It appears that by the cutting of the nerves, the animals lose sensation except in one cheek, and if that spot be irritated, a fit is the immediate consequence. Another noticeable particular is, that the lice which infest the animals congregate on that spot, and nowhere else. Whether it be that there is more warmth, or more perspiration than on other parts of the body, is not known; at anyrate, physiologists are agreed as to the singular and suggestive nature of the phenomenon. It appears, moreover, that if the sensibility of the sensitive spot be destroyed, then the guinea-pig ceases to be liable to epilepsy. Applying this fact to human physiology, M. Brown-Séquard says that there is in the human body a spot, discoverable, as he believes, by galvanism, which, if deprived of its sensibility, would in like manner completely prevent attacks of epilepsy. These are important facts, which, while they lead to the hope that a distressing disease may be abated or altogether removed from the list of diseases, teach us that we have yet very much to learn concerning the economy of the nervous system. If M. Brown-Séquard's conclusions can be successfully worked out and applied, he will deserve a monument not less than Jenner, to whom tardy justice has at length been done by a commemorative statue among the warriors in Trafalgar Square.

We cannot forbear calling attention here to the registrar-general's last quarterly report, as it contains matters in which we are all concerned. He tells us that the number of marriages in 1857, particularly in the last quarter, was below the average. He states the total number for the year as 159,392. The births were 662,884, and the deaths 420,019. In the first quarter of the present year, the births amounted to 171,001, a greater number than any registered in any corresponding quarter. It is as if nature were zealous to make up the loss occasioned by war, when she

sends children into the world here in England at the rate of 1900 a day. Allowing for deaths, there was an actual increase of 501 daily. At the same time there has been a remarkable falling-off in emigration from the United Kingdom since the Russian war. In the first three months of 1849, the number of emigrants was 60,626; in the first three months of 1858, only 19,146.

In discussing the deaths in the first quarter of this year, numbering 125,902, the registrar tells us that out of these there were 488 every day which may properly be called 'unnatural deaths.' This is a startling conclusion; but the winter was cold, and whenever the temperature falls below forty, the death-barometer rises rapidly; and diseases of the respiratory organs become fatally prevalent. Besides, our attention is called to *diphtheria*, a new form of throat-disease, malignant in character. It is sometimes called the 'Boulogne disease,' because of so many English having suffered from it in that town; and at a time, too, when the French authorities declared it to be unusually healthy. For this disease it appears we are especially indebted to the noxious exhalations from cess-pools, sewers, gully-holes, and the like. Dr Barker has made a number of curious experiments on dogs and birds by confining them in a chamber into which air can be introduced direct from a cess-pool at pleasure. In every case the effect was hurtful, and would have been fatal if continued long enough. This, on a small scale, is but an example of what is going on in towns and cities, villages, and country mansions continually—day and night. 'A variation in the pressure of the atmosphere draws up the stinking air from the sewers, like Dr Barker's bellows.'

Who is there will not unite with the registrar, where he says: 'It is now time that this cruel experiment should cease. Last year, when no epidemic prevailed, not less than 11,795 unnatural deaths were registered in London. This was the aggregate effect of the impure airs, and of other sanitary defects. . . . The sweet odours that enter the country are taxed; and every one has witnessed the admirable zeal of Her Majesty's customs' officers in their searches for *Eau de Cologne*. If a tax could be levied upon odours of another description, bearing some proportion to the evil they do, it would be much more productive; and if it were levied through the agency of the Boards of Works in London, and the Sewers Commission elsewhere, it might be more beneficial, as they would undoubtedly find it economical to substitute fountains of rose-water for their present gully-holes.'

Among the lectures delivered before the United Service Institution—on subjects important to the army and navy—is one by Dr Guy:—'On the Sanitary Condition of the British Army, and especially on the Want of Space in Barracks.' That the mortality of our soldiers, especially of the foot-guards, should be greater than that of the civil population, he calls 'a distressing and disgraceful fact.' Chief among the causes of this mortality is overcrowding, whereby the men breathe over and over again air fouler than a horse-pond. If it could only be rendered visible, they would mutiny forthwith every man—and why not? Another cause is want of work. Idleness is fatal to longevity, as proved by returns concerning classes who are not soldiers. At the age of thirty, an agricultural labourer may expect to live forty-one and a half years longer; a nobleman, the lord of parks and broad acres, only thirty-one years. The labourer is commonly badly lodged, and poorly fed; but he works, and works every day; the nobleman rarely does anything that can be dignified with the name of work—hence he dies of ennui and self-indulgence. Dr Guy makes a list which commences with

the agricultural labourer; sailors come next; then policemen; the fire brigade; aristocrats; tailors, compositors, and clerks; draymen and licensed victuallers; and last, soldiers. It will surprise many readers to find the labourer at the head of the list, the aristocracy half-way down, and infantry at the foot. Let soldiers have more varied exercise than that of drill—let them have more air, let them do farm-work whenever possible, and play at cricket and quoits every day.

Dr Guy feels deeply on the subject, and in closing his lecture, called attention to the achievements at Balaklava, to the 'soldiers' victory' at Inkermann; to the heroic discipline on board the sinking *Birkenhead*, and the rescue of the *Sarah Sands*. 'I have paid,' he said, 'the first instalment of my debt of gratitude to the noblest and bravest army that ever rallied round the standards of a careless, indifferent, and too often ungrateful nation.'

ALL FOR A PENNY.

Among the evils which were predicted by the opponents of the 'cheap press' was this, that each inconsiderable trade would have its own weekly organ, and every parish its particular penny trumpet; but although we must accept the fact, there is no necessity to accept it as an evil. A local journal which now lies before us, modestly entitled the *Tottenham and Edmonton Advertiser*, is a proof of this; it is a monthly periodical consisting of some ten broad pages, about four of which are devoted to advertisements, and one to the times of arrival and departure of the metropolitan trains; the rest is taken up with the ordinary intelligence of a local paper, with some interesting and unusual matter in addition. This last consists of a careful meteorological report of the district; of a catalogue of all the wild-flowers which grow in the neighbourhood, with an accurate description of their whorabouts, such as might have been written by some botanical White of Selborne; of an account of the insects which make their appearance in each month respectively; of a monthly almanac adapted to local circumstances, with meetings of the choral society of Tottenham instead of European battles, and with sittings of the bench of magistrates instead of red-letter saints; and especially of antiquarian or archaeological investigations, such as may give an interest to the locality.

It seems to us that this is not only a very liberal carte, but just the fare which a local journal should endeavour to provide for its readers. Nor should we omit to mention that in addition to all this pleasant intelligence there are not wanting the graces of the muse, and the lively efforts of fancy. The bard of the *Tottenham and Edmonton Advertiser*, to use the words of a great critic, 'treads in the shadow' of Longfellow himself, and indeed parodies him, in the following description of two dignitaries of the parish:

On a seat beside the highway,
With their pipes and their tobacco,
In the fading light of evening,
With their faces looking westward:
Gazing, as the sun descended
O'er the purple hills of Muswell;
Watching all the darkening shadows,
As they lengthened, lengthened, lengthened;
With their faces flushed and reddened,
In the glory of the sunset—
As a maiden's cheeks are crimsoned
When she first beholds our author;
When she feels her heart departing,
Passing into his possession—
Sat the Beadle of our parish,
And beside him, in his glazed hat,
With his blue coat and his choker,

With his white gloves and his truncheon,
Sat a 'Bobby,' a Policeman:
Each recounting his adventures,
Telling of his deeds of valour;
Telling of his might and prowess,
Boasting of his might and prowess.

While, under the head of 'The Board of Health and the Civil Service Examination Commission,' the following examples are given of the probable ordeal the local authorities will have to undergo—as being especially suitable for them—before Her Majesty's Commissioners.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH AND THE CIVIL SERVICE
EXAMINATION COMMISSION.

It is rumoured that the new members of the above Board will have to undergo an examination by Her Majesty's Commissioners, and the following, we are credibly informed, are some of the questions which they will have to answer:

Latin.—Define accurately the difference between meum and tuum. Explain the relation between propria quæ maribus and ceteris paribus.

Mathematics.—How many churchwardens go to a beadle? (As this is an important local question, the sum must be worked out to fourteen places of decimals.)

History.—Mention the two instances in the last 600 years when the parish engine had arrived before the fire was extinguished.

Geography.—Point out the precise spot in Carbonele Ditch where boys find good sport in fishing. (For fact, see Medical Officer's Report, published in February 1857.)

Grammar.—Put into grammatical English the last month's minutes of the Local Board.

Literature.—Enumerate the first-rate authors who contribute to the *Tottenham and Edmonton Advertiser*.

Moral Qualifications.—How often can you eat your own words without feeling any bad effect?

Sanitary.—How much soft sawder would you recommend the Board to administer to the parish annually?

If this be not very good or very witty, it is, at least, better and wittier than what passed for information and fancy in newspapers affecting to be universal not many years ago: and we hail it as a proof that the Penny Press, even when solely local, can be made of value, and are glad to see that similar papers of equal cheapness are growing up elsewhere.

• MAY MORNING.

Up and away! 'tis jocund May;
The lark already is singing,
In every bush spring glories flush,
And the fresh green corn is springing.

Waste not the hours when early flowers
Their sweetest scents exhale,
When the budding thorn salutes the morn,
And fragrance floats on the gale.

Oh, the matin prime is the loveliest time
Of this lovely month of May,
And to gather its dew will joy diffuse
Throughout the live-long day.

The sun is come, and the insects hum,
With joy the air is filling;
With mellow note the black-bird's throat
In ecstasy is thrilling.

The arums peep from their long, long sleep,
And their lordly stems uprear;
Kingscups unfold their stars of gold,
Pale cowslip buds appear.

With silver tide the streamlets glide,
And as they wander by,
The forget-me-not, with its bright blue spot,
Opens its laughing eye.

The wind-flower nods to the silvan gods,
The sweet blue-bells are ringing
Their faëry chime to the matin prime,
And the violets are incense flinging.

Then let our hearts take up their parts,
And join the grateful choir,
In echoes long repeat the song;
Such strains can never tire.

Al! the morn of May is a holiday
Not only to birds and flowers,
It gladness brings on its joyous wings
To these human hearts of ours.

For children greet, with offerings meet,
The year's most favoured child,
With pastimes gay, and roundelay,
And garlands richly piled.

And on the green they choose their Queen,
The happy Queen of the May;
In a merry ring they dance and sing,
And who so blithe as they?

And the sooty hosts—so London boasts—
This day allowed to rest,
Are called to share their master's fare,
Nor dread his stern behest.

Oh, human flowers! these happy hours
Of sun-shine and of joy,
Their fruit shall bear, though toil and care
In future years annoy.

For the thoughts of bliss that the heart may miss
When life grows sad and drear,
Yet shed a light which still glows bright
Through the tints of autumn sear.

Then up and away! to greet fair May,
With smiles the earth adorning;
Cull life's best flowers, and let well-spent hours
Shed joy like a sweet May morning.

B. K. R.

The present number of the Journal completes the Ninth Volume, for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF NINTH VOLUME.

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OF

POPULAR LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ARTS

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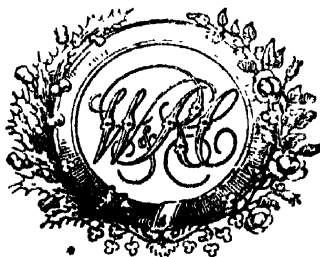
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AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

A PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD, AND A SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations: amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated, that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events or society will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change, vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally, there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages, the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems. Nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has, from time immemorial, been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and

in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers, and which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and when one, or even two ounces, may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine, must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities; and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

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NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS.—Observations on Indigestion—Continued.

operates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventive during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet, as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinions of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production: if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetable, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals, and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the

stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which, if taken at one meal, would be fatal; it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruin to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should be immediately sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found, nor one which will perform the task with greater certainty than **NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS**. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted; it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

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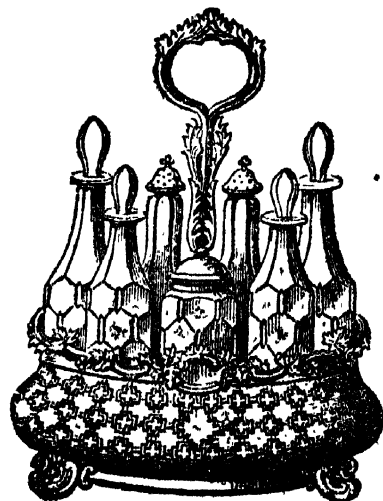
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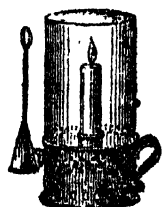
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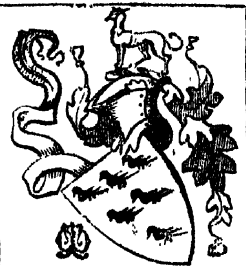
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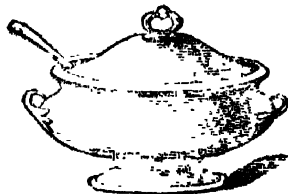


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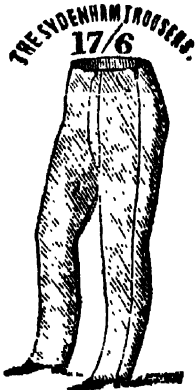
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THE MASQUE OF SOCIETY.

'ALL the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.' So spake the immortal Will; and most true is the saying. A man takes a part—a rôle, as the French call it—in life, and in his ordinary demonstrations before the public, he has to act it out, if he would be a successful man of the world. There is always some interval and difference between the inner natural feelings of the man and his rôle; the more exalted the position, the greater this interval is likely to be, the monarch on the throne being consequently, by necessity of situation, more of an actor than anybody. Here lies a matter of vast importance in the economy of life.

The gravity of a judge is proverbial; he puts on the aspect of gravity, as part of the rôle he has taken up on becoming a judge. Of course, most judges in their private moments comport themselves much like other men, laughing at jokes when they are good, entering heartily into the merriments of their grandchildren, sometimes perhaps taking a lead in after-dinner mirth, and carrying it on an hour or two too long. Well, suppose they do, is there consequently any breach of sincerity and naturalness in their maintaining a grave demeanour on the bench? Does any reasonable man feel that they forfeit a part of his esteem by so far acting a part? The question needs no answer. All men of sense feel that they would rather be shocked if Mr Justice were to transfer his ordinary domestic demeanour, still more his after-dinner manner, to the court-room. It would seem an outrage on propriety, and by all would be unhesitatingly condemned. Society clearly wishes its judges to act out their part.

It is the same case with every other sort of official person. We all know the clerical manner to be an assumed manner, and so far discrepant from nature; yet we all feel it to be unpleasant when a clergyman lays this wholly aside. We wish a clergyman to be, as the common phrase goes, *clergyman-like*, even in the most simple external demonstrations; and when he is otherwise, he invariably falls in public esteem. It were obviously too severe to say that this is putting a premium upon hypocrisy. It is merely vindicating a system of outward semblances, which either our natural sense dictates, or our experience finds to be convenient and useful in the general affairs of the world. We call it 'decent' to observe these, 'indecorous' to neglect them, and 'shocking' to go wholly against them. So has it always been, and will be.

Even in private life—altogether apart from official rôles—most persons above the very humblest have a

part to play before the eyes and ears of their neighbours. Poverty alone entirely dispenses with assumed appearances. We can indeed go to the sea-side in summer, and cease for a few weeks to be anything but our natural selves. At home, no company being present, we can throw state as well as care behind our backs. But, generally, having something to spend, and certain social relations pressing around us; having a house, a style of living, and connections in the outer world; we are under a kind of necessity of taking up and supporting a certain appropriate system of appearances, if we would not outrage the public and forfeit the esteem of our friends. So strongly is this felt as a social compulsion, that many persons unhappily go beyond the appearances called for in their case, and so create for themselves future embarrassments and miseries. The great bulk of the simply decent and worthy people of the world acknowledge the principle by keeping up a style appropriate to their fortunes; and their share of public esteem will generally be found in the ratio of their success in doing so with the external propriety demanded, without any of that excess which is equally to be deprecated as unsuitable, and as a cause of future evils.

The only reason there is for entering on a subject which, to most persons living in the world, will appear trite, is, that there is a minority of eccentric, though perfectly well-meaning people, who appear blind to its philosophy. We do occasionally find an official person who either fails to see that the acting of a part is required of him as a portion of the very duty for which he is paid, or deliberately prefers what he considers a frank and downright demeanour—that is, a manner wholly unsuitable to his part—to the recognised style of his profession. Such a man will go on for years, either unwittingly incurring disrespect for the uncouth departures he makes from his rôle, or exerting an unprofitable moral courage in braving a disrepute which is all the time secretly galling his feelings. It is a pity to see such damage incurred in a martyrdom not only without good end, but false in its grounds. So also do we occasionally see respectable individuals in private life put themselves at issue with society from a disrelish for what they speak of as empty and insincere appearances. They are too plain for this, too downright for that. Morning-calls are grimace and waste of time. The evening social scene is all very pleasant while it lasts; but it is mere acting, which leaves no permanent feeling of mutual interest behind. Such are their reasons for disregarding the duties connected with their position in life. Under the appearance of a superior candour

and unaffectedness, it is often mere conceit, and one of the worst of affectations. True wisdom and purity of heart would see in the parts which men are called to play, a profound necessity of social life, and a promotion of the general happiness, without any necessary harm either to the player or the audience.

When the worthy Laird of Cockpen resolved to go a-wooing of the celebrated Mistress Jean of Claverseha'lee, he considered that she would look well at the head of his table. This was an acknowledgment of our principle. The laird had a style to keep up—amongst other things, dinners to give to his neighbours. It was needful that on these occasions the female part should be supported by a worthy counterpart of himself. It is but a portion of the duties of a wife; but it speaks of all the rest. A gentleman, if he is to have a wife at all, should, if possible, have one who will personate the character well—act the part in the eye of the world according as his circumstances may dictate. If he rises after his marriage, and is himself able to act the advanced part, it is most desirable that his wife should study to play her new part in conformable style, so that all may be of a piece, and no ridicule be incurred through awkwardness. It is a misfortune to him if she cannot, or, from misjudgment, will not. We have known several separations of man and wife on this account—sad tragedies in their own way. They might have been avoided by a little pliancy on the part of the wife, and a rational acceptance of the duties of the changed position; but then ladies always are so right in their opinions, and so infallible in their ways.

In the case of a man raised by rank and wealth over his fellows, the part to be acted, and the style in which he acts it, become of no inconsiderable consequence to his neighbourhood. To keep a hospitable house, to take a large, active, and generous part in the public business of the district, to do liberal things amongst his dependents, are sacrifices appropriate to the part which are sure to prove amply self-rewarding in the veneration and kindly regard of all around him. To fall short in any respect of the duties of the part, is to condemn one's self to insignificance and contempt; for the world has its part in us, and we never can repudiate the claim with impunity. There is something, one could almost say, divine, in this institution, for certainly we do not see how the world could get on if the able and the fortunate were to live only for themselves. No, they must take up and support the rôle which a bounteous Providence has assigned to them, accepting their superfluities as a hint that something is expected from them besides attending to their own immediate gratifications.

The highest parts in life are the most trying, none more so than that of the monarch. We can readily understand a warm-hearted old sailor like William IV. delighting to walk out into St James's Street, and hail his old acquaintances in the free-and-easy style of old times, and his ministers telling him that it would not do—that his *part* would not admit of it. It was a hardship for the well-meaning old man, but one which he could not well escape, if he was to continue wearing the crown. The common people themselves have a strong sense that a king should *be* a king; that is, fulfil all the requirements of the part. They would be the first to blame a monarch who should put on over-familiar airs not consistent with the ideal of the royal state. Much more do they feel shocked when a king, happening to be shaken rudely out of his throne, fails to support the dignity of his original character—as, for example, Louis Philippe of France scampering meanly off in a cab from the Tuileries, and crossing to England under the cognomen of Mr Smith. One feels that a man, after assuming, and for a time

playing the part, has no right to waken us so unpleasantly out of the dream we have entertained regarding it. A king may have been much that was bad, as Charles I. was; but if he sinks beneath the indignation of his subjects with a calm grace befitting his former state, they will look on with a compunctious admiration, as they did upon the unhappy Stuart at the scaffold before Whitehall, and history will weep as it records his errors.

We conclude with a verse of the poet, at once sanctioning our principle, and assigning it its proper place in the moral scheme of the world:

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act tell your part—there, all the honour lies.

MUSIC NEXT DOOR.

Our pursuits are sedentary, and we live in a semi-detached west-end suburban 'villa,' whose walls are not thick enough to keep out the sounds of a piano and vocal accompaniment next door, which has more or less been the bane of our existence for nearly two years—that is, ever since the present occupant took possession of the domicile, and by degrees roused our curiosity as to what she could possibly be.

The mystery is solved, however, which puzzled us for so long a time; the *dénouement* has taken place; and that in so singular and unexpected a manner, as to keep up the old axiom of 'truth being stranger than fiction.'

Nearly two years ago, as I said, the next house was vacated, and speedily re-let; and though, of course, as metropolitans, we did not interest ourselves in our neighbours, always boastfully asserting that we did not know even their names—for we had been teased with village gossip in our time—yet for all our pleasant vaunted independence, and freedom and privacy, we earnestly hoped the new-comers next door had no children to squall, or practise on the piano, or run wild in the garden, where we delighted to saunter in our own square table-cloth of a *pleasure*, book in hand, musing in dreamy repose. So we were thankful when our demure Sally informed us that she had seen the vans arrive, 'packed beautiful—full of the best of things—clean and 'andsome;' and that 'the new tenant was a lady—attired in widow's dress—with one elderly maid-servant as her sole 'establishment.' This information Sally had gleaned from the baker, who supplied all the villas in our road with bread.

We were well aware that our worthy landlord was extremely particular as to the perfect respectability of the parties to whom he let his houses, ours and others; therefore our minds were at rest on that point. We congratulated ourselves on the charming quietness in prospect—for even if the widow-lady did play on the nice piano which Sally said had been carried in next door, doubtless the music would not be of any long continuance, and must differ essentially in character from the distressing discord made by young beginners. Besides, one pair of hands could not do so much as six; and a widow-lady, who had her own troubles, was not likely to play on the piano by the hour together. We did not ask Sally if our new neighbour was old or young, nor did we inquire her name; for we felt no interest in her, further than in our purely selfish desire of not being so disagreeably disturbed as we had been by the six little Misses Brownriggs, the late occupants of the house.

But alas! we were doomed to disappointment. Well it is for us that we do not foresee coming events. And yet coming events do cast their shadows before; for we declare, when Sally said that a 'horizontal pianer' had 'gone in next 'ouse,' our hearts misgave us; though the indubitable and pleasant fact of there being but one pair of hands to touch it, was duly impressed on our minds, by way of comfort and reassurance.

The very next morning, before we sat down to breakfast—a reasonably early hour—the slow tones of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*, and *Annie Laurie*, set for musical aspirants who had but just learned their gamut (the d-o-g and c-a-t, which follows the first acquisition of knowledge), surprised and alarmed us, so determinate and continued was the practising—like a regular 'set in rain'—and so patient the pauses between each note, as if the performer was carefully conning and studying the page, before committing herself to produce a wrong sound.

'We thought there were no children next door, Sally,' cried we as Sally entered with the eggs and toast. 'You certainly gave us to understand so; but you hear *there are*'—and we pointed significantly over our shoulder in the direction of the lath-and-plaster division of the houses.

'No more there be'ant—there be'ant no children,' replied Sally sententiously; 'that must be the widdier lady herself a-practi-zing.'

Sally is not sensitive, and has no ear. 'Practising!' we exclaimed in derision; 'why, she is spelling the music; she has only just learned the meaning of B flat and C natural; and how careful and particular she is!'—and so she was, hour after hour continuing to repeat her lesson with the most careful industry.

We could detect that the instrument she touched was rich and brilliant, and also that the widow lady was not slow to learn; but by degrees the fact became painfully certain that this everlasting, monotonous, clear, soft thrum-thrum was not to be the event of one day, but of every day; and there were times when we felt as if we must rush into the next house, and entreat her to cease. To cease; for, from that early morning time, till a late hour at night, the practising continued without intermission. What period the indefatigable performer allowed herself for partaking of necessary refreshment, we could not discover; but to judge from the short respite we had, it was a very short time indeed. We rarely saw the widow in her garden, nor could we discern her features; but her figure appeared youthful, and she always gave us the idea of being in a hurry to swallow a mouthful of fresh air, and then to rush back to her beloved piano. She soon left *Scots wha hae* and *Annie Laurie* behind, having perfectly mastered these two airs; and if it had not been that we were nervous and provoked at the disturbance, we should really have had considerable interest in watching her progress; more particularly as a sweet and clear voice made itself so distinctly heard that we could repeat the burden of the song, to which all the widow's energies seemed devoted, when the first difficulties were overcome of the beginner's first lessons. The air of this song was a curious combination of the pathetic and jocular; we had never heard it before. Was it foreign? Italian?—No. French?—No. German?—No. Swedish?—No. Irish?—Not altogether. Scotch?—Not altogether. English?—Not altogether. It was a very odd song, a very peculiar song; and over and over, over and over, over and over, she practised it, until sometimes we awoke in the night, haunted by it in our very dreams, and singing: 'O-O-O, I'm alone in this world without you.' We believed that was the burden of the song, but we were not quite decided about the 'O-O-O;' it might

be 'Ochone;' it might be a prolonged quaver or cadence; but it was very peculiar, to say the least of it; and the widow herself always seemed doubtful about this part of it, going over the 'O-O-O' in various ways, always sweetly, but still as if she felt unsatisfied with her own efforts, and desired to improve. The entire practising was now merged and concentrated in this one ditty; it appeared as if all the previous hours of persevering industry had been devoted to the piano only to accomplish her intense desire of mastering this one song. Morning, noon, and night, ceaselessly, over and over, over and over, over and over again, on went the piano accompaniment—at length perfectly learned, and the vocal 'O-O-O, I'm alone in this world without you.'

Sometimes she would very diligently practise another pretty air—*All is lost now*—or a waltz, or a polka; and her progress was quick and sure; but ever she returned to her beloved 'O-O-O;' and no other song did she attempt; and if we had not been both prejudiced and angry, we should have declared that it was an unique song, a pretty song, and very sweetly sung. But as it was, we only snuffed the air in disdain, remarking: 'What can induce any human being to sacrifice so much time to learning a song?'

We christened our neighbour 'Angelina,' after a celebrated amateur musician of that name; but Sally overhearing us so denominate her, said gravely:

'That's not the lady's name. Her name is Mrs Fordham; and her servant's name is Goodwin.'

'Thank you, Sally,' said we. 'Are you sure?'

'Quite sure; Goodwin told me so herself; because the postman brought a letter here for me as was meant for her—the direction warn't legible like.' But 'Angelina' she continued with us: and we agreed that her wonderful perseverance was worthy of a better cause. A better cause? What cause could induce a woman to devote herself body and soul—and at her mature age—to learn singing, and that singing all condensed into the pathetic, the jocular, the sweet but ridiculous 'O-O-O,' at which she always stuck; there *was* something wrong there—the lesson was not perfect. The sweet clear voice again and again attacked the 'O-O,' until flesh and blood could bear it no longer, and we were obliged to stuff cotton into our ears, in order to pursue our occupations of writing and reading. She was a wonderful woman. When did she eat? When she went to bed, surely her fingers must have still been working, and her dreams haunted as ours were by that extraordinary burden—'O-O-O, I'm alone in this world without you.'

Christmas was now approaching, and we expected our relative, poor Louis Davidson, to pass the Christmas holidays with us. We say 'poor Louis,' because his history had been a sad but too common one. Brought up by an improvident mother as an idle gentleman, living on 'expectations,' Louis, when those expectations failed, and absolute ruin stared them in the face, had met the storm with energy and decision, scarcely to be looked for in one hitherto self-indulgent and supine. Discarding all fine-gentleman habits, he had promptly and thankfully accepted the offer of a situation as usher in a school, presided over by a worthy gentleman, who had been a friend of his father's, and who pitied Louis from his heart, according him warm sympathy and respect, as altered prospects brought out the brighter side of the young man's character. He now entirely supported his ailing weak mother, who occupied humble apartments in the village where Dr Smith's academy was situated. We had succeeded with some difficulty in persuading Louis to come and pass the vacation with us. We greatly admired and esteemed him; more than we ever could have done in his days of idleness and frivolity; though now, as then, there was an under-

current of genial fun in his nature, always good-naturedly evinced, which circumstances had no power to damp or to repress.

'I wonder what Louis will think of "Angelina" and her song,' we often said to one another. 'He is extremely fond of music, and has a quick ear; and this repeated "O-O-O" will no doubt greatly amuse him. But what a quiet orderly creature this Mrs Fordham seems; in all other respects a model neighbour—no visitors, no letters, no disturbance of any kind, save this. We shall leave Louis to find out the mystery, if mystery there is in her queer proceedings; and even his good taste cannot be offended with the sweet clear voice, and industrious precision, of the piano accompaniment. But oh! that she would vary her song'—as the 'O-O-O-O' at that moment reached us, and we searched for the cotton wool, to dull our acute sense of sound.

On the very first evening after Louis's arrival, he turned an attentive ear to the music issuing from the next house; but there was a great deal of talking going forward, so that he could not quite distinctly make out the air; he sidged, and on a sudden pause in the conversation, the 'O-O' became audible, and Louis, to our surprise, more and more excited and ill at ease. At length, starting up and bending over our tea-table, he whispered: 'You have musical neighbours—who are they? I have almost fancied I know the song; but there is such a noise, I cannot quite make it out.'

'We call our neighbour "Angelina;" but her name is Mrs Fordham,' we replied, 'and she is a most singular and industrious personage.'

At that moment there was a pause in the conversation, and silence ensued; every word was audible next door. '*I'm alone in this world without you.*'

To our amazement, Louis Davidson changed colour, and displayed remarkable agitation, holding up his finger to enforce silence, and when the sweet voice ceased, sinking down on his chair with a sigh as of relief, but expressing in his looks considerable embarrassment. When our guests were again engaged in talk, we drew near Louis, and touching his arm, said: 'What's the matter, Louis? Are you dreaming? Has the music next door bewitched you?'

'It's very strange,' he said; 'I have not heard quite distinctly, but I seem to recognise the air and the words; and I dare say you will think me a great fool, but, upon my word, I could almost believe it is a song of my own composition. I seem to catch the sense—the "O-O-O"—where your neighbour is in fault (she makes a mistake *there*), and the burden, "I'm alone in this world without you." But it may be my mistake, for I never gave more than three manuscript copies away: I valued my first song far too much; and how your neighbour, Mrs Fordham, *alias* Angelina, has got hold of it, I cannot imagine.'

'But to whom did you present the three copies, Louis?' we asked; 'for it is evident our neighbour has a real regard for the song, or she never would devote so many hours to it as she does.'

'Two copies have gone to Australia,' replied Louis; 'and the third I gave to the Hon. Mrs Brewster of Brewster Court, who sings most magnificently, and does it real justice.' (O the vanity of poets!)

'Perhaps, however, Louis, you may be mistaken, and it may not be your song, after all,' we remarked soothingly; 'you will hear better to-morrow when we are by ourselves, and quiet.'

To-morrow came. '*It is my song,*' said Louis decidedly. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow—Louis was out all morning, amusing himself and paying visits, only returning to a late dinner, when in the evening the invariable 'O-O-O-O' greeted him from the next house. He listened with

flushed cheeks and continually growing impatience, poisoning his finger and muttering, as if to himself: 'It is very odd—I cannot account for it—how could this person come by my song? There's no mistaking it, for there's a peculiar turn I alone am competent to teach; and, upon my honour, this Madam Fordham sings it very well, whoever she is, except when she comes to the "O-O-O," and then there is a mistake, which I could soon rectify. I declare, if this neighbour of yours, this Mrs Fordham, goes on like this, I shall be impelled to rush in next door, and offer to give her a lesson in my own production. I must know better than any one else how it *ought* to be sung.'

We were greatly amused by this threat, 'little' thinking our young relative would really carry it into effect; but whether it was that Louis Davidson's nerves were disorganised as ours had been, or that he was mysteriously impelled to the bold act, certain it is he became so worked upon as to be unable to endure the incessant 'O-O-O,' and to hear his song warbled with a mistake in the most critical part. So, one evening, when our tea-table was cleared, and Angelina was 'O-O-ing' as usual, Louis suddenly signified his intention of ringing at the bell next door, and informing the musician that the song she was so industriously practising was *his* composition; politely requesting, at the same time, to be allowed to set her right in one or two small particulars of erroneous execution relating to its burden. He was not to be dissuaded; and afterwards he confided to us that he never could account for the obstinate determination that led him to disregard the conventional forms of society by introducing himself in so rash and impertinent a manner to a stranger lady. However, lashed into frenzy, in he rushed next door. We heard the piano suddenly cease, and the sweet voice become mute; then, after a while, we could distinguish a sort of music-lesson given, Louis himself playing, and our neighbour's voice accompanying the piano. It was the much-dreaded 'O-O,' which now, for pathos and sweetness, deserved to become a popular melody. Then music and singing were succeeded by voices in cheerful conversation, interspersed at times with a merry, ringing laugh, which was not the guffaw of Louis Davidson, but issued, we were sure, from the same pair of lungs as those which produced the daily warblings of 'O-O-O.'

Hours glided on, and it was very late when Louis returned from his impertinent visit; he was in a state of great excitement, rushing up to us at the fireside, and exclaiming: 'Isn't it strange, isn't it wonderful; who *do* you think is your next-door neighbour?'

We declared it was impossible to conjecture, as of course it was; whereupon Louis, becoming more and more energetic, his countenance beaming with delight, and his blue eyes sparkling with laughter (he had enjoyed the *dénouement* immensely), exclaimed:

'Why, it's Fanny Mamford herself, and she's just as kind and as nice a creature as ever she was.'

'And who in the world is Fanny Mamford?' we inquired with amazement. 'We never heard of such a person before.'

'Never heard of Fanny Mamford!' cried Louis in surprise. 'Why, she was a companion of my poor dear mother's, when we lived at the Grange—here his voice became subdued, for he never liked alluding to the past—and she stayed with my mother longer than any of her other companions; but my mother at last complained that Fanny did not attend to her punctuation in reading aloud; so Miss Mamford was dismissed. But she used to copy all my music for me, for although in those days Fanny could not play or sing, she was a rare hand at copying.'

Here Louis paused, and we then asked how it was

that Miss Mamford had assumed the style of 'Mrs Fordham,' and was living alone in a villa.

'Oh, I forgot,' he replied, looking rather sheepish, 'that you don't know all about her' (he didn't, when he rushed in next door). 'After Fanny left my mother, she married a rich old distiller, and became a widow in less than a year. She's got a good fortune now, and amuses herself by learning to sing and play, in order, as she says, to keep up her spirits; and she's such a taste and love for it, that she'll be a fine musician soon.'

'But, Louis,' we urged, 'if Mrs Fordham has a fine fortune, why does she live in a small suburban house, with only one domestic?'

'She's a good creature,' quoth Louis, and with emotion, 'as she always was, and as I told my mother. Don't you remember, she was the only child of John Mamford, who brought so many people to ruin by his "great bankruptcy," as it was called? Well, Miss Mamford—I beg her pardon, Mrs Fordham—is paying off some of her father's most distressing liabilities; and she won't be free of them for the next two or three years, so she lives in great economy, and diverts her mind as she best can.'

'But about the song, Louis; the "O-O-O!" What induces her to give up all her time to attain perfection in that?' we asked maliciously.

With some asperity, Louis replied: 'I told you she learned music for recreation.'

'And "O-O-O, I'm alone in the world without you," for association,' remarked we; on which his good-humour returned, though he blushed quite boyishly, and said:

'She copied it for me long ago; and admiring the song, wished to learn it. Also having much spare time, the idea struck her of purchasing a good piano, and setting to work.'

'Well, my dear Louis,' returned we, 'you have now an opportunity of improving the lady by teaching her yourself how the song ought to be sung. We have always remarked that she regularly breaks down at the "O-O-O." We hear her too well.'

'She doesn't know that,' replied Louis, quite snappishly, 'or she never would have annoyed you, or any one else, for Fanny is the best creature in the world. She never hears you move or speak, so can form no idea that such mere lath-and-plaster partition divides you. But go and see her, and tell her yourself how she disturbs you; for though she wishes to live very quietly, I'm sure she'll be glad to see you.'

And we did call on Mrs Fordham, and found her, as Louis Davidson insinuated, the 'best creature in the world.' It was astonishing how the 'O-O-O' progressed under the tuition of the composer, for he became most regular in giving his music-lessons next door, though we generally observed conversation took up the greatest portion of the evening visit.

At length the burden of the song floated distinctly sweet through the dividing-walls; and we fancied there was a peculiarly tender intonation in the avowal, 'I'm alone in this world without you.'

It was not fancy. The amiable widow did sing the words of Louis Davidson's song with peculiar and touching *empressment*, and now she has bestowed herself and her fortune on Louis, and they are to be married next Thursday. They mean to live cheaply on the continent for a few years, until Fanny has performed her 'duty,' as she says; and where, Louis says, 'Fanny may be perfected in music, for which she has such wonderful talent.' He also means to compose another song, the title of which is to be, 'In this world I am happy with you.'

Fanny always blushes and looks foolish when we ask her about the manuscript song she copied for Louis, and the difficult 'O-O-O;' but we heartily congratulate him on his happy fortune, and on the

chance—if 'chance' there be—which brought him on a visit to us, when we stuffed cotton wool into our ears, in order to deaden the sounds of music next door.

THE GREAT SCAR LIMESTONE.

If England is to be better known by English tourists, they should take a little knowledge of its geology as their best guide to its various scenes of beauty and grandeur. For want of such guidance as an hour's talk of Siluria, the old red, and the mountain limestone might afford, many a health and pleasure seeker has expended all his holidays, and not a little money, yet seen little of England—to say nothing of Wales and Scotland. For while it is easy, in the course of one day's journey, to pass over a rich variety of scenes characteristic of the several systems—chalk, oolite, new red sandstone, and old red—it is also possible to visit several counties, or even to travel, on a diagonal line, over a great part of the length of England, still seeing very little of that rich variety of hill, valley, and plain for which our little island is remarkable. For example, we come from Northamptonshire into Bedfordshire, then take a turn in the vale of Aylesbury, and visit a friend in Oxfordshire—winding up the excursion by running down to the sea at Dover. After all, we have seen nothing but midland counties' limestone and chalk—the former marked by its long continuous series of fertile green basins—or say laps of land (rather than valleys)—with softly rounded or wooded slopes, and, here and there, a slow winding river; the latter shewing us dry, treeless downs, with short grass, and no water in the hollows.

Many a respectable member of society has travelled yearly to and from his favourite watering-place, seeing nothing of such scenes as are suggested to the geologist by such terms as the old red, the clay-slate, and the Great Scar Limestone. These are the terms that most distinctly point out several districts of England with regard to their scenery. Our present purpose is to direct any tourist who likes to deviate from the beaten path to a part of Yorkshire where one rock—the mountain limestone—is seen on the grandest scale; but possibly a few prefatory notes, pointing out the position of this formation in the series of rocks that make England, will be welcome to young readers.

The oldest, and, with regard to external form, the most mountainous and picturesque rocks, are found chiefly in the north and the north-west of England. Speaking in general terms, open to some exceptions, we find the several strata becoming more level, and more and more containing fossils approaching existing types as we travel, on a diagonal line, from the north-west of England—supposing we start in Cumberland—towards the south-east—say to Dover. Thus we leave in Cumberland the granite and clay-slate, having no fossils yet discovered; we pass through the mountain limestone, full of fossil-shells and corals; and then over the coal, abounding with fossil-plants. On the new red sandstone we find level fertile pastures; and the aspect of fertility is continued, with more variety of surface, when we come on the limestone of the midland counties (the *oolite*), from which we pass to the chalk—say near Dunstable—then to the London clay and gravel, and again to the chalk as we enter Kent.

This may serve as an example of the variety that may be found in one journey planned with a reference to the several rocks forming that part of the earth's crust called England. A little study of a geological map, explained by any correct text-book of geology, will enable the tourist to plan his excursions so that, in the course of a few years, he will have acquired a

fair knowledge of the land we live in. If he would see the grandeur of mountain-chains of granite, or the precipices, deep glens and ravines of gneiss and mica-schist, he must go to the Highlands of Scotland. We have nothing in England that can be compared with the sublime scenery of these primitive rocks; but we have almost everything else. If he would see, in their most compact and picturesque forms, the various groupings of hills and mountains of granite, clay-slate, and the Silurian strata, relieved by gleaming lakes, and made cheerful by cultured and wooded slopes and valleys, there is nothing in Europe that, within the same area, can be compared with our lake district; and perhaps there is no short tour in the world to match the journey from Penrith to Keswick, thence to Ullswater, Borrowdale, and Patterdale, and on to Ambleside, and over the Kirkstone Pass to Bowness.

For the more tranquil scenery of the Silurian strata, let the tourist visit Shropshire and Worcestershire, then look at the beauty of the old red, broken by trap-rock on the Wye, in Herefordshire, or in Devon, and he will have seen all the most charming scenery that England affords. But variety will still remain, when he has explored all the districts already named; for he has seen nothing of the Great Scar Limestone, to which we would next direct his attention.

We would not deceive him. He will find nothing in this district of great scars and caverns, wide moorlands, and treeless mountains, to be compared, for picturesque effect, with scenes to be found within the compass of a few hours' walk about Ambleside. If he is a *paterfamilias*, and takes his children to see as many lakes and mountains as possible in a few days; or if he neither knows nor cares anything about the wonders of the earth's crust and the flowers that grow upon it, but simply wishes to see hill and valley, wood and water, placed together so as to make striking scenery, he cannot gratify his taste better than in the lake district, and would not thank us for leading him among the solitudes of Great Whernside and Ingleborough. It is to the pedestrian, who knows something of geology and botany, and who can enjoy lonely mountain rambles, far from the beaten track of easy-going tourists, we recommend the Great Scar Limestone of the north-west of Yorkshire. It wants trees, and sheets of water, and steep declivities, to enable it to bear any comparison with Westmoreland or Cumberland; but it has its own characteristic—a grand air of loneliness and profound quietude, such as is felt deeply even when we visit it after a tour in the lake district. Its mountain masses rise, not abruptly by the margins of lakes, and overlooking pleasant villages and mansions, but swell up gradually from broad bases of brown moorlands, and are altogether less broken and striking in their outlines than the heights of 'rocky Cumberland.' Indeed, the term mountains may convey a false impression to those who know nothing of the district to which we refer; for the Great Scar Limestone extends over a large area in Yorkshire, sloping down towards Derbyshire, and ending with a bold escarpment in the Peak. Towards the north-west of Yorkshire, it swells up grandly; and its general aspect, when viewed from one of its own summits, is that of a sea of vast, rounded, and sweeping waves, with here and there the crest of a billow of remarkable height or shape—such as Pendle, Penygant, or Ingleborough. Among these undulated masses of moorland, lie sheltered dales and grassy hollows, affording good pasturage; but for picturesque effects there is a want of trees and rivers, as we have already confessed. The chief rivers of Yorkshire have their sources in this region, and are, consequently, only small streams here. The rock that gives its own characteristic shapes to the

district is a limestone, of which a large proportion consists of fossil-shells—such as in our museums are labelled *Spirifer*, *Terebratula*, *Bellerophon*, &c., and lily-like corals, or *encrinites*, having a cup-shaped body, that seems to have been attached to the seabottom by a jointed stalk, having many branches. The total depth of the Great Scar Limestone is estimated at about eight hundred yards. In its outlines and other features, it affords the clearest proof of its marine origin; and in many other regions besides that of which we write, its general aspect forcibly suggests the theory of the bed of an ocean, abounding with the remains of extinct shell-fish and corals, gradually left dry, and, by some slow and vast operation, upheaved, in huge masses, so as to preserve the original shapes of its ridges and undulations. Another characteristic from which it derives its name, is its remarkable liability to be scarred, fissured, or worn away by the action of water. In every part of the district we see proofs of this; in one place, a chasm, like Gordale Scar, open to the sky; in another, a deep bed worn in the solid rock by the Aire, or some other infant river of the district; again, a cove or limestone barrier, that seems to have been left by a cataract; or a series of slabs almost or perfectly divided; masses of limestone that have fallen from the steeper declivities; brooks descending by subterraneous channels, and vast caverns with stalactites, as at Ingleborough, and Yordas, and Weathercoate Caves.

The centre of the district in which the Great Scar Limestone reaches its highest elevations—Ingleborough, Great Whernside, and Penygant—may be described as skirted on the south by the Skipton and Lancaster Railway, between Gargrave and High Bentham, and bounded, on the west, by a line from Ingleton to Orton, and, on the east, by a line from Clapham to Hawes and Richmond. The tourist may extend his journey northward beyond these bounds, which include, however, the chief points of attraction. The centre of the district is still left uncut by railways; but the line already mentioned brings the pedestrian near enough to the grandest features of the limestone at Malham and Clapham. From the latter place he may pay a visit to the Yordas and Weathercoate Caves. The walk from Clapham to Hawes, and hence to Richmond, will not disappoint a true lover of mountainous and moorland scenery.

Let us imagine that we repeat—as we should like to do if our purse would allow us—one of our own tours in Yorkshire, and that we travel thither from the south.

We leave the rail at Skipton, to pay a visit to Bolton Priory, a monastic ruin in the valley of the Wharf, embosomed by wooded hills on the south, while, on the north, we have a view of wild moorlands. The rapid Wharf here hurries along till it approaches the beautiful ruin, and then, spreading itself over a wider channel, flows on more quietly, and with a softer sound. Lofty cliffs rise near the Priory—their surface weather-stained with hues of purple, and water-worn by many trickling streams. A short distance above the ruins, the river foams and boils through a narrow chasm in the rock—the Strid, where the fair boy of Egremont lost his life. While engaged in coursing, and leading his greyhounds in a leash, he attempted to leap the Strid, when the dogs, hanging back, drew him into the chasm. His desolate mother built the Priory. It seems no great feat to leap over the Strid; but another tale is told of a too sprightly bridegroom, who, spending here his wedding-day, attempted it, and perished in the sight of the shrieking bride and her companions. We might stay here all day telling old legends of Bolton—of 'the good Lord Clifford,' who pursued his quiet studies in Barden Tower; and of the old monks, prosperous and not over-studious,

for, in forty years, as their account-books shew, they bought only three books. One of these, however, cost forty pounds of our present money. What changes of times since the day when the Archbishop of York came here with his train of 200 men, after hunting the red deer from parish to parish all through the grassy vales of Craven! But all these things are already noted down in Dr Whitaker's celebrated *History of the Deanery of Craven*—one of the best books of its class—and our present object is to explore, not the legends of these valleys, but the antiquities of the Great Scar Limestone, in comparison with which, the legend of Egremont, the foundation of Bolton, and the Wars of the Roses, are things of yesterday.

So, leaving, but not forgetting, this beautiful valley with all its traditions, we return to the rail, and go on towards Malham. On the way, we catch glimpses, here and there, of rich pastures, and, alighting at the Bell Busk station, walk on to the quiet old village of Malham—a place visited and well described by the poet Gray, at a time when other literary men seemed to care little for the grand scenery of their own or any other country. Near this village—where the traveller may find a comfortable inn—we shall see two of the greatest scars in the mountain limestone of England. The first, Malham Cove, or 'Mawm Cove,' as the natives here call it, is a segment of an immense amphitheatre, cut out by nature in the limestone, and about 300 feet high. Climbing the side of the valley, we look down from the highest tier of this 'semicirque profound,' on the rivulet that issues from its base. It is not easy to imagine by what operation of nature the cove was formed. It looks like the barrier left by some enormous water-fall. On the moor above, large masses of gray limestone lie scattered in wild confusion all along the way to Malham Tarn, where the river Aire has its source. The whole scene strongly suggests the thought of some vast design of Titan builders, working in these solitudes in oldest time, and frustrated in their plans by the great catastrophe that burst a passage for the Aire through Gordale Scar. This is an enormous chasm, not far from the cove, and even more remarkable.

On all sides—except one, opening into a narrow, rock-bound valley—our view of the surrounding country, and almost of the sky, is shut in by overhanging and almost meeting masses of gray limestone, piled up to the height of about 300 feet. From an opening near the summit of the scar, the river Aire pours itself down, and breaks its fall on a rock in the centre of a gloomy chasm. It is a dread place; a den where—as Wordsworth boldly says—the earthquake might hide her cubs. At first sight, it might seem venturesome to climb up close beside the water-fall, and out on the open moor; but it may be easily done, for steps have been worn in the rock; and above the second leap of the cataract, we find a path upward, among the masses of rock that seemed almost meeting at their summits. When we look down, we see that Gordale Scar is an immense cavern, of which the roof has been broken, in all probability, by the action of water. We may stand now where Gray tells us he saw goats climbing—one coolly waiting to scratch its ear with the hind leg, on a pinnacle where the timid poet would not stand 'for all beneath the moon.' However, with all our love of the mountain limestone and its scars, it is a relief to get out of the gloomy chasm and its uproar of thundering water, and to see once more green grass, and something more than a patch of blue sky.

After a glimpse of Malham Tarn—a very clear upland lake, where rare trout, perch, and char might perhaps be caught, if we had permission to fish here—we go on towards Ingleborough, where the lime-

stone, towering up from an enormous base, reaches an elevation above 2000 feet over the sea-level. To climb the mountain, we may leave the rail either at Clapham or at High Bentham. We take the former route, and, after walking through the clean and pleasant village of Clapham, where those who wish to see the great cavern may find a guide, we climb Ingleborough from the east, by a gradual ascent, and without much fatigue. First, we enter a pastoral dell or ravine, with a slope of almost bare limestone on the right, separated by a clear trout-stream from our grassy path, where the bank on our left is overgrown with the hartstongue fern, the broad-leaved bell-flower, and the enchanter's nightshade. We soon reach the mouth of the great cave, where strange shapes of stalactites and stalagmites shew what fantastic tricks water can play in wearing down the mountain limestone. But leaving these—already described in the *Journal*—we turn from the dell towards the great semicirque that forms the summit of Ingleborough.

On the way, we notice, as characteristic of the district, a more than usually large mass of rock that has fallen from the side of the mountain—not very long ago, for the hollow left in its place still corresponds well with its convex side. Beyond this place, we come upon a level moor—rather boggy here and there—and see clearly the crowning terrace, seeming by no means formidable, and very near. Yet some climbing must be done before we stand upon it. By aiming at the northern escarpment, the pedestrian will avoid crossing a hollow named 'Gaping Gill Hole,' where a mountain brook has worn out for itself a deep channel, ending in a funnel-shaped hollow, where it disappears to pursue its gloomy course among the fissures of Ingleborough Within. Arriving, at last, on the rounded summit to the south of the highest terrace, we went on northward, till we were glad to rest and look down on a scene less cheerful and varied than may be seen from the heights of Cumberland, but very grand of its kind. Penygant rises steeply, and with a desolate aspect on the north-east. On the north and north-west the view is shut in by Great Whenside and other mountain masses and terraces of bare gray limestone, with scars and ravines, or here and there extended like long water-worn coast-lines. Nearer, in a hollow on the west, and below a steep, bare scar, we see massive gray slabs and fissured blocks lying together in something like order, again tempting us to dream of the gigantic builders who, in oldest time, had made preparation for some vast pile of masonry in these drear solitudes. These features, and the vast undulations of the dark, brown moorland, make the nearer scene on the north-west gloomy and desolate enough. If there is beauty here, even on a sunshiny day, it is of an austere kind—stern, grand, and without the cheerful life of trees and rivers. Far away on the south, and in a blue mist, are seen Pendle Hill, easily known by its shape, and—seeming near it, though, in fact, eight miles distant—Boulsworth, a rounded mass of the Yorkshire moors. All around the horizon is a sea of which the long, sweeping waves are blue mountains. Below, lie fertile pastures, with streams, villages, and white roads winding up the hillsides, and westward the view extends down the green and wooded valley of the Lune to Lancaster and Morecambe Bay. To many, the glory of a mountain is to command a sixty miles' view; but we climbed Ingleborough, not to see how Morecambe Bay would look at such a distance, but to see the Great Scar limestone itself in one of its highest masses, and, consequently, the nearer view, especially from the north-west side of the terrace, chiefly attracted us. On the whole, it is like a stormy sea turned to stone. A day passed alone among these solemnities of the

past will not be forgotten. Everything tells of worlds or systems of life that passed away in ages for which we have no reckoning:

Though with no utterance of breath
These wide dark moorlands speak of death,
And rifted hills and ridges gray
Are tombs of tribes long passed away.

And the tombs themselves are perishing—slowly, when measured by our notions of time, but surely. We see how water wears down the hills in this district. None can tell what vast hollows, such as Ingleborough Cave, have been already worn in this region. These hills seem, indeed, to abide for ever, when contrasted with our own brief sojourn here; but look at them from a higher point of view, and the rock itself—in some parts three-fourths of it consisting of fossil-shells—is surely passing away:

The mountains change their shapes, and flow
From form to form, and nothing stands:
Like clouds they shape themselves, and go.

Such were the thoughts suggested by our wanderings over the mountain limestone in the north-west of Yorkshire. The geological tourist who would see more of it than we have told, may inquire for Thornton Scar, or may enjoy the fine mountain-walk from Clapham to Hawes. He should see the falls of the Ure at Askrigg, and Yordas, and Weather-coate Caves, with their subterraneous water-falls; and if his tour be extended northward as far as Barnard Castle, he will there find a beautiful change of scenery on the banks of the Tees. If he loves wild-scenery, he will find, on his way through this district, many favourites, such as the lovely blue *geranium, pratense*, the *Malva moschata*, the *Primula farinosa*, and the grass of Parnassus, to say nothing of the elegant foxglove and the broad-leaved bell-flower, with other plants commonly found here.

But let it be observed again, that the district we have indicated is recommended rather to the pedestrian geologist than to the tourist who wishes to see the greatest possible amount of varied scenery in the course of a week or ten days. The latter will certainly fail to find in Yorkshire anything to bear a comparison, from his point of view, with the lake-district. However, if tired of the stern solitudes of Wharfedale, Ingleborough, and Penygant, the rail makes it easy now to leave them, and, in the course of a few hours, find ourselves on Windermere, embosomed in scenery than which nothing softer and more harmonious can be imagined by a painter—hills with foregrounds of all soft shades of pale green, yellow, brown, gray, and purple—turf, rock, and foliage all beautifully blended—dark purple gorges in the background, and, far away, blue mountains, Scafell, Helvellyn, and the Langdale Pikes like grand solemn sphinxes, seeming to guard the portals of a land of mystery and romance.

MR LONGFELLOW'S LAST HEXAMETERS.

In an age wherein Mr Tupper's poems reach a sixteenth edition, and Mr Browning's scarcely a third, it is evident that the excellence of a poet is not to be measured by his popularity. We are, on the contrary, inclined to look with some suspicion upon all works of the imagination which bear upon their covers any number above 'the fourth thousand,' and more particularly when they come from the other side of the Atlantic. We never enter the establishment of any fashionable bookseller without a smile, which is not altogether of approbation, at seeing so very 'large and varied an assortment' of the exquisitely bound and gorgeously decorated volumes of Mr

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated editions; collected editions; new and revised editions (with a preface by some literary gentleman, who asserts that the mind of man cannot now conceive a world without an *Excelsior*, any more than without an *Iliad*); author's own editions; nay, even cheap editions, in order to anticipate and successfully rival that piracy which this poet's popularity invariably provokes. 'Suitable gift-books' is not an unusual ticket appended to the more splendid-looking of these volumes, and it describes their character, as it seems to us, pretty exactly. Their contents are well adapted to the capacities of cultivated young ladies, who have an eternal friendship for one another, and celebrate it, after the Eastern fashion, by interchanges of presents. Any man might put the work into the hands of his bride-elect, without any fear of its making her too strong-minded. No Miss at a boarding-school ever yet had the headache in consequence of a too earnest application to the pages of Mr Longfellow. He is, for a true poet—and we do not deny him that title—the most superficial thinker possible. There is a gulf between his mind and Mr Tennyson's in this respect—although they are often vulgarly classed together—far broader than the separating Atlantic. In the more recent works of the latter poet, such as the *In Memoriam* and *Maud*, we see—even if we do not prefer them to our older favourites—his winged thoughts taking a higher flight through a region they have not explored for us before; but Mr Longfellow has never risen above a certain moderate elevation, nor, what is worse, beyond a very limited range of subjects. His latest volume, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*,* re-traverses a track that he has already pursued before; treading warily, like a North-American savage, in his own footprints, so that the hostile critic—the avenger of spilt ink—behind him, can scarcely discern the new from the old trail. We really do think that we have had enough and to spare of those Pilgrim Fathers, and that wearisome 'forest primeval.' Certainly, if we could have borne to see more of them, it would have been in some other dress than these hexameters—these ill-fitting, baggy, lengthy, uncomfortable unmentionables, into which Mr Longfellow insisted upon putting Miss *Evangeline*. One of the most favourite features of this form of composition appears to be that of repetition; the bringing a line, which is not originally a striking one, again and again under the reader's eye, until he is struck with it, and gets haunted by it, and is made absolutely uncomfortable through the rest of the verses, with the apprehension of renewing its acquaintance. 'A small but sufficient portion of the contents of this volume,' says a notice prefixed to the cheap edition, 'has been contributed [to secure its copyright] by an English writer,' and our hope and belief are that this English writer has only contributed the repetitions. This explanation would both rescue a fellow-countryman from the obloquy of being concerned in the production of *Miles Standish*, and also absolve Mr Longfellow from the grave charge of tautology.

A gentleman of the name of Alden is secretary to Miles Standish, Esq., the middle-aged Puritan captain, and governor of Plymouth in New England. We say Esquire, because the author is very particular about his hero's social position:

He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree
plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire
England—

* Kent. London, 1858.

which reads something like, to us, some absurdly lengthy direction. We are introduced to these two worthies, as they sit together in the same apartment, the one reading *Cæsar's Commentaries*, by the help of what school-boys term a *crib* ('out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London'), and the other inditing letters to go home by the *May Flower*—

Letters written by Alden, and full of the fame of
Priscilla,

Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden
Priscilla.

This seems sufficiently plain, and not of any great importance; but a few lines afterwards we have the circumstance repeated in the same identical words:

Writing epistles important to go next day by the
May Flower,

Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan
maiden Priscilla.

Miles Standish, who is a widower, but a brave man, and inclined to venture again upon matrimony, coolly proposes, since he has no time for such matters himself, that young Alden should be his proxy in wooing the maiden; whereupon she, very naturally, but perhaps rather forwardly, replies to the proposal in an hexameter, that she had rather he had come upon his own private account:

Said, in a tremulous voice: 'Why don't you speak for
yourself, John?'

Out of this comes headlong wrath on the part of Miles Standish, Esquire, and unnecessary self-upbraiding on that of his secretary. The former heads a band of pilgrims in an expedition against the hostile Indians, and the latter bides at Plymouth to watch—at an intensely virtuous distance—over the young maiden, who, it seems to us, is sacrificed without mercy to the high-flown notions of the two gentlemen. Happily, however—for they scarcely care to conceal their feelings upon the occasion—news comes of the Captain's death in battle. Thereupon the two young people are married. During the ceremony, however, in walks Miles Standish, Esquire, in complete armour, who, by no means owning, as he should have done, that he has been a most obnoxious old tyrant all along, blesses the happy pair, not without a delicate hint at the credit which belongs to his disinterested self for doing so. This is all that Mr Longfellow has to tell in these thousand and fifty, or (omitting the repetitions) these thousand hexameter lines. The metre is faulty, but the story is narrated with a simplicity almost severe, and not without a moderate sprinkling of poetical thoughts. If a new poet had written it, it would have merited some praise, without earning him anything like a reputation. Coming from Mr Longfellow, it certainly partakes of the nature of bathos. It bears the same relation to *Evangeline* that Miss Brontë's *Professor* bears to her own *Villette*. It seems like some early attempt that has been set aside by its author, but which, when his fame is established, he pulls out of his school-boy desk, and publishes, with a laugh in his sleeve. Still, we have no desire to part with Mr Longfellow upon anything like bad terms, and we gladly reproduce the closing picture of his pastoral story, for its charming truth and quiet colouring. (Or is it not rather like the 'leaf-fripped legend' of some carven Grecian urn?)

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new
habitation,

Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing
together.

Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the
ford in the forest,

Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of
love through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure
abysses.

Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring
his splendours,

Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above
them suspended,

Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the
pine and the fir tree,

Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley
of Esheol.

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling
Rebecca and Isaac,

Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of
lovers.

So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the
bridal procession.

Among the smaller poems, at the end of the volume, there are several up to the old Longfellow mark, of which *Daybreak* is a pleasant example of his fancy, and *The Ropewalk*, of his power of description. The following verses, however, entitled *The Two Angels*, are perhaps the best in the book:

Two angels, one of Life, and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed:
'Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!'

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And, knowing whatso'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,
'My errand is not Death, but Life,' he said;
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door?

THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT.

'THE very man! Talk of, or think of, the—no matter, and here he is. I'm really very glad to see you.'

This was addressed to me by Theophilus Snigs. He was an actor in the serious line, not bad enough to be always without an engagement, not good enough to be always sure of one.

'Well, Snigs, what is it? Want a crotchet about costume; want a notion about Italian manners, eh?'

'No, no—nothing of the kind: I simply want you—knowing as I do the extensive range of your talent—to write a piece for me.'

'A piece for you? One in which the hero, yourself, is the prominent subject; all the rest revolving around you like so many satellites?'

'No, no—leave me out altogether; I shall have enough to do to manage the house.'

'Manage, manage! Did you say manage?'

'Yes, I rather think I used that word. Why not? I am manager and lessee of the —.'

'Why, my dear sir, it was only the other day you —'

'I know—borrowed a sovereign of you—which I shall soon be in a condition to repay.'

'But you must have fallen into a fortune, or found some very confiding money-lender, or how did you get the capital to begin with?'

'Capital! ha, ha, ha!—a *capital* joke that! You must be—excuse me—somewhat green. Do you suppose that anybody with a shilling to lose ever takes a theatre? No, it is the last resource of the actor out of employ, or the actor whom people are stupid enough not to buy at his own valuation.'

'Well, if you've no capital, I suppose you must have credit?'

'That's it. There is such a number of poor devils in the theatrical world—that is, people who live by a theatre's being open, that they would rather give their services with the mere chance of being paid, than hang about all day doing nothing, with the certainty of starvation; so, guided by experience, I have taken the Theatre Royal, —, and mean to open in a week. Excellent prospects. I have engaged Mademoiselle Isabelle Jones—we drop the "Jones" in the bills. Buffer is my leading man, and I have every hope of getting Mrs Lungs for my leading lady. Capital prospects. Do write me a piece—a farce, a burlesque—anything. I'll pay liberally: fifty guineas for a slap-up extravaganza.'

I made a promise to 'see what I could do,' and we parted.

The theatre opened under the auspices of my desperate friend. I went on the first night. The house was full; there had been a large issue of paper-currency, and curiosity attracted a few dozens. The company was composed entirely of make-shifts, outsiders, men and women who never by any chance obtain a permanent engagement at a respectable house. The press was more liberal of encouragement than conscientiously critical. Mr Snigs held on for a fortnight. On the second Saturday—he had opened on a Monday—there was 'no treasury,' the technical term for no payments; the consequence was that at night no band made its appearance. This difficulty was got over by coolly informing the audience that, at the last moment, the musicians had mutinied against the leader. The audience, few and far between, ~~laughed~~ and were indulgent. One youth in the gallery, however, whose tastes were musical,

and who, by living in the vicinity, had acquired some knowledge of the vicissitudes of managers, irreverently shouted '*Gammon!*' In the midst of the performance an altercation was heard behind the scenes, and in a few minutes afterwards the house was in total darkness. The gas-company's man had turned off the gas. 'They were not,' he said, going to stand being put off no longer. Confusion ensued, and the theatre was speedily evacuated. Of course, it did not re-open under the same auspices.

Some days after this, while strolling down the Strand, I encountered Histoff, the juvenile tragedian of the late, and Heaven knows how many preceding companies.'

'How d'y'e do, Mr Histoff?'

'Thank you, sir; as well as an unappreciated individual can be. I hope I see you well. I don't think we've met since you were in the green-room, under Mr Snigs's management.'

'Snigs made a bad business of it. His reign was brief.'

'What else could have been expected, sir? A man without resources, without judgment—a mere desperado, a man who never paid anybody in his life.'

'If you knew this before, why did you engage with him?'

'Ah, sir, you don't know what it is to be in love with your profession. It is a passion which surmounts all considerations. Besides, if one has not one's name constantly before the public, one is liable to be forgotten.'

'But how do you live if you don't get paid?'

'Oh, we *are* paid sometimes, and then a man in *my* position makes friends, and we get a ticket-night, or take a benefit, which keeps the pot a-boiling. For instance, I play at the Strand on Tuesday; and if you'd allow me to send you two or three box-tickets, it would be a favour.'

'By all means; and as I happen to have the money about me, I'll pay for them now.'

'Thank you, sir; thank you. Ah, what a blessing it would be to the profession, sir, and to the drama in its abstract and poetical sense, if a man of *your* character were to take a theatre! From what I heard you say that night in the green-room, I should think you understand the public taste.'

'At all events, I would try to elevate it.'

'I'm sure you would, sir; and you would succeed. You would be another Mr Macready, another Vestris in your notions of elegance and accuracy of detail. Do take a theatre.'

I laughed, and bade him good-morning, but almost immediately ran back and asked him for his address. He referred me to a tavern in Bow Street, Covent Garden, where he always called for his letters. I understood this.

Pondering the conversation with Histoff—possessed of strong propensities to write dramas, having succeeded with two, and had three returned upon my hands—and remembering all that Snigs had told me of the facility with which a theatre could be taken and *managed* without capital, a strange impulse seized me to become lessee of the Theatre Royal, —. It was to let—it generally was to let three or four times a year. The proprietor acted upon the prudent rule of appointing the money-takers himself, and of thus securing the rent, if no other arrangement were made which placed him beyond the risk of loss. I had enough at my banker's to pay the rent without allowing any man to interfere with the appointments to office in *my* theatre. Credit would do the rest. That evening, I sent for Histoff to sup with me. He came; and after the Macbeth grace, which every actor uses upon every possible occasion of his getting anything to eat, we fell to, and rendered due homage to a roast fowl and sausages. I begged of him to spare

me the usual pleasantries suggested by 'murder most foul,' and 'foul and fair weather,' and he graciously condescended.

When nature had been satisfied, and two glasses of 'warm-with' were placed on the table, I began.

'Histoff, I have been thinking of what you said the other morning, and am half inclined to become the lessee of the house in which you last played.'

'Don't say half inclined, sir, I beg; say that you have resolved on doing it. Do not stand, "like the cat" the adage," letting you dare not wait upon you would.'

'Ay, but there's another quotation from the same source about vaulting ambition.'

'True, sir, true; but all these indicated an infirmity of purpose in the man who used them. I'm sure you are not the person who would let a masculine wife take work out of your hands because you were afraid of it.'

'Well, but you see there are things to be considered. If I get the house for three months, I must collect a company, and few of the actors know me. I must.'

'My dear sir,' exclaimed Histoff, suddenly rising and taking my hand, 'leave all that to me. Make me your stage-manager, your acting-manager, your factotum, in fact. "Of their own merits, modest men are dumb;" but I think I may venture to say that if there is a performer who understands management in general, and stage-management in particular, Histoff is the man.'

He sat down, satisfied that he had done himself justice. I was loath, however, to invest him with supreme authority. Half the charm of the thing would be gone if I were not to be the autocrat of the house. But I knew nothing of the details—nothing of the moderate expectations of actors. I had seen a great many of them on the stage, and could estimate their relative merits. Beyond this, it would not have been prudent to go. While I hesitated to reply, Histoff assured me that his influence was so great that he could get me credit for everything; and if the receipts were not sufficient to make a full treasury on the Saturday, he could always manage to satisfy everybody, by giving everybody something. Another tumbler of brandy and water, and the bargain was struck. I was to engage the theatre; and as soon as I was in possession, Histoff was to commence operations.

There was no difficulty in obtaining the lease of the house for three months. They were the three worst months in the year—July, August, and September—when nobody is in town; and it was therefore a great catch to find any one foolish enough to pay £25 down in advance of the rent. I handed over the cheque, signed the agreement, and the proprietor gave me a note to the housekeeper in the hall to deliver over charge to me.

Behold me, after groping through sundry dark passages, narrowly escaping fractures by occasional contact with obtrusive framework and scattered 'properties,' standing in the centre of the stage. A dim light streamed from a closed window at the back of the gallery. I could just see that everything was very dingy and very dusty. There was a faint musty smell, mingled with *soupons* of escaped gas pervading the whole edifice.

'The place wants cleaning up a bit, sir,' said the seedy porter at my elbow. 'If so be as you've been and taken the house, you've only to say the word, and I'll have the charwomen in directly.'

I made no answer, but asked for a pen and ink. He 'didn't know as there was any ink in the bottle in the manager's room, but he thought he could find a quill from *somewheres*.' I spared him the trouble of

the search, and told him I should come again in the afternoon with Mr Histoff.

'Mr Histoff, sir! Why, you ain't never going to have him.'

Chiding the man for his remark, I left the theatre, and proceeding to the parlour of the tavern he had indicated, was about to ring for paper, pens, and ink, when two gentlemen, who were seated at a table in the corner, suddenly turned round, and I found that one of them was Histoff himself. I was saved the trouble of writing. Histoff's friend was a decayed actor who had abandoned the active duties of the profession and become a prompter. Histoff introduced him. He was, as my stage-manager observed, the most downy chap he knew; up to anything, and familiar with every move on the board—or boards. He had helped managers to carry on theatres by the mere force of his reputation. His word was a guarantee with the most incredulous. Histoff was in ecstasies to find him disengaged—a superfluous piece of exultation, by the way, seeing that they always went hand in hand. It was rare to find Histoff acting where Hinton did not prompt—and sometimes 'go on with a letter.'

Announcing that the theatre was mine for three months, I mentioned to Histoff my wish to meet him in the manager's apartment, in order to commence operations—to prepare an advertisement, engage performers, and settle on the pieces we should open with.

'But why go to a cold, damp, dusty theatre, when the whole thing could be settled at once on the spot?' asked my stage-manager, at the same time ringing for the waiter.

Before I could reply, the drawcansir asked me 'to give my orders.' I took the hint; and two goes of alcohol—Mr Hinton preferred Hollands—were soon on the table.

The advertisement was quickly drawn up. It simply announced that, on a given night, the theatre—the best ventilated in the world—redecorated, with new scenery, machinery, dresses, &c., would open under the direction of Orlando Shakeshift, Esq.; and that ladies and gentlemen wishing for engagements were requested to present themselves at the theatre between the hours of eleven and four, during the next three days.

Sir Robert Walpole's anteroom, Oliver Goldsmith's staircase, Marlborough Street police-office when the night-charges are brought up, are but faint types of the approaches to a manager's room when he is forming a company. Of course Histoff had taken care to secure some of the best available stock actors, but he left it to me to engage the stars and the minor people, and to fix the salaries. He had previously given me a list of the average emoluments of the professional brethren, adding, that in the three blank months they were glad to get *anything*.

Up to this time, I knew little of actors off the stage. My fancy had consequently invested them with many of the attributes of the characters they represented. I saw in the light comedian a gentleman of infinite vivacity; the old men I believed to be entitled to the respect due to years. In the low comedian, I was always disposed to recognise a person of infinite mirth; and the ladies, I felt assured, were the most disinterested, lovable persons the mind could conceive. I was now to be disabused of my prepossessions. Not that there was not much personal worth among the claimants for my favour. Self-regarding, self-denying, temperate, unassuming, the majority of the theatrical profession are well entitled to respect. But they came to me in a new character. Each had a great deal to say in his or her own praise, each one anxious to drive a good bargain, and stipulate for 'business.' The generous, light-hearted Harry Dorntons and Charles Surfaces

were particular about pounds, shillings, and pence; the old hunkses who were always drawing close their purse-strings, or giving away their daughters and wards with large fortunes, were ready to accept any salary I liked to give them. One very saturnine old gentleman, whose speciality was low comedy and general utility, was loud in his own eulogy. I told him I had often seen him play, but that his humour did not strike me as peculiarly forcible.

'But, sir,' said he emphatically, and his eyes almost started from the poor fellow's head, 'I am starving!'

It was self-evident. I engaged him, and gave him a small advance of salary, with the mental reservation that I would certainly not employ him. The upper-crust ladies were very pertinacious. There was a transparent inconsistency in the vehemence with which they urged their own pretensions, and the earnestness with which they assured me how much they were in request elsewhere. I knew them all by sight or repute. The mediocrity was uniform; personal appearance carried the day. One can tolerate indifferent acting in a pretty woman; in a plain one, it is unendurable.

In two days the company was formed. It looked a formidable affair when the names and callings were placed on a sheet of paper. There was a first old man and a second old man; a first lady and a second lady; a young walking-lady; a singing chambermaid, and a chambermaid who couldn't sing, but could 'go on' in a ballet or a procession; there was a juvenile comedian—aged 55—a heavy man, and an eccentric; two walking-gentlemen; an old woman; a low comedian; a 'general utility' gentleman, who could do nothing well, and therefore was dubbed 'general mutility'; two servants; six ballet-girls; several *supers*—short for supernumeraries; a band of fifteen musicians; prompter, property-man, call-boy, dressers, porters, carpenters, scene-painters, money-takers, check-takers, messengers, wardrobe-keepers, tailors, and, to close the catalogue, a stage-manager, an acting-manager, and the lessee himself, who, as Histoff said, ought to head the list of salaried people, because, if there was anything to be had, he might as well have a share.

Scarcely had the advertisement appeared before I was inundated with manuscripts. I could now understand why managers either did not read the plays sent to them, or delayed to do so until driven to it in despair. In less than a week there were forty pieces of all sorts on my table! If tables ever groan, there was fine scope for the agonising grief of mine. The weight of some of the dramas was overpowering. They had evidently been written for a company of 'heavy men.' Dramas, melodramas, comedies, farces, burlesques, pantomimes, interludes, spectacles, extravaganzas—ay, and even a five-act tragedy—were submitted to my inspection, with letters highly complimentary to my judgment. I resolved honestly to read every piece and select the best. It was a very rash resolve; I had promised to perform an impossibility. Human nature never could have survived the attempt. One half the compositions were very poor translations from the French, others had been rejected in turn by every unfortunate man who had ventured upon the cures of management; some were juvenile efforts, others the effusions of madmen, or madwomen. Out of the whole lot there was only one tolerable farce. It was in two acts; the first act was good and complete, the other was an inferior *addendum*. It turned out that the first act had been adapted from a Palais-Royal farce, the second was original. Histoff cut away the second, and I paid for the first. One tolerable act out of forty pieces comprehending one hundred acts! Surely, thought I, the power of dramatic composition is not to be numbered among our English qualities. We cannot devise a plot, or

fit a bad one with ordinary dialogue. Bulwer, and Knowles, and Tom Taylor rose enormously in my esteem. They have proved in their success the possession of a rare faculty.

I was told that when the theatre was open in the winter the receipts averaged L.60 a night. Making all due allowances for the difference in the period of the year, I modestly calculated my own probable receipts at L.20, which would just have covered my expenses. I felt comfortable. Great pains were taken to give *éclat* to the opening-night. An address, written by myself, and delivered by Histoff in black tights, commenced the operations. A three-act comedy—one of my own—formed the first course; a farce the second; an extravaganza, with dancing therein, the third. The audience was select—singularly so. I had rather it had been numerous. The receipts were L.6. Histoff saw that I was out of spirits. He consoled me with the remark that it was hardly yet known that we had opened the old house. It would be better to-morrow. And it was better—by L.1, 7s.; and it continued to improve until on the Friday following it had reached L.10, 15s. On the Saturday, my treasurer informed me that the sum payable to the company and 'the people'—that is, carpenters, &c., was L.128, 6s. The money in his hands amounted to L.40, 18s. He wanted L.87, 8s. My jaw fell. I glared at Histoff. He looked at me inquiringly. 'Can't you give him a cheque, governor?'

I confessed I had only L.50 left.

'Well, let him have that. He can pay the "little people" (the poorer of the lot), and the others must take half-salaries.'

I drew the cheque with a heavy heart; and as one o'clock approached, I saw the members of the *troupe* go one by one to the treasury; and I heard their remarks as they left it. 'A regular do!' 'Shameful imposition!' 'I shan't play to-night!' and so on. I felt humiliated. If any atom of the illusions of the drama had survived the first night's performance, the scene before me dissipated it. From that moment, I beheld in the principal comedian not the hilarious representative of a dissolute nephew, but the angry father of a large family, expecting L.8, and receiving but L.4. In the heroic woman who would have shared a crust in a prison with the man she loved, I thenceforth saw only the bounceable *prima donna*, who measured her reverence for a manager by his capacity to pay.

From that evening I renounced the cares of lease-ship, and they were readily assumed by the stage-manager, who had few scruples, and knew how to carry on with quarter-salaries, if need be.

The lesson may have its uses. Let the drama continue an illusion to those whom fate has not made actors. There is not a more rapid dissolving view than the metamorphosis from the idealities before the curtain to an acquaintance with the realities behind.

STORY OF A LAWSUIT, AND HOW THE LAWYERS WERE PAID.

THE story of a lawsuit is not a fascinating title; yet we venture to commend this particular story to a class of readers in whose welfare we have always taken an especial interest—namely, lively young ladies and gentlemen, not ordinarily addicted to dry study.

The lawsuit in question, be it observed, was not carried on between two obscure individuals, but between two corporate towns of considerable importance, at least in their own estimation. Of the

municipal constitution of one of them, it is necessary to say a few words, for the better understanding of our story. This town, which we will call the town of E—, was under the government of a mayor and town-council, which council was chosen by the townsfolk, with the power of imposing tolls and duties on the inhabitants of the place, and the strangers frequenting its markets, the produce of which was intended to meet the public expenses of the town. The mayor was assisted by a small body of citizens chosen by himself, possessing with him the whole executive authority, which, in ambitious imitation, perhaps, of greater things, was called, with a pardonable vanity, the cabinet. To one particular member of this body, called the clerk of the tolls, the management of the finances was especially intrusted. And now, having sufficiently cleared the way, we may proceed to the story of the lawsuit.

It would seem that the people of a neighbouring town had trespassed on a piece of common belonging to the township of E—; had, indeed, driven some of their geese upon it, which, after remonstrance made, they had refused to withdraw; and, in addition to this serious injury, had amused the good citizens of E— with idle tales; and, in short, had laughed at their beards. Thereupon, the mayor called a meeting of the cabinet, made a lucid statement of the case, and concluded an eloquent address with an assurance that, according to his belief and conviction, when such things were done, there was no knowing what would be done next. The cabinet resolved unanimously that there was indeed no knowing what would be done next; and, therefore, resolved further, that their solicitor should be directed to retain counsel, taking care to choose old and experienced men to conduct this just and necessary lawsuit.

So far, all went smoothly; but before the matter was settled, the clerk of the tolls reminded the cabinet that even a just and necessary lawsuit must be paid for, that lawyers required to have their fees in their pockets, before they said a word; that, whereas they ought to have at least six thousand pounds in their banker's hands at starting, they had not six hundred; that their ordinary revenue was little more than sufficient for their ordinary expenditure; and, lastly, that, as for raising the whole sum required within the year by increased tolls and duties, the good citizens, however ready to go to law, would not, and could not stand it: ergo, if they would go to law, they must borrow. 'To be sure we must,' said the mayor, and the rest of the cabinet; 'and we authorise you to set about raising the wind;' in more refined language, providing the sinews of law. All that remained was to get the consent of the great town-council; for, without it, no money could be borrowed, or, in the technical language used in such proceedings, no loan could be raised. This, however, with the fear of the geese before their eyes, and of all that might come next, was readily granted. But when the clerk, who was a member of the council, as well as of the cabinet, went on to observe, that he thought he had a friend who would accommodate him, the older and more knowing members said: 'No, no; it might be all very well in the old times to put a snug thing of that kind into the hands of a favoured friend; but in these days, the approved thing was competition.' He should let it be known in the town that he wished to borrow,

and he would find persons enough who wished to lend; and then all he had to do was to accept the most advantageous offer. This being settled, the council had nothing further to do in the matter but to hear from the clerk a statement of the means, in the shape of new tolls and duties, or the increase of old ones, by which he proposed to pay the interest of the loan. For, be it observed, though the citizens of E— were by no means ready to pay down the money immediately required for the lawsuit, they could well bear the slight increase of taxation necessary to make good the interest of the money to be borrowed for that purpose.

The next step in the proceeding was the giving public notice by the clerk that he was ready to receive tenders for the loan on a certain day, at his official residence. Without troubling ourselves about the rejected offers, it is sufficient to say that the clerk finally agreed to accept those of the house of Messrs A—, on the following terms:

Messrs A— agreed to pay into the corporation's bank—which, in future, we will call the bank—the six thousand pounds required. The clerk, on his part, gave them a bond, by which the corporation was bound to pay them five pounds annually for every hundred they advanced; that is, to pay them interest at the rate of 5 per cent. for all the money borrowed, which would amount, for the whole six thousand pounds, to three hundred pounds annually. The clerk at the same time satisfied the lenders, Messrs A—, that the new duties to be imposed on the town would produce more than enough to pay the interest of the money; and, as a further security, informed them that the council had agreed to mortgage the produce of these duties for the payment of the interest; that is, to restrict the corporation by a bond from using this produce for any other purpose whatever, till the annual claims of the lenders were satisfied; or, in other words, to give them the first right over it. The corporation, however, he told them, demanded for itself that it should never be called on by them to repay the principal, that is, the sum borrowed; whilst, at the same time, it should be left at liberty to repay it whenever it might suit the convenience of the corporation to be out of their debt. In return, the lenders demanded on their part that they should be at liberty to transfer, that is, to sell, their right to the three hundred pounds interest, or any part of it, whenever they pleased, and to whomsoever they pleased; and that the person or persons, again, to whom it should be thus transferred, should themselves have a right to sell it to any other persons, though neither they nor these other persons should ever have a right to demand payment of the principal.

These matters being settled, the six thousand pounds were paid into the bank, for the use of the corporation; the bank undertaking, for a consideration, the trouble of receiving the produce of the new duties about to be imposed, and paying the interest of the six thousand pounds as it became due.

The bank kept a record in its books of the money lent, and of the rate of interest to be paid for it annually to Messrs A—. Thus, in the language of the town, the six thousand pounds debt was said to be funded by the corporation; Messrs A— were called public or town creditors, and they were said to hold six thousand pounds of the corporation stock.

Now, it must be remembered that Messrs A— lent the money, not by way of accommodating the corporation, but, as a matter of trade, to make a good thing of it—it being their trade to traffic with money as other traders do with goods. They had bargained to receive a somewhat higher rate of interest than could ordinarily be had at that time in the town of

E—. But they looked for something more in this transaction than the mere receiving of interest from the borrowers, however high; what this was, will be seen by following them in their further operations, consequent on their loan-transaction with the corporation.

There were many persons in the town of E— who, by the profits of business, or by saving or some other means, had money by them which they wished to invest securely, in such a manner as to get an income from it without the risk and trouble of trading with it. Now, Messrs A—'s transactions with the corporation exactly offered them the opportunity which they were looking for. Let us follow one of them step by step in his dealings with Messrs A—. Finding that he has about one hundred pounds to spare, this person goes with this money to Messrs A—, and tells them that he is willing to take off their hands part of their bargain with the corporation—that is, to give Messrs A— one hundred pounds of hard money, on condition that they should cause the bank to make over to him for ever a fair portion of the interest of the six thousand pounds at present paid by the corporation to Messrs A—. They let him see at once that he was the right person come to the right place. He wanted to buy what they wanted to sell. It was, in fact, with a view to such selling that they had dealt at all with the corporation in the matter of the loan.

'But mind,' says the managing partner, 'you are not going to have as good a bargain with us, you know, as we had with the gentlemen at the town-hall yonder. We don't mean that you should get as much for your hundred pounds as we got for ours.'

'Why so?' replies the applicant, bristling up at once for combat. 'Why so, Mr Pounce?'

'Simply because, if we were to do what you seem to expect, we should be taking a good deal of trouble with the disinterested purpose of accommodating you, without any advantage to ourselves; which is not our way of doing business. You know very well that small capitalists like you, who cannot deal directly with the corporation, could not get 5 per cent. for their money safely in the town of E—. They would hardly get as much as 4 per cent. with such good security as we can offer. So, if you deal with us, it must be on these terms. Pay down one hundred good sovereigns, and you will receive from us eighty pounds of corporation stock. No more. And mark this: at the rate of 5 per cent., which, you know, is the rate of interest paid by the corporation, you will, by the rules of arithmetic, be paid four pounds for eighty. So that, by getting eighty pounds stock for your hundred sovereigns, you will be getting 4 per cent. for your money.'

After this explanation, the terms proposed were accepted, and the matter was settled by Messrs A— directing the proper clerk at the bank to subtract the sum of eighty pounds from the six thousand standing in their names in the bank-books, and to place it to the name of the purchaser, leaving to Messrs A— only the remaining five thousand nine hundred and twenty. The clerk did as he was directed by Messrs A—, without knowing or inquiring what had passed between them and the purchaser in question; that being a matter with which neither the bank nor the corporation had any concern—it being sufficient for them to know that the purchaser had become the possessor of eighty pounds of the corporation stock, and that therefore, in future, they were to pay four pounds out of the three hundred—the whole interest, as before mentioned, of the six thousand they had borrowed—to him instead of Messrs A—.

This transaction, in the language of the bank, was called a *transfer of stock*; Messrs A— were said

to have *sold out* eighty pounds stock, and the other party was said to have *bought in*.

It can hardly be necessary to remind even a lively young lady, if she has paid us the flattering compliment of giving any attention to our not very lively details, that this word *stock*, whether spoken of as six thousand or eighty pounds stock, did not imply that there were six thousand pounds or eighty pounds in money *kept* in the bank; for the six thousand pounds originally borrowed belonged altogether to the corporation, and had been long since expended, but implied only the *writing down in the books of the bank* six thousand or eighty pounds, shewing how much money was to be paid annually, according to a certain rate of interest, to the persons to whose names the six thousand or the eighty pound stock was written down.

In this way, before the year was past, Messrs A— had disposed, in different sums to different persons, of the whole of their six thousand pounds stock, and had ceased to be creditors of the corporation; which, instead of Messrs A—, had for creditors the various purchasers of stock in the town of E—.

The result of the transaction, as affecting Messrs A—, was this: for the six thousand pounds stock created by the six thousand pounds in money originally advanced by them, they received eventually, by their various sales, seven thousand five hundred pounds in money; if they sold the whole at the same rate at which the first sale was effected—namely, eighty pounds stock for one hundred pounds in money; one hundred pounds stock for one hundred and twenty-five pounds in money, and so on: so that they made a clear profit of fifteen hundred pounds by their dealings in corporation stock. The various purchasers would, it is clear, get exactly 4 per cent. for their money; for although they actually received five pounds interest for every hundred pounds stock they bought, yet, having paid one hundred and twenty-five pounds in money for this same stock, they would, in fact, be receiving the five pounds interest for one hundred and twenty-five pounds of money; and five for one hundred and twenty-five is at the rate of four for a hundred, or 4 per cent.

In the meanwhile the corporation continued all along to pay the same three hundred pounds, neither more nor less; the only difference being that the bank, in behalf of the corporation, paid it in various portions to various persons, instead of paying the whole to Messrs A—.

Whilst these sales were going on, the people of the town would ask, from time to time, on what terms they were made; and the question would be put in this form: 'What is the price of the corporation stock?' and the answer would be, 'one hundred and twenty-five,' or, 'the funds are at one hundred and twenty-five;' meaning, of course, that the price of one hundred pounds stock was one hundred and twenty-five pounds in money.

It soon came to pass, as might be expected, that some of those who had purchased stock of Messrs A—, as an eligible investment of money, for which they had no immediate use, wished to have their money again instead of stock; but they could not get this money from the corporation, because, though they now stood in the place of creditors of the corporation, yet, being bound by the original contract entered into by the corporation with Messrs A—, they could not demand payment of more than the *interest*. What, then, could those poor people do who had urgent occasion to turn their stock into money? The simplest thing in the world. They could do by others what Messrs A— had done by them—sell their stock to those who wanted to buy; and there were purchasers enough to be found in the town of E—.

It was easy enough, therefore, to sell. But there was at this time a strong reason against selling without necessity. The truth is, the price of the corporation stock had fallen. For this fall, there were many causes. The cultivation of land, for instance, had of late become more profitable, tempting investment in that way rather than in the purchase of corporation stock. Some new speculations, also offering large profits, had found favour with the citizens, producing the same result. Above all, there was a general apprehension that the corporation would be obliged to have recourse to another loan, which, it was supposed—for reasons which we will not inflict on our lively young ladies and gentlemen—would considerably damage the value of the old stock. Whatever the cause, the corporation stock was now as low as eighty—that is, a hundred pounds in stock might be had for eighty pounds in money. The first purchaser was among the sufferers. After his first dealings with Messrs A——, he had purchased rather too largely, when the corporation stock bore so high a price. Now, in sudden want of money, he sold out one hundred pounds of his stock at a most unhappy time; for, as we have seen, he would get only eighty pounds in money for the same amount of stock for which he had given one hundred and twenty-five pounds; being a loser, by this double transaction of buying and selling, to the amount of forty-five pounds.

As for the new purchaser, he made $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of his money, for though, like everybody else, he received only five pounds interest on the hundred pounds stock transferred to his name in the bank-books, yet since he had given only eighty pounds for it in money, he was in fact receiving the five pounds interest for eighty pounds; and five for eighty is at the rate of six pence five shillings for one hundred pounds, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Many others parted with the stock which they had purchased of Messrs A——; and many to whom they sold it parted with it again, at different times, and on different terms, according as the price of the corporation's stock rose or fell, so that the stock was in constant circulation, as it were, in various portions, among the inhabitants of the town, and thus became a new sort of transferable property; so much so, that the business of effecting the different transfers became a distinct trade, carried on by persons called stock-brokers. To these men every buyer and seller went; and by them the whole business was settled for a small consideration, the buyer not knowing of whom he bought, and the seller as little knowing to whom he sold his stock.

It is of course perceived that in all these transactions the rising and falling of the price of stock affected not at all either the corporation or the actual holders of their stock, whilst they held it, but only the buyers and sellers at the time of buying and selling; for the corporation continued to pay, and the holders of stock to receive five pounds for every hundred pounds stock—the whole stock continuing to be what it was at first, six thousand pounds, and the whole interest three hundred pounds, neither more nor less.

It was not long before the corporation found itself obliged to do as the knowing ones of the town had predicted—to borrow more money.

The mode of proceeding in the case of this new loan was precisely the same as in that of the first; but the affairs of the corporation being in a flourishing state, its credit fully re-established, and a speedy termination of the lawsuit being confidently expected—moreover, and especially, the general rate of interest for money in the town being lower than it used to be, the corporation was able to effect this new loan on better terms. This time, it was to pay only 4 per cent. on the whole loan. The same transactions of buying and selling took place in this case as in the former; and this

new stock was brought into circulation with the old, bearing of course a different price proportioned to the different rate of interest—that is, when one hundred pounds of the old stock, paying 5 per cent. interest, should be sold for one hundred pounds in money, or, in the language of the bank, it should be *at par*, the same amount of the new stock would be sold for only eighty pounds, or *thereabouts*; for, somehow or other, the price of the different stocks was not *exactly* proportioned to the different rate of interest which they bore. It is hardly necessary to add that these two kinds of stock were called, respectively, the 5 per cents. and the 4 per cents.

The time at length arrived when the corporation was able to relieve itself of a part of the burden of paying the interest of its debt, without doing injustice to the holders of its stock. To understand this, it must be remembered, that at the time when the money was borrowed, it was expressly stipulated, that although the corporation could never be *required* to repay the principal, it should always have the right to do so—that is, though the holder of stock, who was the creditor, could never oblige the corporation, standing in the place of debtor, to *pay*, the corporation might oblige the holder of stock to *receive* money instead of stock; and so, by clearing off the debt, put an end for ever to the payment of interest. Well, then, the corporation, having a little more money than usual in hand, and taking advantage of a time when the common rate of interest was unusually low, ventured to give notice to the holders of the 5 per cent. stock, that it was ready to pay them off, and that it certainly should do so forthwith, unless they would consent to receive in future $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. instead of 5.

The corporation was, in fact, by no means prepared to pay the whole of the six thousand pounds. But it was easy enough to guess that the greater part of the holders of the 5 per cent. stock would submit to the proposed reduction of interest, rather than receive the money and be paid off; because, in the then state of the money-market, when they had received the money, they would not know how to dispose of it again, so as to get even so much as $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for it. Almost all did, in fact, consent to the reduction. The few that did not, the corporation had money enough in hand to pay off.

We have spoken throughout of the governing corporation as borrowing the money, and paying the interest; but, in truth, the party really borrowing and paying was the town of E—— collectively. The loan was sanctioned by the council which was elected by the town, and supposed to represent its wishes and interests. The money was borrowed for public purposes, and used in upholding the rights of the whole community; and most assuredly the inhabitants of the town were the paymasters, and bore the whole burden; for it was on them that those taxes were imposed, by the produce of which the interest of the loan was paid.

It may be as well to mention here, that there was another legislative council, called the Upper Council, whose consent, jointly with that of the council already spoken of, was required in the case of this and all other legislative proceedings; but as this Upper Council was not elected by the inhabitants, and was of much less weight and importance in money matters—having, in fact, nothing to do with them but to say yes or no to what had been already proposed and sanctioned by the other council—we have not thought it expedient to lengthen and complicate our narrative by introducing it.

The corporation, we are sorry to say, did not stop at the two loans already mentioned. Tempted by the facility with which these had been effected, they raised many more on various terms; so that the

interest paid amounted at last to many thousands, instead of hundreds, as at first. Let us consider the effect of this. We have said that by this system of funding debts, a new sort of property was created, passing from hand to hand by sale, just like any other property, as estates or houses. But by using the terms, 'creating a new sort of property,' we must not be supposed to mean that any actual addition was made to the wealth of the town; the only immediate effect was to make a new distribution of the wealth already possessed, which may easily be shewn by an instance. A proprietor of houses in the town of E— derived from the rent of his houses, twenty in number, an annual income of L.200, each being let for L.10 a year. Now, for his share of the taxes raised for the payment of the interest of the public debt, he paid L.10 annually. The effect to him would be the same as if one of his houses was taken from him, and given to some one or other of the public creditors or holders of the corporation stock. And so it would be in all cases. The facility, indeed, with which this new sort of property was transferred and circulated from hand to hand, might help the trading affairs and money-dealings of the town, and so contribute indirectly to its wealth and prosperity; but directly, as I have said, there was no addition to the wealth of the town, only a new distribution of it—a taking of a portion of it out of the pocket of one person and putting it into the pocket of another.

Whatever benefits may arise from the system of funding debts, they must needs be overbalanced by its evils, when it is carried to a great excess, as was eventually the case in the town of E—. Some of these evils were set forth by a sagacious politician of the place in an evening conversation with a friend, a part of which we had the advantage of overhearing. 'Yes, my dear sir,' says the politician, 'I am beginning to think that this borrowing of money by the corporation is a very sad affair. I am not thinking of my own sufferings; I have too much public spirit for that, though, indeed, they are not inconsiderable; for I think you must have observed that we pay more than we did before the lawsuit for the little articles which we purchase at the shops—all owing to these weary loans; for, to get money to pay the interest of them, they tax and re-tax almost everything that is bought and sold. I don't complain of the shopkeepers, poor things! They can do nothing else; for you see, my dear friend, when an article which was sold for a shilling has a tax of a penny put upon it, it must be sold for thirteence; indeed, the political economists will tell you that a little more must be added than the single penny. On that, however, I reserve my opinion. But, as I said, it is not of these little matters I complain. Our manufacturing friends are like to be ruined.' The listener looked aghast. 'Yes, it is even so. You know that our manufacturers supply even distant towns with their manufactured goods, because they are supposed to produce cheaper and better articles than others. But how can they any longer produce cheap things, when the materials from which they are made, owing to these fatal loans, are heavily taxed? I am told, indeed, that the raw material, as it is called, is no longer taxed. I don't know how this may be; but everything else being made dearer by those taxes, the manufacturers must pay their workmen more, and make up for it by putting a higher price on the manufactured articles. Then their old customers will leave them, and go to untaxed or more lightly taxed manufacturing places. Why, it was only yesterday I was told by our very sensible young hair-dresser, that those odious wretches with whom we have been at law so long, will undersell us some time or other, and even those greedy, grasping Uncle Samians—though they, I believe,

have not many manufactures yet. But there is even worse than this.' Here our politician, perceiving that his friend had shut his eyes to save them, abruptly concluded his lecture with some indistinct mutterings to himself about the fact, that fundholders belonged generally to the unproductive classes, so that the loans and funded debts caused a large quantity of money to be unprofitably wasted by being withdrawn from productive industry—which last words he pronounced with strong emphasis.

There were, however, moralists in the place who took higher ground than our politician. The dissenting clergyman, a man of great talent and respectability, denounced the whole system of funding debts as morally wrong, on the ground that we have no right to burden posterity with our debts without their consent. To this it was replied, that it is not easy to get the consent of posterity; but that when the case is very urgent, and the loan is judged to be as necessary for the future welfare of posterity as for our own, it might be permitted to take the leave which could not be given. In short, when it is, as the French love to say, of two things, one, either to let the country be disgraced and ruined, or to raise a loan, and fund the debt, it may be well to anticipate consent, and presume the future gratitude of posterity for the wise discretion exercised by their forefathers.

And now, in conclusion, we have to make a humble apology to the lively young ladies and gentlemen who may have been cheated by a mask—though a very transparent one—into reading about those awfully dull things, the national debt and the funds. For the town of E—, let Great Britain and Ireland be substituted; for the mayor and his cabinet, the Queen and her ministers; for the two councils, the Houses of Lords and Commons; for the elected council, the House of Commons, in which House all money-bills must originate; for the clerk of the tolls, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, one of the Queen's cabinet ministers, who is always a member of the House of Commons; for the lawsuit, a war or any other public matter, requiring a larger amount of money than can be raised for immediate use by taxation, such as the compensation gift to the West Indian proprietors of slaves; and above all, let millions be substituted for hundreds, our readers will have in the foregoing story a rude and faint sketch of that monstrous thing, the national debt, its causes and consequences.

The system of creating a permanent national debt by funding began soon after the Revolution of 1689. A few statements of facts will shew with what rapid strides it advanced. In 1693, the permanent debt amounted to about one million two hundred thousand pounds, which had been borrowed at 8 per cent. In 1714, that is, in seventeen years, it was swelled to nearly fifty-four millions. This great increase was occasioned by the expensive continental wars in which this country had been engaged in the reigns of William and Anne. After this, it was slightly reduced; but in 1748 it had mounted again to seventy-eight millions. In 1756, at the beginning of the Seven Years' War, it was seventy-five millions; at the close of it, it had attained what was then thought the frightful amount of one hundred and thirty-nine millions. More than ninety-seven millions were added to the debt during the American war. At the peace of Amiens in 1802, it amounted to more than six hundred and twenty millions. In 1831, the permanent national debt amounted to rather more than seven hundred and fifty-seven millions, on which the annual interest paid was a little more than twenty-four millions.

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A SOUVENIR OF A DINNER.

STANDING irresolute at the book-stall at the Great Northern terminus, King's Cross, uncertain in which of the red and yellow volumes I should invest half-a-crown for my mental delectation on a journey to Edinburgh, my eye rested on a little brochure called *The Art of Dining*.

We all know how to eat, but very few of us know how to dine. The one is a suggestion of nature, the other is an effort of high art, in which we are constantly frustrated. Providence sends meats, and the proverb tells us how those good things are neutralised by the envoys of the Prince of Darkness. There is no enterprise to which the human mind can be directed more noble in itself, or more profitable to mankind, than the conversion of fish, flesh, fowl, fruits, and vegetables into sapid and nutritious *matériel*. I will not say it has been the study of my life to dine well, for in our hot youth we care little what we eat, or when, or how the meat is dressed. *C'est toute autre chose* when the actual palate becomes a little fantastical from use, the ideal taste somewhat refined by experience, and the gratification of epicurean guests an object of social, and often of high political importance. Hence the last half of my life has been consecrated to gastronomic considerations. At thirty, I began to suspect the merits of boiled mutton and caper sauce; at forty, boiled beef and mutton-chops were discarded from my table; at fifty, I peremptorily discharged my cook for daring to place a suet-pudding before me. But if I thus circumscribed the limits of my *carte* in one way, I enlarged them in another. If I dismissed my old-established *pièces de résistance*, my heavy battalions and siege-train, I enlisted an immense body of light infantry and flying-artillery in their places. The radius of my bill of fare is very extensive, comprising innumerable French dishes with ingenious titles, and many of my own conception with loyal and popular designations. Ask at the Waterloo or Anderson's (late Macgregor's), in Princes Street, for a *pâté à la provost d'Edinbourg*, or an *Auld Reekie mayonnaise*, and you will see that I have some pretensions to culinary skill. Still, I am not satisfied; none but egotists are easily pleased with their own work. I believe I have yet much to learn of the sublime science of dining. The Walkers, Udes, Savarins, and so forth, thought only of providing for a party varying from eight to twenty guests, and even more. Few have taught us how *one* person may dine. The other day, in the Dover train, I fell in with an alderman who was going over to Paris for the first time in his life. 'To dine at the *Trois Frères* or *Durand's*?' I concluded.

'O dear, no—to see the Tooleries and the Looover, etcetera. What do I care for French kickshaws? No—a man must be partickler indeed who couldn't be satisfied with old English fare.'

'Just so,' I replied, falling into his humour—'turtle, venison, turbot, and all that.'

'Now,' said he, turning towards me, and looking me full in the face, 'how you talk! You fellows of the West End, or the country, have the most erroneous conceptions of an alderman's appetite. It is true, we give the best of fare in our power to our guests on public occasions; but see us in private—we are perfect anchorites!' And he sank back in his seat, the very type of a self-denying Silenus.

'You amaze me,' I rejoined: 'the popular notion runs quite the other way.'

My curiosity was greatly piqued, and I resolved to lead my companion to a disclosure of an ascetic alderman's fare *en solitude*.

'Tell me, sir,' said I, continuing the conversation, 'if I don't take too great a liberty, what may be your ideas of gastronomic simplicity?'

'My ideas of simplicity! Why, give me but a basin of Scotch broth (the most exhilarating of broths—the very champagne of soups), followed by a tender rump-steak and oyster-sauce; a bird, according to the season; a pudding or a tart, and a piece of Stilton; with a glass of sherry after my soup, porter with my steak, and a pint of port after my cheese; and I would wish for nothing more!'

If I was amazed before, I was now petrified. Truly, a most moderate gourmand; quite a rigorous, self-denying Barmecide. The description conjured to my mind a vision of Sancho Panza feasting in prosperity. But the alderman's little sketch did not provide the lesson I expected. It did not help me to arrange a dinner for a solitary bachelor of delicate appetite and limited means. I was, and still am, at a loss in that important particular; therefore it was that (the reader must pardon the long digression) I laid out eighteenpence in the *Art of Dining*—one of Mr Murray's volumes of *Railway Reading*—and had cut all the leaves before the train had emerged from the tunnel which darkens the road between King's Cross and Potter's Bar.

The book proved to be a reprint of Mr Hayward's article from the *Quarterly*—a good *résumé* of all that had been written on the subject of gastronomy, and an amusing collection of anecdotes of famous cooks, and equally famous patrons of cooks, from Louis XIV. to Lord Alvanley. It is very edifying, and nearly complete. If the author and the accomplished diners-out and dinner-givers whom Mr A. H. consulted, have

failed in anything, it is in doing justice to curries—the most delicious of all methods of dressing certain kinds of human food. See how readily the thousands of Englishmen and Scotchmen who go to India adapt themselves to it; and how the pleasure of returning to their native land in the autumn of life is qualified by the sacrifice of what had become a *sine quâ non* in the daily meal. An English curry is ordinarily a detestable mess, a gross imposition, a downright insult to the cultivated palate. Fowl or rabbit smeared with turmeric and black pepper, and served up with half-boiled rice—that's an English *ménagère's* notion of the thing. A native of the Andaman islands would recoil from it with horror; and Jack Pandey, of the 34th Bengal Native Infantry, would find in such garbage a new apology for mutiny, in which his officers would sustain him. But try a curry made as a first-class Indian *khansumah*, or butler, would fabricate it. It is easily done. I know two families who have acquired a respectable status in society by its adoption. You have all the ingredients at hand—saffron, the pulp of the cocoa-nut, butter, garlic, red pepper, onions (which should be fried separately), salt, an apple; and, mind me, use only fat meats of an open grain. The smooth, impenetrable texture of rabbit and chicken renders it quite impossible for the meat to become even partially saturated with the curry-stuff thus compounded; and unless that is done, you may as well serve up the leg of a chair or table with your rice. Shrimps and cels make admirable curries, for the same reason that pork and mutton are to be commended. They gratefully reciprocate service; they impart to the condiment some of their own exquisite flavour, while they receive the saffron impregnation. A shrimp or prawn curry, served with well-boiled rice, would enable a minister of state to win over the most bitter opponent and selfish intriguer in the shape of a foreign ambassador. But let that pass. I do not quarrel with A. H. for omitting to speak of things which only orientalist can understand. No, I forgive him for his modesty; and I also honour him for the praise *en passant* he has bestowed on my lamented friend, Alexis Soyer. He says of the deceased: 'He is a clever man, of inventive genius, and inexhaustible resource; but his execution is hardly on a par with his conception, and he is more likely to earn his immortality by his soup-kitchen, than by his soup.'

I am not quite sure that this is a just estimate, though it is kindly meant. A great cook is no more expected to make his dishes than a great general is required to head every charge of cavalry. It is his province to conceive, plan, direct, leaving to the engineers of his *batterie de cuisine* to operate their pleasant warfare. This was Soyer's forte. If he had been a wealthy man, he would have devoted his mornings to the conceptions of dishes, which his friends should have eaten in the evening. I once dined with him. He was then *maître de cuisine* at the Reform Club. Eight or nine years have passed away, and I have eaten much since; but the recollection of that dinner is unfading. It 'lingering haunts the greenest spot in memory's waste,' as poor Tom Moore sang in one of his most charming *chansons*. Soyer was supreme in the basement-story. His chambers were united with the kitchen. He was 'monarch of all he surveyed.' The dinner took place in his chambers, and this is how it came about.

I had been conversing with the great chief about his *métier*, and observed how proud he must feel to minister to the appetites of so many hundreds of men superior by their intelligence and station to the ordinary run of Englishmen. 'Bah!' he exclaimed; 'they do not appreciate me or my cookery. It is thrown away upon them. There are many *gourmands* among them, but very few *gourmets*. Excepting Lord M. H., there is

hardly one of them that knows how to order a dinner; and if he leaves it to me, and gives *carte blanche* as to the price, ten to one but he invites people who would as readily eat a piece of under-done roast beef. What do they know of *bouchées de lapereau à la Pompadour*, or *noisettes de veau à la Velleroi*, garnies d'une soubise! It is terrible, my dear friend, to think how great talent is prostituted before such coarse fellows.' I felt he was quite right, and I told him so, and I repeated part of Goldsmith's notions of a good company over a haunch of venison. 'Tenez,' he resumed; 'I think you could appreciate a superior dinner. I think you are a man before whom I could venture to deploy the highest efforts of my poor genius. Come and dine with me on Saturday next. We can repose from the fatigues of mind and stomach on the Sunday. Invite five friends. Our table must be round, and our party limited to eight. Thus all can share in the conversation. You and I, and a French friend of mine—a confidential envoy from the *cuisinier de la bouche, du Prince Président de la R-r-république*—will make three. Ask the rest yourself, and let them be *beaux esprits*.' I accepted the invitation.

It took me an hour to consider which of the men in my small circle would best suit the occasion. It is not often that the most brilliant intellect is associated with the most undeniable palate. Faraday is content with a cutlet; Tennyson is said to affect tripe. I don't believe it. However, when I had deliberated, made out list after list, and then weeded and pruned the collection, I decided on my five. A. was a brilliant M.P., as M.P.s go; B. was a barrister; C., an actor of abounding quiet humour; D., an artist—a superb historical painter; E., a soldier and traveller. The literary interest was represented poorly enough by myself.

The dinner-hour was eight; we were punctual. The table was chastely spread—a *tazza* of flowers in the centre; a vase would have obscured the guests from each other. A gas chandelier above illuminated the table. There were knives, forks, and napkins for the eight guests—nothing more—not even a salt-cellar—on the whitest of damask cloths. Soyer was cordial in his welcome. His face beamed with the pleasure which a sense of triumph and a prospect of enjoyment is sure to impart. He took his seat, and a servant brought in one dish. We had no soup. 'It is a mistake,' said the incomparable Soyer, 'to provide a pool for the reception of viands. You only drown them.' The first course was fish, of which three descriptions came in, one after the other, so that they should be hot. I remember there were *filets de sole à la Normande*; but I remember nothing more of the many dishes which succeeded each other at prolonged intervals, all seasoned, all cut up, and temporarily reunited, so that a silver fork removed the slices without the intervention of a knife. Their measured *entrée* allowed repose to the stomach, time for wine, and time for talk. We did not make a toil of a pleasure. There were several wines, each adapted to a particular dish; they were sipped deliberately; it was necessary that an amalgam should be established within, and the palate allowed an opportunity of reviving. Do you blame me that I do not remember the details of the dinner, fascinated as I was with the *ensemble*? Then blame the girl in Bulwer's *Pompeii* who had never noticed the colour of her lover's eyes. How many a man remembers with what intense enjoyment he read Walter Scott's *Waverley*, but how few can recall a single passage of the unapproachable work! Then blame me not if I forget all. All?—no! I do remember me of one feature of the dinner: it was too striking to be forgotten.

We had reached the last course—it was midnight, and yet no one was suffering from repletion. The

servitor now brought us in ham, boiled, clothed in grated bread, and decorated with a *papillote* of foolscap. 'O Soyer,' exclaimed the guests with one voice, 'what appetites you must suppose us to possess!' We had eaten of innumerable meats, and rather preferred a good dessert. 'Cut,' said the *gastrolome* to me, indifferent to the appeal of his friends. I looked at him imploringly: Why carve what no one would eat? His expression was sternly resolute, Napoleon I.'s could not have been more obdurate. 'Everybody who dines with me must eat what I command. Cut, I say; you will not repent it.' Slap went the knife into the neighbourhood of the knuckle, the meat yielding with the most graceful condescension. The second insertion revealed the trick. It was a cake, of the pound-cake quality, filled with vanilla ice! Well might he call it a *jambon à la surprise*, for our weak minds were astonished exceedingly. Everybody had a corner for that ham. Soyer then told us that it was nothing very new, though uncommon. He had once practised the same device at the house of Sir Robert Peel, on a grander scale. He had prepared an entire course of imitative game—pheasants, partridges, snipe, hare—all were *gâteaux*, with iced creams in their inwards. Colonel Peel, the present Secretary of State for War, presided; the lady of Sir Robert was at the other hand. 'Why, what's the meaning of this?' exclaimed the colonel, who had the hare before him. 'We have done with game.' 'Never mind,' said her ladyship, who was in the secret; 'you have only to carve; nobody's obliged to eat.' And he *did* carve, as prodigiously astounded at the results as he was when Lord Derby sent to him a few months ago, and placed him at the head of the War-office.

Towards the close of the dinner, one of the servants of the establishment came in with what appeared, at first sight, to be a diminutive jack-in-the-green.

'Ah, ha!' said our host, 'that's just the thing. I think the duchess will be pleased.'

This was another surprise, at least for us. Alexis had devised a bouquet of game for the Duchess of Sutherland. It consisted simply of a framework resembling a boy's kite, and about five feet high. On this, mingled with evergreen leaves, so as to conceal the frame, were placed, with much grace and effect, a hare, two rabbits, a pheasant, partridges, grouse, plovers, snipe, larks, and ducks—all made fast to the frame. A picture of this clever contrivance afterwards appeared in the *Illustrated News*; but a woodcut covered with black ink conveyed no idea of the beauty of the original, or of the variety of plumage that reposed on a rich and glossy green.

We rose from table a little before one, to adjourn to the kitchen, to see the *modus operandi*, and give orders for a supper of broils and devils. As I turned round, I saw a portrait of the late Madame Soyer on the wall in crayons, and in an unusually low part of the wall. I was tempted to remark upon the singularity. 'There is a little story attached to that,' said Soyer with a melancholy smile. 'The house was being whitewashed; I was out of the way when my poor wife called. With her usual fun, she seized a piece of charcoal, and immediately sketched her sweet face on the wall, and when it was finished, she said to one of the plasterers: "There, tell Monsieur Soyer that a lady paid him a visit, and she has left her card!"'

The broils proved as superb in their way as the stews, boils, roasts, and fries which had preceded them. It was two o'clock in the morning before we parted company. Tumblers of whisky-punch crowned the feast, in which, to say the truth, there had been a rare concurrence of physical and intellectual enjoyment. The barrister's wit was as sparkling as the Mosel; the M.P.'s remarks had the solidity of the

port; the player's fun fizzed with the champagne. Much was eaten, a great quantity was drunk; and my concluding phrase will be the best commentary on the superlative excellence of the entertainment—no one had a headache the next day! Let us respect the memory of Alexis Soyer.

THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURIES.

IN our defence of the eighteenth century against the diatribes of Mr Carlyle (see No. 252), we had but little room to illustrate the spirit of that preceding age with which the philosopher of Chelsea and all other lovers of earnestness and decisive courses are so much enamoured. Let us now, then, recur to the subject.

First, however, let us fully admit that the seventeenth century produced men who, for their lights, were entitled to high admiration. They aimed well; they ventured and suffered heroically; and much which they did was of vast importance to those who came after them. But the lights of that time were really of a very glimmering and insufficient character. Some of the principles on which our individual happiness rests were quite undetermined. Contentions which we know to be only productive of mutual destruction, while settling nothing, were then eagerly fought. Much, consequently, of that very earnestness which is now by some admired so highly, was merely an earnestness in imposing distasteful and impossible opinions on others. Let us adduce a few illustrations on this point from a work recently published.*

In 1630, a number of papist gentlemen in Aberdeen and Banffshires were pressed by the government and clergy to make profession of the reformed doctrines, the alternative on refusal being imprisonment, or banishment, and loss of their estates, with, at the utmost, some allowance from the latter at the pleasure of the king. John Gordon of Craig sent a petition to the Privy Council, humbly shewing 'that, for religion, order hath been given for banishing the petitioner's son, his wife and children, and confining himself—in respect of his great age—in a town within Scotland [Cupar], which order they have all humbly obeyed, his son, wife, and poor children having forthwith abandoned the kingdom. A two part of the poor estate which he hath being allotted for his son and his family, and a third part for himself, he now findeth that by such a mean proportion he cannot be able to live, being both aged and sickly. His humble suit is, that he may have leave to depart the kingdom to live with his son, because by their estate undivided, they may all be more able to subsist than otherwise.' Even this poor boon was denied as 'unreasonable.' About the same time, the Council received a petition from 'Elizabeth Garioch, setting forth her case as a sufferer for her "averseness and non-conformity to the religion presently professed." She was an old decrepit woman, past threescore and ten years, bedrid for the present, and not likely long to live. She had lain for months in the Tolbooth of Aberdeen, with "no earthly means to entertain herself but one croft of sax bolls sawing, and neither husband nor child to attend to the winning and in-gathering thereof." The misery of her circumstances made her restraint, she said, the more grievous. Therefore she craved release from prison, professing, "for the eschewing of scandal, which her remaining in the country may breed or occasion," her willingness to give security that she should remove herself forth of the kingdom. The Lords mercifully remitted to the Bishop of Aberdeen to see to Elizabeth Garioch being liberated on her

* *Domestic Annals of Scotland.* By Robert Chambers. 2 vols. 8vo. 1853.

giving caution to the extent of a thousand merks for her self-banishment.*

During the Civil War, dissent from the Presbyterian Church, or even a declining to sign the Solemn League and Covenant—the said League being a bond agreeing to extirpate popery and prelacy—was punished with excommunication, which implied outlawry and loss of all worldly possessions. In 1643, we find one Gilbert Garden, in Aberdeenshire, threatened with this punishment for forsaking the church, and professing to consider his private devotions as sufficient; and he was afterwards actually imprisoned as a Brownite. A poor wheel-wright in Aberdeen, who had adopted Brownism or Independency, only saved himself by flight. About the same time, the Marquis and Marchioness of Douglas, who were Catholics, were deprived of their children, lest they should inherit the errors of their parents, or be sent for their education to France. The marquis, on one occasion, petitioned the presbytery of Lanark for permission to have one of his sons brought from the school at Glasgow, and placed at that of Lanark, *‘but not to come home to his parents unless the presbytery permit.’* This proud noble had to receive a Presbyterian minister into his house, to be a spy upon his religious practice. After he had made some concessions, his marchioness still held out; but at last she also was compelled to yield. ‘On the 9th of March 1650, two ministers went to pass upon her that sentence of excommunication which was to make her homeless and an outlaw, unless she should instantly profess the Protestant faith; at the same time telling her “how fearful a sin it was to swear with equivocation or mental reservation.”’ The lady, of course, reflected that the system represented by her visitors was now triumphant over everything—that, for one thing, it had brought her brother Iluntly, not a twelvemonth ago, beneath the stroke of the Maiden. She “declared she had no more doubts,” and at the command of one of the ministers, held up her hand, and solemnly accepted the Covenant before the congregation. “After he had read the Solemn League and Covenant, and desired her to hold up her hand and swear by the great name of God to observe, according to her power, every article thereof, she did so; and after divine service was ended, he desired her to go to the session-table and subscribe the Covenant, and, before the minister and elders, she went to the said table and did subscribe.”

As might be readily supposed, the Marquis and Marchioness of Douglas continued to be Catholics in their hearts. The presbytery had only forced them into a hypocritical submission.

Quakerism came into Scotland during the Commonwealth, and obtained a few adherents among the gentry. ‘Walter Scott of Raeburn, brother of William Scott of Harden, had been converted to Quakerism, and on that account was incarcerated in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. There it was soon discovered by his relations that he was exposed to the conversation of other Quakers, prisoners like himself, “whereby he is hardened in his pernicious opinions and principles, without all hope of recovery, unless he be separat from such pernicious company.”’ There was, however, a more serious evil than even this, in the risk which his children ran of being perverted to Quakerism, if allowed to keep company with their father. On a petition, therefore, the Council gave the brother Harden warrant (June 22, 1665) to take away Raeburn’s children, two boys and a girl, from their father, that they might be educated in the true religion. After some pains taken with them in his own family, sent them to the city of Glasgow, to be bred at the schools there.”* On a second petition

from Harden, the Council ordered an annuity of L.1000 Scots to be paid to him, out of Raeburn’s estate, for the maintenance of the children; and they also ordered the father himself to be removed to Jedburgh Tolbooth, “where his friends and others may have occasion to convert him.” “To the effect he may be secured from the practice of other Quakers,” the Lords “discharged the magistrates of Jedburgh to suffer any persons suspect of these principles to have access to him.” Raeburn continued to be a prisoner in Jedburgh jail in June 1669, when the Privy Council gave a fresh order that “none of his persuasion should have access to him, except his own wife.”

‘At length, on the 1st of January 1670, after suffering imprisonment for four and a half years, Raeburn was ordained to be set at liberty from jail, but still to remain within the bounds of his own lands, and to see no other Quaker under a penalty of a hundred pounds, his children meanwhile remaining as they were. Mr George Keith was set at liberty on the 6th of March, but only to go into voluntary exile.’

The Presbyterians having, during their time of supremacy, thrust out and otherwise persecuted every minister who had a particle of predilection for Episcopacy, or who favoured the king on loyal principles only, the Episcopalians in their turn practised similar severities at the Restoration against the more rigid Presbyterians. A melancholy proof of the want of tolerant feeling on all sides was then afforded by the simultaneous losses of their cures by Presbyterians, because unable to submit to Episcopalian regulations, and compensations claimed from their vacant stipends for Episcopalian ministers who had been deposed on equally insufficient grounds during the preceding twelve years. It was pitiable to hear at once of poor clergymen who had been thrown with their families into destitution for declining to sign the Covenant, and of others who were now threatened with the like evils for adhering to it, the time having not yet come when one party could take a lesson from the errors of the other. To quote the work referred to:

‘The many petitions of the persecuted men of 1638–60 for redress are only slightly alluded to in a few sentences by Wodrow, while he fills long chapters with those sufferings of proscribed Remonstrators which would never probably have had existence but for their own harsh doings in their days of power. He dwells with much feeling on the banishment passed upon Mr John Livingstone, a preacher high in the esteem of the more serious people, and deservedly so. All must sympathise with such a case, and admire the heroic constancy of the sufferer; but it is striking, only a few months after his sentence to exile (February 2, 1664), to find a Mr Robert Aird coming before the Privy Council with a piteous recital of the distresses to which he and his family had been subjected since 1638, in consequence of his being then thrust out of his charge at Stranraer, merely for his affection to the then constituted Episcopal government, the clergyman put into his place being this same John Livingstone! Aird tells us that, being then “redacted to great straits, he was at last necessitated to settle himself in Comray, in the diocese of the Isles, where his provision [patrimony] was,” that being “so little that he was not able to maintain his family.” During the usurpation, “by reason of his affection to his majesty, he was quartered upon and otherwise cruelly abused, to his almost utter ruin.” The Lords recommended that Mr Aird should have some allowance out of vacant stipends in the diocese of the Isles. Another of the zealous clergy whose resistance to the new rule and consequent troubles and denunciation are brought conspicuously forward by Wodrow, was Mr James Hamilton,

* One of these boys was the great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford.

minister of Blantyre. He was compelled to leave his parish, and not even allowed to officiate peaceably in his own house at Glasgow. Much to be deplored, truly; but Wodrow does not tell us of a petition which was about the same time addressed to the Council by the widow of Mr John Heriot, the former minister of Blantyre, upon whom, in 1653, "the prevailing party of Remonstrators in the presbytery of Hamilton had intruded one Mr James Hamilton," by whom the whole stipend had been appropriated, so that Heriot, after a few years of penury, had left his widow and children in absolute destitution. So impressed were the Council by the petitioner's case, that they ordered her to receive the whole stipend of the current year.

A somewhat picturesque incident, illustrative of the depressed condition of the Romish party in the reign of Charles II., occurred at Aberdeen in 1670. Francis Irving, brother of the Laird of Drum, was a zealot on this side, going so far occasionally as to get up a disputation in favour of popery. 'His sister Elizabeth being deceased, he resolved to have her buried in a public way in St Nicolas' Church in Aberdeen, being the principal church there, and for this purpose he collected a great company of his own persuasion, and "that the strength, interest, and boldness of the papists there might the more appear," he "in a most insolent and treasonable way, did raise in arms and bring to the town, from Comar, a band of Highlandmen, armed with guns, hagbuts, pistols, bows and arrows, and other weapons." These, "after they had entered at the Port, albeit they might have taken a nearer and more private way to the Lady Drum her lodging, where the corpse lay, in the Guestrow," being resolved to affront and provoke the magistrates and people, "had the confidence to march to the said house alongst _____, being the most populous and public street in the said town, in rank and order and in warlike posture, a commander marching before, and another behind, to the great astonishment and grief of his majesty's good subjects, affected to the purity of religion." On the morning of the day of the funeral, a gentleman went at the order of Francis to the provost of the burgh, told him what was to be done that night, and warned him that, if the people thronged about the funeral company, and any "inconvenience ensue there-through," it should be at the peril of the magistracy, who ought to restrain their people—"which was a practice without parallel for insolency and boldness." "About eleven o'clock that night, the corpse being lifted, was carried to the church of Aberdeen, with great show and in a public way, with many torches, a great multitude of persons accompanying, the coffin being covered with velvet or cloth, with a cross upon the same, and a priest or some other person going before the corpse, holding out his arms before him, and carrying a crucifix under his cloak, or using some other superstitious ceremony." The Highlandmen, having their swords drawn, guarded the corpse and torches, "and when they came to the church-door, divers others of the company drew their swords and did hold them drawn in the church all the time the corpse was [being] buried." "In the throng, two of the inhabitants of the town was wounded." "Next morning, the Highlandmen having marched out of the town, many of them in a braving and insulting manner did shoot and discharge their guns as they went by the provost's lodging."

'Francis was found guilty of "a high and insolent riot," and condemned to be imprisoned in the Tol-booth of Edinburgh during pleasure, besides paying the expenses incurred in his prosecution. It does not appear that he suffered much confinement in jail; but he was forbidden to approach within a mile of Aberdeen. It was only on petition that he obtained

so far a relaxation from this sentence as to be permitted to visit his mother there, in order to settle some weighty affairs of hers, on which he acted as trustee. On a subsequent petition in July 1671, he was freed from this restraint.'

Such are merely a few traits of the age of earnestness. To extend them would be only too possible.

MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

'GENTLE reader,' were you ever at Tenby? If you have not been there—taking it for granted that you love tranquillity and beautiful coast-scenery as much as I do—you ought to go there without delay. You ask: 'What is there to see?' and 'How far is it from a station?' I will reply to the last question first, and tell you that whatever route you take, it is thirteen miles over hill and dale from any station; and however unpopular it may be to say so, its being so far from the iron highways of the world is to me one of the great charms of Tenby. There are plenty of 'stations' at countless sea-sides. And here I may as well say that I am ashamed of my compatriots; they—men, women, and children—have become positive slaves to the locomotive; they have sold themselves, limb and life, to King Steam. When they hear of something very rare and beautiful, their first question is, 'How far is it from a station?' One would think there was neither a horse nor a pair of sound limbs in England; that we had mistaken our ancestry, and lately discovered we are descended from the Chinese, and inherit our mothers' incapacity to use our feet. We surrender ourselves to the boiling, bubbling, hissing, screaming, steaming 'Express;' and if obliged to exchange the stuffy heated carriage, in which the thermometer would stand at ninety, for a cool breezy drive through lanes enamelled with wild-flowers, and shaded at intervals by trees in their summer profusion of verdure, with the song of the lark instead of the whistle of the steam-engine, for accompaniment—we grumble. We absolutely prefer the trembling and jerking of the unwieldy monster who delights in human sacrifice, to the guidance of a pair of spanking Welsh ponies, which cross the hills like a whirlwind, dash into the valleys, as if they considered broken knees a myth; and if they did upset you—which they never do—but if they did, you are there, safe in the grass, or the heather, without injury to arm, leg, or even little finger.

The thirteen miles were quite refreshing to us; when, after scrambling through the streets, avoiding, as by a miracle, running over the children, and arrived at our sea-side home, we found ourselves in a lofty house, the last that towers over the precipitous rocks of the south sands: twilight had fallen like a veil on the ocean; but we could trace the outline of the fertile island of Caldy, whose light-house marked a brilliant track upon the waters. The tide was full in, and the sea was dashing its phosphoric illuminations over the dark rocks beneath our windows.

In the morning, the view was indeed magnificent: Caldy, and its caverned sister, St Margarets, opposite our windows; 'proud Gittow,' that noble headland, standing out far on the right, washed by the pure sparkling waves of the Atlantic, as they rolled into Tenby Bay. On the left, set like a jewel in the waters—surmounted by the ruins of a religious house—arose with firmness and dignity the rocky island of St

Catherine, shewing patches of verdure, and blushing here and there over the deep and caverned fissures, with the abundant blossoms of the sea-pink; a little beyond rose the Castle hill, with its ruins forming a commanding boundary between the south and north sands. Beyond that, stretched out the noble bay of Carnarvon; and beyond that again, there were dim outlines of mountains, as if they were exhalations of the brilliant waters. As we stood in that charming window, the only object that reminded us of man's 'handywork' was the remains of an old bastion tower, crowning a projecting rock which had evidently been the turning-point where the old city-wall ran on as a sea-wall. A walk between the ramparts, which are in a singular state of preservation, terminated at our window. It was quite a new delight to step out between those aged battlements, starred by innumerable wild-flowers and mosses, and enwreathed by small-leaved ivies, where the botanist would find sufficient interest and occupation for hours, upon a few yards of this enriched masonry. It was like standing on the threshold of a new world, to enter that old tower from the battlement-walk, and seated safely on the top, to enjoy the sea and the landscape. Climbing up and down the dark rocks, are the ruins of the gray sea-wall, now altogether lost amid the rubble, and now emerging from behind a natural pinnacle, as if resolved to do brave battle with time. Nothing can be more picturesque than the inequalities of these 'remains'—here a bastion; there, further on, another mural tower; then up and down, a long broken line of ruin. We discovered from our 'look-out,' that our house rested against a very perfect portion of the wall—perfect to the second story. One of the towers had absolutely been beguiled into it, so that the drawing-room boasts of a nondescript sort of oriel recess, whose cell-like window, imbedded in the substantial masonry of old times, commands a half-land-view of the 'burrows,' and the lovely village of Penally, sheltered amid trees and flowers.

All this beauty is set to the music of the waves, now sonorous as an organ, now dying away on the sands in whisperings, soft as the breeze amid the corn. We never attempted to resist the fascination of watching the receding tide, giving as it did every moment fresh interest to the scene—exposing the base of some gigantic cavern—retreating from ledges of rock over which the waters danced in the sunbeams half-an-hour before as calmly as they did above the silver sands—exposing the rocky bridge upon which, at low-water, you can pass from St Margarets to Caldy Isle, and enabling you to cross the sands, which are as firm and hard as marble—too firm and pure to emit an exhalation—to St Catherine's Rock, and explore its caves. The north sands are preferred by many to the south; they are, as a pretty descendant of the ancient Flemings assured us, 'more lively' than the south, 'which are cold and grander-like; but it's so pretty to see the boats round the pier, and the bathing-machines, and the trees down to the water's edge, and the flower-gardens, all just under the principal street, and the shops so beautiful, and the elderly gentlemen so quiet in the reading-room.'

You should have heard this information, given with a rapidity that would have been startling, but for the soft melodious voice of the speaker. The peasants who come in, in their high hats and jackets, to sell the produce of their gardens, are all sweet-voiced and gentle-mannered. We were three weeks in this town during the excitement of a regatta and the weekly bustle of 'the market,' and we never saw but one drunken person, and never heard a loud or harsh word spoken by one to another. It may be said that 'ladies' do not go in the way of meeting drunkards, or 'hearing harsh words spoken'—they do not desire to counter these painful sights and sounds—but,

unfortunately, they see them and hear them constantly in London and out of London, and it adds much to our happiness to be freed from them. We drove daily through lanes enriched by the greatest variety of wild-flowers—not even in Devonshire had we seen such beautiful lanes; and into villages, whose rude walls and barren aspect often recalled the villages of Ireland, meeting abundance of pigs and children—the latter dirty and beautiful enough to strengthen the resemblance—but we were never once asked for charity. The little girls who open the lane-gates never even hold out their hands; and when you visit a castle or a church, you are not hurried or importuned, while what you do give is received courteously.

There is a freshness about Tenby and its people which at once revives and amuses. Though they have no pretension to be considered the 'original' Welsh, they retain sufficient marks of their Flemish descent to be unlike the regular money-making people of our 'watering-places.' Of course, they make the most of their 'season;' but, 'season' included, Tenby is still decidedly 'moderate' to a Londoner, who, by the way, on his arrival, is sadly perplexed to know where his wants can be supplied.

'The library' is a perfect Noah's ark. The best tea is to be had in 'packets' at the library; and pianos, perfumery, walking-sticks—in addition to a good collection of books, and abundance of civility in exchange for a great deal of trouble.

Sugar is sold at the linendraper's. A young man, who really takes excellent photographs, told us he intended adding a grocer's shop to his art, and thought they would do well together. We hope they may. If they are out of stamps at the post-office, you can get them at the toy-shop. And the postman teaches the rudiments of music. In two days, you may know all the towns-people, and the towns-people know you. The basket-women need not be told where to take your purchases to; and the little sea-lads, who live quite as much in the water as on dry land, discover in a day if you desire shells or *actinies*. The latter are altogether different from those gathered at Weymouth, Ilfracombe, or Penzance. Of course, there is a band. One good Welsh harp would be worth twenty of such bands. And there are abundance of yachts and boats, and the best warm sea-water and shower-baths we have seen anywhere out of Brighton.

The whole land is jewelled with ruins—Manorbier, Carew, and Pembroke castles—all within a drive; and every knoll and wood, every crag and valley, has either its castle, its church, or its old priory.

Having now given you the outline of what you may 'see,' I must add that, amid all these attractions, I had leisure to pry into the concerns of MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

I beg my readers to believe that I have not a general habit of prying. I like, I confess, to see and to hear; and not only to ask questions, but to listen to replies. But I must say that my opposite neighbours at Tenby attracted my attention so forcibly, that I have risen before the sun to observe their movements, and often used my opera-glass, to see, if possible, how they were occupied inside their dwelling. I saw who they were at once; there could be no mistake about that; and I conjectured what their object was in taking up their abode in that out-of-the-way corner. The neat, trim little pair desired to avoid observation. They liked retirement, and wished to live as they pleased, without reference to the habits or expenditure of their neighbours. This could not be objected to in a land of liberty; and their active and prudent life insured admiration. Very active, indeed, it was; they were out and about, as I have said, before sunrise; and seemed to me to be stirring long after a June sunset. Although they

occupied an elevated position, they attended to the wants and education of their four little ones themselves; to provide for and train up their children in the way they believed they should go, seemed the business of their busy lives. The little lady was a model of neatness and activity—very particular in her dress; and if she saw the least speck of dirt on her husband's coat, she attacked it so remorselessly, that I often fancied her extreme particularity would wear out the coat before its time. Her husband was really handsome—not at all like the members of his family we meet in London; his eyes, bright and sparkling; his figure, good; his legs, straight. I should, however, say that his temper was both violent and obstinate; and he was by no means a good neighbour. Indeed, I have seen him purloin both fuel and food from a poor little family round the corner—and that in the absence of their parents. In this respect, his little plain wife was as bad as himself, for she received what he brought home with evident approbation. I was not as much astonished at this as I might have been had I not known the gipsy habits of the family for a number of years. They are pretty much the same in town and country; but those who reside in London are more obtrusive than their country cousins, and are by no means so fresh or well-looking. All the family have quick perceptions; they rapidly and certainly distinguish their friends from their foes; and I confess I have ever experienced a large share of their confidence. The little gentleman at Tenby soon perceived that I watched him and his, narrowly; he did not seek to evade observation, or take any precautions against it. I frequently met his wife (by the way, I do not think I have mentioned his name; it was *Sparrow*)—I frequently met Mrs Sparrow in the market. I knew her by her foot. I think that, at one time or other, this very estimable parent must have been in captivity—some boy had betrayed her unsuspecting innocence, and trapped her. Certainly her right foot was slightly deformed; and a bit of chain, about half an inch in length, dangled from her ankle; so she was easily distinguished from others of her family. She managed to evade all dangers in that crowded market with marvellous skill. Sometimes she would take possession of a morsel of meat; and once I saw her standing, like a coast-guardman on the look-out, on that marvellous erection, a Welshwoman's black hat, watching where she could seize upon 'something,' 'anything' to carry home.

You have discovered that our opposite neighbours were only a pair of sparrows, but I hope the discovery will not cause you to abandon them. I assure you they kept up my interest in them to the last. The little creatures had seized upon a fissure in the old gray tower, and converted it into a home; it directly faced our drawing-room window, was protected by the parapet, and was far above the reach of those amphibious Tenby boys, who prowl continually after fishes of the sea, and birds of the air.

How these boys escape drowning is a miracle. I saw one washed out to sea, screaming for help, and covered my eyes in an agony, when the scream died away, and was followed by a ringing peal of childish laughter. I looked again, and there was the urchin on the seething sand, cutting the most lively capers in mockery of the waves.

Those boys go scrambling over and over, and in and out of holes in these gray walls—now poised on one foot, then hanging from an ivy branch, or a weed, that looks hardly strong enough to support a daw, then rolling over and over until, convinced they must be dashed to pieces, you peep from over the top of the precipice just in time to see the human hedgehogs unroll and run off to the sea.

I was dreadfully afraid that one of these amphibites would disturb the domestic felicity of my opposite

neighbours—and indeed the little creatures feared it themselves, for if they perceived a marauding boy in the meadow or on the cliffs, or if the black cat was sunning itself ever so innocently in the garden, Mr and Mrs Sparrow met on the parapet, and took council together, chattering, and jerking their tails; and more than once I saw them drop their young ones' food on one of the battlements, and fly away in different directions, because the eyes of a very overgrown boy were fixed upon them; they were determined not to pass their threshold while he kept watch and ward. The cat's appearance was announced by so peculiar a twitter, that I knew when she was in the garden without looking. Where they collected food, from half-past four in the morning until nine in the evening, I know not—they must have scoured the whole neighbourhood—and what was singular, the two never went in the same direction. If one went north, the other went south, and *vice versa*. They always parted with a 'twit,' a bird-like good-bye, and as the aperture would only admit one old bird at a time, one invariably waited until the other came out. If Mr Sparrow thought his wife remained too long inside, he would hang on one foot to a tiny piece of stonecrop which grew under their hall-door, and swing round and round like a toy-bird, but never letting go the food. She always remained double the time in the house that he did—he seemed simply to feed the young folks and fly away—but she had doubtless household duties to perform. As the days passed I saw the little soft bills of the young protruded, sometimes two at a time over the ledge, but this was certainly not approved of by the parents, at whose approach the bills vanished. The speculation they committed round the corner was 'lifting' sundry goods and chattels, bits of wool and moss, from, I think, a stonefinch's nest—apparently their own house was not sufficiently provided with bedding—and the stonefinches, perhaps disappointed in their first brood, had made ample provision for a second. At all events, the sparrows watched their opportunity, and when the finches deposited their goods, and set off to fetch more, one or other of the sparrows pounced in and bore off the prize, stuffing it into their own house as rapidly as possible. This singular conduct did not seem to have been discovered by the other birds, who continued to labour, literally for the sparrows, who looted what they required until their wants were satisfied.

As the young birds feathered, they grew bold, bobbing their heads out, and thrusting their shoulders up, bristling with stiff, stubby little feathers, to which the down still adhered—just as you see a dandelion, half puff, half bristles. Of course the boys saw them; they stood and gazed up, and tried to reach them with stones; but all in vain. Besides, the meadow belonged to a lady with a grand Welsh name, and a wonderfully extensive pedigree, and they had no business in the meadow—nevertheless they would creep in through a broken gate. A Tenby boy is not easily daunted; he perseveres where there is a prospect of mischief in a way that would excite the admiration even of a pickpocket.

One morning I had been as usual watching my opposite neighbours, observing how the little ones drew back into shelter, knowing, as it were intuitively, the approach of their parents, long before I could see them, when the servant of the house opened the drawing-room door.

'I beg pardon, ma'am; I thought you was out.'

'What did you want?'

'I wants a nothink; only Jimmy Cadwallader wants to have a try at taking a nestie, that he says is in the owl tou'r; and he could get hur, he says, out'en winda'; hang over the tou'r, he says, and take hur easy.'

Jimmy Cadwallader was close behind, and I recognised him as the urchin who had been washed out to sea, and caused me more anxiety by his daring than all the Tenby boys put together. Of course, I read him a lecture on the iniquity of bird-nesting, and endeavoured to touch his feelings by asking him how he would like to be torn from his parents. I shall never forget his grin of delight.

'I'd be precious glad—they flaps me so, and keeps me to schooling.'

His broad sunburnt forehead overshadowed his little sparkling eyes; his head was surrounded by tufts of what looked like scorched grass; his nose was nothing, but his broad mouth turned up at the corners, so as to give his face the expression of a juvenile *Monna*. I told him he was a very bad boy.

He answered, with his dirty finger in his mouth, that 'everybody said that.'

I told him it was very likely that some day he would fall and perhaps break his neck and die, and what did he expect if he died in such wickedness.

The corners of his mouth ran up under his eyes, and he answered, 'Double lessons.'

I could not get on at all with my visitor, so said at last that he should not go near the tower; and if he made any attempt to take those young birds, I would have him punished.

He answered that 'he'd seen me watching at 'em many times; that he knew I wanted 'em, but I could never take 'em myself; but he'd gie me the *fouur* for "tupence," or "*tue*" for "nothink," if I'd let him have 'em.' There was something so Puck-like and comic in the little fellow's impertinence, that I forgot to be angry, but still lectured and reasoned with him; however, he did not heed a word I spoke, but looked round the room, his eyes returning to the prohibited window. When I had said all I could think of, he observed: 'Sure no one only a lady would think so much of a handful of sparas!'—and with an expression of supreme contempt on his absurd little round-about face, he stumbled out of the room. In less than ten minutes he was breast-high amid the wavelets that were frolicking on the sands, advancing one after the other, stealing on surely, but imperceptibly, so that in another hour I saw him scrambling up the rocks, while the wavelets, swollen into waves, dashed and foamed at their base.

As to my opposite neighbours—we left Tenby before their family were 'out,' although 'the season' was rapidly advancing. Had their nest been in a hedge, they would have permitted their young ones to try their strength amid the branches days before; but the undefined instinct which guided their comings and goings, which gave them such wonderful strength of wing, and taught them who were their friends and who their foes, prevented their suffering their offspring to leave the nest, as soon as they would have done had their home been differently situated: an unbroken fall from such a height would have been certain death. One young bird had achieved the parapet, and was loudly congratulated by his parents, and certainly that day they gave him double the food they gave the others, who gaped and twittered in vain. I watched the little fellow return to his dwelling in the evening, with some of his parents' anxiety. The three sat together on the parapet for several minutes, talking in their twittering fashion, and giving their heir-at-law sundry little pokes and shoves, the purpose of which intention could not be mistaken. He very frequently stretched his wings, and crouched, as if determined to make his spring; but his courage failed. I fancied the mother coaxed, and the father scolded; then the young bird sidled along the wall, and crept down a little way—one of the old birds fluttering round—but evidently it would not do: he could not reach the nest after that fashion; so looking very grave, he

crept back again, and sat a little longer on the parapet—the old lady flying backward and forward, to shew him how easy it was. At last, he darted forward, and achieved his object. I fancied he tumbled headlong over the domestic hearth, for his arrival caused a terrible uproar, the old birds talking loudly all the time; but this soon subsided; though long after the moon had risen, as I watched the distant sea, far, far out, I could hear little murmurs from my opposite neighbours, as if they lacked room, like children who had outgrown their cots. Although they were 'nothink but sparas,' I know that observing their movements increased my reverence for Him who implanted so much forethought and tenderness in little birds!

FRANCIS VON GAUDY.

THIS man is dead now, but he has left us his works, and his name is of high standing amongst the German authors of this century. His writings are not only translated into English, but into many another language; and many are the hearts that have been gladdened by his sparkling wit, and by the noble strain of his high thoughts. On the 9th of February 1840, they buried him in the Dorotheen cemetery at Berlin; and the epitaph underneath a simple vase, with a marble laurel-wreath at top, overshadowed by the drooping branches of a weeping willow, tells us where to look for the mortal remains of Francis von Gaudy. As to his soul, it is with us still, in the works he has left us. '*Son cœur est ici, mais son âme est partout.*'

Poetry and soldiership being ill matched, it is not to be wondered at that Francis von Gaudy, who undoubtedly was a good poet, was a very bad soldier. He might have made a good one in time of war; for nothing could ever daunt his courage; but, unfortunately for him, after the battle of Waterloo, there was no more war in Europe. In time of peace, however, the qualifications by which the denomination of a 'good soldier' is earned are vastly different from those which are required in war-time, and Francis von Gaudy could lay no claim to their proprietorship. To follow, year after year, the same old beaten path, to submit to the drudgery and annoyance of absolute subordination, resigning the very shadow of independence, even to the freedom of thought itself—were demands he found but little to his liking.

No wonder, therefore, that he soon got tired of the eminent situation of a lieutenant in his majesty the king of Prussia's 46th infantry, and that he discharged the important duties attached thereto with a heavy heart and a growing impatience.

As it happened, however, that he was not rich, and that his pay as an officer constituted chiefly his means of subsistence, he was forced to hold out for many a weary year, in spite of his reluctance, till at last the event occurred described in the following narrative, which induced him to throw up his commission at all hazards.

German officers are subjected to this kind of control exercised by the commander of their regiment; he is bound to transmit annually to the superior authority a certain minute report concerning the general conduct, the character, and the qualities of each of his subaltern officers. These reports—characteristics, as they are called—exerting of course much influence on the further advancement of the criticised individual,

are a matter of no small annoyance to the officers, and the more so, that they are always kept secret.

Now, from what we have already stated with respect to our poet, it was likely that his annual characteristic should contain certain appendices which were but little adapted to favour his prospects in the military career. Indeed, the general commanding the division had been somewhat surprised to find, every year, over and over again, the same passage repeated in the aforesaid document, asserting that Francis von Gaudy, though an amiable companion in society, and a thorough gentleman, was a very bad officer, who tarred but little for the benefit of the service.

The general, a man of mild temper and easy habits, whose maxim was, to live and let live, had been indulgent for some years, hoping perhaps that the transgressor might improve; but when the same passage, couched in the same terms, was again repeated with such remarkable obstinacy for the fifth time, he began to think that there was little chance of such an event, and resolved to interfere at the first convenient moment.

The regiment to which our hero was attached was garrisoned in a small country town in Silesia, and the general commanding the division had to inspect it once every year. It was therefore for his next visit that he reserved an investigation of the matter by sounding personally the careless warrior and thorough gentleman.

Early on an autumn morning in the year 1835, the small country town of Brieg, in the Prussian province of Silesia, wore a very active and lively aspect. Adjutants and other mounted functionaries, all looking very consequential, were seen galloping up and down the streets, though without any very appreciable reason. Drums were beaten, signal-horns and trumpets sounded through the town, inquisitive crowds of sympathising people, intermixed with numerous female amateurs of the military profession, floated up and down the streets, or crowded round the entrance of the barracks, full of expectation of the coming spectacle.

At last the barrack-gates were thrown open, and out marched, preceded by the band, the gallant 46th, in full gala-dress, with its colours fluttering, and its band playing the Prussian hymn; all glitter and brightness—a magnificent spectacle, which could not fail to elicit loud cheers from the enthusiastic population of the country town. The colonel, who rode at the head of his regiment, appeared utterly unmoved by this display of friendly and loyal feelings on the part of the civilians, male and female, and only looked exceedingly grave and dignified. It was a highly important day; in fact, the most important of the year, and looked for with no small excitement, especially by himself: his men had to pass in review before the general commanding the division.

The regiment marched through the town, and took the road to the parade-ground, followed by a large train of civil enthusiasts. When it had reached its place of destination, it was drawn up in file; and by means of much swearing on the part of the colonel, whose excitement went on increasing proportionally to the approach of the decisive moment, everything was soon made ready for the reception of the superior officer.

The general had sent word that his arrival would not take place before eleven o'clock in the morning; it was therefore only a matter of course that the regiment was held in readiness by the colonel at eight o'clock A.M.; a kind of punctuality—very

common in the profession, by the way—which not only delivered him from any apprehension of delay or neglect, but which, at the same time, gave his inferiors a useful lesson in the art of patience and waiting.

At last, when the sun was about half an hour from the summit of the arch of noon, and the greater part of the civil enthusiasts had lost patience and gone home, a dense cloud of dust, whirling up from the highway, announced the approach of the general's carriage. A few minutes afterwards, he was seen alighting with the officers of his staff, mounting on horseback, and galloping straight towards the middle of the regiment.

'Present arms!' The muskets clattered, the band fell in with the solemn tune prescribed for the occasion, and the colonel's heart beat very fast.

The general rode along the front of the regiment, accompanied by the colonel, to whom he was heard to address a few questions now and then. When they reached the spot where Lieutenant Gaudy stood motionless before the middle of his platoon, with his sabre lowered in military salute, the colonel was seen whispering a few words into the general's ear, who forthwith threw a searching glance of evil foreboding at our hero.

When this first muster was over, the regiment was urged by the colonel through a numberless variety of evolutions, all of which were intended to strike awe and terror in the ranks of some imaginary enemy, but which, in reality, had no other effect than to render the men much fatigued, and the colonel very hoarse.

These practical exercises being gone through, the regiment was formed into an open square, the arms were piled, the general and the other mounted officers alighted, and it became the turn of the theoretical department to undergo a similar investigation.

In Germany, instruction in the various branches of military service is given to the men by the commissioned officers themselves, who are consequently personally responsible for the state of intellectual education in their respective companies.

'Who is the officer intrusted with the instruction of the fourth company of the second battalion?' asked the general.

The question was a mere formality, the colonel having previously favoured him with the desired information.

Lieutenant Gaudy stepped out of the ranks, and saluting the commanding-officer, avowed that he was the person to whom this important affair had been confided.

The general glanced at him in a manner by no means very affectionate. 'I wish you, sir,' said he after a pause, speaking very slowly, and with an intentional accentuation in his voice that did not escape the notice of our hero—'I wish you to examine the men in the different branches of instruction in which you have educated them, so that I may be able to convince myself whether the tuition has produced a good effect.'

Our poet knew at once what the meaning of all this was. The request, though entirely in harmony with the general's visit, was nevertheless rather unusual and obsolete, and could scarcely be proposed without a particular reason, which was made the more obvious by the fact that the general was well known to be no friend whatever to such proceedings, and especially, as in this case, before dinner.

The accumulated bitterness of many a year, ardently suppressed till then, was about to give vent, and to break through the bonds so long hated and despised by our friend. He knew that, whatever the result of the examination might be, he could not escape a public rebuke if the general had made up

his mind to find fault with him; and he resolved, therefore, to anticipate him, and to bring on the catastrophe himself.

Saluting the commanding-officer once more, he asked respectfully in what particular branch of knowledge he was to examine the men; whether in tactics, military deportment, nomenclature, regulation of service, science of arms, and so on.

He might do as he pleased; the general had no wish to restrict him to one particular subject only; he was at liberty to select his theme.

The company was marched into the middle of the square; the general, the colonel, and the rest of the officers of the regiment drew near to attend to the spectacle. When everything was in readiness, the general touched his hat with his right hand, in token that he was waiting for matters to begin.

Lieutenant Gaudy stepped up to the file-leader of his company, and asked him in a loud voice what was the greatest vice which a soldier could indulge in. 'Drunkennes!' answered the man without hesitation.

'What is the name of the commanding-officer of your company?' he went on, addressing the next man.

'Captain von Rüdeshelm!' was the immediate answer.

On the faces of the ensigns, something like a suppressed smile became visible. The captain, whose partiality towards the bottle was proverbial in the whole regiment, tried to look unconcerned.

'Which is the next vice most blamable in a soldier?' was the following question, addressed to the third man.

'Gambling!'

'Who is the commanding-officer of the second battalion of the 46th infantry?'

'Major Charles Pharo,' answered the man with praiseworthy accuracy.

The hilarity of the ensigns became somewhat irrepressible, although they strove hard to conceal it. The major, who presided over a certain club which was in the habit of sitting, with locked doors, twice a week, seemed by no means well pleased at hearing his name thus mentioned. The colonel looked very grave. With regard to the general, it was impossible to say whether he felt annoyed or amused at these singular questions; his countenance remained utterly impassive.

'Who was the inventor of gunpowder?*' This next question, started in a very abrupt manner, was addressed by our hero to a square-built man, with a cocked-up nose, who was apparently not prepared for a quick reply, and who looked somewhat perplexed and exceedingly stupid.

'Be quick!' urged the examiner.

The man seemed to reflect. He was turning over in his mind the answers given by his comrades; and finding that the 'captain' and the 'major' had already been approved of, he reasoned that it must needs be now the turn of the colonel. Happy to have arrived at this logical conclusion, he replied with much self-satisfaction, 'Colonel Duncie!'

'You are mistaken, my friend,' said the officer with earnestness. 'That is the name of the commanding-officer of your regiment; but he is not the man that has invented the gunpowder.'

This question was the last. The general, beginning to have some apprehension of his own turn coming next, made a sign to stop the proceedings.

On the following morning, Francis von Gaudy, the lieutenant, was given to understand that he had better

apply for his discharge, as otherwise it might come to pass that the same would be forwarded to him without his intervention. He did so accordingly, and henceforth was known only as Francis von Gaudy, the poet.

THE BONE-CAVES OF GOWER.

Few of my readers, I fancy, have not visited a cave at some time or other of their lives, and still fewer ever went into one without experiencing a good deal of curiosity, or perhaps some slight fear. There is always a certain amount of mystery in the narrow entrance and deep gloom of the interior—a mystery, which must be considerably enhanced on the first discovery and exploration of a place never before trodden by man. Our ancestors, under such circumstances, would probably have been afraid of encountering something worse than 'loathed Melancholy, in Stygian cave forlorn, 'mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,' and would expect to find them the resort of warlocks and witches; but we, being better educated, visit them with a determination to find, not their present, but their former inhabitants.

Caves are nearly always found in the same formation—that of the mountain limestone, which is the lowest member of the carboniferous group, and one which is generally associated with the most broken and romantic scenery in Great Britain; the reason being, that in geological times, ages and ages ago, these rocks have been thrown up to considerable heights by repeated convulsions, so as to be exposed to the after-effects of water and the atmosphere. As examples of this, we may mention the localities of Matlock and the Peak, Clifton, Cheddar and the Mendip Hills, which are familiar to every English tourist. The geologist, however, interesting as the subject of caverns is, from the many changes and theories involved in their formation, has another point to determine in his examination—and that is, to see whether there were any, and if so, what inhabitants tenanted them in past ages—a subject of intense interest, as it throws light on extinct races of animals as compared with those existing now, and also on the conditions of the countries in which the cave-animals lived. Several bone-caves have now been discovered, and their contents exhumed and brought to light; the largest being those of Banwell in Somersetshire, Kirkdale in Yorkshire, and Oreston and Brixham in Devonshire: the latter, very recently explored, was the subject of a paper by Mr Pengelly at the late meeting of the British Association at Leeds. Probably, however, there is no district in the whole country where there are so many caves within a short distance of each other as in Gower, which is a peninsula on the western coast of Glamorganshire, surrounded on all sides but one by the waters of the Bristol Channel and the estuary of the Burry River. Seaward, it is ironbound by lofty limestone cliffs, affording some of the finest coast-scenery in England; but on the Burry side it is flat, marshy, and comparatively uninteresting. They who like a thoroughly good excursion, will be much pleased with Gower, for there is ample entertainment for the geologist, antiquary, and artist—the whole peninsula teeming with relics of the past, in the shape of ruined castles and Druidical remains, not to mention those older relics entombed in the rocks around, compared with which those of the human era are as a drop of water in the ocean of time. Although Gower is in Wales, the natives are anything but Welsh, having descended from a band of Flemings who were imported by Henry I., to occupy the ground which was so constantly the scene of dispute by the Welsh and the Normans. Ever since that time, their posterity has occupied the peninsula,

* A proverbial saying in Germany. 'He has not invented the gunpowder' means as much as 'He is no great luminary,' or as we say, 'He will never set the Thames on fire.'

to a certain extent keeping intact and aloof from their Welsh neighbours. As a consequence, the language spoken is altogether English, of a peculiarly pure and somewhat old-fashioned character, containing many words that one would scarcely expect to find in use save amongst the upper classes.

But we must get on to our caves, though much that is interesting might be told of this primitive district. Swansea—the nearest town to our destination—is, strictly speaking, itself in Gower, but a walk of some eight miles is requisite before we reach that part of the coast on which the first cave, the Bacon Hole, is situated. Neither this nor any of the others are easy to find, and indeed a stranger to the locality will waste many precious hours, perhaps, before he has succeeded in making out the path, as the cliffs are exceedingly precipitous, and the mouths of the caves all face the sea. The Bacon Hole was opened in the year 1850, and measures taken for the thorough exploration and removal of the bone-deposits found there, great care being required in the latter object, owing to the crumbling away of the bones when exposed to the air. An excellent paper on the subject was written at the time by Mr Starling Benson, of Swansea, and afterwards published in the Transactions of the South Wales Institution. The entrance of the cave—which is about thirty feet above the level of high-water—has the roof, of solid limestone, projecting beyond the stalagmite floor, which gradually slopes from the exterior towards the inner portion, where the roof suddenly rises to twenty feet, masses of stalactite almost connecting the two. Perhaps some of my readers may not be aware of the difference between stalactite and stalagmite, though the former now is common enough in the descriptions of the Derbyshire caves. A stalactite is the separation of some earthy matter—very generally carbonate of lime—from solution by water, and its solidifying when in the act of dropping. A stalagmite is the same material spread out over the surface, the drops having fallen. The floor of the cave, then, was excavated for a depth of eight or nine feet, cutting through the layers of stalagmite, limestone breccia, and deposits of cave-earth and sand, until the floor of solid limestone was reached; and the following remains were found at successive intervals through the whole distance. Immediately resting on the limestone was a layer of stalagmite and sand, containing sea-shells—but few in number—with bones of birds and water-rats; proving that at the first commencement, the cave was on a level with, or below, the water's edge, and that the mollusca which inhabited the shells had actually swum over the floor. The question will probably be asked, how, then, are they found thirty feet above the water? And the reason is this, that, at some subsequent period, the whole line of coast was elevated to this height—a wonderful change, which, however, is very familiar to the geologist, and by help of which he solves many a difficult problem. In the layer of black sand above these shells and bird-remains, bones were found of the gigantic mammoth, the size of which would be almost incredible, were they not there to speak for themselves; indeed, a portion of a tusk was carried away, which must have measured twelve feet in length. The mammoth, or *Elephas primigenius*, an extinct species of the family of Elephant, has been found in a state of remarkable preservation, particularly in Siberia, where a specimen was exposed in an ice-cliff, which proved to be twelve feet high and sixteen feet in length—not only the skeleton, but actually the flesh and skin being tolerably fresh, owing to the nature of the refrigerator in which it was enclosed.

In the Bacon Hole, a nearly perfect skeleton was exhumed, though with the bones considerably dis-

placed. Above them, in the next layer, were further remains of the same animal, mingled with those of rhinoceros, hyæna, wolf, bear, ox, and deer, succeeded by a considerable thickness of limestone breccia—or unworn fragments of rock—cemented by stalagmite. At the surface was a layer of black mud, containing recent shells—brought in by birds—and bones of ox, roebuck, fox, and red-deer, together with some species of ancient British pottery. What a history is here written, from the far-distant time when the floor of the cave had not even appeared above the water! What successive races of animals used this cavern as a retreat, before man made his appearance! The mammoth-bones may have drifted in; but it is more probable, from the perfect state of the bones, that it had lived and died there. Coeval with it were the carnivorous animals, which most likely brought in many of the bones of the ox and deer, although, in some of the caves in England, the antlers of the latter have been found regularly shed, proving that they must have lived there. Finally, we have the recent shells, bones of animals still in existence in this country, and traces of man; so that this narrow layer of mud at the surface may represent the human era. Notwithstanding the long period which must have elapsed for all this to take place, so enormous is the time that geologists have to account for, that even the history of this cave is considered recent.

Other bones somewhat similar were found in the Mitchin Hole, about half a mile to the eastward; but the most interesting and best known caves are at Paviland, near the promontory of the Worm's Head. The worst point about them is their difficulty of access, for low-water at spring-tides is the only time at which anybody can approach them by land with anything like safety: there certainly is a path over the cliff, but only fit for a sailor or a monkey. These caves have been known to the geological world for a good many years, and were visited by Dr Buckland, who published an account of them in his *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*. The antiquary will share the interest with the geologist, for, in addition to the animal remains, human relics were found, in the shape of bones, articles of ornament, and coins of the reign of Constantius—all of them from the larger of the two, the Goat's Hole, in which the floor ascends, and is covered with diluvial loam, mixed with fragments of limestone and spar, recent shells, and teeth of elephant, rhinoceros, bear, hyæna, wolf, fox, horse, ox, deer, sheep, rats, birds, and fragments of charcoal. The recent shells and bones of birds were most plentiful in the interior extremity, and the material in which they lay was earth cemented by stalagmite. The skeleton was that of a woman, the bones stained dark red, and covered with a coating of ruddle coloured by red oxide of iron. On the cliff, immediately above the cave, are traces of a British camp, with which doubtless the skeleton has some connection. In the second hole, a little distance off, were more bones; and from the position of the opening with regard to the other, Dr Buckland conjectured that the two were once united, but that the action of the waves has long since washed away the main cavern, and left only the respective passages at the end. Here is an instance of the power of denudation, a force which, even more than elevation, has contributed to the present configuration of the crust of the earth, and one which even now is constantly altering the coast-lines of this very county.

The last bone-cave on our list is a few miles from Paviland, at Spritsail Tor, near Llanmadock, a village on the other side of the peninsula, in which remains of rhinoceros, hyænas, and horses were found, the latter appearing to be plentiful both here and at Paviland, but very scarce in the Bacon Hole. Here, then,

in a constant line of about fifteen miles, are five bone-caves, affording work and speculation enough to the geologist. As they are all about the same level above the sea, it is probable that they were all raised at the same time; and as an additional proof of this, the blocks of limestone at the same height on the sides of the cliffs at Caswell Bay, between the Bacon Hole and Swansea, are all deeply water-marked, shewing evident signs of having been exposed to the same wave-action that is now going on below them. The question may be asked, why Gower appears to be so much more prolific in caves than other limestone districts? There is no reason for supposing that it is so, as I imagine that it is solely to the denuding powers of the sea that we are indebted for the discovery of these; and it is more than probable that many such have disappeared altogether under the influence of this long-continued action. It is a very suggestive fact, that on the opposite sides of the Bristol Channel are also caves in the same mountain-limestone formation, and with pretty much the same deposits of animal remains. It is likely enough that these were all united at one time or other without the interposition of the Bristol Channel, which, compared with the age of these rocks, is a very recent intruder. How wonderful are the speculations which such facts as have been detailed in this article necessarily suggest to the thinking mind, that the reflections about a bone should bring in their track theories involving changes throughout the whole world. Well might David say: 'Verily, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?'

THE DOUBLE WIDOWHOOD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It was eight o'clock of an evening towards the end of July—a July long, long ago. The sun was sending in his westering rays at the windows of a substantial-looking house, the country residence of a professional gentleman, whose head-quarters were in Edinburgh. It was known as Clydevilla, and the locality in which it stood was somewhat famed.

From the era of creation, the river that ran by it had come quietly on, as if gathering its strength, and hushing its breath for the wild and desperate leap it took with a roar as of life and consciousness. For six thousand years, the trees of the forest had shed their annual glory of leaves by its brink. On calm days, the leaves would fall gently on the bits of foam, eddying about the edges of the dark waters; but when a storm came, they would be swept, branches and all, down to the very bosom of the Atlantic.

By the side of this river painted savages had stood and sharpened their arrows of flint; but at the times of which we write, parties of ladies and gentlemen came, with camp-stools, parasols, and wide-awakes, and while they ate sandwiches, said how 'nice' it was—instead. Some, further gone than others in literature and the fine arts, quoted Byron on the cataract of Velino, and said it would be a fine subject for so-and-so's pencil; and some looked and said nothing. In the presence of natural grandeur and beauty, silent homage is always grateful, and charity demands that the best construction be put upon it. This neighbourhood had also, in modern times, been the scene of one of those experiments which benevolent and well-meaning men, who want a short-cut to universal happiness, have sometimes tried, and always failed in. But we have not to do with Utopian theories at present. As has been said, the evening sun was

looking in at the windows of Clydevilla. The drawing-room fronted the west, and the blinds were all down. There was not much to see inside; merely a well-furnished apartment, and a lady lying on a sofa reading—reading only to pass time till her husband came home, and not so much occupied but she could say to herself: 'I wonder if the children are in bed yet. What can Miller want out again to-night for?' Having lost the sense of the last paragraph, she went back upon it, and by the time she got to the foot of the page, being in a comfortable position, and the hush of evening coming on, both inside and out, she fell into a gentle doze. Meantime, the children were all in bed. Jeanie Miller, or 'Miller,' as Mrs Black, since she had been rising in the world, called her children's nurse, had heard them lisp their evening-prayer, and received the last sweet kiss, wondering, in her simplicity, that Mrs Black did not like to do this office for her children herself. If her mistress could have penetrated her thought, she would have answered thus: 'Miller, as a mother, I might wish to do it occasionally, but my engagements put it out of my power.' So Mrs Black keeps her engagements, and loses her children, for by the time they can compete with mamma's engagements, they will be young ladies and gentlemen.

It must be acknowledged that, on this particular evening, Miller rather hurried the ceremony—she had an engagement too—and she moved about on tiptoe, putting on her bonnet and shawl before all the weary little creatures had fairly closed their eyelids; but down they went at last, in the sleep of childhood, and a regiment might have marched through the room without awaking the little sleepers.

The moment they were safe and sound, she hastened from the house, and striking across the fields, made for the corner of a fir-plantation, where, for nearly half an hour, a young man had been hanging about very impatient. For no other person would he have waited so long, and he was anything but pleased at having to wait for this one. He had walked back and forward, and scanned the earth and sky, and decided that all the gates about needed painting, and thought many other things better and worse, before Jeanie came in sight.

Now, although she had been running, and knew she was behind her time, no sooner did she see George Armour, than, from whatever cause, she took to walking in a very slow and deliberate manner. We have it on the authority of Mr Milton, that when Eve saw Adam, she slackened her pace; and we have all, men and women, remnants of the Garden of Eden hanging about us to this day.

'You're late, Jeanie,' was the greeting of her lover.

'I came as soon as I could,' she replied; and arm-in-arm they turned into the shady path up the water-side.

When Mr Black came in, his wife roused herself, and after ascertaining that there was nothing of much interest taking place in the city, she said: 'Miller asked out again to-night—the second time this week. She didn't use to take up with any of the people about. Next time she asks out, I will consider it proper to question her.'

'Couldn't you guess, Mary, what her errand is?'

'Guess! If she were a light-headed creature, I might guess it was some love-affair.'

'And not be far wrong. We're all light-headed some time, you know. As I came up, I saw her walking with one of the painters who were here in spring—the one that did the ornamental work.'

'That was the man I remember remarking for his good looks. Is it possible she can be thinking of marrying?'

'Shouldn't wonder—it's curious what notions people take.'

'Curious! I call it ungrateful. Here did I take her into our nursery, a poor orphan-girl, and have kept her for six years. She suits me exactly—speaks well, and has no vulgar tricks or words; and she has taught the children to read almost as well as I could have done myself. They like her, and she likes them. Surely she does not know when she is well off.'

'I'm sorry you are losing her: I'll give her a gown, and you can give her some crockery.'

'If she is going, one thing will be quite enough, Robert.'

'Now, Mary, on your own showing, I think we are bound to be a little grateful.'

'She has had a very good place of it here, Robert, and there is no need for overdoing a thing. I wish I knew where to get one in her stead. It really is provoking!'

Nevertheless, be it recorded, Jeanie got her gown and her cups and saucers, and something more, when she left Clydeview Villa to become George Armour's wife, and was much and justly regretted by all the household.

It was a fair sight to see this young couple. Not that Jeanie had much to boast of in the way of good looks; on the contrary, George's choice had been matter of surprise to their joint feminine acquaintance. What did he see about her? What he saw, we can't say; but what was to be seen was an open honest face, expressive of good sense and feeling, and a general air of determination. As for George, no one needed to glance twice at him without being struck by his really handsome face and form: so far as those were concerned, all the blood of all the Howards might have coursed in his veins. When we throw into the scale the fact, that he was sober and industrious, and a capital workman—not to mention that he had saved money—the general remarks on Jeanie's wonderful good-fortune are accounted for. In a small house, furnished with things new and neat, and having a morsel of garden in front like a dainty apron tied on, there they were, these two, with youth and health, and the probability of a long and happy life before them.

It is an old saying—very old, probably, and true to the letter—that it is not all gold that glitters. Jeanie had not been very long married when she began to say to herself: 'I am happy—very happy; I have everything to make me so.' Now, it is to be observed that when people keep assuring themselves that they are happy, and further, when they repeat the statement to others—which, however, Jeanie did not do—there is reason to suspect some flaw, something wanting. A man in the pure air does not say: 'I breathe, I breathe exceedingly well; I have oxygen and nitrogen, and carbonic acid—what more can I want?' He goes about with his lungs inflated, and his blood purified and enriched, and his spirit buoyant; he does not need to tell that he has pure air—the thing is evident. What was it? Nothing very tangible, nothing that the young wife acknowledged to herself. But 'over all there hung the shadow of a fear.' A little boy came: his father took to the child, and the shadow waned for a time. In the fulness of her heart, the mother decked her baby daintily. For the first time, George charged his wife with extravagance. Her face grew white as she answered: 'They cost me nothing. Mrs Black gave me the things, and I altered them to fit Georgy.'

'That may be, but mind I'm no the man to keep up the like o' that.'

If there was a thrifty, economical housewife in the country, it was Jeanie Armour; but she could not be thrifty enough for her husband's taste. It was an unnatural thing in one so young, this overweening propensity to save. It struck a chill to the very heart of his wife, although she tried to persuade

herself that it was far better than if he had gone to an opposite extreme.

She reasoned with him; but George was one of those persons—Heaven help those who have to deal with such—upon whom reasoning has just as much effect as if addressed to the wind. She tried joking on the subject, and here he was more vulnerable, and consequently received it in a way that effectually prevented its repetition. She often wondered what he did with the money saved, but was afraid to ask.

Thus you see poor Jeanie, while still believed to be a most fortunate woman, and putting a brave face on things externally, found that she was indeed unequally yoked. Perhaps George found this, too, for he began to stay out at nights with society more congenial to him, and came in generally flushed with drinking. His wife took no further notice of this than to attempt, in a quiet, gentle way, to induce him to stay at home. Neighbours began to speak; some of them told her where George spent his nights, and, as she said afterwards to a friend: 'I had tried the fair way wi' him, and I thought o' trying the flyting; but thankful' was I that I hadna, for I had naething to reproach myself wi' after.'

It was one morning, when her second child, a girl, was about six months old, that George went out as usual to his work: no look or action, not the slightest, denoted that he crossed his threshold with other purpose than going to his ordinary employment. The little boy was playing about the door as he went out, and cried 'Father!' after him. If he did hear that cry, he heard as if he heard it not—let us hope it did not reach him. The child went in for comfort to the source where he always found it—his mother; and she soothed him by saying that his father was in too great a hurry to speak to him now, but he would hear all he had to say at dinner-time; then, propping the baby in a chair, and setting the other to amuse her, she went about her usual household work, dropping a word and a smile upon them every few minutes. Punctual to the time, dinner was ready, well cooked and comfortable. A quarter past the hour, and George did not come; half-past, and there was no appearance of him. She gave the children their dinner, and waited another half-hour. He must have been detained—such a thing had happened before, and she did not feel surprised or uneasy; so clearing away the things, she sat down to her sewing, with the little ones playing on the floor beside her. It was just the old employment at Clydeview Villa over again; and a stranger coming in would have said what a pretty picture the room presented; but any one who had known Jeanie then, and seen her now, would have observed a change. She was still young, but the roundness of youth had passed from her features, and its light buoyancy from her step. Three years of half-life under a kind of pressure acutely felt, though not just apparent on the surface, had taken effect. She sat thinking, as she worked, how her husband's passion for saving, and his rapidly developing taste for drinking, would co-exist. What could she do or say?—what could be done to break the spell of these terrible vices, before his very being was crusted over against every good influence?

Evening came, and no word of him; night, and still nothing of him. The children were laid to rest, and, poor things, slept wholly unconscious of their father's wickedness or their mother's care. Well it has been said, 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.'

The solitary woman sat down behind the little curtain that shaded the window; she would have lifted it, but that she did not wish to attract the attention of passers-by. The window looked out on the high road that passed through the village, and as there were no houses opposite, she could see over the hedge that bounded the small garden into the fields

beyond. It was a calm summer night, or rather, it seemed that the day lingered and lingered to meet the morning. With eyes glued to the glass, and ears painfully stretched, she listened to the stillness, which was deep, except when footsteps, echoing on the beaten road, would come on, pass, and die away in the distance. Towards the small hours these ceased entirely, and the silence was unbroken, except now and then when the corneracke sounded its ricket from the opposite fields. Still she watched. The gray dawn of morning came on calmly and holily, filling the mind with awe, like the dim religious light of a vast cathedral, till the sun rose and threw the elements of gladness over the land. Smoke began to curl up from a house here and there, and early workers turned out to begin their daily labours, and still the weary woman sat on, one conjecture after another thronging through her mind, but no guess of the truth for an instant coming across her. Now the faint whimper of the baby drew her from the window, and she soothed it to quietness, and listened again, for momentarily she expected some one to enter with tidings of calamity. She prepared breakfast for the children, moving as softly as if she had been stealing, for she grudged every sound that interfered with the intense watch she was keeping. By ten o'clock, she could stand it no longer. She dressed herself, and leaving Georgy to play about the doors, took the infant, and went to her husband's master to inquire about him. When Mr Brown heard her question, he looked surprised. 'Mrs Armour,' he said, 'your husband left his money which was in my hands. He is,' he continued, in a tone meant to convey some kind of comfort—'he is a saving, industrious man. It amounted to L.49, 16s. 6d.'

Jeanie, with her habitual prudence, controlled her feelings, and thanking him for his information, went hurriedly home. Could it be that he had deserted her and the children? It looked like it. She formed her resolution. All the money she had was exactly ninepence. She went to a neighbour, and saying that she had to go to Edinburgh, asked her to take care of the little boy till she came back, and at the same time she borrowed a shilling. With 1s. 9d. in her pocket, and her infant in her arms, she set out in quest of her husband.

Very fast she walked—excitement carried her on; and when she was more than half-way, a coach coming up, she paid 1s. 9d., and made the rest of her journey on the outside of it.

Arrived in Edinburgh, she went right to the shop of a decent man with whom she was acquainted, and whose kindly nature induced her to go to him in her present strait. She had no relatives in the city—indeed, she had but few anywhere, so she was constrained to rely on the good offices of an acquaintance.

'Mrs Armour, how's a' wi' ye, an' how's the gudeman? I'm glad to see ye, woman.'

This greeting nearly upset Jeanie, who requested a private word with Mr Boyd, and in a few sentences explained her errand.

'Ye dinna say sae—the scound— But it's no possible.'

'That's what I think, Mr Boyd, and I am glad to hear you say it; but what can it mean?'

'That's what we maun try an' find out. I'll step away-doan to Leith, an' see if there's ony word o' him there. If he's leaving the country, it's as like he wad tak ship there as onywhere.'

So, leaving his shop in charge of his shopman, he took Mrs Armour up stairs, and put her under his wife's care, telling her to keep her mind easy till he came back—an advice more easily given than taken in the circumstances; however, it was a relief to have taken a decided step towards solving the

mystery; and the kindness of Mrs Boyd was very soothing, while she got the rest and refreshment she was so much in need of.

Before Mr Boyd came back, she was on the watch for him; and catching a glimpse of his face as he crossed the street, she gathered no good news from it. When he entered the room, he looked everywhere but into Jeanie's face: he was at a loss how to convey the information he had got.

'Now, Mrs Armour,' he began, 'keep up your heart; we've a' our trials; an', after a', it's no sae bad as it might hae been. Ye'll do fine your lane; an' ye'll no want freends.'

She rose, and grasping his arm, said: 'Did you see him? For any sake, what is it? Is he dead?'

'No; he sailed this morning for America.'

All colour went from her face; she pressed the infant closer to her, and murmured: 'Left us—left us!' and one or two big tears fell on its face. As for Mr Boyd, he went down stairs and relieved himself by calling George Armour no end of ill names.

CHAPTER II.

If Jeanie had been a fine lady with ample means, her feelings would not have been more acute; but she would have had nothing to turn the stream, or to prevent her from nursing her anguish. As it was, alongside the one fact that stood out before her—her husband's desertion of herself and children—was the question, how were they to live? When a great sorrow is intruded upon by a great call for exertion, the healing process is well begun.

If things could be seen in their true light, the poor have oftener less reason to envy the rich than is supposed. Next day Mrs Armour took her way home, comforted by the kindness of her friends, and with money—which she had accepted as a loan—sufficient for her immediate wants.

Mrs Armour had two second-cousins residing in Glasgow—elderly maiden ladies, differing a good deal in character and disposition, but alike in this, that they had both little independent incomes; both lived in cozy flats; each had a narrow circle of her own, segments of which frequently met at five o'clock teas and nine o'clock suppers.

One of these ladies had loved and lost, which, the poet says, is better than never to have loved at all—the case of the other. The latter had been born, had lived, and was likely to die, in the same house. Twice a week she had read the same newspaper all her life, and always read first that list of events, the middle one of which she herself had missed.

The former had 'gone through' a good deal; had struggled with poverty; had, as has been said, loved and lost; and we think it depends upon the way in which such a loss comes about, whether it is better than never to have loved at all. Hers had not been effected by the hand of death, which at once and for ever hallows all it touches.

Well, very soon—for bad news travels fast—these ladies heard of Jeanie Armour's calamity, and met to lay their heads together as to what was to be done. Both expressed a high degree of indignation against George Armour. Both said with emphasis that men in general were very far from being what they ought to be. The one said she had never seen the man to whom she could intrust herself and her property; the other said, women were so ready to be deceived, poor things (with a sigh), and to believe all the fair speeches made to them. After mature deliberation, they came to the conclusion of offering their young relative L.10 a year each—which, in addition to anything she might do for herself, would, they thought, make her pretty comfortable. And so it would. Very kind of them it was; for they were not

quite in a position to make it an act of no self-denial. One of them was appointed a deputation to wait on Mrs Armour, and explain to her a clause attached to the terms of the donation, which they regarded as of the last importance. The one who had 'known trials' cheerfully undertook the commission, although it was something of an exertion, and even of an event, in those days to travel so far. However, she reached her destination without accident or adventure; and she had not been long with her relative before the two women sat down and had a good cry. Then Miss Elder took courage, and explained her errand. She could have felt in her heart to give the money unconditionally, but then what would Miss Bogle say? Besides, it would be foolish, and there was no doubt it was for Jeanie's good.

'Jeanie,' said she, 'we will give you twenty pounds a year, if you will promise never to have anything more to do with George Armour.'

At first, Jeanie had almost been driven blind and stupid by her husband's desertion; the very mid-summer green of the trees and grass seemed turned to blackness; but the necessity of getting through her daily work, and of planning for the future, and the consideration of her husband's great cruelty, in leaving them to doubt, and anxiety, and destitution, without a word or a sign, brought about so strong a reaction, that sometimes she thought that such a man was not worth grieving after. In this mood of mingled pride and indignation, she readily gave the promise which the ladies required; and Miss Elder went home to rejoice Miss Bogle with the account, that their cousin's eyes were opened to see things in a right way. But for all this, Jeanie could not unsex herself, and the original tenderness often returned and overflowed in tears.

The story let loose in the village, flashed through its houses and shops, its smithy and post-office—nay, even its manse and its hall, in a way that might have made the electric telegraph, had it then been in existence, blush for its deliberation.

The amount of pity that was expressed for Mrs Armour was great, but it fructified in a way which shewed that the blossom must have encountered frost in the setting. In a day or two, people had ceased even to speak about it; and Mrs Armour went quietly away to a moorland village some twenty miles off, and inquired as to the probability there was of collecting a little school. There seemed to be an opening there; before she left, she took a very small house which chanced to be empty; and in the course of a month, she had her furniture removed, and herself established as village-schoolmistress.

The 'branches' which Mrs Armour undertook to teach—and which she was quite capable of teaching—were reading, writing, arithmetic, and sewing. Her school was well attended; children liked to go; she had a 'way' with them. Indeed, every one had a kindliness for her but the parish schoolmaster, who rather thought that she poached on his manors. If she had only been a widow, he considered, he could and would have quashed the opposition effectually; as it was, he could only look glum, and he did it.

The little people who then frequented Mrs Armour's school are now the parents of the village; and it was only the other day we noticed them advertising for 'a lady who could impart the harp and piano, French, Italian, and German, with drawing and wax-flowers: a knowledge of singing and botany would be a recommendation. Guaranteed salary, L.100 a year.' We quote this merely to shew what immense strides have been made in some directions within the last score of years. At that time, there were only two pianos in the district; now, they are as common as tables. Then, neither in Mrs Armour's school, nor in that of her masculine competitor, did the pupils quote

Milton, or read memoirs of Shelley—they do both now; and it is not uncommon to find Macaulay's ballads done into crocheted-work covers, reposing on tables under the shadow of bead-baskets.

As, by perpetual attrition, water wears the rock, and as the grand fantastic splendours of the stalactite cave are reared by the residuum of the dropping water, so time obliterates the memory of a grief, or, at least, wears the edges away, and sends its daily round of cares, greater or less, to build new hopes, new interests, new memories; and many a scathed and crushed creature has thanked the God of Providence that it is so.

Mrs Armour went on her way quietly, and, in process of time, cheerfully. Her children were well and happy; and her little school, and little annuity, answered remarkably well: but never a word of her husband, direct or indirect, did she hear. At nights she would lie awake, pondering over what he could be doing, or where he could be. Sometimes she would think of him as comfortable and doing well, but wholly forgetful of her and his children; sometimes as destitute and an outcast; and during sleep, when imagination escapes from control, she followed him in dreams to the ends of the earth. In the broad light of day, a form in the distance having any resemblance to his would cause her to start and tremble. She often feared she might discover him in a beggar at her door, for she had heard and read of such painful recognitions. But the years passed on, and no clue came to her hands to afford any enlightenment on the subject, until the seventh year of his absence came round.

The principal draper in the village had a brother, who had set out in early life, like many of his countrymen, to push his fortune, and found, like some others, that fortune rather pushed him. He had journeyed from continent to continent, and wandered in many lands, only to come back to his native place not much richer than when he set out. He heard Mrs Armour's history, and suddenly it flashed on him that, during his travels in America, he had met a man answering to the description, and bearing the name of George Armour. They had travelled the same route for two days, and were crossing a river on the third, when suddenly the ferry-boat capsized. They were all thrown into the water; two men drowned, the rest saved: the man bearing the name of George Armour was one of the two that perished.

When the report reached Jeanie's ears, she immediately sought an interview with the individual who brought it, and whose wandering instincts were just about to lead him to set off again.

He did his best to satisfy her anxious inquiries, but, as he had not taken more than a general interest in the drowned men, he could not give so many particulars as she could have wished; but she left him, convinced that, without doubt, it was her husband whose life had been thus brought to a sudden end. She put on a widow's dress, and mourned in her heart as sincerely and more acutely than if he had been all he ought to have been. Her health failed somewhat under the shock of the intelligence, but a little change and relaxation soon restored her.

Miss Elder and Miss Bogle, though, as Christian women, sorry for the death of a bad man, felt a degree of satisfaction in the certainty that now he would not come back, as they always expected he would, to be a burden to his wife.

It was the best thing George Armour had ever done for her—if he could be said to have done it—this making her his widow. It secured her position; it improved her standing in the public eye; and it set her mind at rest. Any one who has ever been long tossed between hope and fear, knows that certainty

even of the worst is greatly preferable to suspense. Widowhood is a legitimate channel, into which sympathy can flow without meeting an obstacle; but the neglected or deserted wife occupies very different ground, both in her own eyes and those of others.

PAIN A BLESSING.

Sir Humphry Davy, when a boy, with the defiant constancy of youth which had as yet suffered nothing, held the opinion that pain was no evil. He was refuted by a crab which bit his toe when he was bathing, and made him roar loud enough to be heard half a mile off. If he had maintained instead, that *pain was a good*, his doctrine would have been unimpeachable. Unless the whole constitution of the world were altered, *our very existence depends upon our sensibility to suffering*. An anecdote, which is quoted by Dr Carpenter in his *Principles of Human Physiology*, from the *Journal of a Naturalist*, shews the fatal effects of a temporary suspension of this law of our nature. A drover went to sleep upon a winter's evening upon the platform of a limekiln, with one leg resting upon the stones which had been piled up to burn through the night. That which was a gentle warmth when he lay down, became a consuming fire before he rose up. His foot was burned off above the ankle, and when, roused in the morning by the man who superintended the limekiln, he put his stump, unconscious of his misfortune, to the ground, the extremity crumbled into fragments. Whether he had been lulled into torpor by the carbonic acid driven off from the limestone, or whatever else may have been the cause of his insensibility, he felt no pain, and through his very exemption from this lot of humanity, expired a fortnight afterwards in Bristol hospital.

Without the warning-voice of pain, life would be a series of similar disasters. The crab, to the lasting detriment of chemistry, might have eaten off the future Sir Humphry's foot while he was swimming, without his entertaining the slightest suspicion of the ravages that were going on. Had he survived the injuries from the crab, he would yet have been cut off in the morning of his famous career, if, when experimenting upon the gases, the terrible oppression at the chest had not warned him to cease inhaling the carburetted hydrogen; nor, after a long struggle for life, would he have recovered to say to his alarmed assistant: 'I do not think I shall die.' *Without physical pain infancy would be maimed, or perish before experience could inform it of its changes*. Lord Kames advises parents to cut the fingers of their children 'cunningly' with a knife, that the little innocents might associate suffering with the glittering blade before they could do themselves a worse injury; but if no smart accompanied the wound, they would cut up their own fingers with the same glee that they cut a stick, and burn them in the candle with the same delight that they burn a piece of paper in the fire. *Without pain we could not proportion our actions to the strength of our frame, or our exertions to its powers of endurance*. In the impetuosity of youth, we should strike blows that would crush our hands, and break our arms; we should take leaps that would dislocate our limbs; and no longer taught by fatigue that the muscles needed repose, we should continue our sports and our walking tours till we had worn out the living tissue, with the same unconsciousness that we now wear out our coats and our shoes. *The very nutriment which is the support of life would frequently prove our death*. Mirabeau said of a man who was idle as he was corpulent, that his only use was to shew how far the skin would stretch without bursting. Without pain, this limit would be constantly exceeded, and epicures, experiencing no uneasy sensations, would continue their festivities until they met with the fate of the frog in the fable, which was ambitious of emulating the size of the ox. Sir Charles Bell mentions the case of a patient who had lost the sense of ~~his~~ his right hand, and who, unconscious that the cover of a pan which had fallen into the fire was burning hot, took it out and deliberately returned it to its proper

place, to the destruction of the skin of the palm and the fingers. This of itself would be an accident of incessant occurrence if the monitor were wanting which makes us drop such materials more hastily than we pick them up. Pain is the grand preserver of existence, the sleepless sentinel that watches over our safety, and makes us both start away from the injury that is present, and guard against it carefully in the time to come.—*American paper*.

SUMMER GONE.

SMALL wren, mute pecking at the last red plum,
Or twittering idly in the yellowing boughs
Fruit-emptied, over thy forsaken house,
Birdie, that seems to come
Telling, we too have emptied our year's store,
Summer is o'er:

Poor robin, driven in by rain-storms wild
To lie submissive under household hands,
With beating heart that no love understands,
And scared eye, as a child
Who only knows that he is all alone,
And summer's gone:

Pale leaves, sent flying wide—a frightened flock,
On which the wolfish wind outbursts, and tears
The tender forms that lived in summer airs:
Till taken at this shock,
They, like frail hearts whom sudden grief sweeps by,
Whirl—sink—and die:

All these things, earthy, of the earth, do tell
This earth's continual story: we belong
Unto another country, and our song
Shall be no mortal knell,
Though all the year's tale, as *our* years rush fast,
Mourns, 'Summer's past!'

O love immortal! O eternal youth;
Whether in budding nooks it sits and sings,
As hundred poets of a hundred springs;
Or slaking passion-drouth
Out of the wine-press of affliction, goes
Godward, through woes.

O youth undying! O perpetual love!
With these, by winter fireside we'll sit down,
And wear our snows of honour like a crown,
And sing as in a grove,
Where all the full nests ring with vocal cheer—
'Summer is here.'

Roll round, strange years: swift seasons, come and go;

Ye brand upon us only an outward sign,
Ye cannot touch the inward and divine
Which God knows—and we know;—
Sealed, until summers, winters, all shall cease
In His great peace.

Therefore, prounse, ye winds, and howl your will;
Beat, beat, ye subbing rains, on pane and door;
Enter, slow-footed age; and thou, obscure—
Grand angel—not of ill,
Come thou but *once*, and then, whene'er thou come,
Glad, we'll go home.

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BEING AND PROFESSING.

THROUGH what principle in human nature is it that people so often do themselves injustice in their outward semblances and their professed opinions? We generally hear of our fellow-creatures being addicted to making their outsides fair, while their secret thoughts, designs, and wishes, are far otherwise. But the converse is also a common experience.

You will meet a Calvinist and an Arminian on the same day, and be surprised to reflect that the former is the more amiable man of the two. Yielding to what he thinks an irresistible logic, he, so far from carrying it out regarding his fellow-creatures in his own behaviour to them, has a face of geniality to all, and is a universal benefactor. One could almost suppose that, just because he does profess a stern creed, he the more feels himself called upon to prove that it does not chill his heart—whereas the Arminian is under no such call. Or it may be that, secretly having some misgivings as to that universal pardon which his own heart would extend, he feels as if there were some balm for him in supposing that another and higher Power will be less relenting. It may be partly in both ways that the strange contradiction arises. Perhaps the phenomenon of the 'best-natured man with the worst-natured muse' is of the same character—a remorseful and self-reproaching complaisance 'taking it out' in a little occasional quiet satire.

One of the most remarkable contradictions between personal behaviour and theory ever known, was in the case of the celebrated Mr Malthus. The harshness of his doctrine (however true) towards the affections of poor human nature, was what we all know. Men used to figure him, in consequence, as a sour, stoical old bachelor, who could have calmly looked on while starvation and pestilence were checking off the supernumeraries of creation. But the real Mr Malthus, as we know from the reports of those who knew him, was an amiable, gentle-natured country parson, who grew old in the sunshine of a fireside which his worth and kindness had blessed. He would have been precisely the last man in the world to interfere harshly with the tastes and enjoyments of others, or to order any one away from nature's feast, or any other feast, as a person for whom there was no platter. He whose name has been worked into the language as expressive of the undesirableness of children, was fond of children, and beloved by them, as usual, in return. It would have been a curious study for any one who knew him intimately, to trace what it was in his mind that suggested to

him, and enabled him to maintain so pertinaciously, a dogma which mankind in general have viewed with a kind of horror. Perhaps the very unconsciousness of unkind feeling towards his fellow-creatures was what enabled him to take up his unkind doctrine; a colder man might have distrusted himself, fearful it might be an emanation of his severity of temper, for which he would get into discredit.

State parties, and individual politicians professing patriotic views ought, in consistency, to be the most kind and beneficent in their personal acts; while the partisans of strong government might be expected to prove tyrants in their own circles. But there is a notorious remark to precisely the contrary purport—namely, that the professors of patriotism and philanthropy are often more exacting, arbitrary, and harsh in their private conduct than the most high-flying Tories. Is it that the former can satisfy the calls of conscience in the case by the profession and the advocacy, and, feeling as if no more were wanting, do no more accordingly, but rather feel themselves entitled to be a little sour now and then; while the Tories, sensible that their doctrine would subjugate the people (for their own good), are under a call to shew that, with this severity on their lips, they can be practically beneficent—willing, shall we say, to do every imaginable thing for their fellow-creatures but trust them with the power of doing anything for themselves?

There again is that strange, deep remark of Swift, that nice people are people of filthy ideas. It is a satire on refinement, surely in the main unjust; but there are certainly some people of great external nicety, whose inner minds, as occasionally appears in their conduct, are far from being cleanly. Probably it is that, sensible of the fault, they fly for solace to the exemplification of the opposite. They are nice through mere antagonism to their want of true purity.

In one of the personal narratives of the siege of Lucknow, it is stated that many of the persons formerly most noted for their courtesy and good-manners, proved, in the exigencies of the time, uncommonly selfish; while amongst people who had been thought rude and rather rough, there were many bright examples of self-sacrificing kindness. Is it to be believed that men put on virtues *because* they have them not, only speak of sincerity when they are shamming, and will even be deceivers in their faults?

I must confess to a disrelish for perfect characters, or persons who are always straining up to some uncommon pitch of correctness in some particular point. When I find an uneasy, restless, unsatisfiable

eagerness about being good, I always fear that the goodness may not prove solid or lasting, or that it may be accompanied by error in some other quarter, more than down-weighting it. The really worthy people are those who make little din or fuss about either their own conduct or other people's. The truth is, to be over-conscious of sin is itself sin—with genuine innocence you might live an age and never hear of iniquity. So also I feel it to be a kind of reproach to speak much of a country as a very moral country. It seems to imply that there is some unusual sense in that country of propensities to be struggled with, or of rewards to be gained by suppressing or appearing to suppress them. Such a country may always reasonably be suspected of being in reality worse in some points than its neighbours. Our friend, Major Truefitt, is so much impressed with this view, that he is always solicitous of defending his native country of Scotland from the charge of being a specially moral country. He insists that it shews as much reckless imprudence in commerce, as much erratic amatory enthusiasm, as high a degree of bacchanalian extravagance, as any country under the sun. He calls on you to look at its Darien expeditions and Stuart rebellions in the past, its Western Banks, its returns of births and of 'gallons entered for home consumption' in the present, and say whether that country can be fairly accused of any suspicious amount of either prudence or external morality. There may be a few people constantly crying out, Let us be moral; but you must not on that account fix a stigma upon the whole population.

A tremendous problem every now and then occurs amongst us; a man turns out to be a frightful cheat and defaulter, or a dreadful profligate, who had for a long course of years appeared as a person of profound piety, and entire worth. The ordinary—we might say the vulgar pronouncement on the subject is, that the man was all along a feigner of good qualities and sound opinions and duties—a successful hypocrite. A more candid and analytical view would admit some shade of sincerity even in this wretched sinner. We must remember how much we can impose on ourselves; what struggles there are in us between good and evil inclinations; how natural a resource it is for the erring to try to make some consolation and atonement out of good intentions, blind gropings at rectitude, desires to see that advanced which may at least save others. There really is no authentication for one-third of the hypocrisy or insincerity which we commonly speak of as existing in the world. In other words, the possibility of a life-long speciosity, or keeping up of appearances opposite to the reality, has never been proved. Human nature would break down under any such appearances in a very short time, if there were not a support in that palpable unmistakable power we have of self-deception, of believing that we believe, of apologising for the want of deeds by emotions, and disguising the selfishness of our opinions under fair pretences.

Ordinary people are so much in the habit of judging of historical persons by the bearing of the acts of these persons on their own convictions, that it is difficult for them to read history in any other light. Thus, one whom we call a persecutor will always appear as a monster of wickedness, while any one whom we call a martyr will equally seem to have an indefeasible claim upon our admiration. Yet it is perfectly certain that many persecutors have been excellent men. It is a remark of Neander, that the best Roman emperors, as Marcus Aurelius and Julian, opposed Christianity, while the more profligate bearers

of the purple refrained from molesting it. And it is easy to see how this might be. It being granted that a certain doctrine is of the highest consequence for the ultimate happiness of men, and a departure from it equally fatal, it irresistibly follows with a well-wishing man, unrestrained as men heretofore have been by any foresight of counteracting evils, that it will appear worth while to destroy a heterodox few in order to save the faith of the many. Thus it is, indeed, that persecution is always a strictly logical crime. But it is more. It always has a good end in view, and may therefore well be the fault of good men. It is only when its bad results are seen, or men begin to fear for the responsibility they incur in acting out such dreadful things on merely an assurance of themselves being right and others wrong, that persecution is allowed to cease.

A few ideas are here thrown out with a view to suggesting fruitful trains of thought in the reader. If he will only follow them out, I do not doubt that he will come to see cause for taking a great number of things in a different light from that in which they first strike the eye of the observer. Let him find a useful exercise in looking below the seeming and the professed for the real, even though it shock a few of his most respectable old prejudices.

A VISIT TO THE CHOCTAWS.

Down the Mississippi moves the steamer; onward, onward, never resting, never tiring. In vain the primeval forests on the banks stretch towards us their hundred arms, as if to draw us into their dark mysterious depths. Onward speeds the restless vessel, neither stopping to afford us a fuller view of those gigantic hickory-trees and sycamores that lift their heads so high above their brother-giants of the forest, nor of those lovely groups of cotton-wood that throw the shadow of their long branches far across the stream; nor to let us pay a flying-visit to the cozy log-houses which here and there peep forth from amid the verdure on the banks of the little tributaries, which gush forth to mingle their waters with those of the 'great father of rivers;' nor even to let us cull one flower from the beautiful islets which stud his broad bosom. Not until we reach Fort Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas, do the splashing wheels relax. Here, those who, like ourselves, are bound for the 'far west,' descend from the majestic Mississippi steamer into humbler craft of the same kind, which, grown too old for active service, are moored off the little town, and serve not only as landing-wharfs, but as warehouses and hotels.

With such poor accommodation to tempt us, we will not dwell long in this hot, swampy place, swarming with mosquitoes, but embark again on the swelling waters of the Arkansas, and follow its course upwards towards the west. With surprise we witness the rapidly increasing depths of the water in this river. Yesterday, the loamy banks might be seen rising high above the level of the stream; to-day, the waters, which have assumed a darker and more reddish hue, lave the roots, and even the stems of the trees that fringe the banks, and rushing onward with unfettered speed and energy, here bank up enormous heaps of snags; there break down barricades of a similar kind, which it has taken them years to build; or uproot trees still standing, and carry them off triumphantly, as a tribute to the Mississippi. Soon, however, the decreasing quantity

of drift-wood shews that the waters are again receding; and in a little while the banks again rise high above them; and the stream becomes so shallow, that it requires a steady hand to guide the vessel safely past the numerous shoals and snags that obstruct its path.

Who shall describe the wondrous beauty of the primeval forests on these banks; the sublime majesty, the exalted repose of nature; as yet untouched by the hand of man; the legions of grasses and of herbs, of shrubs, and creeping plants, whose myriads of flowers form a chaos of colour that dazzles the eyes of the enchanted beholder; the numberless forest-trees, grouped together in families, whose leafy crowns, varying from the tenderest to the deepest green, present an unbroken picture of delicious freshness; for ancient moss-covered stems, that lift their branches high above the impenetrable underwood, and have seen hundreds of summers, seem as full of life and vigour as the young saplings, sprung from their seed, which grow under the protection of their shadow. As yet, the sound of the busy paddles but rarely disturbs the silence of these solitudes, and the various denizens of the forest have not yet learned to dread the approach of man. With fearless curiosity the stag gazes at the passing steamer; while the parrot, undisturbed, climbs chattering from branch to branch; the purple head of the wild turkey is thrust forth inquisitively from amid the foliage of the low brushwood; and the black bear, bathing in the stream, raises himself on end, and blinks his little eyes good-naturedly at the approaching leviathan, until, annoyed by the large waves raised by it in its passage, he shakes his shaggy coat, and trots grumbling into the thicket.

Between four and five hundred miles the steamer passes up the Arkansas amid this imposing scenery, a few small clearings, at far-distant intervals, shewing where alone the hand of man has touched the primeval forest; and not until we reach Little Rock, the capital of the state of Arkansas, do we come upon evidence of that constant progress of the white race westward, which is almost yearly adding new states to the territories of the stripes and stars. But our visit is not to these new rulers of the American continent; we are in quest of the red man, the ancient lord of the western world—of the red man, not in the degraded state to which too many of his race have been reduced by the civilisation, which for nearly three hundred years has been hunting them like noxious animals from place to place, giving them nothing in return for the lands of which it deprived them, but the vices bred in its populous cities, and the 'fire-water' that maddens the Indian, and gives tenfold intensity to all his worst passions—but of the red man such as he has become when at last left in quiet possession of some of the loveliest tracts of his native land, free to borrow the aids of civilisation as he may require them. Therefore, not at this little capital will we dwell, but continuing our course up the Arkansas, we will speed past the Dardanel rock, on which still towers the tall tree that of yore served the Indians as a watch-tower—past the Bee Rocks, in whose clefts and crevices myriads of wild-bees have found a home perhaps for thousands of years—past the friendly little town of Van Buren, spread out in an open smiling valley, till we reach Fort Smith, where the Poteau falls into the Arkansas. Here we land on Indian territory, though not yet among the Indians, for Fort Smith is an American town, full of American go-ahead notions, and though situated in the midst of an unpeopled but blooming wilderness, is already speculating upon forming an important station on the railway which ere long shall unite the gold-fields on the Pacific with the commercial ports on the Atlantic.

Lovely, indeed, is the spot in which Providence has allowed the Choctaws at length to find rest for the soles of their feet, and to prove that the race of the red man is, as little as any other of God's children, absolutely incapable of civilisation. Above Fort Smith, and more especially from the point where the Canadian falls into the Arkansas, the country becomes diversified by numerous small prairies, which break the monotony of the forest scenery, while mountains rear their heads around. Sugar-loaf Mount, the Cavanee Mountains, and the Sans Bois Mountains, enclose narrow valleys of surpassing beauty and fertility. Fields, spangled with flowers of the most gorgeous hues, invite the sower to confide to them the seed that produces the staff of life, and promise a hundredfold in return for his labour. Numberless rivulets that run to meet the larger streams diffuse a delicious freshness through the air in summer; and the neighbouring mountains and impenetrable forests shut out the cold blasts in winter. And amid these lovely scenes the traveller needs no longer start back at the sound of the rustling foliage, fearing to see an arrow or a tomahawk speeding to arrest his life, or the blood-thirsty eyes of an Indian or a panther glaring at him from the bushes. The tomahawk has been exchanged for a sickle, the wild warhoop for the joyous call of the huntsman; and where bears and panthers used to roam as monarchs of the forest, now browse peaceful herds, that furnish wholesome food for an industrious population. As a welcome guest, the stranger may wander from farmstead to farmstead, sure to find a red hand held out to greet him, a plenteous meal to satisfy his hunger, and a comfortable bed to repose in, and in many cases an intelligent companion to converse with; for well-being and even riches are not uncommon among these agricultural tribes of Indians; and in localities where the tattooed warrior not very long back knew no better how to record his vague thoughts and wild imaginings, than by grotesque hieroglyphics traced upon tanned hides, there the civilised Indian now reads newspapers in his native language, and sends his sons to the schools of the far east.

The territory occupied by the Choctaw Indians, who, according to Catlin, number at present 22,000, stretches southward from the Arkansas to the Canadian river, and borders on the east on the state of Arkansas; on the south, on the territory of the Chickasaws; on the west, on that of the Creeks; and on the north, on the lands of the Cherokees—all of which tribes have attained a similar degree of civilisation, and at present differ very little from each other. Previous to their settlement in these regions, the Choctaws inhabited the rich hunting-grounds in the states of Alabama and Mississippi, which were purchased of them by the United States government, for a sum to be paid in yearly instalments, spread over a period of twenty years; which term is now nearly expired, the money having returned into the hands of the white men, without having conferred much benefit on the red. But, according to their own traditions, the migrations of the Choctaws began long before the arrival of the white men in the western world. 'Many, many winters ago,' they say, 'the Choctaws dwelt far away towards the setting sun, far beyond the great flowing water (the Missouri), behind the snowy mountains (Rocky Mountains). A great medicine-man was their chief. He led them forth each day, walking in front of them with a long red staff in his hand. Wherever he struck his staff in the ground, there they pitched their tents; but each morning the staff was found inclining towards the rising sun. This, said the medicine-man, was a sign that they must continue their wanderings; but when they came to a place where the staff remained upright in the ground, that would indicate that there the Great Spirit

would have them dwell; that there they should have their home. For a long, long time, they continued their wanderings, until at length they came to a place called Nah-ni-wa-ge (sloping hill), where the staff remained upright in the ground. There they settled, and built a large camp, one mile long and one mile broad. The men dwelt on the outside, the women and children in the middle; and Nah-ni-wa-ge is to this day considered the centre of the old Choctaw nation.

To the fertility of the country, which gives rich harvests in return for very little labour, and to the softening influences of the climate, more than to the endeavours of the white race, is to be attributed the transformation of these nomadic savages into civilised agriculturists; yet it must be allowed that the American government has of late years shewn itself truly solicitous to promote the welfare of the Indians; and it is around one of the agencies founded to protect the various tribes from the encroachments of the white squatters, that has grown up what we may denominate the capital of the Choctaws, the little town called Hei-to-to-wa by the Indians, and Sculleville, or simply 'the Agency,' by the Americans. Hei-to-to-wa is fourteen miles from Fort Smith. The road, passing through the beautiful valley of the Arkansas, leads us first to Fort Coffee, very prettily situated on an eminence on the bank of the river. This fort, built thirty years ago as a defence against the Indians, has now been converted into a school for Indian boys, who, to the average number of fifty at a time, are educated here under the superintendence of a Methodist missionary, paid by the American government. Well-cultivated fields of corn and maize surround the fort. Negro slaves are busy at their various occupations, and merry, black-eyed, copper-coloured urchins are at play in the gardens. The distance from the school to the Agency is five miles. At first, the road skirts a great prairie; then, after a time, turns into the forest-land again; and here we soon come upon clearings in which the carefully tilled fields and comfortable log-houses, surrounded by vigorous young fruit-trees, announce the approach of the Indian town. Hei-to-to-wa, however, though called a town, consists of but one broad street, formed of log-houses, with gardens attached, and rather bears the appearance of a happy bustling village, in which Indians, negroes, and whites—the latter mostly married to Indians—are seen moving about in perfect harmony. The sound of the thrashing-flails from the barn-yards, the noise of numerous forges, the bellowing of cattle, and the barking of dogs, tell of happy industry and general well-being, while the numbers of persons in the street indicate that something unusual is going on. Our visit indeed happens to be coincident with a gathering of the chiefs at Sculleville, which has made the Indians flock in from the neighbouring farms, and has filled to overflowing the boarding-house, which, in true American fashion, has been got up in the town, more especially for the accommodation of Indian fathers and mothers who may wish to visit their daughters who are at school in Hei-to-to-wa, where there is an establishment for Indian girls similar to that for boys at Fort Coffee. Indian women, no longer held among the Choctaws in that degrading bondage which made them the slaves rather than the companions of their husbands, have accompanied the latter to the meeting, for games and pastimes of all kinds diversify these assemblies, and you may see these ladies—for we suppose we must no longer call them squaws—in numbers in the streets, like their better-halves, clad in European attire, but in colours the excessive gaudiness of which indicates a half-civilised taste, and with a quantity of that pretty bead-work and straw-work ornamentation

about their dress, which shows that, with the savagery of Indian life, they have not abandoned its arts.

At the western extremity of the town is a ware-house, in front of which runs a slightly elevated gallery, which serves as the public tribune of the Choctaws. Round this tribune, under the lovely summer sky, assemble, towards evening, all the Indians who have flocked together in Hei-to-to-wa to listen to the wisdom of their congregated chiefs. The first who takes the word has evidently come from a distance. He is not a half-naked tattooed warrior, with his head encircled by a crown of many-coloured feathers, but a stalwart farmer, clad in a travel-soiled, fantastically shaped cotton garment, with a broad-brimmed brown hat on his head; but what is wanting in the splendour of his attire he makes up for by native dignity of manner and by a *suadu* that makes an American who is standing by, and who understands not one syllable of what is spoken, exclaim in perfect sincerity: 'Well, hitherto I have thought the English was the most beautiful language, but hereafter I shall give the palm to the Choctaw.' Chief after chief stands up in similar manner to deliver his opinions on the subjects mooted, and to indulge in that love of speechifying which is characteristic of their race; and with unflagging attention, the assembled multitude listens until dawn of day. In the same primitive manner as certain public affairs were discussed on the present occasion, the courts of justice are at all times held, the criminal being present, and, when sentence of death is pronounced, being despatched on the spot by means of a bullet.

In public assemblies of this kind the women take no part, though they may collect at a respectful distance outside the ring of male auditors; but at the public games, which are celebrated with a kind of religious reverence, they are interested spectators, and sometimes take part in the betting. These games, which are generally carried on in some great open prairie, have been handed down from generation to generation since times immemorial, and form a subject of so much national pride, that whatever the degree of civilisation he has attained, the Indian, on occasion of their celebration, throws off his cumbersome apparel, and painting himself from head to foot like his fathers of old, enters the arena to contend for honours which are ever dear to his heart. The principal and most widely diffused among these Indian games is that of ball or ring, to which some notion of 'medicine' or magical power is still attached. The mode of proceeding, when a public contest is to take place, is as follows: Two men, renowned for their dexterity, challenge each other for a trial of skill. The day of meeting is appointed, and messengers are sent out by each champion to enrol partisans on his side. These messengers proceed from settlement to settlement, and from house to house, mentioning the name of the chief combatants, and the day appointed for the contest; and those who promise to join, signify the fact by touching a highly ornamented staff, with a ring at one end, carried by the messenger—a ceremony considered so binding, that to fail after having performed it, is to cover yourself with dishonour. As every participator in the game is accompanied by all his relatives, half the nation or tribe may sometimes be found assembled on these occasions—those who do not take an active part indulging at least in the excitement of betting. When the contending parties have arrived in the prairie selected for the sport, tents are pitched, the ground is measured off, and each party erects on its side, 250 feet from the centre of the playground, two poles sixteen feet high, placed at a distance of six feet from each other, and connected at the top by a cross-pole. These arrangements are superintended by four elected umpires, to whom also are given in charge the various stakes and prizes.

consisting of horses, rifles, blankets, wearing-apparel, household furniture, &c., &c., and who spend the night in watching over them, singing dismal songs, and smoking pipes in honour of the Great Spirit. At sunset, the next day, the combatants appear upon the ground. With the exception of a short petticoat and a gaily embroidered belt, with a horse's tail dyed in brilliant colours attached and pendent behind, they are quite naked; but the absence of clothes is made up for by the paint, of every imaginable colour, with which their bodies are besmeared from head to foot. In their hands they hold sticks of some light kind of wood, with a ring at the end large enough to hold the ball, but not to let it pass through; and the game consists in trying to catch the ball in this ring, and to fling it through the poles. The party who first succeeds in making the ball pass a hundred times through the poles erected on its own ground, has won the game.

When the sun has set behind the forest, torches are lighted, and the players advance in procession towards the poles. Singing and howling, clattering their sticks against each other, and striking their drums, they dance around them, while the women, likewise moving in procession, take up their place in two long rows in the centre of the playground, where they also lift their voices in chorus, and rock their bodies to and fro, now resting on one foot, now on the other. In the meanwhile, the umpires sit smoking their pipes on the line of demarcation; and the night passes in revelry. At sunrise, a gunshot gives the signal for the games to commence. The ball is hurled high into the air by one of the umpires, the players rush forward from both sides to catch it in their rings; and with short intervals of repose, the game is kept up till sunset, perhaps to begin again the next day and the next.

Many of the Choctaws have accepted Christianity, but many still cling to their ancient faith, and more especially to its doctrine of the life hereafter—a fact which proves that the love of the wild forest-life is not yet quite extinct among them. According to their belief, the dead have to make a long journey westward until they reach a deep and rapid stream, beyond which are the hunting-fields of the blessed. This stream they must cross by a bridge made of the stem of a tall pine-tree, stripped of its bark, and smoothed and polished. The good proceed with firm and steady steps across the slippery bridge, and reach the blessed hunting-grounds, where the heavens are never clouded, where the air is always cool, and where they are endowed with new and everlasting youth, and spend their time in endless joy hunting and feasting. But bad men, when endeavouring to pass the narrow bridge, see the steep banks giving way, are seized by unconquerable giddiness, and precipitate themselves into the depths below. There the waters fall thundering from the rocks, and the whirlpool spinning them round and round, ever brings them back to the same spot, where the air is poisoned by the exhalations of dead fish, where the trees are dead and leafless, where snakes and toads revel in the slimy mud, where eternal hunger gnaws their entrails, and whence they endeavour in vain to climb up the steep banks to catch a glimpse of the abode of the blessed.

In the comfortable log-house, as in the rude wigwam, one of the chief delights of the Indian is to sit round the fire and listen to the legends of the past as they drop from the lips of the aged. Here is one of these legends, which, no doubt like many another myth, owes its origin to a name. Among the tribes incorporated with the Choctaw nation is one called the Crawfish Band. The story of its adoption the Choctaws tell as follows: 'In the beginning, the Crawfish Band lived in great caves, where for many

miles around there was no light. They had to find their way to the daylight through mud and morass, and to get back the same way. They looked like craw-fish, walked on hands and feet, did not understand what was said to them, and were very timid and fearful. The Choctaws often watched for them to speak to them, but they escaped into their holes. Once, however, the Choctaws cut off the way, and then they ran towards the neighbouring rocks, and disappeared in the clefts. The Choctaws then laid dry wood and twigs outside, and made a great fire and a great smoke, and in this way they drove out some of the Crawfish men. These they were kind to; they taught them to speak, and to walk on two legs; and they cut off their long nails, and plucked the hairs off their bodies, and then adopted them into their tribe. But many of the Crawfish men remain in the earth, where they live to this day in deep dark caves.'

Such is the lore with which the Choctaw diverts us while under his hospitable roof, and we would fain linger longer with these interesting children of the forest, who are gradually being converted into quiet dwellers in cities, but our time is out; and those who would know more about them and the neighbouring tribes, we must refer to Mr Müllhausen,* who has been our own guide.

A CHILD'S HOLIDAY.

I was seven years old, and hitherto, as I thought, I had lived a life of too much seclusion. A Boy of my age, forsooth, and to have seen so little of the world—it was discreditable! We lived in London, and yet—would it be believed?—with the exception of Pantomimes, the performances of Conjurers and Ventriloquists, and other childish exhibitions of the like nature, I was wholly ignorant of Metropolitan enjoyments. Even to the scenes I have mentioned, my Father and Mother had accompanied me—a circumstance which materially detracted from that pleasurable sense of self-importance, which made itself by that time felt within me pretty strongly. I had been to the Tower without them, to be sure, and had experienced considerable satisfaction from an interview, upon equal terms, with a Beef-eater, and an undisturbed and protracted contemplation of some phlegmatic horsemen in complete armour; but even then, our Butler was behind me; and I think I caught him once in the very act of a derisive smile. The fact was clear, that I was not allowed sufficient liberty. I, the heir of the house, was scarcely less in leading-strings than my little brother, a small boy of five years old. It became obvious to me that such a state of things was not to be endured. It was absolutely attempted upon one occasion (I relate it with shame), to induce me to accompany that youth, with a couple of nursemaids, in a walk in Kensington Gardens. A dishonourable spectacle, which the good people, however, (I refer to my parents,) had the prudence not to insist upon my exhibiting. I protest I would almost as soon have been seen in Regent Street, inside a Perambulator.

On my seventh birthday, I entertained a select party of young gentlemen—at Dinner? Nothing of the sort, my Public, I assure you. At Tea and Cake, and a supper to follow, principally composed of bonbons. A mere Juvenile Party, whereat my small

* *Reise von der Mississippi nach den Küsten der Südssee von Balduin Müllhausen. Leipzig: 1858.*

brother and some of his little friends made themselves most uncommonly ill with certain ornamental devices which looked in their childish eyes to be good to eat. It was on the morning which succeeded this very mild entertainment that I determined to throw off the yoke in earnest, and assume that independence to which my years entitled me. The epoch was peculiarly fitting; while the circumstance of my having received the sum of five shillings from my grandmother upon the preceding evening, gave me the pecuniary means of commencing life upon my own account.

I determined to pay a visit to the then newly opened exhibition called *the Panopticon* (stigmatised classically, since its total failure, as *the All-my-Eye*), and to do so independently of Father, Mother, Butler, Nursemaid, or any other such degrading companionship. I had heard people discoursing of it, and understood that it was a long way off; but how far, or in what direction, or even what sort of a place it was when one got there, I was profoundly ignorant. Therefore, for convenience' sake, I thought I would do a bit of patronage, and take some person with me who should be better informed. The idea which first crossed me, of treating the Policeman who patrolled our square to this entertainment, I put aside at once, as savouring of protection and dependence: the Crossing-sweeper, I felt convinced, would never part with his Broom, and I had a sense of propriety which revolted at the notion of being connected with an instrument of that kind in the public streets: the same reason prevented me from making overtures to the Baker's young man, whom I had never beheld divorced from his gigantic basket: while the Butcher-boy, who dressed in blue, and wore an unseemly weapon outside that garment, was of course even still more open to objection.

At last, I remembered that when our boots required any cobbling, short of a new sole or upper leather, we had sometimes been taken into a back-street in the neighbourhood to a certain humble son of Crispin, in order that he might see what they required before he sent for them to the house; and this person had a very good-natured son. I was certain of that, because the young man, upon an occasion of my having been knocked down by a passing cab, had carried me in his arms in the most delicate and feeling manner possible; and had been so wrapped up in my misfortune—just as if I had been a mere child—that he had quite forgotten to take down the number of the cab, with a view of 'summonsing' it, which was the idea, when I returned to consciousness, that immediately occurred to me.

It was to this person, therefore, I determined to apply. But before I left our house, which I did about five minutes after my father had set out for his chambers, I left a few lines—by help of a chair—upon the Dining-room mantel-piece, for my mother (where I knew that she must needs find them in a few hours), to state briefly, the circumstances of my self-emancipation, and also the place where I was gone.

'MY DEAR MAMMA—I am now in my eighth year and grown up. You will not be therefore astonished, or, I hope, displeased, that I am gone out to-day, as Papa does, without anybody to take care of me. It is quite impossible to say where I may be going; there are so many things to be visited, you see, my dear mamma; but I intend in the first instance to turn my steps towards the *Panopticon* (or something like that). Your affectionate son, ROBERT (not BOBBY).'

'P.S. If I am not back at the children's dinner-hour, they are not to wait, please.'

I left that letter on the mantel-piece; put on my Sunday hat and my best gloves; selected from the stand one very enormous green umbrella, which I judged would give a sort of finish to my appearance, and establish me as one of mature years in the public eye; then I opened the street-door with great difficulty, and leaving it open—since I could not by any means shut it—took the first street to the right hand, with the lounging air of a thorough man about town; the only drawback being that I had to trail that green umbrella behind me, which, of course, was far too big for me to carry otherwise. I found the old bootmaker at home, who seemed surprised as well as delighted to see me. He was sitting cross-legged upon his chair and with no shoes on, as was his habitual custom; but he made a pretence of shifting his feet about as though he would have found his shoes—in token of respect—although he and I both knew that they were not in the room. I said, in a condescending but off-hand manner, that I did not require his services, but those of his son, whom I had taken it into my head to treat that day with a visit to the *Panopticon*. While some one was despatched for this young gentleman, I passed the interval, instead of compromising my dignity by conversation, in endeavouring to introduce the huge knob of the umbrella into my mouth, a feat which was at length crowned with success, and afforded me much pleasure. There I stood—and I think I can see myself at it now—with this enormous green excrescence growing, as it were, out of my interior, unable to speak, and scarcely to breathe, but filled with a sense of self-importance which would have sustained me under even more trying circumstances; and there sat the cobbler and his myrmidons, evidently enraptured by my appearance and manners, and hardly proceeding with the business they had on hand.

I was presently released from this ignominious position by the arrival of Crispin the younger. He was a faded, washed-out, rather unhealthy-looking young man of about seventeen, with a silver brooch in his lilac cravat, and a soiled yellow waistcoat, festooned with an enormous chain of mosaic gold. His mother, who was very fond of him—and he was a good son, I am very sure, and more dutiful than some I wot of, who dress with better taste—treated him to these little elegances with a pride equal to that with which he wore them. His eyes were very weak, but good-natured looking; and his legs, which were very thin for so big a lad, were willing enough.

He declared himself to be quite ready to accompany me to the *Panopticon*, and suggested, as he knew the way to it, that he had perhaps better walk before instead of behind me. I waived my social superiority, however, altogether, and insisted upon our walking side by side. I daresay our conversation was not less interesting to ourselves, if less intellectual, than that of any other couple of persons parading that day, in the same direction. I confided to him the harrowing secret of how I had once inadvertently smothered a dormouse which I kept in a lozenge-box, by putting him—with the best intentions—too near the fire; and he in return described how his mother had picked up that very brooch which he then wore, at an auction in Tottenham Court Road—a bargain.

We soon arrived at the Moorish Palace in Leicester Square, and I paid with pride the two shillings out of my own pocket which admitted us both within that Hall of Splendour. I listened with grim delight to the lecturers upon Conjuring, who exposed the arts of those charlatans who had cheated my infant senses.

And afterwards, when young Crispin endeavoured to make me believe that the little man at the keys of the huge organ produced with his fingers all that delicious thunder, I bade him be quiet, because that time was past when I was child enough to credit such a thing. I did not care much for the glass-blowing, and still less for the patent sewing-machines: but I was enchanted beyond measure by the man in the diving-helmet in the long glass Box full of water. How I longed to smash one side of it with the ferrule of my green umbrella, and see how the water would rush out at the hole, and leave him stranded at the bottom in a twinkling; but of course such a proceeding was not to be ventured upon except in imagination. Young Crispin and I had spent hours in this place, and yet I don't think we were either of us weary. Only we had had too many Banbury Cakes and glasses of cherry-brandy at the refreshment-stall, not to feel a little bit drowsy, and inclined to sit down. So we chose a seat in the uppermost gallery, from which we could look down upon all things, and up to which there came from beneath all manner of pleasant sounds: the hum of the huge Organ, the splash of the falling water of the Fountain in the centre, the distant whir of machinery, and the murmur of conversation from the crowd who perambulated the beautiful building. Young Crispin, under these dreamy influences, succumbed so far as actually to go off in a sort of doze. His weak legs having found a resting-place, his weak eyes took advantage of the fact to close in slumber. I myself, I thought, was far above any such degradation. Tired at two o'clock in the afternoon of my first day of independence? Never! I leaned forward upon the rail, however, which overlooked the scene beneath, and having hung my enormous green umbrella upon the same, outside—not knowing where else to put it to, out of the way—I sucked and sucked at the great knob of it, and watched the people crossing and recrossing beneath, or looked down into the depths of a magnificent glass *vivarium*, which lay immediately beneath, but at a vast distance, filled with all sorts of gleaming fishes and wonders of the deep. I stared at these till I scarcely knew where I was. Presently the Fountain began to leap to a less lively measure, the Organ to have a tone less distinct and more soothing, the machinery to be set to a more monotonous air, the people to converse more like bees than human creatures. Gracious goodness, what was that! All on a sudden, I was set wide awake, and plunged in an ecstasy of horror, by the consciousness that the knob of that green umbrella had somehow wobbled out of my mouth, and that the whole thing was then descending straight upon the *vivarium*.

The total catastrophe could not have taken above half a minute, but it seemed to me to comprehend an age of agony. I watched the hideous incubus, like some monstrous and ill-omened bird, wend slowly upon its errand of destruction; I saw the people's upturned eyes concentrated upon me like one burning glass; I heard a scream of horror burst from the awakened Crispin, and then a tremendous crash, and outburst of a torrent of water, below. Hurrying feet upon the staircase, threats, imprecations, vows of vengeance, succeeded in a whirl of horror. Then I saw Crispin offering his silver brooch—that tremendous bargain—and mosaic gold chain in payment for the damage, and both these valuables refused with indignant scorn. At that sight I felt that I must needs have done a world of mischief indeed. At last—Beatific Vision!—I saw our own fat Butler with arms extended, and joyful face. He had been despatched by my distracted mother on the instant that my little note had been discovered, in the faint hope that he would find me safe at the Panopticon. She herself had gone to my father's chambers, and he to the police.

• Notwithstanding my advanced age and independent

position, I was most unfeignedly glad to see this emissary, and to find myself—it's so long ago that I don't remember what became of Crispin—safe in the arms of my good people at home.

AN OPENING FOR BRITISH ENTERPRISE.

THE 2d of September inaugurated a new era in the history of British India. The government passed into the hands of the Queen. All honour to the East India Company! They had vanquished oriental potentates; they had given us an empire; in a few years they would have learned to vanquish their own prejudices, and in this latter conquest to have more closely knit India to Great Britain.

It is singular how inveterately the Company and their agents adhered to the antipathies of their earliest predecessors towards the Europeans who went to India for the purpose of earning a livelihood, or possibly achieving a fortune, without having previously covenanted to serve the Company. This, in its results, was the great blot upon the administration of India. In the midst of many great doings, it caused others of mighty consequence to be left undone. It tended to retard progress, and justifies the hope expressed in the first line of this article, that the 2d of September 'inaugurated a new era.'

There is such a thing, however, as a distinction without a difference. The new council is very like the old directors. What the Company did, the new council may be apt to approve; but there is this hope for us all, and we should rejoice to think it a guarantee—the new government of India is directly responsible to the House of Commons, and, in the fear of raising the ire of the legislature, may be disposed to change its policy towards what a Scotch member of parliament is fond of calling 'the independent element.' The scope for improvement in India is very wide. It will be a sin and a shame if the fullest encouragement be not given to Europeans to resort thither with their capital, their intelligence, their thews and sinews. Down to 1833, adventurous men were scared with the apprehension of being deported to England if they offered the slightest offence to any member of the local governments. The story of Mr Buckingham, who was sent home, *vid China*, for presuming to censure some acts of the governor-general or the governor of Madras in the columns of his newspaper, the *Calcutta Journal*, is well known to the reader of the current history of India. But offences of a much milder dye than the alleged crime of Mr Buckingham were threatened with the condign punishment of deportation. A coachmaker at Bombay was contumelious in his bearing towards a secretary to government, who would not pay his bill. The secretary appealed to the governor and council for protection from the 'common European.' The Bombay gods trembled on their Olympus; but Jupiter Elphinstone, the governor, was magnanimous—he deemed interference *infra dig.*, and the tradesman was spared. Every man residing in India was, down to 1832, a misdemeanant before the law if he had not proceeded thither armed with the indentures of a 'free merchant' or a 'free mariner,' reluctantly granted at the East India House; and these indentures or licences being liable to withdrawal by the local government, the 'nicest' offence jeopardised the liberty of the 'interloper.' Without the licence, he was obnoxious to banishment to England at a few hours' notice.

When the charter was renewed in 1833, the restriction upon the general resort of Europeans was removed. But every kind of encouragement to agricultural improvement was withheld—road-making was retarded—laws were enacted which rendered the

tenure of property uncertain; so that, after the lapse of twenty years, the Europeans settled in the Mofussil or interior of India are not more numerous than they were when the door was opened to their admission! 'A new era has been inaugurated.' The country craves such improvement as will enable it to enrich England, and enhance her importance and strength. The voice of the soil cries out for the labour that shall render every acre fruitful; the people are athirst for that elevation in the social scale which can only be wrought by European contact; and these demands will be complied with. The House of Commons, alive to its duty, has elicited, through the medium of a committee of its own members, a number of facts which, operating as the train communicating with a mine, have exploded and blown to atoms the fallacies which constituted the intrenchments and *chœur de frise* of the old government. The native of Great Britain now should know that there are 'fresh fields and pastures new' open to his spirit of industry; and it behoves the press to direct his attention to a source of wealth so much more certain to yield good results than the richest mines of New Caledonia, although it may possibly demand a more patient effort. It will hardly be credited, but it is nevertheless an established fact, that in many parts of India the climate is *perfectly European*, and the land of wonderful fertility. In one part, 'the climate is infinitely superior to anything we have in England.'

We admit the general insalubrity of the plains of India; we grant there is no available arable land, even in the mountainous districts of Kumaon, the Punjab, the Deccan or Chota Nagpoor, the Cossyah and the Jynteah Hills; we do not refuse to believe that the valleys of the Punjab, the Eastern Dhoon, and Pegu, are injurious to the European constitution; we concede that in the Meerut division of the North-west Provinces, in Mysore, and in Lower Bengal, Europeans cannot safely labour in the open air. We assent to all these propositions, on the faith of the representations of *employés* of the East India Company; and yet, after this magnanimous string of concessions, we are prepared to shew that myriads of acres of excellent land, in salubrious localities, invite the European to India.

Take, for instance, the Neilgherries, or Blue Mountains, north of the presidency of Madras. According to the testimony of a most experienced and conscientious officer, Captain John Ouchterlony, of the Madras Engineers, the climate, which is the first consideration, is 'infinitely superior to anything we have in England.' Its quality was tested by a Highland regiment—the 74th—which passed many months in the hills, the men being always engaged in the open air, assisting to build barracks, cultivating gardens, and brewing their own beer. Sickness was quite unknown among them. There are 200,000 acres of land in the Neilgherries available for farms or residences, and the soil is adapted to the growth of almost any European and every Asiatic kind of produce. Cotton, coffee, and tea may be grown in great quantities. There is a deficiency of wood-fuel; but peat is generally distributed over the entire range of the hill tract. It was discovered by an Irishman, who had an eye to the bogs. He reaped no reward for his discovery, but to the inhabitants it is a great benefit and blessing. A cart-load of nearly half a ton may be bought for a shilling. Of European productions, the most abundant are precisely those which are most needed, and their cultivation may be immensely extended. Potatoes, wheat, barley—for malting—hops, grasses for hay, and dairy produce for thousands of settlers, constitute the staples of the hills.

As to the Neilgherries are the Himalaya. There is not much level ground in any part of those lofty

regions. A system of terracing is, however, resorted to, and the cultivation will admit of being greatly extended. At the lower part of the mountains, easily accessible from Calcutta, Dr Hooker reports that there are 'very great capabilities indeed' for the growth of tea. He describes the climate as 'exceedingly healthy' for Europeans, and is of opinion that their presence would tend to the creation of an immense trade between Tibet and India. Dr J. R. Martin, a man of great renown for his treatment of tropical diseases, is also much prepossessed in favour of the climate of the Himalaya, at an elevation of 4000 or 5000 feet above the level of the sea, and especially if the mountains be isolated. At the base of the Himalaya, and in plains of easy access to the mountains, there is wide scope for farms and settlements, over which Europeans could exercise control for several months in the year, betaking themselves to the hills during the very hot weather, when active operations are suspended. Major-general Tremenhœre of the Bengal army is equally favourable to the climate, and speaks very confidently of the wonderful field presented in many parts of India for mining operations; and in this respect he is earnestly supported by Captain Ouchterlony. The country yields iron, tin, copper, coal, gold, and diamonds; but as yet it has been very little worked. In addition to the hilly districts above named, we may instance Nepal, Myneput, the Pulneys, Shevarroys, and Coorg—all presenting openings for capital.

In the plains of Hindostan, as well as the mountains, there appears to be a fine avenue for enterprise. The growth of cotton and sugar, coffee, hemp, wheat, and fifty other commodities, may be largely promoted by the aid of European capital applied to the introduction of a better system of agriculture. 'The application of science to agriculture has made such progress in Europe during the last half-century, that the extraordinary results produced are,' says General Tremenhœre, 'a standing rebuke to all authorities connected with India, where not even a first move has been made in that direction.' The personal appearance of the indigo-planter is quite sufficient to establish the healthiness of an out-of-door life even in Lower Bengal, where hundreds of Englishmen might be employed as overseers and agriculturists.

But it is not only as capitalists that Europeans will now find an ample field in India. The perfidy and incompetency of the natives of India have become so glaring, that the government, from a sense of duty to itself, as well as to the country, will henceforth readily accept the services of respectable natives of Great Britain. Their employment in the courts of law, and the superintending of the police all over the country, will go a great way towards improvement in the administration of justice; and the interests of native and European will become the more thoroughly identified by a large infusion of the latter wholesome agency in the direction of an extended system of internal communication. There is no denying that, rich as the soil of India may be, and cordially as it may invite the enterprising European to devote his time, his money, and his talent to the development of its resources, a great increase in the number of roads and railways must forthwith take place. Nor in roads only; canals are needed, and a system of irrigation upon an enlarged scale. In many wide districts, irrigation is necessary to the cultivation of cotton, and cotton, to England, is, we know, everything. With these improvements, all of which demand European labour, and some amendment in the administration of justice, India will soon offer to the intending emigrant of the middle class an almost boundless field of enterprise. He has only to arm himself with a resolution to lead a temperate life, avoiding spirituous liquors as much as possible,

and his chance of success in the country, under the new régime, will, in all likelihood, be very considerable.

THE DOUBLE WIDOWHOOD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

THE next two years of Mrs Armour's life were singularly peaceful and cheerful. Her school was thriving, her children well and happy, while, for the first time since she was married, there was nothing on her mind—no secret anxiety wearing her down.

And now it was that the schoolmaster thought of maturing his plan for crushing opposition, and for triumphantly bringing the enemy over to his own side.

Civil wars have been brought to a close, rent kingdoms restored, deeply seated feuds have been healed by a process similar to that contemplated by Mr Holiday. The rival Roses were blended in the persons of Elizabeth and Henry; Ferdinand and Isabella joined kingdoms when they joined hands; and the young and interesting members of the houses of Montague and Capulet meant to extinguish their ancient enmity in the same way, had not a tragic fate stepped in to prevent it: so that the man of authority had many precedents to encourage him, and went forward nothing doubting. Surprised, therefore, was the schoolmaster when the lady said 'No.'

Perhaps it was the man who was not attractive in Mrs Armour's eyes, perhaps the state of matrimony, perhaps both; but it was as we have written, and the poor man returned to his dwelling looking more glum than ever. It would not be matter for astonishment if Mr Holiday was a few degrees sharper and shorter than usual with his young friends for the next two or three days to come.

Ten years had revolved, and the anniversary of the day on which George Armour last crossed his threshold had come round. It was a Sunday—a mid-summer Sunday morning, still and hushed. Except perhaps a labouring-man taking a turn round his garden, and for once bending his back, not of necessity, but to admire his flowers, so rich and fragrant, or a horse being taken to a pond to drink, all was quiet and tranquil. The soft air made a gentle motion among the corn in the blade, and blew the dust from the green glossy leaves of the roadside hedges; the insects were out in the sun; and the birds—what glad, gleg, little, light-headed creatures they are (so handsome, and one would think they knew it), with their throats full of song, and their pin-head eyes glancing hither and thither like specks of living jet.

By and by, the country-people, as the villagers call them, come dropping in; young blooming women with showy ribbons, and flowers round their faces of a hue which cast even the carnation of their cheeks into the shade; sobered-down matrons, whose dressy days are over, with chubby tanned children keeping close behind them: these enter the church, and take their seats; while their fathers, husbands, and brothers stand about outside, talking, till they see the minister go in. One or two carriages, several gigs, and two or three carts—the last with cushions improvised by stuffing sacks with straw—drive into the village, and send their occupants to join the stream slowly flowing churchward. From corners of the village creep forth the aged poor—always more conspicuous in a country church than in a town one—the men with lyart haffets and staff, and the coats which have gone in and out of the chest and the fashion for so many long years; and the little bent round-shouldered old women, with big black bonnets—affectingly decent—of a long-gone-by date, worsted shawls, and bunched umbrellas. From below thick white borders, the little face of age peeps, seamed and withered. One

wonders how it has fared with them on their long rough pilgrimage; whether they have softened and mellowed, or grown hardened and embittered, since the time when they found their feet fast in mortal shoes, which there is no putting off except in that dark and narrow passage they must enter so soon.

At last the congregation are all in. The rich have got settled in their cushions—God knows they don't always recline on roses either, much as they are sometimes envied; the gentlemen have disposed of their hats, and drawn their fingers through their hair; the ladies have spread their skirts roomily, opened their richly bound Bibles, and have in hand their cut-crystal gold-stoppered smelling-bottles ready for a case of drowsiness; it being bad manners to sleep in church.

The poor have unwrapped their Bibles from white handkerchiefs, and laid their roses, sweet-william, southernwood, on the book-board, posies which (barring the southernwood) shed a perfume such as no bottle on the Queen's toilet-table could rival. There were plenty of middle-class people also, intelligent and sober-minded. Mrs Armour was present too. It would have been something extraordinary if she or her children had been missed from their accustomed seat. The windows of the church were all down, and the psalm—sung heartily, if not scientifically—floated out to join the universal hymn of nature.

The text was read and the sermon begun, when an unusual incident occurred.

The beadle was seen stepping up a passage on one side of the church, in the manner which he supposed least likely to attract attention, but which set all the children below, and still more those in the opposite gallery, who had him fully under their eyes, wondering whether it was a cat or a bird he wanted to catch for the purpose of instant ejection. But no; when he arrived at Mrs Armour's seat, he nudged the person sitting at the foot of it, and whispered a few words; that individual nudged and whispered the next, and so on till the message reached Mrs Armour, when, the seat being narrow, five people rose and stood in the aisle till she got out, much wondering what she could possibly be wanted for.

'It's a gentleman wantin' tae speak tae ye, Mrs Armour,' said the beadle. 'See!' and he pointed to Mrs Armour's house, 'there's a post-chaise at your door. I'm thinking he would come in it.'

And as he stopped speaking, Jeanie saw her old Edinburgh acquaintance, Mr Boyd, make his appearance from round the corner of the church. He came up to her, looking rather sheepish.

'I darsay, Mrs Armour,' he began, 'ye'll wonder what's brought me here on a Sabbath forenoon; but the fact is, an auld friend cam in upon us yestreen very unexpected; he's been long abroad, an' this is his ain country; sae naething wad ser' him but he maun be out the day. He's no in very gude health, an' that maks folk restless, ye ken.'

Mr Boyd had run on thus far with a kind of nervous rapidity, and Mrs Armour felt surprised that he had called her out of the church for such a reason: they might have waited till the service was over, she thought.

Mr Boyd went on again: 'It's ten years sin' he's been at hame, Mrs Armour'—glancing at her black dress—'an' it's just ten years sin' I didna ken how tae tell ye that your gudeman had left ye; an' now'—he motioned his hand towards the chaise.

'Somebody that knew George,' said Mrs Armour; 'if he has anything good to tell of him, he will be welcome indeed.'

They had got nearly close to the carriage-door, when a head was put out, and there, haggard, thin, and blanched, Jeanie again saw her husband's handsome face! She stood fixed to the ground.

He said: 'Jeanie, will ye take me in?'

All that she could gather strength to say was, 'Yes.'

The elderly ladies, her kinswomen, her promise to them, and her own wrongs, were all alike forgotten at that moment. Here was her husband probably destitute, apparently dying, and she did not see any other course open to her. Mr Boyd was close beside her. He had expected that she would faint, or scream, or do something out of the ordinary way; so, greatly relieved, he patted her on the shoulder and said: 'That's a woman.'

This remark of his, or rather exclamation, embodied the entire philosophy and explanation of the thing: none of us men could have done it; but women, as Mr Boyd said to himself, as he took a turn along the road after seeing them into the house—'women are curious beings; it's a question now but she makes more of him than if he had stayed at home all the time and done his duty.'

However, greatly pleased with the issue of his journey, he soon re-entered the chaise, and left them to themselves.

Now, our readers—at least the feminine portion of them—are sure that we have nothing more to say than that George Armour returned home a wiser and a better man; that native air and good nursing restored him to health; and that he did all that in him lay to atone to his wife and children for past misconduct. We shall see.

But how had these ten years been spent?

CHAPTER IV.

During eight years, he had been tossing from one state of the American Union to another, sometimes working industriously, and hoarding his wages penuriously, then herding with the vile, and losing both his senses and his money in intoxication and riot; having to stand the wild and wicked jests of the crew he was among, upon the latter loss, which they knew gave him sore distress. This troubled him, but his conscience did not. Regret for anything he had done, or was doing, he did not know, except when sin brought suffering on him in his own person. On the contrary, he valued himself upon the fact that he was not so bad as some others.

Then came the news which roused all the more intelligent and adventurous blackguardism of the world.

There was gold in California, gold to be had for the lifting. At the first blush of this intelligence, George Armour, in company with bands of the reckless and the wicked, set out for the land of gold. Gold! gold! already he felt his hands clutching it, his fingers closing on it. The floating scum of every city of Europe set in for the golden centre. The multitudes dwelt in tents. Tents are suggestive of an age of innocence and wandering shepherd-life, or of a well-drilled and disciplined military array—but these tents sheltered crime of every dye under heaven. George Armour was not behind. He gathered gold, he drank; he gambled, and went gold-seeking again. This life of alternate exposure and riot began to tell on his constitution, originally strong, and which, in a different course of conduct, and with ordinary care, might have served him to the utmost limits of man's life.

It was rough nursing any one got at the diggings; and even the necessities of life, in no long time, rose to an enormous price. So, shaken as he was, George Armour resolved to try his luck once again; and if he succeeded, to keep his own counsel and his gold, and make for home. He was lucky, even beyond his expectations; and he no sooner landed in England than he embarked his capital in freighting a ship with the most needed at the gold-fields. By this means, he became rich.

He hung about England for a time, but not getting better—but, if anything, rather worse—he came to Edinburgh, and consulted medical men there. They told him that, by strict temperance and regularity, he might have a chance for his life; but that otherwise, it was all over with him. If it is come to that, thought he, I may as well go home. This thought led him to seek Mr Boyd, and inquire of him as to his wife's whereabouts; and hence his arriving, as we have seen, at her door on that Sunday forenoon.

If he had any feeling of shame at all, when he entered his wife's home, it was very faint indeed. He still believed in himself as being a much better man than many he had known; and when he asked Jeanie, if she would take him in, it was more by way of saying something of an introductory kind, than that he thought it was a necessary question. He had no doubt that she would only be too glad to see him again; and he gave her a sketch of his history, not containing any of the more glaring facts, which we have only hinted at, but filled in with sundry cock-and-bull stories, calculated to leave the impression that he was rather an exemplary character than otherwise—which indeed was his own conviction.

She believed his account; but in a few days found that, whatever of hardship he had undergone, he had returned the same selfish and exacting man; and that if, as he said, he had made money, he was determined to part with as little of it as possible.

The school had to be given up; he could not bear it. Miss Bogle and Miss Elder instantly stopped their annuity. Miss Bogle insisted on it, although Miss Elder, left to herself, would gladly have continued it; so Jeanie was reduced to the allowance which her husband doled out to her as if it had been his life's blood; living in a place like that ought, he said, to cost next to nothing.

Even in his weak state, he felt the life he was condemned to lead irksome to a degree. His children, although told that he was their father, did not feel natural affection for him—they rather instinctively disliked him: he saw this, and imagining them to be spies upon him, generally sent them from the room, and they were glad to go.

Neither was he looked upon by the public with an over-friendly eye; he found people generally shy of his approaches. There was one exception, however; a man of the name of M'Coll, whom he had known intimately in early life, and whom he now found established in the locality as a lawyer in a small way. He did not bear a high character in the district; was mean of soul, and grasping. But George, even if he had been inclined, could not afford to be particular; and when he got a pony, M'Coll accompanied him in his rides, and exerted himself in many ways to beguile the time which hung so heavy on his hands. The entire change from his former habits to temperance and regularity, brought about a lull in his disease, although it was short-lived.

Jeanie bore with his bad temper, watched his slightest wish, and devoted herself to him by day and night, with small thanks on his part, for he never said, and probably never thought, that she did enough. He clung to life, but at last his malady assumed such an aspect that he could not disguise from himself that life was ebbing from him; he had been accustomed to shut his eyes to consequences so long, however, and look at things in such a distorted light, that it was not likely his senses should begin to serve him correctly now, when the vacuity of mind and torpor induced by disease seconded his efforts in cultivating that total apathy which he called resignation to fate. Sometimes he upbraided his wife for not looking more cheerful; 'but for M'Coll, he did not know what he would do; as for George and Betsey, she had brought them up to forget they had

a father; if she wished to go out, she need not punish them by sending them to look after him, he could get M'Coll when he wanted company. M'Coll knew what a man wanted; he did not come in with a face as long as the steeple;' and so on.

But to do him, or perhaps rather his disease, justice, an outbreak of this kind was only occasional; for the most part, he was quiet and passive.

The greater his debility became, M'Coll's attentions grew the more constant, till at last he was a daily visitor, and even, when it became necessary, insisted on relieving Mrs Armour by taking turns of sitting up at night with him. Jeanie did not much like M'Coll, but she had no choice, and so far as fatigue was concerned, the relief was most welcome. Although, how this man should tie himself, hour by hour, to the sick-bed of a weak, querulous man, evidently dying, who had not even the claim of relationship on him, was more than she could account for; certainly, she thought, he must be a kind-hearted man in reality, although she could not like him, and would have preferred another sort of companion for her husband's last days.

It was not long, however, before the riddle was read to her very plainly and rather unexpectedly.

One day, George seemed to be more excited than usual, and told his wife that he expected M'Coll in the evening, and that she might go to bed as early as she liked, for he would not want anything, and she would be the better for a sound sleep.

It is amazing how faint a breath will blow into life the embers of dying affection. These latter words of George Armour's fell upon the weary, crushed spirit of his wife like dew upon the withered grass. Her love for her husband was just about expiring of sheer starvation, and she grasped at these words as if her ingenuity could make a meal of them. Poor creature, so little was she accustomed to any consideration from this quarter, that these few words, which anybody might have said from mere humanity, actually brightened her eye, and made her step lighter. It was a brief flutter of hope—that night she sounded the depths of her husband's heartlessness.

True to his appointment, M'Coll came, and Jeanie observed in him that slight, and, on the part of the individual, unconscious difference of manner which distinguishes the person having business in view, from the same person with thoughts wholly free. Jeanie was not what is called a sharp, clever woman, far less a jealous, suspicious one, yet she could not help thinking there was something more, than usual to take place between these two men.

Her husband, for the sake of thorough ventilation, occupied the largest room in the house—not very large after all—she herself slept in what was little more than a hole in the wall opening from this apartment, and was in the habit of leaving her door half open, that she might hear readily, and be instantly on the alert if wanted.

As had been proposed, she had gone early to bed; but owing to her thoughts wandering over many things, it was long before she slept; however, sleep at last she did. She was a light sleeper at any time, and now it was not long before she suddenly awoke, owing to the glare of a candle being shed over her face; it was just at the moment, however, that it was being withdrawn, and she saw M'Coll in the act of moving away with it in his hand. He crossed the room to George's bedside, and she heard him say: 'She's as sound as a top.' Her curiosity was excited, and raising herself gently on her elbow, she listened, the door being turned round on its hinges, she could see through the interstice. George was sitting up in bed with an inexplicable expression on his thin wasted face. Jeanie gazed at him with a feeling of profound and unutterable pity. Many times, as she had sat

watching him, her heart had sprung to her lips, and her feelings nearly burst forth; but knowing the stinging repulse she was likely to meet, she kept them to herself. But the afternoon's gleam of kindness—perhaps it might be the beginning of a change. M'Coll, too, came within the range of her vision as she watched. She saw him steady a small stool on the edge of the bed, spread a sheet of paper on it, set ink close by, and move the candle nearer.

Then George asked: 'Have you got witnesses?'

'All right,' replied M'Coll; 'when we are ready for them, I can have them in, and get their names down in a second.'

'Begin, then,' said Armour.

And M'Coll, taking the pen, began to write, to George's dictation, what Jeanie instantly discovered to be his will. She listened to the end, and heard him bequeath all that he had to his loving and faithful friend, Simon M'Coll, as if neither she nor her children had been in existence. This, then, was his kindness, his consideration! She saw M'Coll assist him up into a position to sign the document, and give him the pen for that purpose, when, for her children's sake, although neither grasping nor very courageous, she rose, and, in her long white night-dress, glided across the floor. The men were so occupied, that neither of them observed her till she laid her hand on her husband's arm, and said: 'George, if you have no regard for me, think of the children, your own flesh and blood. Will you go direct to the other world with a piece of iniquity like that to answer for?' and she pointed to the paper his hand hung over. Then, turning to the other, she said: 'M'Coll, you want witnesses. I am here to witness that you mean to rob the widow and the orphan.' The pen dropped from George's hand, and M'Coll grew pale. Her appearance was so unexpected and so ghost-like, and her voice so soft and solemn, that these men, hardened though they were, cowered before her. A few moments passed, and M'Coll, lifting the useless paper, said: 'I suppose, Armour, I may as well go?'

'Yes, go now,' replied George; 'and come back to-morrow night, and we'll see what's to be done—I'll think over it.'

M'Coll slunk away; he had still enough of manhood left in him to be ashamed. When he returned the following evening, Mrs Armour led him to her husband's bedside; and there he saw those handsome features fixed and ghastly in death. He turned quickly away—he did not like to look in dead men's faces. George Armour had been quite in his usual state of health till four o'clock that afternoon, when he fell asleep, and never woke again.

Now, my story is really done, except that I may say that Jeanie found that what her husband had left would make her independent in a moderate way; and that her children grew up to be a comfort and an honour to her.

THE WORM-WORLD.

UNTIL a period comparatively recent, the freshest tyro in zoology would have experienced little difficulty in defining the difference between an animal and a plant. Either the distinction of Linnaeus, which, while admitting organisation and vitality to the vegetable world, reserved voluntary motion and sensation as the peculiar endowment of animals, might have been adopted; or the more practical distinction of the greatest of all comparative anatomists, John Hunter, which assigned a mouth and stomach as invariable characteristics of animal life. But as the study of microscopic anatomy revealed an unexpected degree of organisation extending throughout the most minute

divisions of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, these distinctions were gradually abandoned. Plants, it was found, possessed, in their absorbent pores and cells, organs analogous to the mouth and stomach of animals; while not only did a greater number of the latter appear destitute of the power of locomotion, but several species of plants possessed it to a considerable degree. The question was then attempted to be resolved by a chemical distinction. Animals were said to exhale carbonic acid, and plants oxygen; but this test, although correct as regards the more highly developed representatives of either kingdom, completely breaks down when applied to their inferior species. There are plants that eliminate nothing but carbonic acid, while certain animals exhale only oxygen. This unexpected complexity led to a more careful investigation of the subject, and the result has been the conclusion, that, to use the words of Professor Owen, 'animals and plants are not two natural divisions, but are specialised members of one and the same group of organised beings.'

Certain practical distinctions exist, however, for our guidance, even among the confused occupants of the boundaries of either order. Where the form of organisation is merely a simple cell, requiring a strong microscopic power to reveal its presence, an animal nature is presumed, provided the object displays contractility, and maintains itself insoluble in acetic acid. The diminutive being that corresponds to this humble test is known as the *gregarina*, and was first observed about thirty years ago, a parasitic inhabitant of various insects. Its animal character was far from receiving immediate recognition. By some zoologists, it was held to be the egg of an insect; by others, a stray unvitalised globule; while a third party considered it purely vegetable. Its true nature was at length admitted, and although destitute of mouth and stomach, circulatory, respiratory, or nervous systems, and only nourished by absorption, its contractility and insolubility, combined with a close resemblance to animal embryos destined for a higher development, justify its elevation out of the vegetable kingdom. The *gregarina* is not only of interest as representing the most rudimentary example of an animal, but also from forming the lowest type of the *entozoic*, or, as we have familiarly called it, the worm-world.

The extensive distribution of entozoa, or parasitical animals, throughout the various divisions of the animal kingdom, has been only recently appreciated. Every animal is now believed to be infested with some variety or other. In man, no fewer than eighteen different kinds have been observed—a number not so much due to any special liability, as to better means of observation in his case.* They are met with in insects (for instance, the bee), fishes, reptiles, and birds, and in mammals both tame and in a state of nature. They are not limited to a particular locality, but push their way into such secluded and sensitive regions as the brain, lungs, liver, heart, and eyes. Their vitality is very powerful, and enables them to resist the effects of extreme cold and extreme heat beyond any other class of animals. The species which infest the Baltic herring preserved

in ice, have been made, upon the application of heat, to exhibit readily symptoms of life. The wheat parasite which produces the diseased condition of that grain well known as cockle, revives under moisture, although dried and apparently dead for a series of years.

From a knowledge of the law that the functions of every species are adapted to its destined locality, we should not have looked for a high degree of organisation among entozoa. Solely nourished by the digested food of other animals, their assimilating power is naturally simple. Excluded from air, they require no respiratory organs, and always maintaining the same position, they are quite independent of any means of locomotion.

They are usually divided into two classes, the solid and hollow. The members of the latter division are the most numerous, the more highly developed, and the most frequent, if least troublesome, subjects of medical treatment; but instead of pursuing the subdivisions of either order, we shall select such characteristic examples as may best illustrate those features that impart most interest to the species in the animal economy. First, of the *Cestoid* or tape-worm order. There are two great representatives of this family, and so definitely do these maintain their respective distinctions, that advantage has been taken of them in a manner we should never anticipate—namely, in an ethnological relation; for the worm that prevails among the natives of Britain, Holland, and Germany, is never met among the inhabitants of either Russia or Switzerland. A tape-worm consists of a series of rings or segments varying in diameter, but whose united length not unfrequently reaches ten, twenty, and even thirty feet. The superior or most internal ring, forming the head, is the most remarkable one. Correctly speaking, the head constitutes the body, as the rest of the joints are merely temporary appendages. The anterior part of the head is armed with a double row of hooklets, which, together with three or four suckorial ducts in their immediate vicinity, serve alike to introduce food and to maintain the position of the animal. The digestive, circulatory, and nervous systems, all on an imperfect scale, are best developed in the head. It is only in the neighbourhood of the oral suckers that nervous ganglia occur. The alimentary canal consists of a double row of tubes, grooved along the successive joints, to facilitate transmission of the food. The four vessels composing the circulatory system run parallel with the divisions of the digestive tube. The animal is not, however, exclusively dependent for support upon food introduced by the mouth, for each individual segment has a power of appropriating a certain amount of nutriment through direct absorption. This process is interesting, from its resemblance to a similar arrangement in the nutrition of plants. The head of the tape-worm absorbs nourishment from the animal it infests, as the roots of the vegetable from the soil. The analogy is further borne out by comparing the partial assistance afforded to the nutrition of plants through their leaf-pores, with that given to the worm by its permeable joints. Each joint is, moreover, a reproductive organ, and, like its analogue in plants, breaks off at certain seasons.

The worms of the *Trematode*, or the Suckers Proper, differ in many respects from those of the *Cestoid* type. They are short—not averaging above an inch in length; ovoid in form, and generally flat. Unlike the tape-worm, they possess no hooks at the mouth; but their sucking-tubes are more numerous and more distinct. They are scattered over various parts of the animal, and, with the exception of the most superior, which forms the mouth, serve as processes for adhesion. Each sucker is supported by a small muscular slip, beside which is a nervous ganglion.

* The popular association of the presence of entozoa with disease is not in all cases correct. The *Trichina Spiralis* has been found so extensively developed in human muscle, as to produce a mottled appearance, while its unconscious possessor remained in perfect health.

The alimentary tube is forked almost from its origin, very strongly resembling the veins of a leaf. In these, as in the variety already considered, the reproductive function is the most highly developed. But the most extraordinary fact regarding all species of entozoa is their introduction into the interior of living animals. This phenomenon long formed one of the most difficult problems in natural history; and until* very lately, no more satisfactory explanation could be offered than that of Aristotle, which explained it on the theory of spontaneous generation. The true process is hardly less curious.

Each joint of the tape-worm was represented as being a reproducing organ, in which myriads of eggs are deposited. As soon as these eggs attain maturity, which generally happens about midsummer, the joints are detached from the head; or, as we should say of a plant, the ripe fruit is thrown off. The abandoned head remains behind with only two or three adherent segments. The outermost of these begins immediately to divide into two portions. These soon after break into four, and no long period elapses before the damage occasioned by so extensive a loss is effectually repaired. Meanwhile, the detached segments are speedily abandoned by their ova, which immediately enter upon a larval (caterpillar) state. No difficulty was found in tracing the liberated young of the worm thus far; but the problem of their entrance as large and mature individuals into the cavities of other animals, remained unsolved. It continued in that state until the discovery of larvæ, adherent to the liver and other internal parts of snails. Possibly the snail would become a victim to some warm-blooded animal—as, for instance, a bird—the wandering worm being then safely conducted to its destination—probably the sole survivor of the millions that issued from a similar abode some time before.

The development of the Trematode or sucker-worms is even more curious. Perhaps one of their extruded larvæ chances to become the inmate of a slug. In such a situation, it speedily outgrows its larvæ form, and assumes that of the lowest of all animals and entozoa, the gregarina. It then abandons the snail, and is seen at no distant period to be tenanted with numerous young. These do not at birth assume the maternal or gregariniform shape, but are fashioned after the tailed animalcules. They are from the first able to swim, and exhibit a lively appreciation of this power, until such time as the ever-active laws of their nature necessitate the next and ultimate transformation. This is indicated by a loss of the caudal appendage; and then—supposing the worm still attended with good-fortune—it attacks some animal that can afford a suitable nidus for its complete development.* To the perils of the tedious journey before an entozoon at every stage of its growth, the extraordinary fertility of its reproductive function must be ascribed. It is not surprising that the intricacy of such processes should have led to their having been at first regarded with doubt. The result of more general observation has, however, tended to establish their correctness. The worm fully developed in a certain kind of carnivorous fish, is in its larval condition an inhabitant of the cuttle-fish, known to form a favourite prey of the other. Again, the vermicule that attaches itself to a mouse, only

arrives at maturity by transference to the tissues of a cat.

It may be asked why nature permits such an enormous destruction as happens to entozoa. The common *Ascaris lumbricoides* produces no fewer than sixty-four millions of eggs, of which possibly only a unit attains development. But the rest are by no means without a use, although they do not reach maturity. They serve as food to myriads of those animalcules, abounding in air and water, upon whose activity the health and enjoyment of higher beings is immediately dependent. The importance of this secondary purpose of the entozoa may be illustrated by reference to a similar adaptation observed in the case of the ordinary cereals. These, in their annual growth, are primarily intended for their own perpetuation, but the use to which they are put as articles of food is vastly more important in the economy of nature.

TWO HOURS WITH THE CUSTOMS.

THE old song tells us that there is no place like home. However true this may be, home is not a place one is always glad to return to. The man hard-worked for eleven months in the year, who comes back after his four weeks' holiday, with the morrow's desk, ledger, and musty office in prospect, may very possibly enter his own door with other feelings than those of perfect satisfaction. He comes into his room, and finds it damp and dismal from having been unoccupied; he remembers the high spirits with which he quitted it. Two or three things are lying about, evidently out of their places; he recollects that he put these things away in a hurry, at the last moment before he set off, and contrasts his feelings at that time of excitement and anticipation with those he now has, with another eleven months before him to wait for a similar moment of pleasure. There are fifty things which, on entering your room, after returning from enjoyment, put you in mind of hours of pleasant expectation, and raise a variety of sensations not all in accordance with the loyal fealty which every true Briton is supposed to owe to his own fireside.

There are few places where the qualmish feelings of return are more prevalent than on the various ways leading between this country and the continent. It may be safely said that, of those who go hence to the continent, one half at least are in pursuit of enjoyment, and, moreover, with very sanguine expectations of obtaining it. On the other hand, few foreigners come here to enjoy themselves; and of Englishmen returning home, the greater number have just left their holiday behind them. In consequence, we are sorry to say, the road which leads from home is apt to be more joyous than the same way when it is trodden in the other direction.

For this reason, the little annoyances of travel only seem to amuse people when they are going out; but few can bear them with perfect patience when they are coming home. Foremost among these annoyances are custom-house examinations. How many a young traveller, arriving in France for the first time, has anticipated this examination merely as a bit of fun, and, what is more, has found it so. But we imagine that no one ever found anything very funny in examinations on this side the water. The douaniers abroad, with their puzzled air, tumbling over our jargon wares without well knowing what to make of them, are often more amusing than annoying, if the traveller happens to be in good spirits. Still more entertaining

* These respective processes illustrate two scientific terms, the use of which is frequently misunderstood, metamorphosis and metagenesis. Of the former, which is a more limited change, and refers to the alteration of form undergone during its successive stages of development by one individual, we had an example in the history of the tape-worm. Metagenesis, a more complicated process, applies to the changes of the representative of an animal in its progress from a larvæ origin to maturity, such change requiring a succession of individuals. This process is illustrated in the development of the trematode worms.

are their uneasy glances over our books; the poor fellows scarcely know what to be at, between their dislike of rousing an Englishman's bristles, and their dread of the consequences of letting treason pass the frontier. We well remember the puzzle of a whole band of Austrian douaniers over an English Bible, upon which they were going to lay an embargo, not because it was a Bible, but because it had the royal arms, with the *Dieu et mon Droit*, on the title-page. They took the motto for a republican watchword. There is, in this respect, much to amuse in continental examinations. But the man must have singular powers of extracting fun out of anything, if he can find any in the proceedings of an English customs-officer. Abroad, politics find their way everywhere; and there is always the ridiculous side of foreign politics to persons such utter strangers to political fears and apprehensions as ourselves. A foreign officer never looks into anything without some idea that he may find a plot in the corner. But an English examination is a dry, matter-of-fact business, about which the only consideration is, how to get it over soonest. Add to this that, in passing English custom-houses, one is always in a hurry, and very often in bad humour, and one may therefore make some allowance for the occasional tartness of our officials.

An English custom-house examination is conducted, by arrangements made between the custom-house and some of the steam-boat companies, on board many of the vessels arriving from the continent by the Thames, thus avoiding the delay of an examination on landing. It is, in consequence, carried on in the full view of all the passengers, who, having nothing else to do, amuse themselves with prying into their neighbours' secrets.

The arrival on board of the custom-house officers is the signal for the assemblage of the passengers from both sides of the vessel. Here, for the first time, the poor squalid woman who has been fetching her sick child from the French coast, where she could get the sea-air cheap, jostles against the fat lady with two servants and four tremendous children, who have been on the continent to buy bonnets and learn manners—in the first of which objects, by the way, they have succeeded much better than in the second. Two knots of the other sex are to be seen emerging from the opposite staircases. The one is a band of Belgians, sadly deficient in overcoats, and who, for the last half-hour, have been submitting to every kind of insult from the steward and the cabin-boy, rather than pay the former his fee of sixpence. They are ordered off the tables, on which they are squatting; they are told that they ought to be ashamed of themselves; they get their shins kicked and their brandy-flasks upset without relaxing a muscle from the stoical smile which they have evidently set up for the occasion. The other knot consists of a set of Oxford youngsters, who have been astonishing waiters and porters—if anything could astonish a waiter, or a porter—by the enormity of the fees they have been scattering over half the towns of Europe, and who look about them as if they had purchased in hard-cash the privilege of being insolent to every one who is in the position of a receiver of money. These two sets of men are the types of their respective classes: the foreigner in England, and the Englishman abroad—the one travelling with the determination not to pay a farthing beyond the absolute exigencies of the law, and quite prepared for the consequent insults they receive; and the other, ready to submit to any extortion,

provided they are allowed to insult the natives in return. As it is a fixed notion among foreigners, that an Englishman will be impertinent whether he pays for it or not, they prudently resolve, in every instance, to put the highest possible tax on the licence.

The entire baggage of the inmates of the second cabin does not equal that of the single fat lady who has just made her appearance upon deck from the first. She values herself on her skill in getting through travelling difficulties. She has paid the steward half-a-crown to make interest for the precedence of her baggage—the steward, in consequence, has just now whispered in the ear of the gentlemanly-looking man with light hair and a stylish overcoat, who is the head of the party of three which is come to make the examination. The other two are a curious cross between clerk and sailor, with white neckcloths and pilot-jackets—a combination never to be seen except on these occasions. But the fat lady is destined to be forestalled, and by a second-class passenger too. This is a tall thin man, in a coarse white, but thoroughly comfortable overcoat, who has been the cock of the second berth since the beginning of the voyage, where he has been drinking brandy and water, and patronising the foreigners; and is now promoted to a confidential conversation with a first-class gentlemanly passenger, who owns that unsteady, unquiet look which men have who consider it their duty to be always on the look-out for information. Our friend in the white coat has the management of a dozen horses the steamer is bringing over, and he has been boasting how he buys them in Belgium for twenty-four pounds apiece, and sells them to Suffolk farmers for fifty; how he once tried to dispose of a cargo in the west of England, and lost ten pounds per horse, with a variety of equine statistics of the same kind. He has not appeared to make any effort to be earliest in the examination business; but somehow or other, his portmanteau is the first that turns up. Some old travellers have the trick of getting before their neighbours in a mysterious way, which the cleverest juggler might envy. It is a single, worn, battered, leather portmanteau, which, when opened, displays a marvellous amount of warm clothing, and an assortment of culinary utensils which would have provided a dinner for a whole picket of Zouaves. It is evident that the man has a noble idea of creature comforts, and that such comforts are only to be obtained after the English fashion; for there is not a thing there which you could not declare to be English at half a mile's distance. This class of men, who live three-fourths of their time on the continent, are, without exception, the most determined Englishmen in existence—they pass their lives in money-transactions with foreigners without understanding a syllable of their language, and in living with them without adopting the slightest portion of their manners. This man would be miserable if he did not cook his own steak, boil his own potatoes, and carry with him half-a-dozen gallons of English gin. That little portmanteau tells the whole story of a whole class—the ingenuity of its arrangements, the absence of every thought but that of the mere animal being, the thorough English prejudice, the strange mixture of business and carelessness, the capacity for packing enjoyment into the smallest possible compass, and carrying his own pleasures about with him; all of which is more or less characteristically English, and the last part eminently so. The foreigner always expects to find his pleasure as he does his bed, purchasable in each new locality.

It is now the turn of the old lady, whose hundred-and-one boxes have all been placed in readiness by the obsequious steward. They contain every single useless article sold in every one of those towns, which people, who go out to come home again and say that

they have been on the continent, find it necessary to visit: saints in ivory, and devils in wood; china in all sorts of extravagant shapes; coloured prints, which look as if they had been washed in a cloud, and then rubbed against the blue sky to polish them; false jewellery in every shape and form; stones made bright by being licked and rubbed against the coat of a Tyrolean mountaineer; bottles of Bohemian glass of a dingy red, which the lady was assured was the true ruby colour, only to be got on special occasions; stuffed cats; paper ornaments for legs of mutton; blue soap; scents in frightful quantity; stuffs of glaring colours, which would make up into anything except clothing—unless, indeed, the manager of a suburban theatre will buy them for his next pantomime—but which the lady has bought because they look travelled, and unlike anything in England: all of these forming an assemblage which the veriest huckster at a bazaar would have tossed under the table as valueless and unsaleable, but which the fair virtuoso in petticoats—there really ought to be the word 'virtuosa' now-a-days—regards with an eye of intense satisfaction as they are brought forth one after another. Who could not foresee the two drawing-rooms at Peckham Rye bedecked with all these gleanings of travel, as Mr Jesse would call them; the old English china hedgehogs and wicker-work banished into the lumber-room, and the whole neighbourhood invited for the purpose of tea and admiration. The inspector is getting somewhat impatient after the first dozen cases have been exhibited. Some of the articles are liable to duty, and he refuses to pass them. The lady remembers having been told by some experienced friend on leaving England, that by a little bullying she may soon get the better of the customs-officers. She tries the experiment accordingly, but is very quickly undeceived; nay, becomes speedily so chaffed and fluttered, that she would pull out the money to pay duty for the cap and gown she has on, if the inspector could venture the joke. Thank Heaven, she has done at last!

Next comes a man who has likewise received advice from his friends when he went abroad, and, what is more, followed it. We all know his face—that of the sleek business-manager of one of the great City banks. The advice in question was, to offer exactly half the price demanded for every article that he had a mind to purchase. The continental dealers, well used to this sort of thing, recognised their man in a twinkling. In consequence, they asked precisely three times the sum they would have charged to any one else, and when they had reduced their demand to one-half, were still the clear gainers by twice their ordinary profit; while the customer has left them delighted with the idea of having shewn the foreigners that an Englishman is not to be imposed upon. The things themselves are singularly well chosen, and one is pleased to see how many flowers, shawls, and knick-knacks he has brought home for his wife, who was too nervous to cross the Channel. The only wonder is, that he should have been done so completely in the only part where he fancied himself the strongest—the money part of the business. However, to have made a bargain, or to think that one has made a bargain, is precisely the same thing to human nature.

Next came a couple of young ladies, whom the fat female citizen took, during the voyage, under her especial care, because they looked pale and interesting; as a set-off, probably, to her own complexion, which was that of a full-blown peony. She has been teasing the poor girls throughout the voyage with questions about themselves—where they were going to, and whence they were coming from; much to the annoyance of the poor things, whose hearts were full, and who desired nothing so much as to be let alone. She

tried to force all manner of things down their throats at breakfast, when all the while it was evident that they could not eat; and was only stopped by the interference of an old gentleman, who was their fellow-voyager, from compelling them to swallow a whole tumbler of stiff brandy and water, because at one moment they tended towards sea-sickness. Her patronage has been so far of advantage, that they get an early turn to pass their examination. The truth was, the old lady wanted to have a glance at the inside of their trunks. She did not find much she could appreciate, although the collection so far resembled her own, that it was a collection of trifling matters from a variety of places. But in this case it was here a bunch of Rhine flowers, there two or three little German story-books, little ladies' sketches, little pieces of needlework, little bits of jewellery, and a hundred other things—all of them evidently tokens or souvenirs of many a happy hour passed in enjoyment and friendship. One of the girls fairly burst out crying, to the extreme astonishment of her fat friend, as one after another of these recollections of her pleasant summer were tossed about. She was going home notwithstanding. Her companion, whose box was full of sweetmeats and wrappers, was going to school. Her parents had evidently imagined that England was a kind of Nova Zembla, to judge of the mass of furs, shawls, and comfortables which her box disclosed. They have the most curious notions abroad of a winter in England, which is infinitely milder than in the north of France or in the whole of Germany, and less trying than even in the south of France, as we escape the terrible winds which are the pest of that part of the world. But the most characteristic portion of the girl's property was her literature. None but a Teutonic mother would have thought of permitting such an assemblage, still less of putting it up herself. There was a Bible, some essays of Martin Luther, and half-a-dozen books of sermons, by the side of philosophical treatises anything but orthodox, sentimental poetry, and comedies of a freedom which would make the hair of Miss Martha Brown, mistress of the Myrtle Academy, stand on end; if she had the chance of finding them in the first place, and understanding them in the second.

It was now the turn of the batch of foreigners, who had been blocking up the gangway till it was evidently the interest of every one to get rid of them. Upon the officer asking them for their keys, the smile which they put on was inconceivably bewitching. They looked as if they were about to offer to the British government their entire stock of movables. Each had his single carpet-bag, and waited his turn, keeping up the smile aforesaid with an astonishing rigidity of muscle. The first bag opened exhibited an old coat, a hair-brush, a checked shirt, and an empty flask. The next exhibited a checked shirt, an empty flask, and a hair-brush. The third contained an empty flask, a hair-brush, and a checked shirt. Then came a bag which actually contained a large portion of dirty striped linen, which one of the men employed in the search began rummaging with a minuteness and curiosity which, after the very general way in which the other things had been looked over, seemed quite surprising. The truth was, the man had smelt brandy in the clothes, and was looking out for the bottle. His search for it was very much like that of Page for Falstaff in the buck-basket, and, as it turned out, was as little successful. The only article of value which any of these men seemed to possess was a box apiece, filled with a collection of small bottles, containing some nostrum for colouring wood or linen. Half of the foreigners that visit our shores come over with some small idea of this kind, to see to what account they can turn it. One man has a receipt for making palm-soap without

palm-oil; another has some new sizing matter for paper; a third has a new dye for the hair, which he extracts from pearl-ash. These men are all from the lowest orders of educated society on the continent—men with a smattering of general knowledge, inquiring by turns into everything, mastering nothing, but hitting every now and then upon an idea, which they amuse one or two years of their life in endeavouring to make money of; delighting themselves in the meantime with expectations, and when they fail, going, with a shrug and the whimsical good-humour with which Germans take disappointment, to look out for something else, which commonly ends in the same manner. No wonder that their wardrobe is so scanty, and that they grudge the steward his sixpence. But the visit of this class of men, contrasted with the class of Englishmen who go to the continent, has a very material effect on the opinions which the two sections of mankind have for each other. It is a most forcible illustration of the gold and silver sides of the shield. We rarely see any but the shabby classes of foreigners, dirty, subtle, and scheming, and the great mass of the British people form their ideas accordingly. Very few English schemers go abroad, and the *mauvais sujets* of English birth who take refuge on the continent are confined to a few towns. The great mass of British travellers belong to the class who spend money, and require respect, if not servility in return. We have noticed men walking the streets of Paris—Englishmen of some rank—who at home are perfectly quiet and modest, but who put on a stately air, and look defiance in the continental city. The reason is simple enough: at home their position in society is recognised, and they have no necessity for throwing back their heads, and curling their upper lips, in order to enforce it.

Next came our batch of travelled youngsters, who kept up their spirits to the last, and looked as gay as when they set out, whatever they may have felt. The first box they exhibited looked exactly as if it had been filled from some neglected corner in an old turnpike-road. They had thought it their duty to climb every celebrated mountain in Switzerland, and, by way of vouching for this fact, to bring away a stone from each, which ended by forming a collection of rubbish, which certainly none but an Englishman would have thought of travelling over five or six thousand miles to fetch. The mammas and sisters, however, will be delighted to put away in their drawers an ugly piece of rock, because it is stated to come from the Finster-Aarhorn, of which they kick aside the fellow every day of their lives met with in the lanes.

By this time we were tired, and went below. For an hour after, our friend the inspector was still at work over a parcel of poor accoutrements belonging to persons whom we had not seen before, and of whom we cannot even now imagine whence they came. Poverty certainly has singular modes of hiding itself away. The last of all was the poor woman with the sick child. There was not a single article turned out which did not tell of the struggle to provide comforts, which in those sad cases in which comforts become necessities, is one of the most grievous tasks of human life. Even to the toys, which had been wrung from the day's meal to provide some little relaxation for the weary hours of the forced idleness of sickness; the whole mass of shifts to ease discomfort, and make pain tolerable at the least possible cost, came before us with so painful an impress of the most real of all sorrows, that we were too glad to escape from it.

We had seen the year's existence compressed into an hour, of characters the most various, and positions the most different. A moralist might have read a deeper lesson than the loose ideas which then suggested themselves to our less thoughtful mind.

THE OLD WASHERWOMAN.

FROM CHEMISSE.

THOU see'st her busy with the linen,
The oldest there, with silver hair,
The heartiest of the washerwomen,
And in her six-and-seventieth year.
She's struggled hard through daily toil
And laboured with a cheerful mind,
And meekly striven in life's turmoil
To act the part her God assigned.

And in her bygone youthful years,
She loved, and hoped, became a wife,
Has known full well the many cares
That crowd round woman's daily life.
A mother's pains 'twas hers to know,
The sick man's couch in love to tend,
To see him in the grave laid low,
Yet Faith and Hope in heart retained.

Her children must be clothed and reared;
With cheerful heart to work she went,
She trained them well, to toil inured,
And working hard to be content.
And when her dear ones, older grown,
From her, to earn their bread, must part,
She gave her blessing—and alone,
In years remained, but strong in heart.

And she has sat and worked at night,
And spun the flax her savings bought
To finest yarn; with heart as light,
The yarn she to the weaver brought;
He's woven it to linen fair;
She sat and sewed, when time allowed,
And made herself a treasure rare—
She made a faultless coffin shroud.

• And she has laid it by with pleasure,
Nor does she shudder at the thought,
It is her first, last, greatest treasure—
The treasure that her savings bought.
She puts it on each Sabbath day,
To read God's word, with *that* impress,
She lays it carefully away,
Until within in Peace she'll rest.

And oh! that I, at life's close too,
Might feel—as she, so light of heart—
Had done the task assigned to do,
And with such trust performed my part!
That so I'd known through life to pass,
And to God's will so meekly bowed,
And at the end such happiness
Could feel, in gazing on my shroud.

X.

HOW TO IDENTIFY STOLEN FRUIT.

When the thief gets clear off, undiscovered, with his booty, the finest peaches, nectarines, or apricots on the wall, it is usual to give them up for lost. Who could identify fruit? Who could say, these things were stolen from me, and not from somebody else? Any person can do so who will take a very little trouble beforehand, in anticipation of the chance of robbery. Let him set a mark on his most promising pieces of fruit, when in a green state, by affixing to them, on the side next the sun, an adhesive label of his initials, or any other private mark. When the fruit is ripe, the labelled spot will still remain green; and when a capture is made, the thief will be petrified at finding that there is conclusive evidence against him, even in the peach itself. This precaution is described in *Notes and Queries*.

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THE MYSTERIOUS FACE.

I AM an old-fashioned old boy, and when I was a child, I was an old-fashioned young boy; so of what fashion I really am it is hard to conjecture. I have tried to read Mr Thackeray's works, but I do not think I quite understand them, not being literary, and feeling puzzled by satirical remarks, especially when I know beforehand that the author is a wit, and that I ought, therefore, to find a hidden meaning in every line: yet from what I have been able to make out, I should say that I was a *foggy*. I do not belong to any club, though my means are comfortable; I live in London, and have often been asked whether I should like to join the Polynices or Artaxerxes. Well, I *should* like; and yet, you see, I could never exactly make up my mind, because I never *have* belonged to a club. No; there is a tavern I frequent, where the cook is most excellent, and where I dine daily at the same minute, in the same corner. Once that corner was usurped: I tried to dine at another table, in vain! I was unwell the next day, and had to take medicine; but the waiter, Charles, has been very careful ever since; and I believe, that rather than allow me to be subjected again to similar inconvenience, the proprietor would feed a succession of beggars, *gratis*, in that place for the entire afternoon, to keep it for me, just as noblemen with younger sons at college present octogenarians to their livings. Why must I dine in that particular corner? Because I always have done so. That unintelligible remark about noblemen's sons and livings is not mine, but my nephew Tom's; Tom, whom I have employed to write out this account, from my dictation, insists on putting in his remarks, will 'touch up' my narrative, as he calls it, and I do not quite like it; no more do I like his slapping me so hard on the back, and rubbing down the calves of my trousers when I have been standing for some time with my back to a large fire; and I do not know why I should let him and everybody play upon me, but I always have. There is also a cigar divan to which I go every morning at ten o'clock, and read the newspaper till half-past twelve, smoking during that time two cigars. One paper always lasts me the whole time, as I peruse every column; and yet, somehow, if any one in the course of the afternoon asks me about the news, I find it has all slipped out of my head. No, Tom, I am not asleep all the time; if I were, my cigar would go out, which it does not—often. I remember my childhood: we always had roast-beef and Yorkshire pudding on Saturdays, cold meat and fruit-pie on Sundays. I can also call to mind my boyhood and school-days, for never have I in after-life been able to discover

such toffy as that sold at the dame's round the corner, or such open tarts as appertained to the pastry-cook's higher up the street. I was about eighteen when I first discovered that earth possessed a charm, not indeed equal to eating and drinking, but only secondary to those pleasures: the name of *woman* began to stir my heart; I indulged in reveries and poetical fancies; and often in the midst of the joys of some unusually piquant dish, have I thought how sweet it would be to see a fair form gracing the opposite seat, enhancing the flavour by her sympathy and, when there was enough for both, participation.

When in the presence of ladies, however, I was bashful, embarrassed, awkward; I trod on their dresses, spilt scalding coffee down their backs, pulled all their music off the piano, split their fans, dropped and broke their smelling-bottles, and made myself generally disagreeable; so that I retired early from the field, and made up my mind to die an old bachelor. Still, I could not stifle a yearning towards beauty, which, after a while, took the settled form of a fancy for painting and sculpture; at least as far as those arts took the female face and form for their study. I never bought, but I potted about sales and exhibitions, and spent hours daily in staring in at shop-windows, and turning over second-hand prints. The society of women's pictures is certainly not so thrilling as direct communication with the real article; but then it is more comfortable—the bewitching smile in a painting never turns to a frown; the expression of the features fades not into bored apathy immediately you are left alone with it. You have not got to tickle its vanity—you feel no jealousy when others gaze on it; on the contrary, the admiration of friends enhances your pleasure; and if you are poetically gifted, what charming scenes, tender and domestic—oh, how far above reality!—may the imagination conjure up. Even I, who hate poetry—that is, I can't read it, can't make out what the writer is driving at—even I can fancy all sorts of things, and encounter all sorts of adventures while gazing at a good picture of a beautiful woman. I never came to understand anything about the art as an art, and it was some time before I picked up picture-slang. For instance, one day a friend came up to me at a sale, and interrupted my musings over a painting, by whispering: 'Are you thinking of bidding? Be warned, my dear fellow, and do not go high—quite a take in! not a Titian! by no means a Titian!' 'Perhaps not,' I replied, 'but very pretty; I doubt whether Titian herself had a better leg and ankle.' Of course I came to know better than that, but still I am not yet a first-rate amateur.

It was when I was about thirty that I was very much struck one May-day by a face in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. It was that of a full-sized Judith, who was standing in a striking, if not strictly feminine attitude, with a bloody sword in one hand, a dripping head in the other, and her eyes turned up to heaven. That face fascinated me; I waited patiently till a seat opposite the picture was vacant, and then plumped myself down, and, heedless of the connoisseurs, country-cousins, and flirting couples, who trod on my toes, and hustled me on every side, there I sat and gazed my— (No, Tom, that is not so elegant; scratch it out)—gazed to satiety (that is better).

I was fascinated. Day after day did I return to feast my eyes upon that picture; and the R.A. was making quite a nice little competency out of me in shillings, when I began to find myself lying awake at night thinking of those upturned eyes, and, horrible symptom, my appetite shewed signs of feebleness. Having no fancy to become a second Pig, Pig (What's his name, Tom?), Pigmallyon, I left off my visits to Trafalgar Square; and as Ovid tells us the best remedy for love is to multiply the objects of our admiration—proving thereby that Hahnemann was not the first homoeopathist—I patronised the exhibition in Pall Mall, determined to find a rival for Judith. In the first room there was nothing particular to arrest my attention; but the moment I entered the second, I was struck all of a heap by a Siren. No!—yes! it was! The attitude was different, the expression was different, the dress was very different; indeed, the present lady only wore her hair, which was fortunately very long and plentiful, but still there was the identical nose, the very charming chin, the same bewitching mouth. It was a fate, then; for how could two artists have struck out the same idea by chance? I left the room confused, bewildered; and the waiter at Bob's that day looked astonished when I told him I was ready for the Siren; nor was his surprise mitigated when I ordered a pint of Judith. I now no longer attempted to resist my destiny, but gave myself up to rapt seraphic contemplation of the ideal (Ah, cabbage! Uncle has one of Bulwer Lytton's books in his hand.—Tom), visiting one or other of the exhibitions every day until they closed, and then I felt a void in my existence I had never known before. I grew melancholy and dyspeptic, and consulted a medical man, who prescribed complete change of scene; to obtain which I made up my mind to quit my native land, and take up my residence, for a fortnight, at Boulogne. I pass over the horrors, the perils, the miseries of the voyage, which lasted upwards of two fearful hours, and proceed to chronicle my extreme good-fortune in discovering a boarding-house where the hostess was English, the guests English and Irish, the servants English, and, oh! the cookery English. Here I took up my abode, and sought once more the distractions of society—that is, I played Pope Joan with the old ladies for counters at a penny the dozen; I walked on the pier, and saw the people bathing, and the packets come in; and I subscribed to the *Etablissement des Bains*, and sat in a corner on the ball-nights. Plunged in this vortex of dissipation, the face which had so long haunted me began to fade from my remembrance; when one day, the third after my arrival, as I stood on the pier and watched the debarkation from the London packet, I saw a lady advancing alone, along the plank leading from the vessel to the shore. Her veil was down, yet I could distinguish the outline of her features, and my heart throbbled with emotion. With a stately step, she pursued her way to the custom-house door, and then, ere she entered, turned, and to see more clearly where her luggage was being carried to, raised the envious

veil. It was she! the Judith! the Siren! the ideal of two artists, and mine. I put the burning end of my cigar to the back of my hand to see whether I was awake or not, and an instantaneous blister proved the fact indisputably. Who shall describe my bewilderment? I felt like the he-dancer in a ballet when the principal she-dancer bursts at unexpected moments out of cupboards, linen-presses, laurel-bushes, flower-beds, and tombstones. Was it angelic? Was it diabolic? Was it a coincidence?

I went home with an oppressive presentiment that something was going to happen to somebody somewhere, and mused till dinner.

We sat at meals in the order of our arrival, and got promotion when those above us departed; and as I had hitherto been the last, I was surprised to see a clean napkin laid next to mine below me. We did not have clean napkins daily, but folded up our dirty ones, and stuck them through a ring with a number on it, which we invariably forgot; so the clean napkin attracted attention, and Mrs Jones, our hostess, explained that we were to have an addition to our circle, a Mrs Plantagenet, widow. My heart gave a bound in my bosom—what if it should be her! Pooh, nonsense; it was most probably some dumpy old woman with a red nose, who took snuff, and next to whom it would be very unpleasant to sit. Be she whom she might, the stranger was late; the soup, the fish passed away, the *extremets* were handed round before the door opened, and—it was she! I thought I should have swooned, collapsed, died of apoplexy, of rush of blood to the heart, and believe that some or all of these calamities would have happened to me, had not a heaven-directed mouthful of oyster-pate gone down the wrong way.

'Have a glass of water?' said she in the most natural way in the world, as if we had known each other for months.

Could she have seen pictures of me? Was I her ideal, as she was mine?

'Anything going on here?' she asked, when I had somewhat recovered. 'What's at the theatre?'

I replied that I had not been there, not understanding the language.

'Oh, you must learn it,' she said; 'it is soon done, if you are plucky enough to talk, and don't mind being laughed at when you make mistakes.'

'There is the Etablissement, where they dance.'

'That is all right. I adore dancing; don't you?'

'Yes, a little; that is, I am rather clumsy at it.'

'Oh, soon learn—practise in the evening, take lessons in the morning. Is the champagne good here?'

I hastened to order a bottle and offer her a glass. I had never got on so well with a lady before. I was like the simple Simon (Query, *Cymon*.—Tom) of antiquity, Love had polished me. When I sought my pillow that evening, two things astonished me: one was, the manner in which my destiny had taken my education in hand; the other that, as a widow, she must have been some one else's destiny beforehand; but doubtless that was a forced match, an ill-assorted union. Bashful and unenterprising as I naturally was with the fair sex, my present advantages might have been lost from the mere want of being followed up, had not a series of minor events—lacking individually the same startling and supernatural character which distinguished those employed to bring us together, but still bearing the stamp of destiny when considered as a whole—combined to draw Mrs Plantagenet and myself into closer intimacy. Thus, the morning after her arrival, I was smoking my after-breakfast cigar in the paved court at the back of the house, when the Venetian shutters of a window on the ground-floor were opened, and she appeared, clad in a delightful fresh morning-dress. She started,

smiled, and bowed. I apologised for the cigar. It was the scent of all others she most preferred, which emboldened me to remain near the window. What a beautiful day it was! how she would enjoy a walk, if she only had a companion. I offered to attend her; she demurred a little, and saw no harm—we were not known. In a quarter of an hour we were quite familiar. Had I had a dancing-lesson yet? No! She herself would teach me a few steps. In two hours we were walking arm-in-arm up to the Napoleon column; in two days we were dancing together at the Etablissement; in a week, we called each other Leonora and Edward; in ten days, I was an engaged man.

In consequence, as she informed me, of a distressing lawsuit at that time depending, it was not convenient for Leonora to return to England just then; and as I had certain affairs to arrange, and certain relations (a word rhyming with expectations) whose advice it was desirable to ask, and, so far as it coincided with my own views, follow, it was decided that I should cross the Channel, settle everything, and return to Bliss; while Bliss remained at the boarding-house at Boulogne, and occupied herself in looking out for comfortable lodgings in the upper town. It certainly saves one a good deal of trouble to marry a widow.

By Leonora's advice I went straight from Boulogne to London, for though the voyage that way is of longer duration, you can go to bed and sleep all the time, or at least you can try to do so; so I took a berth on board the *Stumakpoomp*, and, in order to secure it, undressed and turned in before the vessel left the quay. The experiment was to some extent successful, for though the motion caused me to feel giddy, bewildered, and helpless, I was spared that horrible sensation of approaching dissolution, accompanied with tickling in the sides, which I had before experienced, whenever the packet shot rapidly down the side of some unusually big wave, and indeed escaped all the worst symptoms of the malady.

After I had lain quiescent on my back for about three hours, two gentlemen came into the cabin whom, from their long hair, beards, and general cut, I rightly conjectured to be artists.

'Well Jack, as it is raining cats and dogs on deck, and the saloon is full of temporary invalids drinking brandy-and-water, I suppose this is about the cosiest nook in the whole ship. Upper or lower?'

'You have the longest legs. Lower.'

'All right; here goes;' and the taller of the two swung himself up into the berth immediately opposite mine, the other rolling into that underneath him.

'Jack!'

'Yes!'

'Can one smoke?'

'No!'

'What a bore.' And they plunged into general talk. They discussed politics, cookery, operas, preachers, everything; but their principal conversation was of paintings and painters; to all of which I listened in a dreamy way, passively, not paying attention, when suddenly a word caught my ear which startled me like an electric shock—'Judith.'

It was the end of something said by the under man, and the upper directly answered:

'O yes, I remember now; she sat also for Blower's Siren, didn't she?'

'That's her. Pity she is so extravagant. Over head and ears in debt. Can't put her foot in England, they say. I saw her yesterday on the pier.'

'Speak to her?'

'Not I; she had the prize in tow; it might have spoiled sport. Besides, she tipped me a little frown.'

'Ah! and you say he is well off?'

'Very, they say. He won't be long so, poor beggar!'

'And he is really going to marry her?'

'Safe.'

'What a consummate ass! It is rather a bore though; perhaps he won't let her sit.'

'Not while his money lasts, perhaps; but that cannot be long, in her hands; and then he cannot be a very particular sort of chap to marry her at all.'

Only Dante could describe my feelings; suffice it that on arriving in London I made searching inquiries into the antecedents of Mrs Plantagenet, the result of which was to determine me to break off the match.

It is pleasant to have a wife who is a model of virtue, sobriety, industry, good-humour; but not one who is a model of 'Venus rising from the sea.'

An enlightened British jury, however, saw the matter from a different point of view, and when the action was brought against me, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff—damages L.500.

THE PROVINCIAL DIALECTS OF ENGLAND.

No district in Europe affords so many interesting philological varieties as those presented within the comparatively small area of the British isles. Besides the two great branches of the national speech divided by the Tweed, we have the Erse of the Scottish Highlands, the Cymric of the Welsh mountains, the Gaelic of Ireland, and the Manx of the Isle of Man. The natives of the Channel Islands retain to this day a Norman-French patois which has much in common with the language of the troubadours; and scarcely a century has elapsed since the Cornish variety of the aboriginal Celtic still lingered about the rocky shores of the Land's End, and vestiges of the old Norse were still to be found among the further Orkneys. England itself is split up into almost as many dialects as there are counties, many of which, in spite of the levelling influences of education and steam, still continue well defined and strongly marked. The peasant of Worcestershire understands not him of Westmoreland, and the talk of a Lancashire weaver is utterly unintelligible to an Exmoor shepherd. Even in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, if you talk good English to a labouring-man, he touches his hat, begs your pardon, and passing on in evident reluctance to continue the conversation, avows himself to be 'no scholar.' In order to understand these differences, we must bear in mind that our northern forefathers, though all included under the generic term Saxon, were in reality comprised of various tribes, differing considerably in language. Bede mentions Jutes, old Saxons, and Angles; and there were probably others. A nice observer may detect great diversities of grammatical and orthographical forms in Anglo-Saxon manuscripts according to the province of the author or transcriber. Alfred's works are written in the pure Saxon of Wessex, his native district; but the Saxon chronicle composed at Peterborough is intermixed with many Mercian peculiarities; and several fragments of Cadmon that we know to have been copied in monasteries north of the Humber, partake of the broad character of the Northumbrian dialect. In the manuscript literature of a later age, we find similar variations. Robert of Gloucester's chronicle is written in a western dialect not unlike that of Devonshire at the present day, while *Pierce Ploughman* is essentially Anglian. The differences observable in the literary language would of course be still more marked in the speech of the masses, who were entirely uneducated, and had little or no communication with the inhabitants of other provinces. The same causes operating from age to age, would lead still further to isolate the various groups of populations; and it is only fair, therefore, to suppose that much of the peculiarity of language prevalent in Anglo-Saxon times is

retained even to the present day in the popular speech of the same districts. Hence our provincial dialects, instead of being the barbarous jargons represented by the lexicographers of the last century, are in truth the real wells of 'English undefiled,' and their investigation of great importance to the philologist, as well for the numerous archaic and otherwise obsolete words which they have preserved to us, as for the light they throw upon the origin and structure of our written language. The influence of the Dances must also be taken into consideration. Giraldus Cambrensis tells us that in his day the inhabitants of the northern counties spoke a very barbarous language, which the southern people could not understand; and this he attributes to the colonies of Northmen who settled there. Nasman also relates a story of a Dalecarlian boy brought to England in the retinue of a Swedish ambassador, who was able to converse easily with a lad from Yorkshire. Any one who takes the trouble to compare Brockett's dictionary of northern words with a glossary of any of the western dialects, will at once see the great preponderance of the Scandinavian element.

At the present day, the English dialects may be divided into four principal groups—the northern, eastern, southern, and midland, nearly answering to the old political divisions of Northumbria, East Anglia, Wessex, and Mercia. Any more elaborate classification, though such has been attempted, must be purely arbitrary, as the various forms graduate one into the other in a manner which makes it difficult to say where one ends, or another begins. Verstegan, writing in the seventeenth century, says: 'We see that in several parts of England both the names of things and pronunciations of words are somewhat different; for example, according as one should say at London: "I would eat more cheese if I had it;" the northern man would say: "Ay sud eat mare cheese gin ay had et;" and the western man saith: "Chud eat more cheese an chad it." Lo, here three different pronunciations in our owne countrey, whereof many the like examples might be alleaged.' This observation yet holds good; the western and the northern still remain the most, strongly marked of our dialects, although in point of interest both must yield to the midland idioms, which formed the undoubted sources of our present literary language. We propose to give specimens of the leading varieties, beginning with the counties nearest Scotland, and proceeding southward.

The dialects of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, may be considered identical in all essential particulars. They all, more or less, resemble the dialects of the southern Lowlands, and become deeply imbued with the Scotch accent as we approach the border. The celebrity of the lake district has given this dialect quite a little literature in itself; and many of the ballads and songs written to illustrate it have achieved more than provincial fame. A few stanzas from Anderson's *Impatient Lassie* will exhibit its principal features:

Deuce tek the clock! click-clackin' sae
Ay in a body's ear;
It tells and tells the teyme is past
Whan Jockhny sud been here.
Deuce tek the wheel! 'twill nit rin roun.
Nao mair ta neet I'll spin,
But count each minute wid a seugh
Till Jockhny he steals in.

How the spunky fire it burns
For aye to sit besyde;
And there's the seat where Jockhny sits,
And I forget to cheyde.

My fadder tui, how sweet he answores—
My mudder's fest aslip.
He promis'd eft, but, oh! I fear
His wud he wunnet kip.

What can it be kips him frae mo?
The ways are nit sae lang,
And sleet an' snaw are nought at aw
If yeu were fain ta gang.
Some udder lass, wi' bonnier feace,
Has catch'd his wicked ee,
And I'll be pointet at at kurk—
Nay, suiner let me dee.

There is another specimen from a song of the same writer; it is a bit of advice to a discarded lover:

Mun, thou'll nobbet lwose top gud neame,
Wi' gowlin an' whingin sea mickle.
Cockswunters! min, beyde about heame,
An' let her e'en ga ta auld Nickle.

Thou's spoilt for aw manner o' wark,
Thou nobbet sits peghan an' pleenan.
Odswucke, man! doff that dirty sark,
An' pretha gi'e way git a clean an!

An' then gow to Carel wi' me:
Let her gang to knock-cross wid her scowornin;
See clanken at market we'll see,
A'll up'od ta forgit her or mwornin.

The Lancashire dialect, which is also that of Cheshire, and a part of Derbyshire, differs from this very considerably. The most striking peculiarities are perhaps the retention of the old termination *en* in the plural of verbs, and the narrow and almost indescribable pronunciation of the diphthongs—thou, how, mouse, are spoken as if written theaw, heaw, meawse, &c. *Hoo* is generally used for she; and the Saxon guttural, which delighted the ears of the Laird of Monkbarns, is often preserved in words ending in *ing*. The dialect has been admirably illustrated in the works of the facetious Tim Bobbin, and we select as a specimen an abridgment of his apologue of the Tailor and the Hedgehog, premising that it is intended to be a hard hit at his critics:

'A tealyer i' Crummil's time war thrung poo'ing turnets in his pingot, an fund an urchon ith hadlond reaw; he glender'd at 't lung, boh cou'd mey nowt on 't. He whoav'd his whiscket ow'r't, runs whoam, an tells his nebbors he 'd fund a thing 'at God newer mede eawt, for it had nother head nor tele, hond nor hough, midst nor eend. Then they'dn a kehwnsil, an th' eend awur 'at tey'dn fotch a lawm fawse owd felly het an elder 'at cou'd tell oytch thing. When they'dn tow'd him th' keese, he stroak'd his beard, sowghid, an order'd th' wheelbarrow to be fotchit, an they beawld'n him avey to th' urchon. He gloard at 't a good while, droyd his beard dawn, an wawted it ow'r wi' his crutch. "Wheel me abeawt agen o' th' other side side," said he, "for it sturs; an by that it su'd be whick." Then he dons his spectacles, steared at 't agen, an sowghing, said: 'Breether, its summot; boh feather Adam nother did nor cou'd kerson it—wheel me whoam agen.'

An old Cheshire hunting-song begins—

'Thear's slutch upo' thoi coat, mon—thear's blood upon thoi chin;
It's welly toim for milkin, now wherever 'ast 'e bin?
'Oiv bin to see the gentelfolk o' Cheshur roid a run.
Owd, wench! oiv bin a hunting, an oiv seen some rattling fun.'

In the secluded Craven district of West Yorkshire, we have another variety, which Chaucer has given us specimens of in the language he has put into the mouth of his north-country scholars. It has been very fully investigated in the *Craven Dialogue and*

Glossary of Mr Carr, from which we extract the following. The interlocutors are deploring the ignorance of some grouse-shooters who did not know what to make of Yorkshire oat-cakes:

Gibes.—Thou sees plainly how th' girt foulin didn't ken what hawver cakes war.

Bridget.—Noa, barn; he teuk 'em as they laid o't flæk for round bits o' leather. I ax'd him to taste it; an' seed take up 't becom start, potters yan down, an' keps it i' my apron. He then nepp'd a lile wee nooked on't, not t' validum o' my thoum naal, an' splutterd it out ageean, gloring gin he wur puzzom'd; an' efter aw I could say, I couldn't counsel t' other to taste ayther it or some bannocks.

This is more like the Cumberland than the Lancashire dialect, but sufficiently different from either. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* gives us the shibboleth of the three varieties of the word *house*, which the Northumbrian pronounces *hoose*, the West Riding man *há ose*—nearly like *au* in the Italian *flauto*—and the Morcian in a manner usually represented in print by *heavse*. There are several other varieties of provincial speech in Yorkshire; and the native of this county has even had a newspaper published in his native dialect—the *Yorkshire Comet*, established in 1844, but soon suppressed on account of its broad personalities. A paragraph from the editorial prospectus will afford a good specimen of the language of the central districts:

'Wun neet, as oor Bet an' me wur set be't fire-side, shoo turned hersen suddenly round, an' said: "Thoo's a fool, Dicky!" "What! Bet, does thoo really mean ta say ahze a fool?" "Ah dew," shoo said; "thoo's a real fool." "Hoo does ta mak that oot, Bet?" said ah, for ah wur noane hauf quited aboot it. "Ah'll say it ageean an' ageean," says shoo; "thoo's a real fool; an' if ta's onny way partikelar ta know, ah'll tell tha hoo ah makes it oot. In't first plaace, luke what braans thoo hez; as starlin' as onny 'at iver thease gurt men hed, an' yet, like a fool, thoo taks it as easy as a pig in't muck." "Weel, veel," ah continid, "what wod ta ha' ma ta dew, lass? Tell us, an' ah'll dew 't." "Then," says shoo, "start a paaper i' thee awn native tongue, an' call it t' *Yorshan Comet*!"

As a specimen of the North Riding peculiarities, we give an actual notice of the bellman in a small town near Roseberry Topping:

'This is to gie noutice Janz Pickersgill yats his yunc te morn t' morn, t' morn t' nean, an te morn t' neet, an nare langer, se lang as storm hoade, coz he caen't get eldin.' (This is to give notice that James Pickersgill heats his oven to-morrow at morn, to-morrow at noon, and to-morrow at night, and not longer, so long as the storm lasts, because he can't get fuel.)

In Derbyshire and Shropshire, the speech has more affinity with that of Lancashire. Mr Howitt, in his *Rural Life in England*, gives a specimen of the Peak dialect:

Farmer at table to his Guest.—Ite, mon, ite.

Guest.—Au have iten, mon. Au've iten till I'm weelly brussen.

Farmer.—Then ite, and brust thee out, mon! Au wooden we hadden to brussen thee wee.

The Nottinghamshire variety is hardly so broad. In Charles Hooton's clever novel of *Bilberry Thurland*, the dialect is painted to the life. Here are the last words of an old Sherwood farmer:

'Tis my forehead: gie me houd o' thy hand,' said Zachary. 'It canna be—I mun go. Dunna grieve about thatten, Jim, my lad! T'ou knows whereabouts my good old woman lies. I toud her on her death-bed—poor blessed creatur!—I toud her nobody should come there but me. Ay, I've done as well as I could. I've used everybody right, as far as I knowed; and

when I didn't, God'll have mercy. I know how it'll be. When I am gone, and there's nobody i' this farm to do to 'em as I've done, ar lads and lasses'll come into th' churchyard, and they'll say: "Here lies ar old mester; he was a good old mester."

In Leicestershire, the popular speech loses many of the distinctive forms of the northern dialects, still retaining, however, many marked peculiarities. The sound of *a* is almost invariably narrowed to *e*; hence *hee*, *dee*, and *wesh* are constantly heard for *hay*, *day*, and *wash*. *U* is lengthened to *oo*, as in *dook* for *duck*, *housband* for *husband*, &c. *Have* is very commonly used for *am*, as in the phrase, 'Oi've in a hurry.' Verbs form their present tense by the addition of *en*; thus, they say, we *loven*, we *haten*, we *pullen*, for we love, hate, &c. A Leicestershire farmer was complaining of a Cockney sportsman who would persist in riding over his land in spite of his refusal to allow it. So, said he—

'I oop to him street awce, an says oi: "Whoy dunna yeaow go roun by the ramper? (turnpike.) What, in the neam o' the Vargin, d' yeaow think o' yeaowraen, to roid over moy closen a thisens, nigh hand yeaow'll turn me oot o' me own house, I suppose. Yeaow come here to bully me; yeaow as arn't got a yacker o' lond i' the county. Yeaow bully oi—yeaow!" an so I yeaowed him out o' the field; an just as he war thro' the gat, the surry dog says: "Oi thought it wor open lond." "Open lond!" says oi; "then you thought a lig like Hobbly's pig." "An what did he thought?" says he. "Whoy," says oi, "he thote he war goan to be killed, an they ony putten a ring thro' 't noase."

As we approach the Avon, we find the language considerably modified by the proximity of the southern or west-country dialects. The speech even of the most uneducated part of the rural population closely assimilates to standard English; and this feature, however we may be disposed to account for it, is most strongly marked at the blending point of the two dialects along the line of march counties which, in the days of the Heptarchy, formed the debatable land between Wessex and Mercia. Fuller, the church historian, writing in the seventeenth century, tells us that in his day the people of Northamptonshire spoke 'the best English of any shire in England,' and adduces in illustration the fact, 'that the last translation of the Bible agreeth perfectly with the common speech of the county.' This is still strikingly true of the central portion of the county; and the same remark holds good of those districts of Bedfordshire and Herefordshire where the rival idioms come into contact. In Northamptonshire, the old Roman Watling Street forms a tolerably correct line of demarcation. Twenty miles north of this road, the dialect is nearly allied to those of Leicester and Lincoln; while within the same distance in a southerly direction, we find the narrow drawing utterance of the western counties. For example, in the phrase, 'I must be going myself in the morning,' a Peterborough man would say: 'Oi mun be gooin mysen i' the moorn;' while a man from the southern division would pronounce it, 'A must be gwain meself come marnen.' Nor is the difference confined to pronunciation. In the progress from north to south, not only do we meet with many curious variations in the verbs and other terms of colloquial intercourse, but the substantives—names of natural objects, birds, plants, agricultural implements, &c., undergo a marked and decided change. A bridge becomes a *brig*; and a shock (of corn) is transformed into a *stouk*. Yeast is turned into *barm*, and *bibles* are re-christened *clocks*, an affinity of the German *chuleich* and the Scottish *clock-bee*. Again, in the southern districts, the process of collecting corn after the reapers is known as *leasing*—a good old word, from the Saxon *lesan*; in the north, it is called *pecking*, or *poikin*; while in the central district,

or *Langue Franca*, no other term is recognised than the orthodox *gleaning*.

We have now traced the principal varieties of the northern dialects, from the border to the heart of mid-England. On another occasion, we propose to consider those of the western and eastern counties.

THE SISTERS.

It was on one of those warm, bright, still summer mornings that always seem to me to belong to the Sabbath, that I, accompanied by my sister and her husband, for the first time entered the parish church of the pretty village of Beconsfield. The appointments of the interior pleased me, and I took my seat with a calm, home-like feeling. I was much charmed with the singing, as the service proceeded, and the preacher was an earnest, eloquent man.

I am not conscious of having been inattentive to the duties of the morning, but the eyes will wander sometimes. Our pew was on the left side of the centre division; and in one on the other side of the aisle were two ladies whom, from the exceeding plainness of their dress, I set down in my own mind as sectarians. The ladies appeared young, that is, relatively—about three or four and twenty. The youngest was marked, but not at all disfigured, by the small-pox, and by the continued closed eyelids, evidently blind. She was fair, and had a pleasing expression of countenance, frequently improved by the feeling which flitted across her face. I was much interested in her. But her sister, as I presumed her to be, I could not understand, and yet her face was one of those which instantly captivate—a fair, oval, almost faultless face, with dark eyes, and plainly braided brown hair. The imperturbability, however, with which she listened to the music and the sermon surprised me. Once or twice, a colour rose to her transparent cheek, but it could not have been caused by either the singing or the eloquence, for it happened at times when there was apparently nothing to excite.

My visit was to extend only to a fortnight; three days had already elapsed; and as my sister was particularly engaged on the next day, I went out for a stroll by myself, or at least only accompanied by my nephew, Master Frederick Rawlins, a fine little fellow of four or five. I had wandered through green lanes and over grassy meadows until I began to feel rather tired, and was looking at inviting stumps of trees, and green hillocks, when we suddenly came into a bye-lane, in which about a dozen cottages were clustered. Although I knew we must be near home, I looked first at one house, and then at another, purposing to ask for a moment's rest and a glass of water, for the day was very warm.

But one door was closed; at another, a mother was scolding some children; at another, two or three boys, together with an aged man, seated in a wicker-chair, were busily talking, and as busily plaiting some coloured straw—everybody plaited about that village; and so I passed on until I came to the last, and here I stood still. At the open door of the little abode, the blind young lady of the church was seated, a plain muslin cap over her fair hair, and in a dark cotton dress, rapidly plaiting some fine white straw. I was almost glad that her infirmity prevented her seeing my embarrassment; but perceiving that her quick ear had caught the sound of strange footsteps, I said aloud to my little nephew: 'Perhaps, Freddy, this lady would be kind enough to let us rest for a few minutes.'

'Lady,' repeated Frederick; 'why, it is Miss Rebecca.'

'Ah! Master Rawlins, I am glad to see you; how is mamma?' she asked, rising quickly, and taking his little hand.

'Mrs Rawlins,' I said, in as gentle a voice as possible, 'is quite recovering from her little illness, and was in church yesterday.'

'How glad I am to hear it. You will pardon me, but are you not a relative of Mrs Rawlins?'

'Her sister.'

'I thought so: your voices are so much alike.'

During this colloquy, Freddy and I having seated ourselves, I looked, with a slight bow, at the imperturbable elder sister, who, similarly attired, was sitting at a small table at needle-work. I asked her to oblige me with a glass of water; she coloured, and, I thought, looked confused; but before she could have complied, the blind sister approached, and, by her fingers and gesture, explained my request. She rose instantly, and my heart sunk within me, as, with a sweet smile, and a really elegant inclination of the head, she presented the water. Could she be deaf? The tears started to my eyes, and my hand trembled as I took the glass. What a fatality! As I looked upon the sweet face, that now seemed to me strangely intellectual, my fatigue was gone. I drank the water, and rising, pressed the deaf lady's hand, thanked her for the moment's rest, and then turning to the younger sister, took one of her hands in both mine, and said, in rather a tremulous voice, that I should trouble her soon again with a visit, as her house was so pleasantly situated; and then, taking the hand of my little nephew, who was singularly silent, wended my way thoughtfully to my sister's house.

It was a day or two before I had an opportunity of questioning my sister about those afflicted sisters.

'Ah!' she said, 'it is a sad story. Their father was a highly respectable solicitor, and Dr Rawlins's father attended the family as their physician. Poor Rebecca, that is, the younger Miss Glenfield, had the small-pox when she was about twelve years of age, and the poor mother, in attending upon her, took it also. Mrs Glenfield died; Rebecca recovered, but was blind. Mr Glenfield, it seems, took it sadly to heart; he had loved his wife, and cared little to look upon his blind daughter. He took to speculation, and of course neglected his business. Then he was seized with the typhus fever; and poor Amelia, that is, the elder Miss Glenfield, in attending upon her father, was attacked in her turn. The father, in this case, died, and Miss Glenfield recovered, but to incurable deafness and absolute poverty; for when the claims upon Mr Glenfield's estate were satisfied, the helpless girls had scarcely a shilling left.'

'But had they no friends?'

'They had some relatives, and, I believe, at first were kindly treated. They have still some little annuity, and their seat in church; but I suppose nobody cared to take charge of them.'

'And so these poor girls were left to God, and their own endeavours. Has Dr Rawlins given any attention to their case?'

'O yes; he has done a good deal for Miss Glenfield, so far as health is concerned; but the deafness he considers incurable; and as to poor Rebecca, there is no hope.' And thus the conversation ended.

During the remainder of my stay at Beconsfield, my visits to the sisters were neither few nor far between, scarcely a day passing on which I did not call at the little cottage in the evening, for we soon became very familiar. It was really gratifying to observe the bright smile that would lighten Rebecca's face, and the sweet intelligent welcome of Miss Glenfield's eyes, that accorded so naturally with the few words she spoke, as my foot crossed the threshold.

On the afternoon previous to my leaving Beconsfield, I of course went to bid adieu; but this was not my only motive. Rebecca's cheek turned pale as I took her hand, and the tears started to Miss

Glenfield's eyes as she tried to smile a welcome. This was to be my last visit, and the solitary creatures had become used to my society. This time I could not stay long; so, after a little conversation about our parting, and the hope I had of our again meeting, I drew Amelia a little aside, and asked her whether she thought her sister would feel much disappointed if a doctor pronounced her deafness incurable.

'It has been already pronounced incurable,' replied Rebecca quickly; 'Dr Rawlins said he could do nothing more. In fact, Miss Hill, we have dismissed every idea of the sort; yet, if she could recover her hearing even to a slight degree, what a comfort it would be, for you can't think how lonely I am, and so, of course, is she, poor thing: but then she can see.'

This was a new revelation, for it had never occurred to me that Amelia's deafness was a deprivation to any but the deprived; but so it must have been, for she scarcely ever spoke except for some general or necessary purpose. During this colloquy, as I saw that Amelia was looking at us inquisitively, I requested her sister to explain my question.

'You are very kind, Miss Hill,' observed Amelia, and a faint colour rose to the poor girl's cheek; 'but it would be folly in us to think of impossibilities: we must do our worst.'

Notwithstanding this, after my return home, I could hardly sit down till I had paid a visit to a well known aurist, Mr Morton of Brook Street. He was a plain-spoken, plain-looking man, rather above the middle height, and with singularly intelligent and expressive dark eyes.

He listened patiently and attentively to my statement; and in reply to the question, as to whether there was any hope:

'It is impossible to say, ma'am,' he replied slowly, and as if deliberating, 'without seeing the lady. Twenty-three years of age, and has lost her hearing through fever, about four or five years ago: it is a pity I had not been consulted earlier.'

'I knew nothing of the case,' I replied. 'I have only become acquainted with the young lady these last two weeks; and besides, my brother-in-law, Dr Rawlins, attended her.'

'Dr Rawlins of Beconsfield—a very clever man. But you see, Miss Rawlins, I have devoted myself exclusively to the ear—that is, to the organ of hearing; and a very interesting subject it is. I assure you, Miss Rawlins, that very many patients who have been submitted to me as incurably deaf, have had in reality no organic defect or disease at all.'

As he seemed about starting a hobby, I at once resolutely asked when Miss Glenfield could see him.

'Miss Glenfield! She does not belong to the Glenfields of Beconsfield?'

'She is the late Mr Glenfield's eldest daughter.'

'Well, that is strange. Why, my brother served his articles to Mr Glenfield: you see, he was a delicate youth, so it was thought the country would be best.'

'But Mr Glenfield is dead, and the two poor girls are left in comparative poverty.'

'Dead! Ah! I remember the fever. But the other daughter—she is not deaf?'

'She is not deaf; but, by a strange fatality, she is blind.'

'Blind! Poor things, poor things. Well, bring the young lady any morning you choose—that is, before we leave.'

'But, sir,' I replied, 'Miss Glenfield resides at Beconsfield, so it will be necessary to appoint some particular morning, when we shall be happy to attend you.'

'At Beconsfield! Why, I am going to Beconsfield to-morrow. Mrs Smith of Oaks Lodge has sent for

me; she is subject to deafness at her confinements. Hers is only physical weakness. But as I am called in professionally, of course I attend; and perhaps, after all, it is as well. I think your brother attends the family.'

'Very likely, sir. But what about Miss Glenfield?'

'Do you give me her address. I shall have to attend Mrs Smith for two or three weeks: it will be no trouble to me, you see; and during that time, I shall be able to ascertain whether I can do anything for your friend.'

While he was speaking, I had drawn out my card-case and pencil, and on the back of one of my own cards, had written, 'Miss Glenfield, Woods Cottage, Woods Lane;' and when he had finished speaking, presented the card and a guinea—the usual fee, I believe, of a morning visitor. He took the fee and the card, and after glancing at them, placed both in the pocket of his waistcoat, and then rising as I left my chair, he said: 'I take this fee, Miss Rawlins'—(Miss Rawlins! when he had just read, as plain as the engraver could write, Miss Hill!)—'I receive this fee in testimony that I have undertaken the case; but I take no more. Whatever attendance or medicine Miss Glenfield may require, I will see to myself, and rest assured, I will spare no pains. Good-morning, Miss Rawlins;' and bowing me out, he closed the street door.

That very morning I wrote to my sister, requesting her to apprise Miss Glenfield of the aurist's purposed visit, and, if possible, to be at Woods Cottage herself the next afternoon; and also to inform me of the result of the interview. In compliance with my request, Caroline wrote that he had come, according to promise; that he had given no decided opinion; that Miss Glenfield had borne the visit remarkably well, but that poor Rebecca had been much agitated.

Well, time passed on, Mr Morton answering somewhat dubiously my occasional inquiries, till I received a letter from my sister, which rather surprised me; it ran thus: 'DEAR LOUISE—I wish you could ascertain positively whether Mr Morton is married or not. I have asked Frederick—to be sure, only, as it were, casually; and he thinks he is unmarried. But I want to know positively. He comes very frequently to the cottage—more frequently than I am sure a case like hers can require. It is a sad thing to be deaf; but it would be a much sadder thing to have her heart blighted—though, perhaps, it is already too late. If Mr Morton is married, he sees Amelia no more, except at my house.'

I was thunder-struck, and yet not a little amused at the idea of a young girl having her heart blighted by an eccentric surgeon more than twice her age. I determined, however, to run down at once to Beconsfield—run down as I had promised—and see the aurist and Amelia myself. But it so happened that on the next day, when I went to the station, I discovered I had made a mistake: it was the arriving train I was in time for, the other would not depart for two hours. As I stood on the platform, vexed at my stupidity, and hardly knowing whether to wait or return home, I was accosted by a gentleman, whom, if I had not been addressed as 'Miss Rawlins,' I should never have recognised as Mr Morton. He looked ten years younger than when I first saw him; his dress, too, was improved, and altogether he seemed to me a happy, and quite a handsome man.

'Just come from Beconsfield, Miss Rawlins?' said he, taking my hand, and pressing it warmly. 'I wonder I did not see you before, but I suppose you must have been in another carriage. All well at home?'

'Quite well, sir; thank you,' answered I, rather distantly. 'But how is Miss Glenfield?'

'Very well indeed—getting on nicely. But I see I

am detaining you from your friends,' as a group of strangers approached to where I was standing; and again pressing my hand, he bowed, and hurried away. I was vexed; but as I had seen the doctor, what use was there in my waiting two hours to go down to Beconsfield?

In the evening, as we were sitting at tea at home, I introduced the subject of Miss Glenfield's possible cure; and after alluding to Mr Morton's skill, asked boldly whether he was married.

'Married!' repeated my mother, looking up in surprise. 'No, Louisa, no. He is one of those old bachelors who would grudge himself a wife. Why, Anne lived there as housemaid, and she says he keeps the servants on board-wages, and almost starves himself.'

'I don't know,' said I, vexed to hear the doctor depreciated, 'what business Anne has to talk of those who employ her. He seems to me a kind and benevolent man.'

'He may be so, Louisa, in his profession,' remarked my father, looking up from his evening paper; 'but depend upon it, he is not generally benevolent. Why, I once applied to him myself about the poor Poles, and he refused to subscribe one shilling: he never gave to public charities, he said—not to private ones either, in my opinion.'

All this was nearly conclusive, but I resolved to hazard another inquiry. The next morning, I went to a milliner, a friend of ours, who resided in the vicinity of Regent Street. After admiring her elegant novelties, and attending to a little affair of my own, I spoke of my young friend and Mr Morton, and then smilingly asked whether she worked for Mrs Morton.

'I work for Mrs Morton and her family too,' replied my friend; 'but not the lady of the aurist, but of his brother, a respectable solicitor. In fact, the Mr Morton you mean has no wife, and if he had, I am afraid the poor lady would scarcely employ me'—she went on smiling and shrugging her shoulders—'for Mrs Morton tells me he is terribly stingy.'

As this confirmed what I had previously heard I felt satisfied, but before replying to my sister, resolved to call on Mr Morton myself.

He was at home, and evidently very glad to see me; but when I said that my sister, Mrs Rawlins, was very anxious to know when he could pronounce a decided opinion as regarded Miss Glenfield, I remarked that he coloured, and seemed rather embarrassed. He paused a moment.

'To tell you the truth, Miss Rawlins,' said he hurriedly, 'I should like to finish the cure at home.' He hesitated. I looked at him, but knew not what to reply. I suppose I must have appeared much delighted, for there was no mistaking his meaning. His own countenance brightened, and he went on, with little circumlocution, to say, that he had conceived a great regard for Miss Glenfield; that he was sure she was the only woman who could make him happy; and that he was very desirous of making her his wife.

I could scarcely restrain my feelings at the idea of poor dear Amelia's good-fortune; however, I managed quietly to congratulate him on his choice, to speak in the highest terms of Miss Glenfield's ladylike demeanour, and her amiability and affectionate disposition; 'but then,' I added, 'you know she is poor and friendless, and has a dependent sister.'

'As to her sister,' replied the aurist, 'I like Rebecca almost as well as—as Miss Glenfield; and as to their being friendless, between you and me, Miss Rawlins, I don't think that much of a loss; I shouldn't like to be troubled with a wife's tribe of relations. Again the word wife! but I preserved a calm countenance; and as he hesitated anew, I ventured to ask when the wedding was to take place, 'for

I suppose,' I added, 'Miss Glenfield and you have already settled it.'

'Why, no, Miss Rawlins; indeed, Amelia has not settled anything; but I don't think she would object. I wanted to have spoken to you or Mrs Rawlins: I think Mrs Rawlins must be ill, for I have not seen her for some time; and, indeed, I did go to Mrs Morton, my brother's wife, and requested her to visit Amelia, telling her that she was a daughter of the gentleman my brother had served his articles to. And what do you think she said—that she had no idea of visiting a mere adventuress! That woman shall never cross my threshold again. Miss Glenfield is a gentlewoman, and could not have used such language. Could not you and Mrs Rawlins manage the affair? I will write to Amelia this afternoon, to prepare her, as to the time, although the essential part I consider settled already; and pray, Miss Rawlins, let the matter be arranged as soon as possible, so that I may be able to attend to business as usual. There will be some little matters of dress required,' he went on: 'there are two fifty-pound notes for Amelia; if she wants more, you will be so good as to write. Of course, when she is in her own house, she will have everything at her own disposal. And there is another fifty for Rebecca; she will be an essential companion for her sister when I am from home.'

I took the notes in a perfect bewilderment. There was I, a young maiden of twenty or so, preparing for my own bridal, which was to take place in a fortnight, quietly arranging with a stranger the preliminaries for the wedding of another.

'But I forgot to tell you, Miss Rawlins,' resumed Mr Morton, 'that I am going this evening to Mr Glenfield, the proctor, Amelia's uncle. He has shamefully neglected her; but as he is her uncle, and is a respectable man, I will ask his consent to the marriage, and invite him to attend, if it was only to vex my brother's wife.'

I walked home in a dream. Why do romancers puzzle their brains to bring about their consummations by means of extraordinary events and coincidences? Could anything be simpler than the present concatenation, anything wilder than the result? These two poor, lonely, helpless girls, whom I had left sitting by their cottage-door, working for bread—the one in utter darkness, the other surrounded by a dread silence which thunder itself could not break—behold them now coming forth from their solitude into comfort, competence, and society; the blind clothed in smiles of happiness, and feeling no want of eyes as she leans on her sister's arm, and the deaf with love in her full heart, and the music of all nature in her ears! It was delightful to think that I had myself a part in bringing about this consummation; and yet, as I walked, my eyes filled, and in spite of all my efforts, the tears came rolling down my cheeks.

Soon after, my own marriage took place, and I removed to another part of the country. In due time—that is to say, in less than a month—I received a letter from my mother, giving me all the news. My mother stated that she had bestowed as much attention, and felt almost as much interest in Miss Glenfield's bridal, as she could have done in that of one of her own daughters. She added, she was not at all surprised at the interest I had evinced in Mr Morton's choice; and I really begin to be of your opinion, Louisa, as to his kindly disposition: and as for his being parsimonious—so far as I have seen—it is rather Mrs Morton, who will limit the expenditure of the family. I wish you had seen Miss Glenfield in her bridal-dress—she looked so beautiful, so calm, so ladylike. Poor Rebecca scarcely knew what to do; but I had her by my side, and she wept her tears on

my bosom. Poor girl! she whispered to me that she thought it was the first time she had ever really regretted her loss of sight, she should so like to see her sister.'

A DAY AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL.

'GONE the half-hour, Mr Smith,' says the voice of our indefatigable head-servant, about half-past six on a cold November morning. The individual thus addressed turns over on his side with an 'All right, Tom,' and is asleep again in half a minute; but is at length roused effectually, some quarter of an hour afterwards, by his next bed-neighbour removing his upper stratum of bed-clothes, and another affectionately shying a pair of slippers at his head. By this time all the members of the room are stirring, chiefly induced thereto by the efforts of the fags, who take it by turns to get the sleepers up in time in the morning. A great scramble now takes place for the boots and other articles of dress, which were scattered about in the scrimmage of last night. One poor fellow is in hopeless despair at the unaccountable disappearance of his trousers; another discovers that his jug has been broken in the battle of bolsters, and has leaked over his coat. At ten minutes to seven the great bell begins to toll, and the *prepostor* of the bedroom, roused partly by the noise, and partly by the friendly entreaties of the fags on duty, thinks it time to rise. Then comes the furious rush down the steep dark stairs, in which the fall of one determines the fate of many, followed by a sharp burst through the quadrangle to the door of the great school, just as the first stroke of the hour begins. By the door stands Headdy, the school-marshal, who, as the hour strikes, makes desperate efforts to shut the door in the face of the string of boys. He is usually unsuccessful at first, but taking advantage of a break, manages to bang it in the face of a few, who walk disconsolately back to their boarding-houses. Prayers are now read by the head-master to the assembled school of four hundred boys, all standing. Then commences calling over, the boys going out by their forms, and the names of the absentees receiving a tick in the lists of the master. Each form then separates to its own school-room for first lesson. While this takes place, Jones, who has been assisting at a supper the night before, seizes the opportunity of getting a construe out of a more industrious comrade. Our master enters, and we take our seats round the desks, and a certain number of boys are put on—that is, stand up to construe. All get through well with two exceptions. One poor fellow, who has prepared his lesson by means of a crib, is completely floored in his derivations and parsing. Jones is, unluckily for him, put on just where his acquired construe leaves off, so that in the middle of his translating he comes to a dead stop, and floundering on, translates 'robur,' a robber, amid a general titter. He is sternly bidden to sit down, and will be provided with sedentary amusement during the half-holiday which takes place in the afternoon.

After about an hour of this work, we adjourn to our different boarding-houses to breakfast. Our hall is a large and lofty room, with numerous tables scattered over it, on which are arranged the provisions of tea, rolls, and butter. Fags are now sent down town for supplies of marmalade, eggs, sausages, &c., which latter are cooked by old Sally, who in her cottage, with its large chimney, has officiated for many successive generations of boys. The fags, after their run in the cold, have now the opportunity of warming themselves, by making the *prepostors'* toast at the great fire. While enjoying our breakfasts, Potts rushes into the hall crying out: 'Muggerhanger is going to be coached.' Flogging is so rare an

event, that it always excites a deal of interest. Breakfast is left immediately, and we rush *en masse* to take our station under the school-room, where the offender is to suffer execution. We listen to the wheezes of the birch-rods, and speculate as to the effect it produces, and when it is over, trot back again to our breakfasts. We mostly form little coterie at this meal; and although not so to us, it would seem to others a very noisy and uncomfortable one. The boys drop in according to the time at which their forms are over, in a very desultory way, and those who have finished, often salute their neighbours with pellets of bread, or lumps of sugar; till at last some boy high in the school, who is trying to get up his Euripides at breakfast-time, catching a glimpse of one of the assailants whose pellet has lit on his nose, angrily rushes from his seat, drives him from the hall at the point of the boot, and a cessation of hostilities takes place.

Breakfast is over by nine o'clock, and we either have a game of fives in the fives courts, or take a stroll in the country for half an hour, and then we adjourn to our studies to prepare our second lesson. The studies are in rows opening into passages, in which are fires, round which we chat, or prepare coffee and eggs in the evenings. The studies are queer little holes, more like the state-rooms of American steamers than anything else. I do not believe a fashionable lady in the present style of dress could get in; certainly, if she was in, there would be no room for anybody else. Yet the studies can be made exceedingly snug and comfortable, if one chooses. Mine is six feet by five, and holds no end of furniture: a sofa, lounging-chair, and tables, besides a bookcase, and lots of pictures, especially hunting subjects, which I look longfully at these cloudy November mornings, mentally resolving, if possible, to go on foot and see the hounds meet at Newton on Thursday. Near the ceiling of my study is a cupboard, where I keep my coffee-pots, kettles, &c.; and a stock of cricket pads, bats, and stumps behind the door, and a moderator-lamp on the table, complete the equipment of my study. All the members of my form in the house collect in my study to prepare our second lesson, which happens to be a tough bit of a Greek play; we just finish it as the clock strikes the quarter past ten, and then rush down to our school-rooms. Second lesson lasts another hour; and as to-day is a half-holiday, we have another lesson at half-past twelve, which lasts till dinner. This is rather a more orderly meal than breakfast, and commences with a long grace. The buzz of talk never ceases, and is chiefly about the events of the morning lessons, and the great football match that comes off in the afternoon, with various speculations and prophecies as to its probable result. After the half-hour allowed to dinner, we rise; another grace follows, and we loiter about to spend the time till three o'clock as best we can. Some read books in their studies, or the daily newspapers in the dining-hall, or stroll down to Millington's, the school bookseller, to look at the new books; while others peregrinate the town, looking in the shop-windows, and perhaps find their way to Mrs Mesh's, the pastrycook. I, with a friend, wander about the meadows, or the Bunchurch Road, talking of a variety of subjects, and suddenly resolve to give a supper that evening to some of my particular friends. We return just in time to dress for football before 'calling over' at three. Calling over now ensues in the same way as in the morning. Most of us are bits of dandies about the football-dress, which is really quite picturesque—our side in duck trousers and jerseys of spotless white; our opponents with blue stripes on their jerseys. Each player wears the cap of his own boarding-house, of the brightest coloured velvet, with gold or

silver braiding, and tassels which flash in the sunshine, surmounted by the crest of the house.

The match to-day is what is termed A to H, that is, those whose names begin with the first letters of the alphabet play against those whose names begin with the remainder. Each side, of about eighty players, takes up its position at opposite ends of the largest half of the spacious close, leaving the junior portion of their side to guard their goal, made of two posts, about twenty feet from one another, with a cross-piece about ten feet from the ground. The object of each party is to kick the ball over their adversary's goal. Above us the fine old elms raise their lofty heads, now almost bereft of leaves; on the topmost branches are seated grave old rooks, which caw their opinions of the game. Between the trees appear the conventual-looking mass of school-buildings, with the beautiful chapel. Around are groups of spectators, who survey our proceedings with great interest. Between the two parties lies the quiescent ball. A shout comes from the opposite side, 'Are you ready?' to which we answer 'Yes,' and their leader rushes at the ball, and with one kick sends it over our heads; but our back-players are on the alert, and the ball is quickly returned towards those who sent it, and we eagerly follow it up. Then comes the tug of war. On our side, Williams hugs the ball, and makes a rush towards the enemy's goal. But he does not advance many steps, for he is grasped by a host of foes, who maul him, and try to wrest the ball from his hold. He is well assisted, however, by his own side, and at length the whole mass of struggling players rolls down on the slippery turf, while from those undermost come shrieks and groans expressive enough. A pause ensues till the belligerents have got upon their legs again, and then ensues a fearful battle for the ball, in which human legs are both the assailants and sufferers, for in this game more of the passions of real warfare are excited than in any other. It would require the talent of a Homer, or the fervour of a Macaulay, to describe the fortunes of the day—what kicks, what falls were received, how at first we were driven back, how later in the fray we succeed in kicking a goal.

As the quad clock strikes a quarter to five, 'No side' is shouted by the head of the school, and we repair to our boarding-houses in a very different style from that in which we emerged from them. Jerseys are torn, and trousers and belts bear numerous marks of intimate acquaintance with the soil of the close, while our resplendent caps, that at first glittered in the sunshine, have suffered rough usage, in the being often knocked off and trodden under foot. We slouch along lazily, discussing warmly the merits of the day—what a splendid drop of Mulloch's that was, and how well Long Barnett ran into the enemy's goal; and pity plucky little Short, who was so mauled in that scrimmage under the three trees; and decide that our side played capitally, and won the match well, as really they had some first-rate players among them.

Supposing that this had not been a half-holiday, we should have had two lessons of an hour each in the afternoon, and had the rest of the time to ourselves. During the few minutes that elapse before locking up at five o'clock, Williams and I hurry down to order provisions for our supper this evening. We are rather long in making our purchases, and running up the High Street, see the servants shutting the quadrangle gates. We make a furious charge, and are aided by some comrades inside who see our danger; they hang upon the servants, and prevent the gates being shut. In we creep, and get into the hall in time to answer our names, which are being called over by one of the præpostors. Tea is the same description of meal as breakfast, but we, wishing to save our appetites, do not partake of it. We retire to our studies, and prepare the first lesson for to-morrow morning. When

that is over, we set about the pleasant task of making ready our feast. As my study is to be dining-room, I clear the decks for action, by throwing everything movable out into the passage, and borrowing two or three chairs from neighbouring studies, while I bring out all my private crockery and the remains of my last hamper from home. Williams has got a sauce-pan, and procured some of the supper-beer, which he is making into egg-flip, over the passage fire, and boiling the coffee. The smoking viands come in from Old Sally's, smelling very savoury—veal cutlets, kidneys, some vegetables, and a tart. We and our three guests sit down round the tiny table, and are extremely jolly, enjoying the meal as only school-boys can who have been playing football all the afternoon.

We are roused at half-past nine from fighting over again the battles of the day by the bell for prayers. The names of those in our house, between fifty and sixty in number, are again called over in the hall by one of the monitors, who then reads prayers. After this, we go off to bed, but not to sleep. As our præpostor is hard at work down stairs reading up for an Oxford scholarship which comes off next week, we are our own masters, and take advantage of the liberty by making a furious inroad into No. 3 bedroom; where, although we meet with tough resistance from bolsters and every other sort of bedroom weapon, yet we succeed in turning the room topsy-turvy, and leaving the occupants something to do in the shape of bedmaking. Elated with our success, we attempt a similar foray into No. 6, but are somewhat taken aback by finding their præpostor, Old Briggs, up, who first throws his stock of boots, kept under his bed, at the heads of the foremost, and then chevies us back with his cane to our bedroom. However, being a good-natured fellow, he gives up the chase, and we reach our room in safety. We then think it expedient to retire to bed, and, after a good ghost-story from an Irish fellow, who is a capital hand at the supernatural, are soon asleep, as sound as tops. I am, however, once awakened by the arrival of a boot, which hits me in mistake for Pat, at whose head it was hurled by our præpostor, who cannot bear the nightly solo of snoring in which Pat indulges.

'Beg pardon, Old Smith! Do punch that fellow's head; one cannot sleep with such a row going on!'

Pat silenced, we are all soon asleep again; and thus ends one of the enjoyable days of that very happy school-life on which, now that I am launched forth into the world, I look back with such pleasant reminiscences.

THE FÊTE OF MADONNA DELL' ARCO.

It is curious to see how serious the nations of Europe are growing, one after another. In those wondrously good old times when the pope and princes managed everything, the whole world was a masquerade, with a death's-head in the middle. The Reformation first brought seriousness into life. Merry England ceased with the civil wars, and busy, thinking, serious England took her place. No people are more merry at times than the American negroes, or are less so always than their masters. Goldsmith found the French of his time piping and dancing, a time when every one under a noble paid away two-thirds of his income to a dissolute court—when a man was hanged for shooting a partridge, and sent to the galleys for buying a pound of salt out of his parish. The French of to-day, with all respect to Mr Albert Smith, are generally a grave people. Paris may be, as he calls it, a pot boiling over with fun, but this only on Sundays, when the half-million of overworked and underpaid *ouvriers* expand into fun like the slaves on a holiday, and for the same reason. Who does not feel inclined to sing after the toothache? but the relief is,

after all, not worth the pain. The French peasant of the country, who works all the week on his own freehold ground at his own will, is as grave as a judge. His Sunday, after mass, is generally spent in strolling over his fields and picking out the weeds.

Italy was a merry country still under Maria Theresa, who kindly relieved her subjects from any share in their own affairs; but under the twenty years of Napoleon, who first taught the Italians that they could fight, as she grew manly, she grew grave. It is curious to compare the accounts of any intelligent traveller, Beckford, for instance, who was at Venice before the French invasion, with those of Eustace and Forsyth after the peace of Vienna. All the old shows and sports with which the doges and senate coaxed and juggled their slaves died with them. Then perished the gilded farce of the Bucen-taur, with its gay procession and phantom sovereignty of the Adriatic. Once a year the government went in state to see the fishermen of the Lido and Malamocco poke each other with oars and poles into the water. In 1809 the French governor put a stop to this, telling the people to reserve their blows for the Austrians. Then, too, perished the great procession of the car at Padua, which the people used to tug about, sixty feet in height, and covered with lights and flowers. The carnival still holds its ground, but is the ghost of what it was. It was worse than a funeral to see it at Venice a few years ago; the grim revellers obliged by the police to put on the mask of merriment, pacing about with painted faces and rage in their hearts, like the little ballet-girls whom one may see at the morning-drill of the opera hopping about to the merriest of tunes with the tears running down their faces. Railways and the battle of Novara seem to have killed the soul of joy in the hearts of the Italians. The whole country is become a police-barrack, where pope, kings, and generals, are everlastingly calling to the people to move on. No wonder their faces, like their hearts, are sad. Even Naples is sad. Even the fête of Madonna dell'Arco is dying out; and we will therefore describe it before it has utterly perished, more as it was than as it is.

The fête of Madonna dell'Arco is the national festival of the Neapolitans. The people have it, and enjoy it as their peculiar property; by people meaning those three hundred thousand brawny, dark-eyed, lazy, but lovable sons and daughters of Neapolis who make up the most useless and picturesque community in Europe. As for the bad imitations of Parisian beaux and belles that call themselves the aristocracy, they would die rather than be there. So the poor folk, for once in the year, have a day to themselves to be happy in their own way; and they certainly do not miss the opportunity.

We had done our Naples the phrase is, thoroughly; had bathed at Baia, been twice at Capri and its beautiful grottoes, where pendent crystals form the roof, and the azure mirror of the Mediterranean the translucent pavement; we had sketched and painted at Pæstum; panted up Vesuvius, and spent absorbed and wondering hours in the silent city of the dead. After three months richly enjoyed, even Naples may become monotonous. My companion, a thorough Frenchman, and one of those devoted sons of art who seem first to germinate fully under an Italian sky, felt none of this—a painter never does, where there are scenes to be copied and heads to be sketched. 'You have seen nothing at all,' he said, in my complaint—'only places and great people, who are the same everywhere. We will take a calesso, and go to-morrow to the Madonna dell'Arco, and see a little what the Neapolitans are really like. To-morrow, 4 A.M., *temps militaire*.' So on Easter Monday, half an hour after the time specified, and two hours at least before the Londoners

begin to rouse themselves for their dreary rout and riot of Greenwich fair, we were out of Naples, and driving fast down the Portici road.

Beautiful hour, in every clime, that follows the sunrise, but most beautiful in the regions of the south. Air, earth, and sea exhaled a dewy fragrance, while the steamy mist over the bay betokened the scorching heat that was to follow. Early as it was, the road was alive with people—all Naples seemed to have poured itself out, some on foot; but most in that wonderful variety of vehicles which one sees nowhere else. The fast calessi and corricoli gallop by in a cloud of dust, covered with flowers and boughs, twenty crammed into the place of ten, for to-day every vehicle carries double. Then comes a heavy ox-cart drawn by a pair of patient beasts, with garlands on their wide-spread horns, labouring under the weight of a household. Even the humble donkey has his load, for the genuine son of Naples cares little what his vehicle is, provided he has not to go on foot. Another mile, and other forms and faces are in the crowd—bands of villagers dancing hand in hand with castanets and tabours, and green boughs waving in their hats; boatmen from Capri and Amalfi; the beautiful girls of Ischia and Sorrento, with their hair twisted into turrets like Cybele of old; of every village, town, and island along the coast, the sons and daughters came pouring in a crowd which thickened at every step, till, at the Ponte Maddalena for a time, it was a complete jam. The heat and dust were intolerable; so, dismissing our calesso, we turned up a narrow path among the vines, and after an hour's stroll through the leafy arcades and delightful shade, emerged upon an open green before the little church of St Marco.

A Roman Catholic church without a miracle is an inn without a sign. St Marco, of course, has its miracle, which, at any rate, has the merit of peculiarity. In the middle of the church hangs the miraculous picture—a very old Byzantine painting, in which all is effaced except the face of our Lady, which has a most indubitable black eye. And this is the miracle; for when it hung, as it used to do, in the open air upon a tree, some sacrilegious *louse* threw a stone at it, and hit the Virgin a most substantial knock on the right eye. Immediately the blood began to flow, the eye swelled up, and the whole face looked as angry as paint would permit. The criminal forthwith repented and turned virtuous, or became a priest, which is the same thing; a church was built on the spot, and now, in danger of any sort, no one dreams of applying for help except to the Madonna dell'Arco. Accordingly, the interior of the church is most curious. Along the ceiling and walls are whole fleets of little ships and fishing-boats, the offerings of endangered mariners; hundreds and thousands of waxen images; disgustingly minute representations of diseases; wooden models of burning houses, upset carts, and overturned carriages; combats and battles in little square pictures, where the sufferer is invariably kneeling and staring upward with his mouth open, and a very bright blue, red, or yellow Madonna sitting on a cloud and peering benevolently downward.

At first, however, coming out of the glare and heat, the effect of the silent and half-lighted chapel, paved with kneeling figures, was very solemn. As some rose and went away, others were dropping in; but the only other sound was the voice of the officiating priest and the subdued noises of the multitude without. The mass ended, but the characteristic part of the devotions was to come.

No one can feel what the Roman Catholic system really is in its popular working without coming to such places as these. To the Italian peasants, the Virgin is a stewardess, an amicable mediatrix

between them and the Supreme, whose good offices are to be gained by entreaties and bribes; and when their presents have no effect, they feel themselves aggrieved, and grumble accordingly. When the service was over, men and women, young and old, thronged around the altar, pouring forth praises, prayers, complaints, and adjurations. There was a woman with a scrofulous child, streaming with tears, and shrieking out: 'O divine lady, who dost so much for others, why wilt thou do nothing for this?' An old man, paralysed, held up by his two sons, was making the best bargain for himself: 'Two candlesticks I promise thee, of the best silver; and if the harvest be good, a gown at least worth ten carlini.' In a corner apart, a man lay prostrate on the ground, his frame quivering with his emotions, and evidently weeping bitterly. 'You see that man?' said L—. 'I know him, for I saw him only three months ago—where do you suppose? At Naples, on trial for his life, for an atrocious murder at Resina. He escaped only by a flaw, and meantime has, no doubt, committed a dozen crimes, and will commit a hundred more, till stopped by the fate of all his tribe, a bullet or the galleys. Meanwhile, he is winding up his score with Heaven, and to-morrow he will be again on the mountains with a comfortable conscience.' A little noise at the door made us turn; a train of pilgrims appeared blindfolded, with each a handkerchief round the arm, the end held by a friend. Down the middle of the aisle ran a strip of gray-marble, which the people scrupulously avoided treading on. The foremost pilgrim now knelt down; and proceeded to crawl along the marble from end to end, licking it as he went. The rest forthwith knelt down, and did likewise. The length might be about sixty feet, and there were eighteen of them who went through this nasty superstition.

From the church into the open air, was stepping at once into the deluge. A sea of figures covered the open space, and spread out far and wide between the trees, and from the crowd ascended a universal hum and tumult of voices, broken by shouts of laughter and the reports of occasional crackers and guns in honour of the day. Wherever the shade was thickest, a group was on the grass, spread out around their meal; and wherever the ground was smoothest, the dance was going on with unwearied activity. Here first I saw the tarantella danced, and, till then, never knew what dancing really was. These brown, vigorous, handsome women, and swarthy, strong-knit men, as their deep eyes flashed and sparkled, and the rattle of the castanets rung louder and sharper, seemed to have a new life in them, and to fling their whole life into their limbs. The tarantella is, in fact, a wonderful piece of pantomime, and one that will not bear transplanting. Then, as they stopped at last, utterly exhausted and panting for breath, the glass of iced-water or lemonade was at hand, and they would recommence as perseveringly as before. The consumption of macaroni that day must have been something enormous. To see a Neapolitan eat it at any time, is a fact in one's life. Coils upon coils descend into his fathomless interior; and when he has stopped—apparently from sheer repletion—a glass of lemonade starts him as fresh as ever. This day, the few who stopped in Naples must have been badly off for their food, for all the macaroni-sellers seemed congregated here, and the smoke of their little tin stoves went up under every tree; but those vendors of spirits and strong drinks that are the pest of an English fair, were not to be seen. The Italians are habitually and constitutionally temperate, and perhaps, for this reason, a stranger wandering through the crowd is sure not only of civility, but kindness. If you draw near the dancers, they give way to give you the best place. To stop near a

party at their meal, is to insure an invitation to join them; and if the invitation is accepted, they are genuinely delighted. There must be no mean qualities in a people which continues kind-hearted and amiable after eight centuries of the very worst government in Europe.

The fun had been fast and furious up to this point, but as the sun sunk in the west, there was an evident slackening. Carriages began to move off one by one; the sons and daughters, wives and husbands, who had been dancing and flirting apart till now, gathered themselves together, every one bearing a bough from the neighbouring trees with an image of the Madonna suspended from it. Tired and pleased, we retraced our morning's path through the vines, and entered the Portici gate as the last rays of the sun were fading over the murmuring city and quiet bay.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MANY a one is glad that the holidays are over, and to be once more fairly at work. The scientific and learned societies have all commenced another session—the Royals, with something very abstruse; the Linnæans, with something very dry; the Antiquaries, with something very dusty; the Geographicals, with something very amusing; the Chemicals, with something very acid. From such beginnings the brightest hopes may be entertained of the discoveries to be made, and the work to be accomplished by the time the session shall be over in June of '59. The Geographicals here and there, however, find time for a serious paper, and had one on the laborious search made in Australia for Leichardt and his exploring-party; as hopeless a search, unfortunately, as that after Franklin. Mr Gregory, the author of the paper, is already favourably known as an earnest traveller and explorer. He is, as the phrase runs, the Geographical Society's medallist, not because he makes their medals, but because he received one; which is about as clever as to call the man who listens to a good story, a humorist.—The Civil Engineers have awarded a long list of prizes in the shape of medals and books, in encouragement of their own special branches of art and science: for improved methods of submerging telegraph cables—for hydraulic mortar—for an improved construction and arrangement of railway stations—for the building of docks, and the laying down of water-supply; and they announce that they will be ready with similar rewards next year for whomsoever may have the genius or industry to deserve them.

As regards mechanical subjects—we have heard of Alger's patent furnace, which is so constructed as to produce from 400 to 600 tons of pig-iron a week, and with a saving of 25 per cent. in fuel and labour; and viewing the cost in proportion to the quantity of iron produced, it is said to be one-half of that by the present method.—We hear, too, that certain manufacturers in Sweden are producing iron and steel by Bessemer's process; and that in works newly established at Sheffield, equally successful results have been achieved.—Now that the noisy talk concerning the Atlantic telegraph is over, much quiet discussion is held thereupon; on the causes of failure, means of reparation, precautions to be observed; besides the puzzling questions of magnetic phenomena. A few signals have been forced through the

wire by the aid of a Daniell's battery; but too few and feeble to make the projectors very sanguine. Professor Thomson, writing to his friend Joule, says that in his trials upon the wire, he has discovered some curious facts with respect to insulation, and the freaks of electric currents, some of which admit of explanation, while the most remain unintelligible. The rationale will no doubt be brought to light some day; meanwhile the professor is busy studying what he calls the pathology of faults. There is telegraphic progress to be recorded nevertheless. The *Gorgon*, on her return from that triumphant demonstration at New York, took soundings for another line of telegraph, from the banks of Newfoundland to Fayal, and thence to the mouth of the English Channel. A cable, weighing ten tons to the mile, is to be laid across from Suffolk to Holland; one from Cromer to Emden, and another to Cuxhaven. And our countrymen at the antipodes are about to connect Victoria with Tasmania by a cable of 300 miles across Bass's Strait.

Wrecks on the eastern coast have again occasioned a revival of the question about harbours of refuge on that side of the island. Northumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire each claims foremost consideration, and we can only wish the Harbour of Refuge commissioners who are now inquiring into the subject a happy deliverance.—The much-debated question of coal for the steam-navy is decided by the committee in favour of north-country coal in preference to Welsh. It is preferred, they say, because, while effectual means exist for the consumption of smoke, it injures the boiler-tubes less than the coal from Wales. This accords with the experiments made in Lancashire with coal and coke as a fuel for locomotives, which give the advantage demonstrably to coal, and for the same reason: the mischievous incrustation deposited on the tubes is avoided; they collect only an oily soot such as forms on a tea-kettle, and last as long again as with coke. This reads fairly enough in print; but we happen to know that the annoyance to passengers on some railways from the smoke of coal-burning locomotives, is a constant grievance—one which they ought not to be expected to tolerate.—Up in Caithness a considerable deposit of bituminous shale has been met with, which, on analysis at the School of Mines in London, is found to contain 45 per cent. of fish-oil. How came the oil into the shale? is a question we should like to see answered. Will it do for gas? There is a village in Ireland now lit with gas manufactured from the peat of a neighbouring bog.

The merits of Mr Wethered's 'combined steam' are more and more recognised by practical men, and not without reason. Mr Wethered, proceeding from the fact that ordinary steam is far from pure, and therefore less energetic than it might be, causes it in his machines to combine in certain proportions with a very dry steam, and then utilising the waste heat by an arrangement of tubes in the chimney, he shews that the steam can be worked at from 300 to 400 degrees; and he makes it appear that, with this 'combined steam,' engineers have greater economy with great increase of power.—In Paris, M. Séguin aims at the economy in another way: by his 'pulmonary steam-engine,' constructed on the principle, that as heat and force are correlative, it is possible to get the force without the prodigious waste of heat that takes place in engines of the usual construction. All that we as yet know of its mode of action is, that the same steam is used over and over again, returning in full vigour to the generator to repeat its work. It is clear that we are yet far from the end of the

advantages to be derived from steam-machinery. The Peninsular and Oriental Company have caused diligent experiments to be made on the shape of screws, to discover, if possible, that which will secure the quickest voyage. Their fleet now comprises twenty-seven screw-steamers of from 350 to 2620 tons burden.

Few persons but have heard of the advantages promised from the use of thick iron plates or slabs as shields for ships or batteries in naval warfare. Government has been trying the question in a practical way at Portsmouth, and set the *Excellent* firing away at an iron-banded frigate, and at the *Erebus*, one of the iron-batteries built for use in the Russian war. The result appears to be conclusive. A discharge from thirty-two pounders made slight hollow scars upon the surface; but the ball from a sixty-eight pounder went through the four-inch iron, and shivered the oaken beams behind. It seems safe to infer from this, that the superiority of iron to wood for defensive purposes is not yet established.

A machine-making firm in Surrey have brought out a 'blast-drill,' over which agriculturists ought to chant praises, because turnip-growing is to become therewith a matter of absolute certainty, seeing that it makes short work with the fly. Drawn up and down a field, it dusts the young leaves of the turnip-plants with a mixture of lime and soot, not on one side only, but on both sides; and while the fans are performing this salutary operation, they create a strong indraught, which sucks in and annihilates the fly. What will the entomologists say?—Heer Ochsner of Rotterdam—and who so likely to accomplish such a feat as a Dutchman?—has demonstrated the possibility of walking on water. He does this by means of his newly-invented podoscaph; and recently astonished his countrymen by appearing on the Maas, wearing a podoscaph fifteen feet long on each foot, and holding a pole, flattened at one end as a paddle, in his hand. Thus equipped, he walked up the Maas to the Rhine, and on to Cologne in seven days.—In Philadelphia, the Franklin Institute have approved a brick-making machine, which, fed with clay, squeezes out bricks quite as fast as they can be lifted away. The moulds are fitted to the rim of a wheel; hence the supply is rapid and regular.—We may very properly end these notices of machines and minerals with a passage from the recently published Report of the Chamber of Commerce of Wolverhampton, a town that knows something about coal and iron. They—the Chamber—are not afraid to refer the late commercial crisis to its true causes, chief among which was the forcing of manufactures into the market far beyond the natural and legitimate demand; and this system of forcing, they say, was 'rendered possible, and in many cases, stimulated by a system of open credits granted by mercantile houses in favour of foreign correspondents; by banking facilities afforded to men of little or no capital, and by the discounting of fictitious bills of exchange.' Let manufacturers and money-brokers lay these things to heart, and we shall hear no more of ruin arising out of what was fondly called 'unexampled prosperity.'

We find in the chemical arts a few noticeable facts: a red dyeing material derived from coal-tar, specimens of which were exhibited to the Franklin Institute above mentioned.—At Montreal, two able chemists, to baffle the dishonest designs of those who take photographic copies of bank-notes, have discovered an ink which is to render that trick impossible for the future. The ink, made of calcined oxide of chromium, the colouring matter of the emerald, is in colour a good green, and is distinguished as the 'Canada bank-note tint.' With this a geometrical pattern is to be printed as a groundwork, and on that the denomination in the usual way, and such a note, we are assured, is safe from the attempts of knavish photographers.—

M. St Claire-Deville, whose mission to the volcanoes on the part of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, we noticed some time since, has just concluded his examination of the gases thrown out from the *summit* or small vents around the base of Vesuvius, and states that there is a considerable variation in the quality of the gases in proportion to the time elapsed since the eruption, and with the distance of the vents from the principal crater.—The researches of this experimentalist upon boron, made in co-operation with Wöhler, are among the most remarkable of recent chemical inquiries. Boron is a substance classed between silicon and carbon, yet with the anomaly that it is not crystallisable, as these two are. But the researches in question prove it to be producible under three polymorphic forms, and crystallisable. Specimens were laid before the Academy, of various colours, from honey-yellow to garnet-red, the crystals in some instances being perfectly limpid and transparent. One kind, distinguished as adamantine boron, is formed by a combination of aluminum with boric acid, and possesses most remarkable properties. It is harder than diamond. Boron-powder will cut and drill rubies, and even the diamond itself, with more facility than diamond-powder. This fact will be a surprise to many; and though at present a fact in its infancy, it involves important consequences in art and science. Deville and Wöhler incline to the belief that the diamond is dimorphous, and susceptible in as yet unknown conditions, of assuming the form of boron. In one respect, boron corresponds with titanium—namely, that at a high temperature it absorbs azote, and azote only from the atmosphere, and will have nothing to do with the oxygen.

M. Jamin has done some good work, and of refined quality, in optical science, experimenting on the variations in the refraction of water under different pressures. The result, it is thought, will have a practical use, inasmuch as the phenomenon is a measure of the compressibility of water; and if a concordance should be discovered between water and other liquids, the measure will be arrived at without having to take into account, as at present, the size of the tubes or vessels in which the compression is carried on.

Referring to the statement in the September *Month* concerning the insecticide powder exhibited to the Academy by M. Millot-Brulé, we take the opportunity to mention here, that the sulphur-coal of which the powder is said to be composed, exists abundantly in England, and is known among geologists and miners as 'coal brasses.' Large quantities are raised near Halifax, and used in the manufacture of vitriol and copperas; as also in the adjacent counties of Lancashire, Durham, and Northumberland. In South Wales, the coal contains pyrites of a superior quality, which, after a roasting to expel the sulphur, are used in the manufacture of pig-iron. According to the returns prepared by Mr Robert Hunt, and published by the School of Mines, the quantity of pyrites raised in the United Kingdom in 1857 amounted to 74,000, worth £68,000. In this the pyritous coal, or coal brasses, figures for 11,000 tons.

New discoveries are recorded in photography. One is, that photographs having all the appearance of real solid relief, can be taken from engravings—a flat surface. And Mr Fox Talbot, to whom this interesting art owes so much, 'has succeeded,' to quote the statement put forth by the Photographic Society, 'in transferring the sun-picture direct from either glass or paper negatives to the engraver's steel or copper.' Some well-known subjects have already been experimented upon, this way, which, as Mr Talbot describes, 'is easy to practise, requiring the same qualifications

in the operator that ordinary photography does—namely, a certain tact and dexterity which everybody does not possess. All photographs can be engraved that make good transparencies; but feeble ones, without strong contrast of light and shade, are not so successful.'—The Society are making preparations for another photographic exhibition at their rooms in Coventry Street next January; they announce, moreover, the formation of a photographic library for the use of members; and place the rooms 'at their service for all purposes connected with the progress and recognition of the heliographic art;' and further, to prevent the record of their proceedings falling into arrear, the *Society's Journal* is to appear twice a month during the period of their meetings. With a view to the promotion and preservation of what is called 'high art,' painters are warned against copying from photographs instead of copying from nature: a warning well worth attention. Few real lovers of art would wish to see it degenerate into a laborious Pre-Raphaelitism. The diffusion of sound knowledge thereupon by the aid of primary schools, as in Austria, is a question on which many thoughtful minds are engaged. One of the best papers read at the late Social Science meeting at Liverpool, was Mr Ruskin's on *Education in Art*: it abounds in sensible remarks on the subject. People should learn to draw as a matter of course, as they learn to read, write, and cipher; if only that with the knowledge of drawing they have the same power over form, as with arithmetic over number. No fear that all the world will become astonishing artists: Mr Ruskin speaks the truth on that point where he says: 'We shall not succeed in making a peasant's opinion good evidence on the merits of Elgin and Lycian marbles; nor is it necessary to dictate to him in his garden the preference of gillyflower or of rose; yet I believe we may make art a means of giving him helpful and healthy pleasure, and of gaining for him serviceable knowledge.'

CRYSTAL PALACE OF NANKING.

SITTING at our comfortable firesides, and reading any old-style book that speaks of the 'Porcelain Tower of Nan-king,' we at once conjure up to view, famous superstructure of china-ware—a leviathan cream-jug, flower-pot, or tea-cup of exquisite porcelain.

But let us hear what a late visitor says of it: 'A comparatively small portion is white. Green is the predominant colour, from the fact that the curved tiles of the projecting roofs are all of this colour, while the wood-work supporting the roofs is of the most substantial character, and in the peculiar style of Chinese architecture, curiously wrought and richly painted in various colours. The bricks in the body of the building are well burnt, and on the external surface are green, yellow, red, or white. The bricks and tiles are of very fine clay, and highly glazed, so that the tower presents a most gay and beautiful appearance, that is greatly heightened when seen in the reflected sunlight.' So that, after all, an Englishman at a distance is not far wrong in the conception he may have formed of the Nan-king wonder; and if any reader has a wish to see for himself a veritable 'China brick' of this far-famed tower, just let him step aside for a moment into the Missionary Museum, the next time he passes Bloomfield Street, Finsbury, London, E. C., and there, we doubt not, the porter or the clerk will feel flattered if called upon to exhibit the singular specimen of Nan-king porcelain.

The Nan-king prodigy has doubtless been a pet with the Chinese people themselves, for they have not failed to ornament it within and without.

For instance, the inner walls of each story are lined with polished tiles, a foot square, on each of which the figure of Buddha is moulded in bass-relief, and richly gilt. Each flat has, on an average, more than two hundred of these 'Dutch-tiles'; and over the whole of the interior, there is an aggregate of two thousand. The niches in each landing-place are graced with idols and miniature images. Short and pithy proverbs are inscribed here, there, and everywhere, to catch the eye of the stroller. Outside, over each balcony, there is a projected roof of wood, carved and curiously painted; and from these jutting corners there swing bells, which keep up a perpetual jingle with every passing breeze. The native account of the pagoda gives the calculation that, 'on the whole, there are . . . bells on the edifice.' To give additional attraction to it, this pagoda has its lamps and lanterns in its windows and at its angles. The work already referred to states that 'outside the nine stories there are 128 lanterns, and in the lower floor, twelve glass lamps; 140 in all, which, when lit up, must produce a most striking illumination. A building like this, then, must have its attractions for various grades—the superstitious, the sight-seers, the gay, the curious, and the idle. To notice one of the names borne by the lofty mass—the *recompensing favour monument*. Some four centuries ago, the emperor Yung-loh, having his court from Nan-king to Pe-king, and on doing this, he looked about to see what tribute of gratitude he could raise to the memory of his august mother in that metropolis where his parents had nursed and trained him.

The celebrated . . . was in ruins; and his . . . conceived the idea of re-erecting the fallen He did so; and, setting aside its coun- . . . with a form of meaningless superstition, the . . . of Nan-king has stood for four hundred years . . . the centre of China, a glorious mark of the grateful . . . love of a son for his mother's care, and a Chinese 'sermon in stone,' on the text, 'Honour thy father and thy mother.'

Amongst the names given by the Chinese to this famous tower are—*The Long Spear*, and *The Thirteen-storied Pagoda*. Either appellation suggests something of its great elevation, and to illustrate both requires a hurried outline from top to bottom of the huge skeleton.

Its site lies a little south of the city-walls, near the gate of 'collected gems,' within the precincts of some Buddhist lands that are of great extent, stretching northward to the banks of the Yang-tze-Kiang. There is a tradition that, on laying the foundation of this gigantic superstructure, several thousand pounds-weight of coal-dust were first of all laid down, to make the underground firm and safe. Over this, a brick-work platform rises ten feet high, up which there is, all round the base, a flight of ten steps, leading into the interior of the lowest floor. The circumference of the structure at this part is nearly 300 feet. The thickness of the wall here is computed at four yards. The material used in the construction is generally brick, stone, and mortar; the bricks in the body of the building being large and well burned—their exterior being var-coloured. There is a huge, lofty mast that runs up from the bottom to the top through the middle of the entire structure, which possibly . . . originated the name 'long spear' or 'shaft.' The exterior of the pagoda is octagonal throughout, but—except the lower floor, which also is eight-sided—the interior to the top is quadrangular. As you ascend to the summit of this tower, you have to wind up a screw-flight of 190 steps. You pass through nine floors or stories, all of equal height. At each

story there is a landing-stage, with two or three openings leading out to a small and unsafe balcony, from which, if one likes to venture, he may take a grand survey of the surrounding country. When you reach the highest floor, you find, of course, that the diameter of the circle has lessened considerably, and the thickness of the wall is four feet less than at the bottom. But what may probably disappoint you much, is the discovery that this so-called 'thirteen-storied pagoda' has, after all, only nine. It is invariably spoken of by the citizens of Nan-king, and believed by their countrymen at a distance to be of 'thirteen stories.' The inconsistency is explained by themselves, on the ground that in the original outline it was the design of the projectors to build up thirteen floors; but, having reached the ninth, apprehensions were excited lest the course of the clouds should be interrupted, or the wrath of the god of thunder should be awakened. So it was deemed prudent to desist from any further addition to a 'tower whose top might reach unto heaven.' In the original plan, the full height of the heaven-pointing spire was to be near 350 feet; but the latest foreign visitors, on measuring it, found it to be only 261.

Thirty feet over and above the topmost story, the cupola rises on the summit of the magnificent may-pole we have described as running up from the bottom, and forming a shaft to the whole edifice. This pinnacle consists of several coils of iron hoops; and, as report goes, under this valuable dome there are deposited gems of marvellous virtue and value, besides bolts of gold, strings of copper money, lumps of silver, tea, silk, satins, and sacred manuscripts. The rearing of such a monument as the pagoda of Nan-king must have cost a large sum; and the repairs alone, which were undertaken by the imperial government four hundred years ago, drew three million and a quarter dollars from the national funds, or nearly L.1,000,000 in English money.

Another of the native names for the Porcelain Tower is *The Pagoda of A-yuh*; and this leads us to look a little into its early history. The form of the building clearly connects it with the introduction of Buddhism into China. A-yuh was an early sovereign in Central India, noted for the number of temples he caused to be raised in honour of Buddha. It is presumed, from his name being given to this tower, that it was erected by some of his followers on their migrating into China. The legendary account of the event is as follows:

An Indian priest of the Buddhist profession reached Nan-king about the year of our Lord 250. This city was at the time the capital of China, and the residence of the imperial family. That foreign priest soon became popular for his ability to perform extraordinary and unheard-of feats, all of which he attributed to the divine spirit he worshipped. The renown of the western sojourner reached the ears of his majesty on the throne, who commanded the stranger into his presence, and demanded what supernatural evidences he could produce in favour of Buddha. The Buddhist father, in reply, assured his majesty that there were numerous relics of Buddha to be found over the face of the earth, and that, if his majesty desired, he himself would go in search, and return with one possessed of supernatural qualities. The emperor then promised that, should the priest succeed in obtaining such a relic, he, on his part, would erect an edifice in which it should be meetly lodged. The priest started upon his cruise, and within a month returned with a jar or earthen receptacle, in which a relic of Buddha was lying. It was at once presented to his majesty, and immediately the splinter—it was said to be a bone of Buddha—began to exhibit its miraculous virtues. It lighted up the imperial

apartments; it smashed the copper vessel into which it was thrown; steel and diamond could not scratch it; fire could not injure it; and huge hammers could not make the slightest impression on it. Not only this; but the emperor ordered an attendant of powerful muscle to advance, and, with a heavy mallet, strike some tremendous blows on the piece. Still to no purpose, except to break the hammer, and to magnify the effulgence of the bone. The king's faith was confirmed. He at once commenced building the first pagoda in China; and this was the Nan-king pagoda.

At last, to conclude, which we do with great reluctance, we have to tell a sad truth of the history of our Nan-king pagoda during the past twelve months. We confess we approach the tale with disreluctance. We have lingered about the 'spiritual fane' (another name for it) as if it was now and was to be. But, as on every other object of admiration in and out of the Celestial Empire, there is written on it 'vanity of vanities.' During its existence of 1600 years, storms have swept over it, and some have swept down its dome; thunders have rolled over it, and lightning struck its iron-coiled cupola to the ground; and the ruthless hands of brigands have defaced various parts of the structure: but to the eternal disgrace of the 'rebels' who have occupied Nan-king for the last five years, they first defaced the whole of the interior by fire, and then blew up the entire edifice with gunpowder, scattering its famous bricks and antique relics to the four winds of heaven.

The Crystal Palace of Nan-king is no more.

CAN THIS BE CHRISTMAS-TIME?

CAN this be Christmas-time?

The wind that scarcely shakes the spray,
Or bears the gossamer away,
Sighs warmly as on summer's day
In mine own northern clime!

And yet 'tis in December,

Ah, me! what furious war of wind,
And thunder-riven clouds I mind,
Laden with ruin, lightning lined—
What drear tales I remember!

Stories of misery,

Of grinding want, of hunger's throes,
And orphans' wail, and widows' woe;
Of men found dead in graves of snow,
And seamen lost at sea.

Yet fairer memories too.

However dark and drear the day,
The morrow may be bright and gay—
The storm-cloud over wears a ray
Inside of silver hue.

Once more I seem to hear,

At eve, sweet voices welcome tell
To day when wondrous birth befel,
And joyous clash of many a bell
From church-tower chiming clear.

And lo! the morrow fair,

That sees the forms of old and young,
Joy in their hearts, to church-gates throng,
To hail the time with choral song,
And hushed, muttered prayer.

Then, when the day is past,

And even snow-drifts cold and white,
The moon showers down her frosty light,
See, from each cottage-window bright,
The yule-tree's cheer is cast.

Hark! laughter's ringing cry,
The music of blithe hearts and free,
That hails the stolen kiss with glee,
Snatched 'neath the sprays of Christmas-tree,
Hung from the rafter high.

Now round the cheerful blaze

They gather for the wassail's cheer,
Or, trembling, to the grandsire near
The young list, with delightful fear,
To tales of olden days—

Of hapless lady's doom,

Who fled, when weary of the dance,
To hide her from her lover's glance,
In oaken chest, which, luckless chance,
Converted to her tomb.

Ah, time! whose memory

Bears me away to happier shore, Oal,
And home, and all I love, once more—
Where is the sweetness that you bore
For me in days gone by?

Can this be Christmas day?

The earth around is parched and dry;
The Indian sun, with fiery eye,
Shines hotly from a cloudless sky,
And scorches with its ray;

Each tender painted flower

Droops beneath the noonday's glances bright;
The insect in its happy flight
Flashes his arrow in the light,
And gaily lives his life!

O God of every clime!

With whom all time is but a day,
Turn not from helpless souls away—
Hear us whilst we all blessings pray
In this most holy time.

AURUNGABAD, December.

H. C. B.

SUPERIORITY OF PREVENTIVE TO REMEDIAL MEASURES.

'In the operations of nature, there is generally a succession of processes co-ordinated for a given result; a peach is not directly developed as such from its elements; the seed would, *a priori*, give no idea of the tree, nor the tree of the flower, nor the fertilised germ of that flower of the pulpy fruit in which the seed is buried. It is eminently characteristic of the Creative Wisdom, this far-seeing and prevision of an ultimate result, through the successive operations of a co-ordinate series of seemingly very different conditions. The further a man discerns, in a series of conditions, their co-ordination to produce a given result, the nearer does his wisdom approach—though the distance be still immeasurable—to the Divine wisdom. One philanthropist builds a fever-hospital, another drains a town. One crime-preventer trains the boy, another hangs the man. One statesman would raise money by augmenting a duty, or by a direct tax; and finds the revenue not increased in the expected ratio. Another diminishes a tax, or abolishes a duty, and through foreseen consequences the revenue is improved.' So remarks Professor Owen in his *British Association Address*. Of course, it is easy to understand that the drainer of the town, the trainer of the boy, and the diminisher of the tax, act in a more divine manner, as well as with better likelihood of good results, than those who take the opposite course.

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